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THE

# FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. XXVII.

FOR JULY 1, 1834.

ART. 1.—1. *Œuvres Complètes de Madame la Baronne de Staël Holstein*, &c. 17 vols. 8vo. Paris.

2. *Mélanges de Littérature et de Politique*. Par M. Benjamin Constant. Paris, 1829. 8vo.

3. *Lives of Madame de Staël and Madame Roland*. By Mrs. Child. 12mo. Boston, 1833.

MADAME DE STAEL was not only the most remarkable woman of her time, but is in one respect strikingly distinguished above all her sex. She is, perhaps, the only woman whom a majority of competent judges would place in the first order of human talent. In surveying the wide circle of literature, art and science, we are naturally disposed to adopt some species of classification—to take a few great names from out the herd, and to place them in a class by themselves. This first class of master-minds will be smaller or more extensive according to the taste of the individual selecting them, and the degree of his veneration for a few of the leading examples of intellectual greatness; but, if a thousand well-informed persons were required each to produce his first-class list of the eminent in arts, literature and science, however they might vary in other respects, they would probably be found to agree in this—they would either not admit in their first class the name of any woman, or only that of Madame de Staël.

We are unwilling to assign a limit to the faculties of women, or to believe that there is any height of intellectual greatness attained by man to which they are

incapable of reaching; nor will we pause to inquire whether, assuming such incapability to be true, mental organization or insufficient culture is the disabling cause. We will abstain from speculation, and point only to the fact,—that in arts and literature *first rate* excellence has never been exhibited by woman. Not even in those arts which demand that quickness of feeling and refinement of taste which woman is presumed most likely to possess, do we find the proficiency we should expect. Music is perhaps more extensively cultivated by women than by men; yet the great composers have all been men. Painting and sculpture might be feminine accomplishments; yet where is the female artist who deserves to be classed with the great masters in those arts? In the lighter and more imaginative branches of literature, which should be most accessible to women, the case is no less striking. Shakspeare in the drama, Milton in poetry, Scott in romance, are unapproached by female pens. We do not pretend to explain the reason, we only mean to state the fact, and to observe, that to a body of instances so conclusive as might well suffice to constitute a rule, Madame de Staël is perhaps a solitary exception. She is perhaps the only woman who can claim admission to an equality with the first order of manly talent. She was one whom listening senates would have admired, as though it had been a Burke, a Chatham, a Fox, or a Mirabeau. She was one whom legislators might consult with profit. She was one whose voice and pen were feared, and, because feared, unrelentingly persecuted by the absolute master of the mightiest empire



that the world has witnessed since the days of Charlemagne.

This extraordinary woman, though the daughter of a distinguished and affectionate father, cannot be said to have owed much to education. In her childhood she was bandied about between opposite systems. Her mother was a pedantic disciplinarian; her father, the celebrated Necker, was in the other extreme indulgent. Under the rule of the former she was crammed with learning to the injury of her health; and when the authority of the latter prevailed, she was for some years suffered to be idle, feed her imagination, write pastorals, and plan romances. With an exuberant buoyancy of childish spirit, she was scarcely ever a child in intellect. One of the games of her childhood was to compose tragedies, and make puppets to act them. Before twelve she conversed, with the intelligence of a grown-up person, with such men as Grimm and Marmontel. At fifteen she wrote remarks on the *Esprit des Lois*; at sixteen she composed a long anonymous letter to her father on the subject of his *Compte Rendu*; and Raynal had so high an opinion of her powers, that he wished her to write for his work a paper on the revocation of the edict of Nantes. At the age of twenty she married the Baron de Staël, ambassador from Sweden, and obtained a position, which, if it failed to bring with it all she wished of domestic happiness, at least afforded ampler scope for the exercise of her great abilities. She was enthusiastic, sanguine, and imaginative; and, like many other ardent minds, hers was captivated by those beautiful harbingers of expected liberty, the first fair dawnings of the French Revolution, when nothing was sought but exemption from oppression, and subsequent excesses were not foreseen. But though she embraced this cause with ardor, she was not blinded to the change which its character underwent, and did not stubbornly adhere to it when that character was changed. She not only abhorred, but courageously opposed the frightful course towards regicide which revolutionary France was running. After Louis had been brought back a captive from Varennes, she drew up a written plan for his escape from the Tuilleries, and gave it to Montmorin, by whom it was never communicated to the king. She bravely incurred a still greater risk in venturing to publish a defence of the queen, about the frightful commencement of the reign of terror.

After the fall of the Terrorists, Madame

de Staël, fearing lest the country should be forced, as she energetically expressed it, "à retraverser une seconde fois le fleuve du sang"—anxious for any thing that resembled a re-establishment of order, and comparatively little solicitous about the constitution and materials of the new government, if it would only save from a recurrence of anarchy—lent the aid of her talents in support of the Directory. She became the centre of a political society, combining many distinguished men, among whom was Benjamin Constant, and which labored to counteract the sinister influence of the Club de Clichy, by which the Directory was vehemently assailed. But the talents of its advocates could do little for the Directory. While Bonaparte was conquering in Italy and in Egypt, it was dying of its own weakness: a political atrophy had seized it. It bore the forms of republicanism without its spirit. It utterly wanted what republican institutions need more, perhaps, than any others—the invigorating support of public opinion. It excited no interest; and it was not regarded as an object of fear. Second-rate lawyers were installed in the seats of government, amid the sneers and murmurings of the people, who, disgusted with the farce at home, looked with satisfaction only at the brilliant spectacle of victories at a distance; and all was ripe for that military domination which Bonaparte was prepared to seize.

Madame de Staël evinced her penetration by an early distrust of the character of Bonaparte. Unlike a woman, she was not dazzled by those successes which turned the heads of the men of France. She saw the anti-liberal tendency of his mind—the dark inherent germ of despotism. She appears to have seen it long before the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, when, treading closely in the steps of Cromwell, but with less of energy and decision in the execution of his measures, he dissolved a legislative assembly by military force; and a jeering populace saw the members of the Council of Five Hundred ludicrously escaping in their senatorial trappings out of the windows at St. Cloud, while the hall was swept by a file of soldiers.

"Shortly after the 18th Brumaire," says Madame de Staël, in her *Dix Années d'Exil*, "Bonaparte was informed that I had been speaking strongly in my circle against that dawning oppression, of the progress of which I had as clear a presentiment as if the page of futurity had been revealed to me. Joseph Bonaparte, whose wit and conversation I liked exceedingly, said to me, on one of his visits: 'My brother complains of you. Why, repeated he to me yesterday, does not Madame de Staël attach herself



to my government? What does she require?—the payment of her father's deposit?—I will order it. To reside at Paris?—I will permit her to do so. In short, what is it she really wants?—“*Mon Dieu!*” was my reply, “the question is, not what I *want*, but what I *think*.”

Soon after this she was consulted by Benjamin Constant on an intended speech against the government. She urged him to make it. He warned her of the consequences, appealing to her love of society and social influence. “Your salon is now filled with persons whom you like; if I make my speech to-morrow, it will be deserted; think well of it.” “We must follow our conviction,” was her answer. The speech was made, and the threatened consequence ensued; and such is Madame de Staël's account of her first quarrel with Bonaparte. It is difficult to analyze the secret motives, and detect the share which wounded vanity might have had in producing coldness, almost from the outset of their acquaintance, between these two celebrated persons. It is plain that the tone and demeanor of the latter were depreciating and repulsive; that he regarded the former as an unwelcome phenomenon, and that his aversion was a mixed feeling, combining jealousy of the admiration which her talents created, with preconceived contempt for the intellect of her sex. Bonaparte's feeling towards women was somewhat akin to that with which the Indian savage views his squaw. He never seems to have been able to divest himself of a strong impression of their inferiority; and he probably disliked Madame de Staël the more for having subjected his prejudice to so rude a shock. But if his hostility originated in prejudice, it was continued through policy. She would not be other than a source of danger; her interests and his policy were diametrically opposite. Her success was incompatible with the despotism he had meditated. A man of eminent talents might be linked to his fortunes by the chain of office; and the hopes of promotion and the terrors of disgrace might equally be applied to render him subservient: but what equal control could he hope to exercise over equal abilities in the person of a woman? She would be less serviceable, and more dangerous. She would bear the double armory of strength and weakness, availing herself of the privileges which European chivalry has awarded to the weaker sex, while employing the powerful resources of a masculine reason. To confute her might be impossible; to silence her ungenerous. He could not allure her or fetter her with

office; he could offer no boon which could compensate for the absence of that free discussion which he was determined to deny. If he feared her reason, still more did he fear her wit; he had little hope of fettering *that*, even though he made her nominally an adherent. So potent a disenchantress must be ever dangerous to one whose object was to dazzle. Napoleon understood Frenchmen well enough to know that an epigram might be as destructive to his power as an argument. To save himself from the terrors of her tongue, he inflicted the sentence of banishment from Paris. After a protracted infliction of this punishment, he next directed his vengeance against her writings; and it may be truly said that, within a century, the annals of literary persecution contain nothing more extraordinary, than that to which they were exposed by his watchful tyranny.

Her work on Germany, a work chiefly literary, and from which politics were excluded, was in 1810, in obedience to a new decree against the liberty of the press, submitted to the censors previous to publication. They authorized its publication, but demanded the erasure of several passages. We cannot, without a smile of pity and surprise, turn to those passages of which the timid satellites of the most powerful monarch in the world required the suppression. They would not allow her to say that Paris “*étoit le lieu du monde où l'on pouvoit le mieux se passer de bonheur.*” The present times must not be called “*ces temps cruels.*” She must not say that in Austria “*les bases de l'édifice social sont bonnes et respectables, mais il y manque un faite et des colonnes, pour que la gloire et le génie puissent y avoir un temple.*” She must not say that “*un homme peut faire marcher ensemble les élémens opposés, mais à sa mort ils se séparent.*” She had said that the conquest which led to the partition of Poland was “*une conquête machiavelique.*” This was allowed to stand, but they suppressed the following part of the sentence, “*et l'on ne pouvoit jamais espérer que des sujets ainsi dérobés fussent fidèles à l'escamoteur qui se disoit leur souverain.*” It was not permissible to say, in speaking of Prussia, that “*l'ardent héroïsme du malheureux Prince Louis doit jeter encore quelque gloire sur ses compagnons d'armes.*” The following proposition—“*Le bon goût en littérature est, à quelques égards, comme l'ordre sous le despotisme; il importe d'examiner à quel prix on l'achète*”—was not allowed to go forth to the world;



nor might she even say that "nous n'en sommes pas, j'imagine, à vouloir élever autour de la France littéraire la grande muraille de la Chine, pour empêcher les idées du dehors d'y pénétrer."

A book thus sifted by such microscopic detectors of whatever tended towards an anti-despotic liberality of sentiment, might, one should have supposed, have been safely given to an enslaved public, whose prejudices were enlisted on the side of despotism, and against the principles which that book espoused. But it was judged otherwise. The decree had sanctioned an entire suppression by the minister of the police, even of works which the censors had permitted; and this power was rigorously exercised. The MS. had been examined and returned,—the exceptionable passages (above quoted) had been expunged,—it had been sent to the publisher, and 10,000 copies had been struck off, when Savary ordered its suppression.—Gendarmes were sent to seize the impressions,—the print was obliterated by a chemical process,—and the restoration of the paper, thus brought back to its blank state, was the only remuneration afforded to the publisher.

But this was not all. The MS. was demanded, and the authoress ordered to quit France in twenty-four hours. She remonstrated, and required that the time should be extended to eight days; a request which Savary granted, but in a letter which served only to blacken the tyrannical injustice of the whole proceeding: "Votre dernier ouvrage n'est point Français: c'est moi qui en ai arrêté l'impression. Je regrette la perte qu'il va faire éprouver au libraire, mais il ne m'est pas possible de le laisser paraître." "*Your work is not French.* It is impossible for me to suffer it to appear!"—this was the only explanation which this peremptory minister of the emperor's will condescended to give. This was the liberty to which, in twenty-one years from the commencement of her revolution, France had travelled through so much blood.

The proscribed authoress retired to Coppet, to be exposed to fresh persecutions,—persecutions directed not only against herself, but against her family and friends. She was to be wounded through her children. Her sons were excluded from France; and when this impediment to their education was sought to be obviated by placing them under the tutelage of Schlegel, he was ordered to quit the country. An excursion to the baths of Aix in Savoy, for the benefit of the health of one of her sons, was stopped by an order from the

prefect of Geneva; and she was soon forbidden to stir more than ten leagues in any direction from her house at Coppet.

With a tyranny as petty as it was powerful, was she vexatiously and needlessly debarred from what formed one of the chief pleasures of her life—society. She was debarred from seeking friends, and friends from seeking her. M. de Montmorency and Mad. Rocamier both endeavored to beguile her solitude; and both were punished by banishment for the crime of friendship. It was deliberately intended to force her into submissive adulation of Napoleon by whatever could render her situation disconsolate and irksome; and not only were the French forbidden to visit her, but even foreigners were warned against the consequences of such a step. At length, by secret flight, she escaped from this miserable thralldom. England was her intended goal; and in order to reach it she must pass through Russia. Napoleon's far-extended tyranny had left her no direct route. In her "*Dix Années d'Exil*," the recital of her persecutions and her wanderings, while describing a case of individual suffering, she draws, in fact, a picture of the times. She takes, like Sterne, a single captive and looks with us into the prison:—but what a captive! and what a prison! the captive, herself;—the prison—more than half of Europe. The most eloquent and comprehensive generalities would not impress us with so strong a sense of the gigantic magnitude and microscopic vigilance of the power which Napoleon wielded.

These persecutions tended to rouse and confirm in Mad. de Staël a stern independence of spirit, which seems to have belonged peculiarly to her character. She was little liable to be dazzled; and that theatrical greatness which so much captivates the minds of Frenchmen had scarcely any influence on hers. She was not blinded by the glory of Napoleon; and she was not deluded by the factitious splendor of Louis XIV. She could estimate at its true value that hollow greatness which had imposed on the shallow penetration of the *soi-disant philosophe*, Voltaire; and she stripped off the delusion with a firm and vigorous hand.

"The reign of Louis XIV., which has been the object of so much poetical adulation, was signalized by every species of injustice; and no one ventured to remonstrate against the abuses of a government which was itself a continual abuse. Fenelon alone raised his voice; in the eyes of posterity that is sufficient. This monarch, who was so scrupulous upon religious dogmas, was not at all so in regard to good morals, and it was only during the period of his adversity that he displayed real virtues. Up to the moment of his misfortunes we feel no sort of sympathy



they with him; then only did native grandeur reappear in his soul.

"We boast of the noble edifices which Louis XIV. erected. But we know by experience, that in all countries where the deputies of the nation do not protect the money of the people, it is easy to procure it for every species of expenditure. The pyramids of Memphis cost more labor than the embellishments of Paris, and yet the despots of Egypt found it easy to employ their slaves in building them.

"Must we also give Louis XIV. credit for the great writers of his time? He persecuted the Port Royal, of which Pascal was the head; he exiled Fénelon; he was constantly opposed to the honors which people wished to pay to Lafontaine; and he professed to admire no one but Boileau. Literature, in exalting him so excessively, did much more for him, than he for literature. A few pensions to literary men will never produce much influence on real talent. Genius looks only to glory, and glory is but the reflexion of public opinion."

The position of Necker, or the scenes amidst which the youth of Mad. de Staël was passed, gave her politics a paramount importance; and it was natural that her genius should have found its earliest development in her political writings. Her early efforts in poetry, fiction, criticism, and metaphysics, were in a great measure weak, wild, crude, and illogical—those on politics were pointed and discriminating, just in thought, and eloquent in expression. The first of her acknowledged political writings appeared in 1792. It was an article in "*Les Indépendans*," a journal edited by Lacretelle and Suard, in which she endeavored ably, though not successfully, to solve a difficult problem, the solution of which is eminently desirable in times of political excitement. She thus pointedly and succinctly states the difficulty which existed at that moment:—

"The right side of the Assembly, known by the name of *Aristocrats*, maintains that error enchains the wishes of the majority of the nation. A portion of the left side, distinguished by that of *Jacobins*, attributes all the resistance which it meets with to an attachment to old abuses. Both parties are agreed in deferring to the general will; the one, however, with arguments too contrary to examples, and the other with examples too contrary to arguments, relies erroneously, either upon the existence of a majority which never appears, or on that of a majority always in insurrection."

Hers, however, is the merit only of having clearly shown the difficulty, not of having been able to point out the remedy.

The next she published was highly creditable, both from its eloquence and the moral courage which it displayed. It was called "*Reflexions sur le Procès de la Reine*," and appeared in Aug. 1793. In this she bravely and ably advocated the cause of an injured and defenceless woman. It was a touching appeal to feeling. It was also a skilful appeal to the

judgment of the public, and showed address in the selection of topics and the line of its defence. It shielded the queen from the charge of having too much influenced the king,—it proved that this influence was overrated,—that Maurepas continued minister in spite of her,—nay, more, that he had even procured the dismissal of two other ministers, Turgot and Necker, of whom Marie Antoinette was known to have approved; that her only exertions of successful influence were in procuring the dismissal of Calonne, and appointment of the Archbishop of Sens in his place; and for this France had reason to thank her. Mad. de Staël exposes the sophistical calumny, that on account of her Austrian extraction she must be hostile to France. She speaks of her courage, her devotion to her husband and children, and draws a touching and eloquent picture of her sufferings. Among appeals *ad misericordiam* it is the most dignified we remember. In answer to the question triumphantly asked: "Seriez-vous de ceux qui plaignent un roi plus qu'un autre homme?" she courageously answers: "Oui, je suis de ce nombre; mais ce n'est point par la superstition de la royauté, c'est par le culte sacré de malheur. Je sais que la douleur est une sensation relative; qu'elle se compose des habitudes, des souvenirs, des contrastes, du caractère enfin, résultat de ces diverses circonstances; et quand la plus heureuse des femmes tombe dans l'infortune, quand une princesse illustre est livrée à l'outrage, je mesure la chute, et je souffre de chaque degré." This was written in 1793, about the terrible commencement of the Reign of Terror.

In 1794 and 1795 she produced two pamphlets,—the former entitled "*Reflexions sur la Paix, adressées à M. Pitt et aux Français*;" the latter, "*Reflexions sur la Paix intérieure*,"—productions which deserved to be deemed eloquent and able, from whatever pen they might have proceeded, and which, as youthful and female performances, are certainly remarkable. The tone and object of each was praiseworthy. In each, the predominant theory which, both incidentally and directly, she endeavored to enforce was this—that the principles of republicans who are friends of order, and the principles of royalists who are friends of liberty, are essentially identical. She evinces in these a remarkable degree of political prescience, and appears to have foreseen, even at that early period, the eventual consolidation of a military des-



potism, to which the troubled state of France was tending. In all these early political productions she has evinced a vigor of thought and soundness of judgment, which are not equally conspicuous in her early metaphysical, critical, and imaginative writings,—and which tend to show that this was the direction to which her genius naturally inclined. The greatest result of her genius, thus following its natural bent, was that most powerful of her literary performances, which did not appear until after her death,—the “*Considérations sur la Revolution Française*.”

It is impossible to read this work without being impressed with the comprehensiveness of mind which the writer displays, the discriminating clearness with which she unveils the springs of action, and lays open the interior movements of the political machine, the depth and originality of her thoughts, and the vivid brilliancy of her copious eloquence. Her style, like that of Burke, flows onward in discursive splendor, blending, like him, philosophical deductions with graphic imagery; now condensing wisdom into aphorisms, and now delighting us with the graces of poetical illustration. We feel as if commentary could do no more—as if we might have ampler, abler, and more accurate histories of those portentous times of political trouble than any that have yet been written, but that comment and deduction have been exhausted—that of all sound, acute and philosophical remarks which the circumstances of those times can elicit, the germ will be found in this one work. Yet, much as admiration is excited, there will be mingled with it at the close a certain feeling of disappointment. It will be felt that it is not so satisfactory as a work of such genius ought to be. It wants connection and unity of design, an ostensible object, a plain and intelligible purpose and plan. She had, in fact, in writing it, no *single* purpose. To justify the political conduct of her father, to prove that France was capable of constitutional freedom, and that its model might be the constitution of England, were among the primary objects which she appears to have proposed to herself: but none of these stand forward prominent and single; and we frequently lose sight of them all. The political life of Necker is kept more distinct, and her object (his justification) rendered more obvious than the other purposes which she had in view; but this is nevertheless perhaps the least valuable part of

her work. That which to filial partiality seemed so important, seems much less so to the world at large; and that same partiality, though we cannot disapprove of it, renders her an advocate on whom we are unwilling to rely.

Not only does the want of unity of purpose militate against the effectiveness of her work, but there is an ambiguity in its form and structure which conduce to the same unfavorable results. It is both history and essay, and yet it is neither a complete essay nor a good history. As a history it would be almost useless. It is little calculated, except for those who are already versed in the annals of the times over which it travels. It has not the interest, nor does it afford the information of a full, flowing and connected narrative. Many things are implied and alluded to, but little is detailed. We have ever and anon splendid fragments of history; but they are only fragments filled up and cemented by brilliant and original reflections, to which history serves in turn the part of a cementing link with other essay-like portions of her work. Neither, if viewed solely as an essayist in this work, can she receive our entire approbation. There is a want of continuity in her reasonings, and of a sufficiently full and patient statement of the premises on which they are founded. She utters an aphorism which we are forced to admire, but we are not led to it along the strong chain of a well sustained argument; and the suspicion occasionally comes across us that in her representation of facts, accuracy may sometimes be sacrificed to her passion for effect. The gratification and interest which this work affords arise not principally from a sense of its instructiveness—not from satisfying our desire to be informed respecting the great events of the French Revolution—but from unfolding to us the impression which those events made, and the reflections which they elicited, from one of the most powerful and original minds of the last forty years. We read the operation of great events on a commanding intellect, and we derive a satisfaction different in degree, but similar in kind to that which we should feel in conversing on such topics with such a person. In fact the agreeableness and interest of the work is in one respect enhanced by the very quality which renders it less valuable as a history or as an essay. It is very conversational. It is like the spontaneous outpouring of a teeming mind, fully conversant with the theme, and richly stored with philosophical prin-



ciples; and we read the work as if we were listening to her voice. Some one said of Montesquieu's *Esprit des Loix*, that it might rather be called *De l'Esprit sur les Loix*. Still more truly might Madame de Staël's work be entitled *De l'Esprit sur la Revolution Française*. It is in truth a collection of the most brilliant remarks that the most acute and enlightened observer had to offer on this vast theme, and this is a merit which will never pass away.

In estimating the other merits of this work, it must not be forgotten that a difficulty was braved, such as perhaps no genius could have effectually surmounted. Madame de Staël attempted to blend the contemporary memoir with the philosophical history; and her work necessarily exhibits some of the defects which such a junction of conflicting qualities would produce. Her details are at once too scanty for a memoir, and too numerous and minute for a philosophical history. We see too that personal feeling has had much influence in their selection, and that they are frequently not such as the philosophical historian would have chosen to narrate. But having admitted these difficulties—these impediments in the path to excellence—let us render full justice to the high-minded ability with which she has struggled through them. She had to contend against no ordinary array of disqualifying circumstances: she wrote not only near the time of the events narrated, but had lived in the midst of these events: she had been no silent witness, but as much as her sex permitted, a partaker: she was the daughter of one who had borne therein a conspicuous part: she had entered the arena of political partisanship: she had suffered exile for her opinions; and she had not discarded the warm and excitable feelings of a woman. Yet the result has been a work, which, though eloquent and impassioned, is not intemperate—a work which for far-sighted wisdom, for philosophical depth and comprehensiveness of vision, and for impartiality of judgment, may put to shame the lucubrations of many men on subjects of remote date, viewed at a distance the most favorable for a just and accurate estimate, and from which the suggestions of passion and prejudice could scarcely be permitted to reach them. Situated as Madame de Staël was, it is high praise to have attained what was so difficult, and to have been so far exempt from failings which were scarcely avoidable.

Much care and skill are displayed in the early portions of this work, in her survey

of the events which led to the Revolution and preceded the outbreak in 1789. She expends much ability in the exculpation of her father; but the daughter's genius cannot make it appear that Necker was equal to the momentous difficulties of the time. He advised the convocation of the Notables only to require opinions, the nature of which he might have anticipated, and which it was not his intention to follow. The *états généraux* was convoked—that important assembly for which France, ever moved by trifles, was incited to clamor by a punning remark of the Abbé Sebatier—"Vous demandez, Messieurs, les états de recette et de dépense, et ce sont les états généraux qu'il vous faut." The joke had fallen like a spark among gunpowder, and the whole country was clamorous for this inestimable panacea. It was granted, wisely no doubt, if the temerity of Necker had not rendered dangerous an experiment which might otherwise have been safe. This assembly had never been convoked since 1614. It was, therefore, necessarily doubtful how a political machine so long disused, so little suited to the habits of the people, would be found to work. Yet invoking this body at a period of national excitement, the minister chose at the same time to make a vital change in its organization. The *états généraux* were originally composed of deputies, representing in nearly equal numbers the nobility, the clergy and the *tiers-état*. Each met and deliberated separately, and presented their separate representations to the sovereign prince. The *états généraux*, as organized according to the advice of Necker, resembled this body only in name. They were to deliberate and vote in one assembly, and that the two former classes might be placed entirely at the mercy of the *tiers-état*, the number of the latter was doubled. A vast influx of the inferior clergy, who sympathized with the *tiers-état*, was also admitted to confirm their predominance; and thus an assembly, nominally representing three classes, was in effect the representative only of one. Be it remembered too, that this one predominant class had writhed under centuries of galling subjection; and it was scarcely to be expected from human nature that they would exert their power with moderation. The legislative power was rashly concentrated in a single body, ignorant of the art of legislation, and composed of materials which could never amalgamate; and these raw and violent legislators were expected to succeed in effecting the regeneration of France.



Necker was like a philosopher, who, devising a machine in strict accordance with abstract mathematical principles, should leave out of his calculations the effects of friction. He had in his mind the abstract idea of a legislative assembly, and the high functions which it was intended to perform; but he had not sufficiently considered how unequal to fulfil his aspirations was that mighty mass of presumptuous ignorance and factious violence, to which he was committing the destinies of the nation.

"The mass of good sense possessed by a free nation did not," says Madame de Staël, "exist in France." "The third estate," she says again, "could only possess one merit, that of moderation, and unfortunately it would not take the trouble of acquiring it."

What strong condemnation of the policy which armed this class, so deficient in good sense and moderation, with a predominant power, which, but for Necker's theoretical rashness, might have been withheld till they were better able to use it with discretion? What was the immediate consequence? "In one month," says Madame de Staël, "affairs had greatly changed; the *tiers-état* had been allowed to grow so strong, that they were no longer grateful for the concessions which they were sure to obtain." It is almost evident that in her heart she disapproved of the policy which her filial feelings have led her to defend. That in which she really succeeds, is, as Benjamin Constant observes, in defending her father "against the charges of those who accuse him of having set these elements in fermentation." The elements of discord had been long accumulating, and were fermenting already. The French Revolution was no unexpected and accidental explosion.

"Those," says Madame de Staël, "who treat it as an accidental event, have neither looked back to the past, nor forward into futurity; they have confounded the authors with the piece, and in order to satisfy their passions they have attributed to the men of the moment the results which centuries had been preparing."

Necker is not chargeable with having produced convulsion; he only did not sufficiently impede the rapid march of revolution. His error was, perhaps, like that of the reckless charioteer, who, when a certain descent was to be made, should prefer the straight steep road to that which was easy and circuitous, and should choose to go down without a drag chain. At the same time we must give to Necker the benefit of a doubt, whether at such a moment the happiest union of energy and

prudence could have averted the coming catastrophe.

"As a statesman," says Benjamin Constant, "M. Necker shared the fate of all those who attempted, or who were constrained to attempt, to direct a revolution destined by the force of circumstances to baffle all calculations, and to clear a passage for itself. If we reflect on the disposition of men's minds at that period, if we consider the opposite interests of various parties, all of them alike inexperienced, and whose opinions, condensed into some absolute phrases, had all the violence of prejudices and the inflexibility of principles, we must feel that no human energy or prudence were capable of mastering such elements."—*Mélanges*, pp. 191, 192.

The same writer, after some observations upon the advantages enjoyed by Madame de Staël for the composition of this work on the French Revolution, adds—

"If she had condescended to paint individuals more frequently and more in detail, her work, although it would have ranked lower as a literary composition, would have perhaps gained something in anecdotic interest. It is impossible to help regretting that she had not applied to the painting of political characters the talents which she had displayed in *Delphine*. No one would have described with more gracefulness, or with more *piquant* expressions, the numerous apostacies covered with the mask of principle; the selfish calculations transformed into conversions; the prejudices again resumed to-day as means, by the very men who but yesterday repelled them as obstacles; the vestals of vice, who preserve its tradition like the sacred fire, and who, traitors alternately to despotism and to liberty, remain faithful only to corruption, as the patriot does to his country. But Madame de Staël preferred the form of history to that of private memoirs."—p. 195.

We entirely concur with him in his opinion of Madame de Staël's ability to have enriched her work still more with characteristic portraiture of remarkable personages, and that it would have been more entertaining if it had been more replete with anecdote, and had partaken more of the nature of a memoir. But in order to be thus entertaining, it must have descended a little from the high ground it now occupies. If it had been what M. Constant recommends, it would too often have discoursed of persons rather than of principles, and have devoted to individuals that attention which is now given to the consideration of the mass. Personalities are the bane of politics; and we are glad when those who have the power to treat them as abstract questions, have pursued the course which their genius entitles them to maintain. In spite of M. Constant's complaint of the paucity and brevity of the characteristic delineations, these already constitute a very remarkable and interesting portion of the work. Madame de Staël has done enough in this one work to stamp herself as an eminent mistress of the difficult art of historical portraiture.



How admirably drawn is the character of Calonne! frivolous and reckless, who was thought to possess superior talents because he treated serious matters with the levity of affected superiority, and who forgot that to sport with difficulties is pardonable only in those who can surmount them! What a picture is that of Brienne, the Archbishop of Toulouse (afterwards of Sens)—ever halting between two opinions, alternately *philosophe* and absolutist, firm in neither, bringing to his aid in great emergencies only that courtier-like finesse which under a representative system of government is productive of distrust rather than of respect. Dumont's full-length picture of Mirabeau is more complete, but not more masterly than her sketch of this extraordinary man—the democrat from interest, the aristocrat from inclination—profligate and temporizing—of genius brilliant but limited—indebted for the materials of his eloquence to the assistance of his friends, yet turning whatever he touched into gold. Admirable is her pointed sketch of Pethion, a cold fanatic, pushing all new ideas to their extremes, because he found it easier to exaggerate than to comprehend them. These are a few out of many striking portraits which figure in the pages of this remarkable work.

Among the metaphysical works of Madame de Staël, the most remarkable is her treatise "*De l'Influence de Passions*," published in 1796. It was written when her imagination was strongly impressed with the dreadful consequences of that unbridled effervescence of popular passions, which had been laying waste the happiness of France during the awful period of the ascendancy of Robespierre. Accustomed to view with alarm the effect of ungoverned passion both in individuals and in masses, and the violent expression of it which the incidents of those times called forth, she was inclined to exaggerate both its evil tendencies and its degree of influence upon human conduct; and to represent the human race as more impassioned and excitable, and less calculating than an extensive view will prove them to be. The results of passion are more apparent than the suggestions of self-interest; but in civilized communities, under ordinary circumstances, the latter and not the former must be regarded as the primary guide of human conduct. Interest as a motive may be considered to form the rule, and passion the exception. But such is not the opinion of Madame de Staël; and under her view of the influence

of passion, she has poured forth a dissertation on its characteristics and effects, rich in eloquence and sparkling effusions of vigorous originality, but deficient in connection of argument, in logical closeness, and in that conciseness which enables the reader to follow her meaning, without weariness and difficulty. The best parts of the treatise are those which she has derived most immediately from the dark contemplation of recent troubles. The concluding portion of the first section, her chapters on crime and on the spirit of party, are especially true and forcible. In each of these she introduces many just and pointed observations, which serve to explain the almost incredible atrocities of the ruling monsters of the Reign of Terror. Truly has she said that there is a point of remorseless wickedness at which men contract a morbid avidity for the dread and hatred of their fellows, as they might previously have desired their admiration and esteem; that they wish to astonish by their crimes, and feel that there is a desirable distinction in its very excess; that the more humane feelings of their nature become productive only of uneasiness and remorse, and that they have at length no satisfaction but in plunging deeper into crime, and denaturalizing themselves more effectually; that there arises a species of mental thirst for the horrible excitement that crime affords, ever increasing like the physical thirst of the habitual drunkard, and progressively requiring a more powerful stimulus. Before this horrible progress can be made, the two great bonds which (religion apart) keep men in the path of virtue, public opinion and self-esteem, must both be broken. The gloomy misanthrope who has set at nought the former, still clings to the latter, and is saved by it from crime; but the reckless criminal, such as Madame de Staël has represented, must equally have discarded both; or the public opinion which he courts is of so depraved and perverted a nature, that it is utterly incapable of guiding him aright. Such is the public opinion of a fraternity of thieves—such was the demoralized public opinion to which Robespierre and his confederates appealed more imposingly during the Reign of Terror. Well has she designated the leading traits of that dangerous spirit—the spirit of party—a spirit the more dangerous, because minds apparently the most strong and enlightened, minds like that of Condorcet, are not proof against even its excess. In that



spirit the strongest cementing bond of union is, as she has well shown, not common love, but common hatred.

"At the time," says Madame de Staël, "when the constitutionalists were warring with the jacobins, if the aristocrats had adopted the system of the former, if they had advised the king to put his trust in them, they might then have overthrown their common enemy, without losing the hope of one day ridding themselves of their allies. But in the spirit of party, persons like better to fall, dragging their enemies with them, than to triumph along with any of them. In place of attending at the elections where they might have influenced the choice of men on whom the fate of France was about to depend, they preferred subjecting her to the yoke of ruffians, to a partial acknowledgment of the principles of the revolution by voting in the primary assemblies."

Recent circumstances of a milder character in this country have taught us the truth of this picture, not merely as applied to France, but to human nature generally. Turning to the ultra-Tory, we may say, "*mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur.*" Akin to the infatuation of the French aristocrat, is the conduct of some of our soi-disant conservatives, who, establishing an unnatural alliance with the extremest violence of the opposite party, have been ready to support the democratic Radical in preference to the ministerial Whig. The two extremes have been united together in one common hatred of moderate Whiggism—of that Whiggism, which the Radical ally of the Tory hates, because it is too Tory, and the Tory ally of the Radical, for its supposed tendency to radical doctrines. Well has she also described that other prominent characteristic of party spirit—its intolerance—an intolerance displayed even in the promulgation of opinions of which toleration and liberality are essential ingredients. She had seen Atheism preached with all the intolerance of fanatical superstition, and liberty advocated in the tone of despotism.

In this treatise Madame de Staël has executed only one, and that the least difficult, portion of the task she had undertaken, and of which she holds forth a promise in her eloquent introduction. It was her plan to show the influence of passion on the fate, not only of individuals, but of nations. The latter portion is that which she has not accomplished. Perhaps it cannot be said that she is eminently successful in the first. The work abounds in just and profound views of human nature, and in aphorisms of original and sterling merit. Yet such is its diffuseness, its want of connection and arrangement, and the clear proposition of some definite object of proof, that the reader will too often rise from its perusal with no other impression

than that of having been dazzled and delighted with much rich and discursive eloquence, but without being strongly impressed with the distinct purpose on which it was expended.

Not only is her work not sufficiently *practical* in its tendency, but that part which is most practical is not eminently sound. She dwells on the inexpediency of passion as an obstacle in the path to happiness, rather than as a seduction from the path of virtue. The one, it is true, is resolvable into the other; but their intimate connection might have been more pointedly shown, and the higher motive placed foremost. She also takes too dark a view of the passions of our nature. They are implanted in us, not for unmitigated evil, but also for good. It is not requisite that they should be utterly suppressed. They are susceptible of a beneficent direction. It is one of the peculiarities of our religion that it enjoins a cultivation of the affections—that its precepts are inculcated not solely through the stimulants of hope and fear, but also through an appeal to the affections. But comparatively cold and chilling is the moral philosophy of Madame de Staël, and little tending to the advancement of man considered as a social being. Her theory tends to denaturalize man, to check the warm emotions of his nature, and this with a view to secure his happiness. Religious fervor, friendship, and parental, filial, and conjugal love, are not allowed in her doctrine to be admitted to the rank of resources. They are considered only intermediate between the more stormy passions and those resources which we find in ourselves.

"Friendship, parental, filial, and conjugal affections, and, with some characters, religion, have many of the inconveniences of the passions; while in others the same affections supply most of the advantages of resources which we find within ourselves. The exigence, in other words the want of a certain return from others, is the point of resemblance by which friendship and the feelings of nature remind us of the pains of love; and when religion partakes of fanaticism, all that I have said of the spirit of party completely applies to it.

"But even when friendship and natural sentiments are free from exigence, when religion is without fanaticism, we cannot include such affections in the class of resources which we find in our own bosoms, for these modified sentiments make happiness still dependent upon chance. If you are separated from a dear friend, if the parents, the children, the husband, whom fate has given to you, are unworthy of your love, the happiness which these ties might promise is no longer in your power; and as to religion, that which forms the basis of its enjoyments—the intensity of faith—is a gift absolutely independent of us; without this firm belief, we must still acknowledge the utility of religious ideas; but it is beyond the



power of any human being to make himself sure of happiness from these."

There is weakness and sophistry in this passage. The grounds on which she proscribes the affections as sources of happiness, would tend to exclude all human pursuits. Uncertainty and disappointment are contingencies incident alike to every course of thought and feeling, to every object of human exertion. If the possibility that they might befall us in any purpose of our heart or head is sufficient to banish that purpose from our catalogue of resources—if hope is to be dethroned, and foreboding fear installed in its stead, it is in vain that Madame de Staël holds forth the flattering idea that we have in fact any resources at all. What are those which she holds forth? Study, beneficence, and the *pococurantism*, which she calls philosophy. Of these, the two former are ever liable to be frustrated. The intent and endeavor to do good are not sufficient to command success. Study may fail in attaining its desired reward, and circumstances over which man has no control may arrest it in its course. Some object there must be, and the object may vanish on approach, like the *mirage* in the desert, which had beguiled the thirsting traveller with the semblance of water. Yet we repeat, some object there must be; for no reasoning being of sound mind will long continue to cherish the blossom, without bestowing a thought on the fruit that is to follow. Are then study and beneficence not resources, because disappointment and failure are incident to them? Upon Madame de Staël's principle they are not, and yet she offers them as such.

Her chapter "de la Philosophie," in which she proposes this imaginary boon as an antidote to unhappiness, is one of the most unphilosophic she ever wrote. Her philosopher is not the useful, practical, social being, who makes his philosophy shine through his actions; but a morbid *fainéant*, whose dreamy existence could scarcely be rendered supportable but by the absorbing illusions of monomania. Her philosophy, she tells us, is not insensibility. Yet "quand la philosophie s'empare de l'âme, elle commence, sans doute, par lui faire mettre beaucoup moins de prix à ce qu'elle, et à possède, et à ce qu'elle espère." If this is not a tendency towards insensibility, we know not what that word can mean. She tells us "La philosophie, dont je crois utile et possible aux âmes passionnées d'adopter les secours, est de la nature la plus relevée." For the attainment and exercise of this

philosophy, we are afterwards told "il faut de la solitude," and yet she tells us a little farther on, that "la solitude est, pour les âmes agitées par de grandes passions, une situation très dangereuse." This is true—but does it not follow from thence that the philosophy which demands solitude is not exactly that of which it will be "utile et possible aux âmes passionnées d'adopter les secours?" As for what she says of "la satisfaction que donne la possession de soi, acquise par la méditation"—"le bonheur que trouve un philosophe dans la possession de soi"—"une sorte d'abstraction dont la jouissance est cependant réelle," by which "on s'élève à quelque distance de soi-même pour se regarder, penser et vivre"—"la solitude est le premier des biens pour le philosophe"—"cette douce mélancolie, vrai sentiment de l'homme, résultat de sa destinée, seule situation du cœur, qui laisse à la méditation toute son action et toute sa force"—all these are mere phrases, which practically have no real significance or value.

In the last part of this treatise she is obliged to explain away many of the conclusions to which we should have been led by the preceding observations, and to neutralize what she felt to be the evil tendency of some of its speculations. She does this still more at length in a work written many years afterwards,—her "Reflexions sur le Suicide,"—in which she is at much pains to exculpate herself from the imputation of being an advocate of suicide, or at least of regarding it too indulgently, an imputation thoroughly warranted, both by certain passages in the "Influence des Passions" and the tenor of several of her tales. The "Reflexions" are not distinguished by any particular vigor, brilliancy, or originality of thought, but they are right-minded, and serve at least the purpose of clearing the authoress from the imputation of having entertained pernicious opinions on this subject during the latter years of her life.

Madame de Staël may be added to the number of those great poets who are poetical only in prose. The mechanical difficulties of metre appear to have been a clog to her imagination; and in none of what would be called, in common parlance, her *poetical* compositions, (which are few) does she rise above mediocrity. But how brilliant is the poetry of her prose writings! It is difficult to cite instances; they are too numerous for selection. *Corinne*, perhaps, presents a greater abundance of examples than any other single work; but whenever the subject admitted poetical



adornment, there was it always found; and even such subjects as did not invite it—politics, for example, and metaphysical disquisitions, were illustrated with the Promethean fire of a poet's mind. It is no longer regarded as a startling proposition that poetry can exist without verse, and verse without poetry. The literature of every country will afford numerous instances of this truth, sufficiently convincing to the minds of all who can feel what poetry really is. Our own literature affords many examples, high among which are the names of Jeremy Taylor, and of Burke, poets who never wrote a line of verse—at least of none that deserves to be remembered. The literature of France, where conventional formalities subjected the imagination to severe trammels, is richer still in instances of this kind. If we were asked who were the greatest poets of France, we would assuredly say—not Boileau, or Racine,—not Voltaire, or Gresset, or Delille—not those who had executed most successfully a graceful dance in metrical chains—not the accomplished surmounters of verbal difficulties, who constructed their distiches according to the ingenious rule of Boileau, beginning first with the second line, and were ever regardful of metrical etiquette in the orthodox assortment of male and female rhymes. No—the most poetical minds of France have been those whose capacities could not so successfully stoop to ingenuities of so low an order. Fenelon, Buffon, St. Pierre, Rousseau, and Chateaubriand, have been more truly poets than any rhymesters which France had produced under the *ancienne regime*, and to this list we can add no name which exhibits a more striking instance of this fact than that of Madame de Staël.

As a novelist Madame de Staël is less entitled to admiration than as a writer on politics and criticism. We have already mentioned that the bent of her genius displayed itself early in a successful predilection for subjects of a political kind. Her early critical writings, the *Lettres sur Rousseau* and *Essai sur les Fictions*, though faulty, were full of ability, and gave ample promise of future excellence. But we cannot turn to her first attempts in novel writing without being sensible of a marked inferiority—without even feeling that they are destitute of promise that works like *Delphine* or *Corinne* would ever proceed from the same pen. In 1795, she published four short tales, all bad in design and weak in execution. A statement of their subjects will give

some idea of their lamentable deprivation of moral taste, and the coarse and morbid appetite for excitement which they tend to pamper. Three of them are tales of suicide; and in the fourth, sentiments favorable to suicides are expressed. In "*Adelaide et Theodore*," a mother waits to give birth to her child; destroys herself immediately afterwards, and dies, pronouncing (as if that were enough!) the name of the child she had so cruelly abandoned. In *Mirza*, an African tale, we are introduced to sentimental savages, such assuredly as are to be found in no realms but those of fiction. An unmarried negress becomes romantically attached to Ximeo, a married negro, and when he is about to be sold, offers herself as a slave in his stead, that he may live happily with his wife, her rival. He, with equal generosity, declines the sacrifice; and the slave merchants are about to avail themselves of the romantic conflict, in order to carry off both into captivity, when the governor "*s'avance comme un ange du lumière*," and exclaims, "*Soyez libres tous deux; je vous rends à votre pays comme à votre amour. Tant de grandeur d'âme eut fait rougir l'Européen qui vous auroit nommés esclaves*." Both are set at liberty, and Ximeo's predicament of a conflicting double attachment, and double obligation, the African marriage rite and the tie of gratitude, is all conveniently dissolved by Mirza, who "*pour anéantir le souvenir de son inconstance*," commits suicide:—and we are left in doubt which of these two recited acts of self-devotion—the voluntary encounter of slavery, or of death, is to be accounted the most meritorious. In *Zulma*, another tale of savage life and suicide, a young South American having killed her Spanish lover in a fit of jealousy, and being justly condemned to death, cheats justice by killing herself at the place of execution, and dies exclaiming, "*je vais rejoindre Fernand dans ce séjour où il ne pourra chérir que moi, où l'homme est dégagé de tout ce qui n'est pas l'amour et la vertu*;" and the act and the exclamation are held up to our notice as admirable traits! *Pauline* is the history of a woman, whose infidelities during her first marriage are mentioned in the presence of her second husband, and the statement is resented by him as calumny. She confesses its truth; nevertheless, he is engaged in a duel in which he kills his opponent. She dies of a fever, but with suicidal feelings, courting death as a relief, and exclaiming, "*nous nous reunirons dans le ciel—ne pense pas qu'une imagination*



fanatique exagère à mes yeux des fautes que mes remords ont effacées devant Dieu —je crois qu'il me les a pardonnées, et j'expire sans crainte." These tales are curious examples of the weakness of a strong intellect—of the perversion of a good disposition. But they are illustrations not only of Madame de Staël's taste and moral sense at that period, but of the sad depravation of public feeling which could so lower a naturally powerful and well-intentioned mind.

From these obliquities of moral sense Madame de Staël was not emancipated, when in 1803 she produced the novel of *Delphine*. The ability of this work is incontestable, and it is equally true that it cannot claim the praise of being moral and right-minded; nor has the defence of its moral tendency which Madame de Staël thought herself called upon to make sufficed to confute the prevalent objections. Her "*Reflexions sur le bût moral de Delphine*," are, for the work of one so able, singularly weak and inconclusive. She says,

"I never meant to offer Delphine as a model for imitation; my motto proves that I blame both Leonce and Delphine; but I conceive that it was both useful and strictly moral to show how a superior intellect may commit more faults than mediocrity itself, if a reason equally powerful with the intellect is not united with it; and in what manner a generous and feeling heart may expose itself to many enemies, if it does not submit to the rules of rigid morality. The more wind there is in the sails, the greater is the force required to steer the vessel. When Richardson was asked, why he had made Clarissa so unhappy? "It is because I could never forgive her for leaving her father's house," was his reply. I might also say with truth, that I have not in my romance pardoned Delphine for giving way to her attachment to a married man, although that attachment remained a pure one. I have not pardoned her the acts of imprudence which the pliancy of her character led her to commit, and I have presented all her misfortunes as being the immediate consequences of them."

There is not a little sophistry in this passage. It is true, as Madame de Staël has told us, that the greater part of Delphine's misfortunes were the consequences of her actions—that she disregarded the opinion of the world, and that injury to herself was the result. True;—but this will not render Delphine a moral work, if these evil results are made to appear the heroine's misfortune, rather than her fault. Our sympathies are so strongly enlisted on her side, and she is exhibited in so interesting a light, that whatever our judgments may decide, our hearts at least are made to tell us that if she and society are at variance, it is rather society which ought to be remodelled, than that Delphine should be turned aside from the well-

intentioned course of her enthusiastic errors. In the preceding passage we find "un cœur généreux et sensible," placed in opposition to "la rigidité de la morale" as if these were incompatible. Right cannot be opposed to right. Moral qualities, such as generosity and sensibility, cannot be opposed to the strictest morality. They can be represented as being at variance only through some perversion of language; and either it is not true generosity, or it is not strict morality, but some counterfeit which assumes the name, to the injury of that which is pure and true.

But the whole groundwork of her moral, even as represented in her defence, is unsound. The "epigraphe" to which she refers for justification is this: "Man must learn to brave opinion, woman to submit to it." This deceptive sentence may at the first glance seem replete with worldly wisdom; but, nevertheless, it is deceptive. If it means only that men may do many things with impunity which women cannot do, that the breath of censure injures most easily the delicate purity of the female character, it propounds nothing but needless truism—it utters only a proposition which when heard must be instantly assented to; but which adds no more to our stock of knowledge than the being told that in the latitude of England there is always daylight at mid-day. But if it means that, when exposed on different accounts to the *same amount* of unjust censure, the man should through evil report persist in doing that which he believes to be right, but that the woman should timidly desist, it asserts that to which no right-minded person can conscientiously assent. A different line of conduct may be required by difference of sex, even as among men it is required by difference of circumstance and position; but there can be no abstract rule of right which is not equally binding upon all. What is this "opinion" which man must brave and to which woman must submit? Is it good, or evil? There lies the real question. If it is good, man must yield to its dictates as much as woman.—If it is evil, woman is bound to brave it as resolutely as man. There can be no compromise for either sex. The boasted precept which Madame de Staël holds forth in justification of her work, is, after all, merely the assertion of a very low and unworthy ground of action. It enforces attention to mere conventional proprieties, and a paramount regard for the cold lessons of worldly expediency. Thus teaches the "epigraphe" which Ma-



dame de Staël has quoted; but, in spite of her professions, not so taught Madame de Staël. She has shown her real disapprobation of this worthless maxim, in the inefficient, the almost ironical, manner in which she has attempted to enforce it. In truth she does not enforce it; but unhappily she had no better rule of right to substitute, and thus under the most favorable view, her work, even if it does not mislead (which may be asserted with much reason) leaves us at sea without a compass. A purer morality displays itself in *Corinne*, a morality which, as is well observed by Constant, is rather the result than the object of her novel, and, though incapable of being defined in a compressed form within the compass of a single sentence, emanates from the whole context of the work, and is embodied in the pure, amiable, and elevating impression which the perusal of it excites. It is better, perhaps, that a work of fiction should thus appeal to the disposition through the medium of the imagination, than that it should attempt to impress upon the judgment, by the most logical demonstration, the absolute certainty of a moral axiom.

We must now view, in other lights Madame de Staël's character as a novelist. Her success in this branch of composition was less than her genius might have led us to expect; but, if she fell below reasonable expectation, it was assuredly from no deficiency of general ability, but because her ability was not of the requisite description. Her talent was not sufficiently dramatic. In a novel, as in a play, though in less degree, feelings and sentiments must be displayed, not merely as they exist in the mind, but as they exhibit themselves in word and action. This Madame de Staël did not sufficiently effect; nor did she impart sufficient movement to her story, nor attend with the requisite skill and patience to those artifices of arrangement on which the interest of a novel in no slight measure depends. One faculty, however, highly essential to the success of a novelist, she did possess in an eminent degree—the faculty of delineating character. She had the power of exhibiting character both by a few bright touches of epigrammatic force, and by a long and unobtrusive course of minute and delicate delineation—both directly and indirectly—both by description of the qualities of mind and manner, and (though without pretension to dramatic effect) by showing them as displayed in word and action. Some of her fictitious characters are truly masterpieces, and

would be alone sufficient to support the credit of the novels in which they are to be found. Never was there a more successful example of true and delicate discrimination than her character of the *Compte d'Erfeuil* in *Corinne*; and it possesses the rare merit of being not only a vivid and consistent portrait of an imaginary individual, but of an individual who represents a nation, and in whom are embodied all the most amiable peculiarities of the country to which he belongs. No one can follow this personage through the tale in which he figures, without being better acquainted with the French character, without possessing a clue to their foibles, and at the same time, being disarmed of any violent prejudice he had entertained against them. In the characters of Oswald and Corinne, we have similar attempts to embody with the portraiture of an individual the prevailing attributes of a nation; and we should have thought the attempts not wanting in success if they had not been brought into unfavorable comparison with the more successful picture of *D'Erfeuil*. Madame de Vernon, in *Delphine*, is an inimitable representation of social Machiavelism. *Delphine* herself is ably drawn, and the difference with which an excitable and enthusiastic temperament displays itself in her and in Leonce is very happily discriminated. M. de Mendocce, the old Spanish diplomatist, in the same novel, and M. de Maltigues in *Corinne*, though slightly sketched, occur to us also as signal instances of her skill in drawing characters. If she had been equally endowed with the other requisites of novel writing, she must have attained a success in this branch of composition which would have left almost all competitors at a distance.

As a critic, Madame de Staël must occupy a high place. Her views were philosophical and expansive; her appreciation of excellence was generous and acute. She sometimes appeared too indulgent, and little accurate in her favorable judgments; but it was chiefly because she disdained that minute detection of the unimportant blemishes and informalities of literature in which correct criticism is often imagined to consist. Bred in a land, and writing in a language, in which narrow-minded criticism has been most frequently displayed, she emancipated herself from the conventional habits which belonged to that land. She soared above an attention to forms, and extended her views to the essentials of literary excel-



lence. Her work on Germany abounds with instances of this enlightened spirit of literary criticism; and the chapter "De la Poesie" deserves especially to be cited. We must consider the time and the language in which she wrote before we can do full justice to the expansiveness and liberality of her critical opinions. Principles which are now received as axioms, would thirty years ago have been stigmatized as paradoxes. They would have been so considered even in this country; and narrowness of judgment on matters of literature was much more prevalent in France. It is therefore highly creditable to Madame de Staël, that she should have been among the first of the new and more philosophical school of critics—of those who, without wasting an almost exclusive attention on the conventional forms of literary composition, have looked rather at those intrinsic qualities in which literary excellence, under whatever form, will be ultimately found to consist. As a critic, she deserves very high praise; but not the highest. She was liberal and enlightened in her judgments, but she was not sufficiently dispassionate and patient. Some faults she also had which sprung out of her very excellences. She was warm and enthusiastic in her approbation of merit, but she was guided by the impulse of temporary feeling, and gave expression to praises which cool judgment could not justify. She abhorred a trivial and minute criticism; and generalization was the favorite habit of her mind. But in generalizing she was sometimes extravagant; she classified broadly in defiance of facts, and leaped to conclusions that could not be supported. Such was her attempt to divide the literature of Europe into two classes, that of the north and that of the south, to give to each its distinguishing characteristic, and to deduce the origin of the former from Ossian, and of the latter from Homer. Such is her sweeping assertion, that the literature of the Latin nations, i. e. French, Spanish, and Italian, is copied from the ancients, and retains the tinge of polytheism; that of the Teutonic nations, at the head of which are England and Germany, is modified by a spiritual religion, and based on chivalry. Madame de Staël, in making this broad distinction, appears to have forgotten that chivalry and romance flourished first among the Latin nations, that the stronghold of chivalrous literature was Spain, and that it penetrated subsequently and slowly into the north, and chiefly through the channel of the Italian and

Provençal writers. This disposition to generalize upon a partial and superficial view of facts renders Madame de Staël an unsafe guide through the wide fields of speculation. An impatience to arrive at some striking conclusion, at some comprehensive rule, leads her to overlook the inconvenient exceptions which may happen to beset her path. This undue love of classification was the only point in which Madame de Staël partook at all of the narrow spirit of French criticism. In all other respects she rose above it; and even some of her faults as a critic were of so opposite a character, that they became of use with reference to France; for it is only after swinging to the opposite extreme, that taste at length settles into the "*juste milieu*" of reason and correctness.

We regard the critical writings of Madame de Staël as the greatest boon she gave to France—and greatest among these, that for which she suffered the bitterest persecution, her celebrated work on Germany. There was, perhaps, no other country of which she could have held up the picture more profitably before the eyes of her own. We say this, not because German literature afforded models which it was most advisable for France to follow, but because it was most opposite to French literature in its general characteristics—because the display of its qualities tended to afford to a narrow-minded public a better notion of the extensive range which literature embraced, than that of a country more congenial with their own; and because, in exhibiting the spectacle of emancipation from literary shackles imposed by the French on another people, they might learn, from the same shackles, to emancipate themselves. It taught and exemplified this important truth, that in order to be vigorous a literature must be *national*. It must result, not from the imitation even of approved and classical models, but must bear the genuine flavor of its native soil.

Germany alone afforded a striking example of a country in which, within a brief period, and without any sensible alteration in the state of civilization and science, might be observed both the entire absence and the successful acquisition of a national literature. Till the middle of the eighteenth century, the situation of Germany was very remarkable. In science, in inventions, in theology, in metaphysics, it had attained an eminent station; but it had no national literature—no writer in the German language whose name was known among foreign nations; none even



of which Germany itself was proud. The yoke of France was upon its lighter literature. The cold artificial spirit of the age of Louis XIV., by which France had deadened its own natural energies, had been brought to press with double weight as a baleful incubus upon the smothered spirit of Germany. The spell was at length broken; a great literary revolution suddenly commenced, aided by the fortuitous concurrence of some powerful and original minds; and Germany, from being destitute of all national literature, emerged into the possession of a literature the most characteristic exhibited by any European people. It was a literature which bore impressed upon it not only the character of the nation, but the peculiar circumstances of its own birth. It was born, not like the imaginative literature of other countries in the infancy of civilization and philosophy, but in the time of maturity and vigor. It therefore displayed, unlike any other with which we are acquainted, the mingled attributes of age and childhood. It was wild, simple, passionate and fanciful, like the untutored rhapsodies of the savage bard—keen, abstruse, refined and speculative, like the cogitations of the accomplished votary of philosophical investigation. To exhibit this literary emancipation of Germany, and the use it made of its new liberty, was the arduous and praiseworthy task undertaken by Madame de Staël; and she executed it with singular ability. To travel, not over the face of a country, but over the intellect of its people; to give the moral and mental portrait of a nation, discriminatingly yet comprehensively, and divested of that coarse, unfair breadth of delineation, by which national portraits are frequently disfigured, required a mind of the highest order, endowed with qualities of a rare description.

There is, in our opinion, a wide interval in point of merit between Madame de Staël's work on Germany and her other critical writings. Her *Lettres sur Rousseau* was a production too youthful to be fairly made a subject of comparison; but her treatise *De la Littérature*, her *Essai sur les Fictions*, and *De l'Esprit des Traductions*, productions of more recent date, and the last of which was among the latest of her writings, are comparatively deficient in vigor and in justness of thought, and betray frequent marks of inaccuracy and haste. In the *Essai sur les Fictions* her opinions seem remarkably narrow and meagre, founded only on a partial view of the specimens of fictitious

composition then in existence, and written in utter unconsciousness of the capabilities of this branch of literature, and of the almost boundless field which has been thrown open under the auspices of Sir Walter Scott. She dislikes the marvellous in fiction—takes a view of it too little poetical, and too rigidly utilitarian—seems too much to be inquiring what it proves—and is singularly silent with respect to Eastern romance. She, however, justly commends the superior utility of fictions which exhibit human nature as we see it now existing, and propounds as their best object the development and portraiture of the passions. She deprecates the excessive and engrossing introduction of love as a subject of romance, and adduces *Caleb Williams* as an instance of a novel which is interesting without it. In her criticisms on other English novelists, she gives rather more than due credit to the philosophical and moral tendency of Fielding's *Tom Jones*; and does not perceive that Fielding, while inspiring distrust in specious appearances, and in attempting to unveil hypocrisy, has countenanced license, and wounded the virtues which it is the object of hypocrisy to assume.

The critical writings of Madame de Staël, (and among these especially her work on Germany,) are those by which she has exercised most influence on the literature of her own country. To many the influence which she has exercised will appear unreasonably slight. To those who seek for indications of such influence only in instances of direct imitation, it will, indeed, seem almost null, for seldom has there existed a great writer who has been so little imitated by others. But the absence of such direct imitations is in truth little to be regretted. They usually present to us, not the intrinsic spirit of the model, but those tricks and mannerisms which, if not deformities, at any rate pall by repetition even in the original, and are seldom tolerable in the copies. Madame de Staël has escaped the injury of being travestied by vulgar imitators, while at the same time she has exercised an extensive but indirect influence upon the literature of France. She was foremost in promoting a daring spirit of literary adventure—in encouraging the abandonment of those ancient models to which, in spite of the shock of its political revolution, the taste of France still resolutely clung. She was among the first who caused innovation in literature to be associated, not with barbarism, but with cultivated genius; and taught the French to become ashamed of



that Chinese wall of pedantic exclusiveness by which they had been proud to be circumscribed. Voltaire, with all his boasting, had by no means effected this; nor indeed could he be expected to emancipate others who was himself a slave to literary prejudice. Ducis, who fancied himself a benefactor because he had contrived to Gallicise Shakspeare, wanted the genius to do what he intended; and inasmuch as he never could divest himself, even with Shakspeare before his eyes, of the conventional trammels of the French school, he cannot be supposed to have imparted to his countrymen much genuine enlargement of taste. Madame de Staël is the true leader, we will not say of the romantic school, but rather of those who, despising such frivolous distinctions, have felt that the literature of France must be—not classical or romantic—but *national*, in order to rise with renovated vigor. Writers like Delavigne, Lamartine, Béranger, De Vigny, and Victor Hugo, are in no respect imitators of Madame de Staël; but they have profited by that stimulus to originality which her writings have conveyed. Her writings have, beyond all others, vanquished the influence of that mocking spirit of depreciating illiberality which, in France, had long tended rather to cripple genius, than to repress the encroachments of bad taste. She exalted enthusiasm in the place of fastidiousness, and has aided the modest and sensitive man of genius in giving a freer scope to his imagination, and in daring to be “himself.”

Let not these benefits be denied because too many rank and noxious weeds may have resulted from her endeavors to fertilize the literary soil of France. Such will ever be liable to spring up by the side of the fair flowers and wholesome fruits of literature. But would we, because such may be among the consequences of fertility, reduce the soil again to barrenness? The latter state excludes all hope of amelioration; the former, while it gives us cause for fear, affords us also much reason to be sanguine. A newly acquired appetite for the excitement of novelty and originality will frequently be carried to a vicious extreme. There will, for some time, be a rising demand for stimulants of increased power; and men who have not genius wherewith to place themselves in the foremost rank, will endeavor to obtain that place, and force themselves upon the public attention by coarseness, vehemence, and extravagance. But we may confidently expect a

re-action. The effect of such stimulants is short-lived: they soon pall; and writers cannot long outvie each other without pushing extravagance to a ludicrous or disgusting excess. In this country there was once an appetite, in some respects similar, for coarse and extravagant stimulants, liberally pampered by the baser part of a very rich portion of our literature—the dramatic literature of the age of Elizabeth. The better portions of this literature are but too little known, while much of it has sunk into merited obscurity. We allude to such works, not with a view of instituting any comparison between them and those of the present day (which we still more strongly condemn,) in France, but to illustrate the fact that a newly raised and luxuriant literature is liable to be encumbered by such noxious weeds. We, after the lapse of numerous generations, forget the evil, and remember only the good. We overlook the obscure literary deformities of that splendid period, and remember with pride that it produced a Shakspeare, and was succeeded by a Milton. That genius will arise in France which will similarly dignify the province of imaginative literature, it is vain to predict, for genius is heaven-born and fortuitous, and depends comparatively little upon culture; but we are sure that, wherever existing in France, it is more likely to emerge advantageously, and to assume its true dimensions under the operation of that literary freedom which Madame de Staël has promoted, than under a system of careful adherence to the study and imitation of the best models of the “Augustan age” of French literature.

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ART. II.—*Georg von Frundsberg, oder das Deutsche Kriegshand, werk zur Zeit der Reformation.* Von Dr. F. W. Barthold, &c. (George Von Frundsberg; or, the Military Art in Germany at the Time of the Reformation. By Dr. F. W. Barthold, Extraordinary Professor of History in the University of Greifswalde.) Hamburg. 1833. 8vo.

At the time when the quarrels of the great European potentates ceased to be decided by the shock of feudal armies, when mercenaries began to form the main strength of royal forces, and the military art revived after ten centuries of barba-



rous warfare, three different regions became celebrated for the superior character and discipline of their infantry—Spain, Switzerland and Germany. Among these, the Spanish soldiery alone formed what may be strictly called a national force, for the Swiss pikes were avowedly at the service of the best bidder, until the alliances of the cantons finally attached them to the cause of France. Germany, on the other hand, a vast country, divided then as now between princes of different political sentiments, enlisted her sons with little scruple under the banners of the several powers of Europe. Nevertheless, her bravest leaders, and the most numerous masses of her infantry, were to be found in the Imperial camps, until the open attacks made by Charles V. against the reformed religion severed from his party the most industrious and active portion of his Teutonic subjects.

The rise of the Swiss infantry into fame and importance may be dated from the period of the battle of Morat; its decadence began after the battle of Pavia; so that the days of its glory hardly outlasted two generations of warriors. When first it became evident to military eyes that a resolute resistance on the part of the foot soldier was sufficient to repulse and throw into disorder the unwieldy cavalry of the Middle Ages, men ascribed this superiority, not to a system of tactics which all might adopt with equal success, but to the personal qualities of the Alpine mountaineers. Certainly, in the narratives then current of their extraordinary feats of arms, there appeared some reason to justify the dread with which they were regarded by the people of the plains below them. Individually they possessed a strength and resolution which as far surpassed those of the overburdened *hommes d'armes* (who, says De la Noue, were generally crippled before they arrived at the age of thirty-five by the enormous weight of their defensive armor,) as of the peaceful weavers and agricultural serfs of France and Italy; and, considered as organized troops, they had substituted for the principle of individual honor, which actuated the feudal cavalier, those of national glory and regimental emulation. Formed in deep masses, and armed with lances and halberds sixteen feet in length, they exhibited the appearance and tactics of the ancient Macedonian phalanx. Their charge on level ground was nearly as impetuous as that of the mounted lancers, without the exhaustion and confusion which followed every exertion of

consequence on the part of the latter, while their powers of resistance were far superior. Although the Swiss were too poor and too self-confident to adopt very rapidly the improvements which science was making in the art of war, they nevertheless increased their strength greatly by the introduction of fire-arms: those employing them were used chiefly as *ti-railleurs*, advancing from the main body to fire, and returning into its ranks when pressed by cavalry. But the pike remained their favorite weapon. With this "queen of arms for the infantry," they opposed their phalanx to attacks from every quarter, cut through forces vastly superior in number, or faced and overthrew the batteries of hostile cannon, carrying their high-minded contempt of death and danger to an extent which provoked the fear and admiration of those who affected to ridicule its unseasonable display.

The German infantry was first organized in order to counteract the power of these Helvetian mercenaries. The Emperor Maximilian, frequently engaged in war with his neighbors, found little military assistance from his nobility, who were almost independent of imperial authority, and constantly engaged in private feuds. The townsfolk of Brabant and Flanders strenuously resisted an authority which he had little power to enforce. His honest friends, the burghers of the free German cities, were of no great service in a warlike capacity. The men of Augsburg, in 1490, marched to battle two and two, like schoolboys. And when the council, aware of their deficiency, hired one George Krebs, a veteran captain, to give the townspeople a drilling, that leader performed his duty so mercilessly, that one of the chief merchants of the city died of apoplexy in the field—an event which by no means increased the popularity of the new régime. The Swiss found better bidders for their blood elsewhere, and their ancient ill-will towards the house of Hapsburg rendered them bad neighbors on their own account. Maximilian's first corps of infantry were therefore levied among the people of his own hereditary states, chiefly in Swabia. Divided from the Swiss only by the Rhine, and speaking a similar dialect, they were frequently confounded with them by foreigners, while their near vicinity only added bitterness to their mutual hatred. The Germans called them *Landsknechts*—country folk, men of the open country,—in contradistinction to the mountaineers,—not



Lanzknechts, or Lancers, as they are frequently termed by later writers.\* They were likewise distinguished into Oberländisch and Niederländisch, according as their bands were recruited in Swabia and the Tyrol, or in the northern parts of Germany. Our author remarks, as a singular coincidence, that the year 1487, in which the first companies of this modern infantry were raised, was likewise that of the last general tournament in Germany—the last court, as it were, of the dethroned goddess of chivalry. Maximilian did all he could to bring his new militia into fashion. On one occasion he marched into Cologne on foot, at the head of nine hundred princes and nobles, each shouldering a pike, in the dress of a common Landsknecht. Nor were his efforts without success, for these levies formed the first force in which nobles and plebeians enrolled themselves indifferently, and fought side by side with the same weapons—an instance of the same national good sense which made so large a portion of the German people the first to embrace and the steadiest to defend the doctrines of the Reformation.

The Landsknechts, from their superior habits of subordination to those of the Swiss, and from the greater facility of procuring the requisite number of them, soon became the favorite mercenaries in all the feuds of that quarrelsome age.

"This was the period," says Ranke, "in which the troops that supported Vasilivitch when he led his Muscovites against Poland—which subjected Sweden to the Union—which, in England, fell in their ranks in the cause of York," (we presume he refers to Martin Swart's German auxiliaries, who fought for Perkin Warbeck)—"those which defended Brittany against the crown of France, and those which subdued it—the garrison as well as the besiegers of Naples—the conquerors and the saviors of Hungary—those who directed and decided the fate of war throughout the world—were alike Germans."

In Italy, however, the military writers of that epoch have generally confounded them with the Swiss; and none, except Machiavel, have done justice to their peculiar merits. Few captains of distinction, and no generals, were formed in their ranks. Their lives were wasted in quarrels of no national interest, and while the great struggle between Valois and Haps-

burg was carried on by dint of their pikes, the chieftains of France and Spain adorned themselves with the laurels of alternate victories, won and lost alike at the expense of Teutonic blood.

The manner in which these numerous corps of adventurers were raised was simple and expeditious enough. As soon as the emperor, or any other prince who was willing to pay for their services, gave a commission to some well-known leader to raise a regiment, the latter proceeded to call volunteers together by tuck of drum in the towns and districts where his personal influence happened to be greatest. A regiment, strictly speaking, meant (as the name seems to imply) a body of men united under a sort of republican government—a marching commonwealth, subject for the time to a single colonel (obrist,) and to the military articles which might be framed for its especial guidance, and grounded on the ordinary custom of the country. It was not until a later period that the rules of war observed in the French, Imperial and other services were collected into bodies of law. In a military sense, the colonel rather answered to the general of brigade or of division in a modern army, or to the tribune of a legion in those of Rome, than to the officer who now bears the same title. His corps generally amounted at the commencement of a campaign to six or seven thousand men. It was composed of a certain number of "Fähnleins" (ensigns or companies,) each from four to six hundred strong, and commanded by a captain. A landsknecht only engaged to serve for the campaign. He came provided with arms, offensive and defensive; at least, with a buff coat or cuirass, a cut-and-thrust sword, pike or halberd. The amount of his pay depended in great measure on the state of his equipment, for a sort of rating, like that practised on board ships of war, was adopted among the privates of these regiments. The lowest pay received was four Rhenish guilders a month: and even this sum, allowing for the change in the value of money, was many times greater than the allowance of the wealthiest European states at the present day. Those who were provided with a back-piece, gorget, or shirt of mail, received a higher gratuity: the highest rated had double pay. The colonel received 400 guilders a month, besides the maintenance of his eight body-guards, secretary, interpreter, chaplain and herald. Each company was supposed to contain fifty arquebusiers, but the actual number greatly varied. These also were highly

\* And as the ingenious author of the "Colloquies with Folard" persists in calling them. Protesting against his orthography, we take this opportunity of acknowledging the amusement and the great assistance which we have derived from his papers (printed in the *United Service Journal* in 1830 and 1831) respecting the history of the Italian wars, which he appears to have studied with the zeal both of a soldier and an antiquary.



paid. At the same time the pay of cavalry soldiers (where they did not serve on the footing of feudal array) appears to have varied from twelve to twenty-four guilders a month. It was customary, whenever a pitched battle was won, to consider the month as completed, and a new one began to run in favor of the soldier.

The colonel and captains, being as it were the founders of the regiment, chiefly exercised their own discretion in appointing officers; nevertheless, many of the inferior posts in the corps were filled by public election. The old German writers dwell with great delight and prolixity on the long muster-roll of officers and officials necessary to its complement, carrying within itself, as it did, the elements of civil and military government. Every captain was attended by his ensign, whose bounden duty was never to desert his colors: he had also his *Fourier*, or forage-master, and *Feldweibel*, or exercise-master. The attendants of the colonel have been already noticed. There were also the *Schultheiss*, or civil judge, with his assistants, a sort of ambidextrous personage, *tam Marte quam Mercurio*, whose learned duties did not prevent him from drawing the sword on pressing emergencies; the *Quarter-master*, the *Proviant-meister* and the *Wacht-meister*; the *Band-meister*, or burning-master, who may almost be termed the chief purveyor of the troops, in an age when commissariats were unknown: his duty was to superintend the burning and plundering, which then formed no unimportant part of regimental economy. There was the fearful provost-marshal, with his *Stall-meister*, *Steckenknecht*, his *Freimann*, or executioner, and his ambulatory gallows—the dread and yet the delight of all “frommen Landsknechte,” who, like their peaceable countrymen, had a strange fondness for this great token of civilization. Charles V. himself never rode past a gibbet without taking off his hat as a sign of reverence. Finally, there was that singular personage, the *Hurenweibel*, whose very critical and difficult duties were fully rewarded with the rank of a captain, and the attendance of a lieutenant and ensign: he took charge of all the lads and camp-servants, and more especially of all the womankind which followed the camp in various capacities. All these impediments were extremely numerous in a regiment of Landsknechts, who, poor as they were, paid great attention to their bodily comforts. In this respect they were contrasted equally with the penurious Spaniard, the hardy Swiss, and the

careless Frenchman. Hence their acknowledged unfitness for the siege or defence of fortified places. Each of their camps resembled a moving town, in which every man loved to find as nearly as possible the conveniences of his home; and there was but too much ground for the reproach which Luther cast on their officers in his untranslatable language—“Sie konnten freilich nichts gegen den Erzfeind” (the Turk) “ausrichten, da sie immer ihre linden Federbetten unter den Hintern haben mussten.”

There was no small portion of prolixity and pedantry in the details of military as well as social life at that period, when the great art of modern days, that of effecting every object at the least possible cost of time and labor, seems to have been entirely unappreciated. Forms and observances were strictly adhered to in all countries, and not the least among the steady and considerate Germans. Every matter of public interest to the soldiery was conducted after a sort of dramatic fashion, with much ceremonial solemnity. The rights of each individual were under his own protection where not defined by military law. Personal combat with the sword was the resource of the private, as well as of the officer, in vindication of his honor. Corporal punishment, the degrading custom which forms the very basis of the fabric of modern military despotism, was unknown among this proud soldiery; and although death was frequently and unsparingly inflicted for numerous offences, the life of no man was at the mercy of his superiors, by the rules of the service, although this restriction was, perhaps, frequently overstepped on an emergency. According to the original articles under which the regiment was convened, the criminal was either tried by twelve jurymen, under the direction of a *Schultheiss*, and condemned to the punishment of the sword; or, in regiments in which the pike law (*das Recht der langen Spiesse*) prevailed, he was judged by the voice of the majority of his comrades, and compelled to throw himself on the lowered pikes of their battalion—a custom from which was derived our modern barbarism of “running the gauntlet.” But notwithstanding the pride and self-importance of the individual soldier, and the occasional severity of the punishments by which he was restrained, the admirer of antiquity must confess that the character of the Landsknechts for discipline and sobriety did not stand high even in those unscrupulous days, although our professor strives hard to justify his



countrymen against their accusers in this particular as well as others. Among the unfortunate inhabitants of Italy, (who could distinguish the nation of their oppressors as *Hudibras* judged of the wood of which cudgels were made, by the nature of the suffering they inflicted,) the "*Tedesca rabbia*" was hardly less dreaded than the wanton pride of France, and only deemed preferable to the cold-blooded, searching, remorseless cruelty of the Spaniard; whilst the character which these "pious companions" bore among their own countrymen may be partly learnt from one of Hans Sach's most amusing *Schwanke*—"Saint Peter and the nine poor Landsknechts." The warlike guests having been admitted into heaven by a mistake of the porter, immediately sit down to dice, and intermingle their sport with such cursing, vociferation and furious gestures, that the heavenly militia stand aghast, and are forced to get rid of their visitors by stratagem: they are induced to sally forth by an alarm sounded without the gates, which are then shut in their faces.

Thus far we have endeavored to give a cursory abridgment of our author's amusing details respecting the constitution and government of these famous mercenary bands. Their military character is better known; nor is the professor qualified to impart much additional information on a subject which has employed so many able pens since the time of Jovius and Guicciardini. To say the truth, there appears to be little worthy of the observation of a modern tactician in the exploits of the infantry during the Italian wars, although considered as the earliest theatre of modern military science. If their superiority over cavalry began to be recognised, it was rather owing to the prevalence of ancient habit in the mode of equipping and employing the latter arm, than to the perfection of the former. The great elements of the art, those which teach how to combine strength with rapidity of motion, were first re-discovered by Maurice of Nassau, after they had been lost amid the downfall of Roman civilization. Could a modern officer have beheld the motley masses of Landsknechts as they advanced to the charge, he would have been at a loss to conjecture the source of their high reputation.

"If we would form to ourselves a lively idea of the appearance of these adventurous companions, let us look at the amusing illuminated wood cuts with which Melchior Pfinsing, chaplain of St. Sebaldus' in Nuremberg in the year 1517, caused his copy of

*Theuerdank* to be skilfully ornamented. As we see them there in many plates, each man clothed and armed according to his humor or his circumstances, one with a morion, another with a close helmet, another with a hat, another with a cap and feathers; in cuirasses, gorgets, or buff coats: others with puffed jerkins, sometimes with the sleeves tight, sometimes loose and curiously slashed, their lower garments likewise exhibiting the most grotesque variety of cut, from the pompous swell of the trunk hose down to the tight riding pantaloons: each man girt, gartered, and shod just as appeared convenient or suited his fancy: their hair and beard trimmed in every different fashion: finally their weapons, such as every man had found hanging up in his father's workshop, or such as he had taken from the enemy: morris-pikes, long lances, shafts with variously shaped irons, halberds, partisans, morgensterns, mallets, swords, either the long cut and thrust, or the short broad Landsknecht sword, which for convenience was hung obliquely across the loins or the stomach: others again with shapeless arquebuses,\* their powder flasks at their hips, as jailers carried their keys, and the ancient scribes their writing materials: let us imagine ten or fifteen thousand of these fellows thus strangely and fantastically equipped, clad in all the colors of the rainbow, and armed with every sort of weapon which had been used for a thousand years in peasant wars and town riots: in front a tall warrior on horseback, cased in steel from head to foot, surrounded by his body-guards in still stranger array of jerkins and arms, with his dogs leaping around him: the ensigns with their lofty standards, themselves tricked out with chains of honor, in hose and jackets of the most flaunting fashion: the drummers with drums like wine casks, so large that they can scarcely drag them: behind these the '*helle Haufen*' (main body,) an irregular mass of men singing and swearing as they march past out of all line and order: the serious, almost ghostlike figure of the *Schultheiss*, with his notaries and assistant judges: then the provost marshal, in a grotesque disguise, contrasting strangely with the terrible duties of his office: with him his *Stockmeister*, his jailers, and master *Hämmerling* the executioner: lastly the corps of the honorable *Hurenweibel* and *Rumormeister*, courtesans, lads, and packs of yelping dogs, crowded together in inextricable confusion among the cars and tent-wagons: let us conceive a picture composed of these innumerable and motley figures, such as the pencil of some Callot should have transmitted to us, and we shall have bodily before our eyes the most important portion of those armies with which the Emperor Charles held the world in check, with which he conquered Francis at Pavia, the Turks in Hungary, &c. &c."—pp. 63, 64.

The contrast which they exhibited to the more regularly equipped soldiery of southern Europe was displeasing to the eyes of the observant *Cæsar Grollier*,

\* Scott has described them among Lord Dacre's followers before Branksome, in a passage chiefly borrowed from Brantôme:

Buff coats, all frounced and 'broider'd o'er,  
And morsing-horns and scarfs they wore;  
Each better knee was bared, to aid  
The warriors in the escalade;  
All, as they marchi'd, in rugged tongue,  
Songs of Teutonic feuds they sung.

Their songs undoubtedly were these doleful and endless ballads of the siege of Pavia, the war of Smalkalde, &c. &c. of which our author has given abundant specimens.



who thus describes the appearance of the German part of "Bourbon's black banditti" when they entered Rome.

"Brevium ob magnitudinem malè capiti cohærens, laxi culcetri, laxæ caligæ, sed laxiores thoraces, ut nihil sit sanè in gentis vestitu calcentave quod spectantium oculos possit oblectare."

It must be observed, however, that the owners of these loose hose and cuirasses had just effected a winter march of seven or eight hundred miles under great privation and fatigue. The order of the Landsknechts consisted, generally, of a vanguard, called by the various names of *Enfans Perdus* (der verlorne Haufen) *Laufer*, *Avant coureurs*, &c.; then came the main battle, (der helle Haufen,) in square column, the pikes in the foremost ranks, followed occasionally by a third division, or rear guard. But none of these bodies acted as a reserve: indeed, the system of reserves was entirely unknown to the defective strategy of those times. In battle, all the divisions drew up in line together as nearly as possible. The march was slow and heavy: the time generally kept (according to our author in a passage which we do not very well understand) was three steps to five beats on their enormous drums. They had various customary solemnities in going into action; they frequently fell on their knees, to repeat a prayer or hymn together: a more singular custom, common to both Swiss and Germans, which we have never seen explained, was that of throwing dust over their shoulders before they began the *mêlée*. The arquebusiers, armed with a weapon which seems nearly to have resembled the modern carbine, were drawn up on the wings, or thrown forward in detached platoons: the idea of arranging them between the rows of pikes, so as to combine in the same line the *arme blanche* and the firearms, seems to have been first adopted by the Marquis del Guasto at the battle of Cerisolles, the last of the great Italian fields; which thus forms a connecting link between those campaigns and the wars of the Netherlands, the second theatre of modern military skill. The difference between the Castilian and German infantry in action seems chiefly to have consisted in two points: that the favorite *armes blanches* of the former were sword and buckler, and their arquebusiers more numerous in proportion and better exercised. Short as was the range of their weapon, and slight as its effect must have been compared with that of the modern musket, it was occasionally used

with terrible success; especially at the battle of Pavia, where the steel-cased cavaliers of France were mowed down by the Spanish fire without the power of defending or extricating themselves. The musket seems to have replaced, at a later period, the "*hacquebutes à croc*," a sort of hand-guns carried about with the artillery of the army; it was first used in the Duke of Alva's troops, and with its introduction began that complicated and pedantic system of training which distinguished the wars of the Netherlands, which rendered armies still smaller, discipline still more important, and the individual soldado a person of still greater consequence than he had been before. The figures represented in the plates to Grose's *Military History* will give some idea of the unwieldy equipment of the foot soldier at that period. In the work of J. J. Wallhausen, colonel of the city of Danzig, on military training, published 1615, there are 143 motions for the musketeer, and 21 for the pikeman. The Landsknechts charged in masses, eight, twelve, or twenty deep; their only field exercises, says the author of the *Colloquies* above quoted, consisted in the "conversion of the simple rectangular mass into the square with horns, the cross, the crescent, the wing and the porcupine, and other fanciful devices." This phalanx formation, unmanageable as it was, resisted for a century all the lessons of experience. Even Machiavel, who had meditated so successfully on the principles of Roman warfare, draws up his imaginary legion twenty deep. "Thus," says the same writer, "a mass of 8000 men twenty deep would not occupy a greater front than a modern battalion of as many hundred; and an army of 30,000 men would not cover much more ground than a single modern brigade of two or three thousand." Hence it is easy to judge of the dreadful slaughter caused by the artillery, slowly wrought and ill managed as it was, among these serried bodies of men. The Landsknechts at Ravenna and the Swiss at Marignano remained passive under repeated discharges, which carried off whole files at a time, without an attempt to occupy a less exposed position. This was one cause among many of the sanguinary character which distinguished the few pitched battles of those campaigns. The soldier went into the *mêlée* with almost the literal alternative of death or victory before him, for his heavy accoutrements rendered flight almost impossible; and if the terrible "*mala guerra*" was declared, none of



the defeated party could hope to ransom their lives, except such as might interest the cupidity of their captors in their behalf. The character of the artillery of those times does not properly come under discussion in a treatise on German military history, as the knowledge of its management was almost confined to French and Italians; the Landsknechts very seldom brought with them any pieces of greater calibre than their arquebuses.

It would ill become us to affect to judge of the relative amount of glory acquired by the various nations which met on adverse parts on the plains of Lombardy, especially as after three centuries the controversy seems to be still carried on by the descendants of their warriors. Our author asserts manfully the superiority of his countrymen, and complains, not without reason, of the injustice done them by contemporary writers. But the Swiss were, perhaps, more distinguished by feats of desperate valor, although their headstrong insubordination diminished their value as allies. The Spaniards again were equally gallant in the field, far more active and intelligent on the march, and more enduring in extremities; but their numbers were generally too small to have much influence on the result of a campaign. Perhaps the disunited Italians, who only fought for a choice of masters, have a right to as high a place in the calendar of military honor as their arrogant oppressors, either from the Alps or the Mediterranean.

We can sympathize at least with the national feeling which induces our author to claim the superiority for the infantry of his own country over their rivals, but we cannot go along with him in his endeavor to raise his compatriots still higher by the tone of depreciation which he adopts when speaking of the brave gendarmerie of France, with which they were so often brought in competition. As a mere military question, his estimate of their efficiency in the field is much too low. It is true that every improvement in tactics or in discipline was gradually throwing more into the shade the brilliant chivalry of earlier times; although the ordonnances, or companies of lances, still nominally formed the principal defence of the crown under Francis the First, men had already discovered that the true safety of the state lay in the arms of more ignoble protectors. The Swiss in his service used to hold themselves far superior to the followers of Bayard and Le Tremouille, even as Pescara's Spanish cuirassiers were derided

by the common foot soldiers as they rode past in their stately and antiquated dignity. "*Quæ contumeliæ,*" says Paul Jovius, "*equitibus erant devorandæ, quum in accensis sclopetariorum funiculis jura belli posita esse viderentur.*" It is true also that on some occasions the men at arms hesitated to set their noble lives in jeopardy against the pikes of their plebeian opponents; but more frequently they came to the charge with determined, and not always fruitless, courage. When they had firm ground for their heavy barbed Destriers, sufficient space to form their long line, and sixty paces of clear ground in front of them, their shock was as impetuous as that of the crusaders of old. At Ravenna they drove from the field the victorious bands of Pedro Navarra, and saved the Landsknechts themselves from destruction:—at Marignano, although unable to break the order of the Swiss, they charged them with unremitting impetuosity, until the baffled mountaineers retreated in despair from the "combat of giants." The Italian wars were, indeed, the last theatre of feudal prowess, for at the close of them the cavalry laid down the lance with part of their defensive armor, and substituted for it, first, the pistol or carbine; secondly, under the discipline of Maurice of Nassau, the sabre, now the distinguishing weapon of the horseman in all the armies of Europe.

But not content with demonstrating the supposed inutility of the heavy-armed cavalry in a military point of view, our author has omitted no opportunity of treating with contempt the feudal nobility of those times, and the laws of chivalry by which they professed to be directed. He seems to consider it incumbent on him, on patriotic grounds, to refuse all honor to the knight, and attribute all merit to the plebeian foot soldier; and undoubtedly it is true that, from causes which deserve a better investigation than they have hitherto received, the great body of nobles in Germany appear to have exhibited a lower tone of chivalric principle, and the people a higher moral character and superior physical comfort, than was the case in other countries where the feudal system prevailed. We do not mean that Germany did not abound in brave and honorable chieftains, as well as in the robber-castellans who infested her western provinces; but there was less of the poetical character in her knighthood, less of that ethereal exalted spirit which was found among the nobility of France, Spain, and England. It is very easy to cast all manner of dis-



credit on the high reputation to which the knights of those times aspired; to show the difference between the imaginary hero of romance and the actual gentleman of a feudal court or castle; and to prove that besotted arrogance, loose moral principles, ferocity, and even treacherous cunning, were not always held incompatible with the knightly character. It is true also that the law of honor is but an indifferent substitute, in private conduct, for the higher sanctions of morality; and that, as a public principle, it may be less conducive to the welfare of nations than the rules of popular expediency which states now profess to adopt. But it remains an irrefragable conclusion from history, notwithstanding all deductions which are to be made from the ideal excellence ascribed to it in romance, that the point of honor of the middle ages is one of the chief elements of the development of modern civilization. Through ages of great vicissitude, through alternate periods of barbarism and refinement, it has remained the distinctive badge of the higher classes of society; their principal incitement to good, their chief defence against temptation; however multifarious in aspect, we can trace its identity under all the motley costumes of modern Europe; we detect it alike under the shaggy mantle of the Lombard Arimannus, under the chain-mail of the Norman, and under the panoply of the man-at-arms; and had its received laws been reduced into a code at each of the periods which those personages represent, they would probably be found to correspond in a nearer degree than is generally imagined with those rules which the world imposes on the gentleman of the present day. It has been during all that time one great constituent of our social being, nearly coeval, we may almost say collateral, with Christianity itself, and deriving therefrom whatever it has of excellence. And notwithstanding all that modern philosophy may teach us, (serviceable as it has been in moderating the wild idolatry formerly paid to this bastard virtue,) the actions and sentiments which it inspires will still remain the objects of popular admiration and sympathy. Our author bitterly complains of the little honor which has been paid by historians to the exploits of his countrymen in the wars of which we are treating. Is not this neglect obviously occasioned by the absence of all romantic brilliancy from their ranks; their deficiency in those qualities which are the salt of the modern world? Thus no distinguished commanders arose

among their soldiers; no men fitted in any way to control or quiet the spirit of an age so susceptible of chivalrous impulses. They served, fought, and died, in a cause to which no sense or principle of honor attached them. Frundsberg has been called the German Bayard; a comparison of which our author himself admits the extreme absurdity; yet he claims, and not without reason, the superiority for his hero in some particulars, for he seems to have possessed greater judgment and steadiness of character, and to have exhibited a better specimen of that compound of mildness, honesty and resolution, which the expressive old German dialect designated by the name of *Biederkeit*. Why then, with all these good qualities, and far higher military deserts than his rival, is Frundsberg forgotten, while the name of Bayard finds an echo wherever the spirit of chivalry has penetrated? Simply because the knight of Dauphiné, notwithstanding his many faults, still presents the closest copy of that ideal character which is the object of so much worship, and because his recorded sayings and actions are as many summaries of the duties inculcated by that worldly law which governs so large a part of the community. And, if that historian adopts a false estimate of the past who neglects or depreciates a principle which has been so widely recognised throughout the history of Christendom, we are inclined to think that the moral philosopher who adopts a similar line of sentiment does not take a much sounder view of the present or the future. It appears to us, that the spread of education and intelligence, in tending to assimilate the several orders of society, is much more likely to propagate this popular principle among classes which are at present little influenced by it, than to extinguish it among its present professors; for it is the child of training and imitation; and if increasing knowledge teaches the poorer members of society to follow the example of the wealthier in external conduct, and even to ape their follies and extravagances, it is surely to be expected that it will also render them disposed to submit to that arbitrary rule of action which the acquiescence of so many centuries has established among us. Those who imagine that modern education is to evolve some new code of morality, or to add some undiscovered sanction to virtue, will of course dissent from these observations, which presume that its primary effect, at least, will rather be to spread over a wider surface the peculiar color and



tingure which now mark out a certain section of the community.

It is on these grounds that we are disposed greatly to regret the tone which prevails throughout the writings of one whom we cannot but regard as the most useful historical writer of the present day; we mean M. de Sismondi, the last volumes of whose *Histoire des Français* embrace the same period with the volume before us. In his mind, democratic predilections, and a thorough hatred of the upper classes of society considered as governors, appear to have strengthened with years, and his enthusiasm, (if a sentiment which displays itself almost wholly in vituperation can be so called,) accompanies him still more uniformly in his progress through the annals of monarchical France than in his youthful labors on republican Italy. No one, we imagine, can accuse him of wilful misrepresentation of facts; and his strong critical judgment renders him little liable to the danger of exaggerating them. Yet the general effect of his narrative is any thing rather than just and impartial; he has abandoned, we think, the true moral vocation of an historian; which is to impregnate the minds of his readers with the principles and feelings of past ages, in order that they may institute a comparison between those worn-out motives of action and such as now prevail, and learn wisdom from the contrast; not to judge of past actions by the laws of modern *opinion*, keeping out of view the dominant ideas under whose influence such actions were performed; a process which reverses the true course of philosophical reasoning, and can have no result except that of strengthening an already overweening prejudice in favor of the wisdom of the present day. No wonder, therefore, if in his pages all kings are worthless and inconstant, all nobles tyrannical, all serfs oppressed and brutalized; if he seems absolutely to deny the existence of virtue itself, except occasionally within the walls of some Italian city, and there only in the ranks of that faction which at the juncture he is writing of happened to be called the popular party. He views history, not as a citizen of the varying world which he describes, but from a point *ab extra*, as an utilitarian burgher of Geneva. But while we agree with him, and with our professor, in acknowledging the great modern principles both of military and civil action which are coeval with the Reformation, we do not partake in the feelings which cannot sympathize with the last inheritors of feudal enterprise, vainly sacrificing

their lives around the persons of their monarchs, on the hill side of Flodden, or in the park of Mirabello.

We have been insensibly led on, civilians as we are, by the interesting nature of the subject, and the preliminary contents of the amusing book before us, (from which most of our preceding details are compiled,) until we have scarcely left ourselves space to do justice to the hero of the work, whose grim portraiture frowns opposite to its title page. George von Frundsberg, to whom the Italian, Spanish, and French historians have shown very little partiality, was previously known in Germany only by a short memoir, (George von Frundsberg's *Kriegsthaten*,) written by one Reissner, not long after his hero's decease; and by the detached notices of him in modern biographical works. The life of the first captain of the early German infantry certainly deserved a more minute notice on the part of his countrymen. He was born and principally resided at Mindelheim, in Bavaria, a castle and village which belonged to his family; the same which gave afterwards to the Duke of Marlborough the title of his Imperial principality; selected, perhaps, with some reference to the military recollections already attached to the name. Born in 1473, he was early distinguished by his great strength and skill in martial exercises, as well as by some sort of mental cultivation, and a taste for the poetical fancies of the day. His first campaigns were fought in Maximilian's war with the Swiss, in which his celebrated contemporary and neighbor, Goetz von Berlichingen, served for the first and last time under the Imperial standard. Both nobles were likewise engaged in the Bavarian civil war, where George received the honor of knighthood from Maximilian on the field of battle, near Ratisbon. But Goetz continued to waste the energies of his gallant and honest disposition in petty skirmishes with the neighboring nobles and burghers of Swabia and Franconia, believing that while he fought to maintain the individual supremacy of each baron in his castle, he was in fact rescuing the commonwealth from oppression; while Frundsberg, whose vocation was not for this sort of "hedge-knight-errantry," found himself enticed by the prospect of booty and reputation held out to military adventurers in Italy. He first appeared as colonel of a regiment of landsknechts in the disgraceful war of the League of Cambray against Venice, and served with various success during the years of singular vicissitude which fol-



lowed its dissolution, in which he acquired considerable wealth, and a military reputation which raised him high in the favor of the princes of Austria.

We next find him engaged in the wars of the Swabian league, which was formed in order to suppress the private feuds of these independent nobles, and numbered in its muster-roll most of the powerful feudatories and free towns of the south-east of Germany; the princes of the House of Austria were members of it, as counts of the Tyrol; and Frundsberg, who commanded the troops furnished by this important branch of the confederacy, held the highest military rank in the league under the Duke of Bavaria, its general. In 1519, they invaded the country of the turbulent Duke Ulrich of Wirtemberg; he was forced to defend his fortresses, all of which easily fell, except two, Hohenasperg and Möckmühl; the last of these was commanded by von Berlichingen for his suzerain; and the incidents of his gallant defence on this occasion appear to have given origin to the scenes of the siege of Jaxthausen in Goethe's famous drama. When the castle was at last surrendered, Goetz was treacherously seized and conveyed to Heilbron, notwithstanding the opposition of Frundsberg and other nobles, who were disposed to favor him. The details which this work contains of his imprisonment, and the correspondence to which it gave rise between Frundsberg, Franz von Sickingen, and the town-council of Heilbron, will be read with pleasure by those whom the study of the poet has led to take an interest in the fortunes of his iron-handed hero. On the election of Charles V., Frundsberg received from the youthful emperor a confirmation of his military command in the Tyrol, together with valuable fiefs and presents. Invested with this dignity, he attended the Diet at Worms, in which the division of sentiment already produced by the growing Reformation first broke out in public discussion. Frundsberg was one of those nobles whose minds had been the earliest to receive with favor, although with hesitation, the stirring tidings brought by the monk of Wittenberg. As Martin Luther, cited before the Diet, was passing between the rows of the assembled nobles and prelates in order to enter the presence of the emperor, Frundsberg is said to have touched him on the shoulder, and addressed him in the following words:—"Monk! monk! (Mönchlein) thou art treading a path such as I and many other colonels have never ventured on in our most haz-

ardous battle-fields; if thou art honest at heart and certain of thy cause, go forward in God's name, He will not abandon thee."

That the wishes which are disclosed in these pregnant expressions became matured, in the mind of George von Frundsberg, into a deliberate renunciation of Romish allegiance, his subsequent conduct proves beyond a doubt. He was one of those who assisted most essentially, by arm and counsel, in the liberation of a large portion of his countrymen from spiritual control. But we must be cautious not to judge of the conduct of the earliest champions of the Reformation (and especially of the rough soldiers who embraced it while still heartily attached to the devotional practices in which their infancy was nurtured,) by the rules which are just and reasonable when applied to men who professed the Protestant creed when Protestantism had assumed a definite shape; after each of the new churches had decided for itself how much to retain or reject, and how much to add to ancient doctrine and discipline. Catholic writers are naturally zealous in pointing out the inconsistencies which mark the lives of the earliest reformers; but although such inconsistencies may furnish good grounds for impeaching their judgment, they can seldom be interpreted as proofs of insincerity. Amidst the irregular ebullition of new opinions, many of the most daring and comprehensive dogmas of innovation came first to the surface; while, on the other hand, many of those practices which to modern eyes seem most unreasonable, many which an enlightened Catholic now rejects, were among the last fully abandoned by the new believers. Hence the history of the Reformation alternately surprises us by the rapid progress made by liberal ideas, and by the slow ebb of superstition. Could we look distinctly into the spirit of those confessors of our churches, as we are partially enabled to do into that of Luther by the unreserved openness of his writings on topics connected with himself, we should probably find them all exhibiting, in less striking proportions, the characteristics of his rude and gigantic intellect, a strange mixture of the hardest philosophy with the most vulgar prejudices. We should then be able to analyze the contradictory emotions which made Frundsberg lead armies across the Alps to humble the Pope, and yet go into battle, (as he did at Pavia,) with a monk's cowl drawn over his helmet in token of devotion. So that while some of his reported actions have induced the Catholics to claim him as



adhering at heart to the ancient faith, Luther, who had reason to know him, mentions him "among those heroes for whose sake God blesses a whole country;" and so shortly after his decease as during the war of Smalkalde, he was looked back to as one of the national champions against foreign dominion, and placed in the same rank with Arminius and Frederic Barbarossa.

When war again broke out between France and the newly elected emperor, we find Frundsberg first employed in the indecisive campaign of Picardy, in the year 1521. Meanwhile the fortune of France, hitherto triumphant, began to waver in Lombardy; the Cantons were divided against each other; Venice weak and exhausted; Pescara, Leyva, and Colonna headed the troops which the prospect of new enterprises and victories drew round the standard of the youthful emperor. The gates of Milan were opened to his army; Leo X., the best ally of France, died suddenly, under circumstances which almost warranted the ready suspicion of the Italians. In this conjuncture, the Swiss, who seem to have resented the employment of the new German infantry in the Imperial armies, more than the recent slaughter of Marignano, were for the most part readily induced to embrace the cause of the monarch who had defeated them. Thousands of their best infantry joined the forces of Lautrec and the Venetians, and the balance of numbers again preponderated on their side. Lautrec advanced to the neighborhood of Milan; and the dutchy would have been once more recovered without a blow, had it not been for the arrival of Frundsberg, at the head of a regiment hastily collected in Upper Swabia, Tyrol, and Trent. Each army gradually increased by the arrival of fresh adventurers; John de Medicis, with the black Italian bands, distinguished by the mourning scarfs which they wore in memory of Leo X. (they are not to be confounded with the black bands of German landsknechts,) joined the French; Pescara received considerable Spanish reinforcements. The French general found himself obliged to renounce his intended attack on Milan, and fall back upon the Lago Maggiore, in order to regain his military chest and supplies at Arona, and to place himself in communication with France; but the emperor's generals took up a strong position at La Bicocca, an old hunting lodge of the Visconti family, four miles from Milan, on what is now called the Simpron road, in order to intercept his

intended retreat. They were defended on each flank by deep canals of irrigation, in front by an artificial ravine or hollow road, the bank of which they had garnished with their whole artillery. At a little distance behind this bank, Frundsberg's landsknechts were drawn up, protected by detached pelotons of arquebusiers, ranged three or four deep, so that one line might fire while another was reloading its pieces.

Lautrec and the other generals of his army were now placed in a situation of great difficulty. To remain in the Milanese was nearly impracticable; the French gendarmerie was the only part of their motley force on which they could rely; but these had not touched their pay for eighteen months, and their numbers and equipment were extremely deficient. The Swiss, on the other hand, were numerous, fierce, tired of the prolonged exertion of a war of posts and skirmishes, and determined to cut a way towards their mountains at any hazard. Their soldiers surrounded the tents of the French leaders with menacing cries; their officers seconded the mutinous spirit of their countrymen, answering every representation of the impregnable nature of the Imperialist position with reiterated demands of "argent, bataille, ou congé." Pedro Navarra alone, with the obstinacy for which he was distinguished, advised Lautrec, in the council of war which he held in this extremity, to resist their importunities at all risks, and to punish the most clamorous with death. But the marshal dared not come to a rupture with the reckless soldiery, which constituted more than half of his army. Conscious of the perilous nature of the step he was about to take, he marched from Monza the 29th April, 1522, and directed the Baron Anne de Montmorency to lead the Swiss against the front of the Imperial army, while he made some skilful efforts to turn both their flanks with the rest of his force. But this manœuvre required time and patience; the Swiss followed nothing but the blind impulse, half allied to fear, which tempts men to precipitate themselves on danger, rather than face it calmly, and calculate the means of overcoming it. Before they reached the edge of the hollow way, more than a thousand had fallen under the fire of the artillery and arquebusiers. Yet they kept their ranks until they reached the brink of the road, when finding it deeper than they had anticipated, and encumbered with the preposterous length of their pikes, the foremost files were thrown



into utter confusion. Precipitated by the weight of their own advancing column into the fatal hollow, they were slaughtered in heaps by the fire of the enemy; the strongest and boldest among them struggled out of the press, and clambered singly up the opposite bank, only to perish on the points of the *lands knechts*; one of their leaders, Arnold von Winkelried, no unworthy inheritor of the name, came near enough to cross pikes with Frundsberg himself, when he was slain, as the Swiss asserted, by a shot, for they jealously refused to allow that a Helvetian could be vanquished by any odds at the national weapon. Twenty-two captains, and three thousand men had fallen, before the wings of the French army had reached their respective points of attack; it was now too late to recover the day, and the whole force fell back in order. Pescara eagerly desired to pursue them and finish the campaign by a complete victory; he pressed Frundsberg with entreaties and reproaches to advance from his position against the retreating enemy; but the German steadily refused; honor enough, he said, had been won that day. In fact, his countrymen appear to have generally adopted the last half at least of the Swiss maxim, "No quarter in the field, no pursuit after victory." Whether his refusal in this instance proceeded from prudence or from want of enterprise, it was certainly justified by the event; for the discomfited Swiss soon broke up and returned to their country, obliging the French force, too weak to maintain itself without them, to follow their example. "The discouragement which they brought back from *Bicocca* to their chalets and workshops, lay several years over the cantons, and Frundsberg, whom they called the *Man-eater*, long remained the terror of the warriors of Uri."

The victory of *Bicocca* was followed, as was usually the case with these mercenaries, by a mutiny among the Germans, which Colonna could not appease without some sacrifices and heavy promises. Their arms were turned against Genoa, and their lust of prey satiated with the plunder of that city, which was stormed and entered by the Imperialists the 30th May, 1522. Frundsberg's share of the spoil contained the emblematic silver sceptre of the republic, her silver key of the Mediterranean, the chief banner of the state, and a valuable compass, all which he brought back with the other relics of his Italian victories, to his castle at Mindelheim.

When Francis I. again invaded Lom-

bardy in 1524, and formed the siege of Pavia, Frundsberg was commissioned to levy the infantry destined to oppose him. Twenty-nine companies of foot, headed by the most distinguished captains of Germany, composed the force which he led over the Alps on this occasion. Many Burgundian lances and independent mounted adventurers joined the expedition. The Imperialist army, under Pescara, Lannoy, and Bourbon, was at length assembled in considerable force, and moved to accomplish its crowning victory. It may appear a needless task to recapitulate the well-known details of the battle of Pavia, which have employed the pens of so many modern writers, from Robertson to Sismondi,\* in our opinion the best historical battle-painter of the present day. Our German biographer, however, considers the subject as by no means exhausted, having expended no less than forty closely printed pages in tracing, step by step, the varying progress of the combat; we will, therefore, follow him so far as to show the actual part which was taken by his hero and the *lands knechts* in the engagement.

Northward from the city of Pavia lay the park of *Mirabello*, a princely chase sixteen Italian miles in circumference, surrounded by a high wall: in the centre was the chateau, erected by Gian Galeazzo Visconti. The camp of the French was on the east of the city, its left resting on the southern wall of the park, which was broken down in three places to admit the passage of cavalry; its right on the deep stream of the *Tessino*; its rear towards the besieged city; its front faced by a line of redoubts, was also defended by a ravine, through which a stream called the *Vernacula* flowed from the park into the *Tessino*; on its banks, in that sequestered valley, the judicial combats of the Lombards were fought, when Pavia was the metropolis of their kingdom. So little did the French generals apprehend an attack on the side of the park (which nevertheless was the most vulnerable point of their position,) that the chateau was selected for the residence of the ministers, the pope's legate, and other persons whom it was

\* We cannot understand on what authority this writer, (whose predilections, where no republic is concerned, are always on the side of France,) states the numbers engaged in the battle of Pavia, to have been equal on both sides, (*Hist. des Franc. vol. xvi.*) a computation at variance with those both of former compilers and original authorities, and hardly reconcilable with his own former account of the day (*Rep. Ital. vol. xv.*) Comparing all statements, it will hardly be thought that Francis had less than double the Imperialist force in the field.



wished to place at a distance from the dangers of the engagement: they were protected by a part of the gendarmerie of the rear guard, under whose patronage the country merchants had established in the park a fair, or temporary town, for the supply of the army. Pescara, to whose superior military genius Bourbon and Lannoy instinctively yielded precedence, determined to profit by this misapprehension, and to enter the park; by which manœuvre he would be enabled to turn the French camp by the left, and then place himself in communication with the besieged, or to draw Francis from his entrenchments, and force him to battle on the open ground of the park itself. In the night following, the 23d February, 1525, he detached Salcedo, a Spanish officer, to effect a breach in its northern wall with a battering ram, and the assistance of sappers, in order to avoid alarming the French with the noise of artillery. The first corps which penetrated through the breach, two hours before day-break, was a body of Albanian light horse: these were followed by six thousand infantry—the Castilians—

*Il sagace Spagnuol, che sotto guida  
De' due del sangue d'Avalo, ardiria  
Farsi nel cielo e nell' inferno via—*

were under the command of the Marquis del Guasto, Pescara's cousin; the Germans under Frundsberg's lieutenant, Jacob von Wernau. All were ordered to wear their shirts over cuirass or doublet, and those among the landsknechts whose linen was scarce, supplied the defect by fastening white paper on their breasts. Pescara followed with his Spanish arquebusiers and his scanty cavalry; Bourbon, Lannoy, and Frundsberg brought up the main body of the Germans. Although a part of the king's artillery was brought to bear on the first divisions which entered the park, and occasioned them some loss, yet by the unaccountable supineness of the French, the whole infantry was enabled to form within the wall before any effectual interruption had been given to its advance; they even allowed the Albanians under the Marquis di St. Angelo, Scanderbeg's descendant, to surprise the chateau of Mirabello, and plunder the tents of the market people. When Francis at length moved from his position, the whole Imperialist force, perhaps 20,000 strong, was ranged in a line from north east to south west, its most advanced corps, or right wing, having approached the town of Pavia, and the rear of the king's army.

The point of this extended line was exposed to the fire of the French artillery, which their own pieces, few and ill-served, were quite insufficient to answer; already some of their cannon were abandoned, and the black landsknechts in Francis' pay had repulsed the Albanian horse into the ravine of the Vernacula, when the impetuosity of the king, and his resolution that the victory should not be won without his personal aid, deprived his troops of the advantage they had gained. He charged with the longline of his gendarmerie, and by so doing masked his own artillery, in which his chief superiority consisted. The shock of his gallant nobility easily bore down the Spanish and Burgundian lances; but ere he could reach the pikes of the hostile infantry, the arquebusiers sallying out from the line in detached platoons, and again falling back when they had fired their pieces, made fearful havoc among his immediate followers; the cavalry wavered, their line was broken, and instead of a simultaneous charge they wasted their strength in partial and feeble attacks, while every shot of an arquebuse brought down the pride of some noble house. At length the infantry advanced to support them in one massy column; the leading divisions consisted of the black bands of landsknechts, who had just cleared the ground of the Albanians. These famous adventurers came chiefly from the countries on the Lower Rhine; placed under the ban of the empire, they served France with the zeal of exiled men; their chief leaders were Richard, the so-called Duke of Suffolk, or Blanche Rose; the Duke of Gueldres; and George Langenmantel, of Augsburg. They were followed by the Swiss bands, which constituted the main strength of the army.

Hitherto the main body of the Imperial landsknechts had remained immovable under the fire of the French artillery, their leader Frundsberg intently watching the aspect of the battle, and ever and anon stepping from his ranks to detain with his own hand some fugitive arquebusier, and bring him back into the line. The critical moment had now arrived; before the head of the advancing column could reach Pescara's inferior force, on the Imperial right, against which its movement was directed, Frundsberg and Sittich's regiments, 10,000 strong, moved at once obliquely across the field, and took the enemy in flank; the black infantry, having just reached the lines of the Spaniards, faced about to meet the new opponent, and a desperate conflict began between the Ger-



mans of the two parties. Had the Swiss supported their allies, the battle, as Francis himself averred, would yet have been won. It is difficult to ascertain the precise moment or the immediate cause of their flight; but it is certain, that instead of following the Germans, they fell back in disorder, with the exception of one division; their officers, finding it impossible to detain them, rushed back into the conflict as common men. The black landsknechts were now enveloped by the triple force of Frundsberg, Sitich, and Pescara; fighting man to man, with pike, sword, and halberd, they were borne down by the mere weight of numbers and cut to pieces where they stood. Suffolk was slain, and with him Gueldres; Langenmantel, the Count of Nassau, and fifty German nobles besides, paid with their lives the forfeit of their treason to the empire.

The slaughter of these gallant troops decided the day of Pavia, and its event may thus justly be attributed to Frundsberg and his men, although the Spaniards have arrogated to themselves the whole glory of the field, and their boasting narratives have been implicitly followed by writers of other nations. Frundsberg's own letter to the Archduke Ferdinand (which our author does not mention, not professing to have consulted manuscript authorities; a French translation of it, apparently sent to England, then in alliance with the empire, immediately after the battle, is among the Cottonian MSS. at the British Museum) speaks of the victory with a modesty characteristic of the man. After giving the highest commendations to the soldier-like conduct of the arquebusiers, he merely says of himself that he and Marx Sitich defeated the French landsknechts and took a part of their artillery. Another passage in his letter shows the sanguinary character of the fight, and the devoted gallantry by which the Swiss officers atoned for the inexplicable misconduct of the men. "Item," he says (with a dry simplicity like the English captain's "taken and sunk as per margin") "*les capitaines de Suisses ont été vingthuit, dont les deux ont été prisonniers, et les vingt-six tués avec leurs porteurs d'enseignes.*" But such prisoners as were taken among the Swiss, whose flight was cut off by the Duke of Alençon's breaking down the bridge over the Tessino, were treated by the Germans with a forbearance, which was ill repaid a few years afterwards, when victory once more changed sides at Cerisolles. The successful infantry drew

up in their square order on the field which they had won; they took no part in the last act of the battle, the ineffectual resistance and final slaughter of the French nobles around the person of their monarch. It was to a Spanish man-at-arms that he surrendered himself; Spanish soldiers stripped him of his ornaments, Spanish officers received the royal captive, and he was marched into the city amidst the rhodomontades of Spanish arquebusiers. The Germans, whether from forbearance or from their usual inactivity, contented themselves with their victory, made few prisoners, and obtained little booty; their southern allies almost monopolized the spoils of the camp and the ransom of the most distinguished captives, as well as the glory of the common success. We shall not follow our author in his minute narrative of the capture of Francis; it is written with much animation and apparently with much accuracy; he is wrong, however, in saying that there is no trace to be found in the king's letters of the famous phrase "*Tout est perdu fors l'honneur.*" The epigrammatic turn of the sentence does honor to Père Daniel, who seems to have composed it; but the original sentiment is quoted by Sismondi. "*De toutes choses ne m'est demeuré que l'honneur et la vie qui est sauve.*"

Shortly afterwards, the renewed league of France with Pope Clement VII. again threatened the power of Charles V. in Lombardy. Most of the lesser states of Italy were hostile to the Spanish occupation. Bourbon, who commanded at Milan, finding the storm gradually collecting around him, pressed Frundsberg to raise a fresh levy of landsknechts and march to his assistance; Charles V. urged the same request to his brother the Archduke Ferdinand. But the emptiness of the imperial treasury, the imminent danger of Germany from the Turks after the battle of Mohacz (1526,) and the disordered state of the empire itself, were great obstacles in the way of any fresh adventure across the Alps. They would probably have been sufficient to prevent it, had not a new and more powerful motive arisen to influence the counsels of men. The rapid spread of Lutheranism in Germany had begun to excite uneasiness among temporal as well as spiritual potentates; hence the alliance between France and Rome was looked upon by the warlike leaders of the Protestants (if we may call them by that name before they had yet assumed it, or become animated by any spirit of union,) with undefined apprehensions of danger to their



new belief; while among the commonalty the zeal of the daily increasing proselytes was mainly directed against Rome itself, the seat of Antichrist, the mark of political hostility to every true German, and of religious hatred to every Lutheran. Frundsberg's personal feelings were strongly tinged with the prevailing enthusiasm. What he would have done had he lived a few years later, when his attachment to the House of Hapsburg would necessarily have interfered with his religious predilections, it is not easy to conjecture; but as yet the two principles had not been set in opposition; and instead of appearing as a mercenary colonel of adventurers, he exhibited on this occasion some impulses not unworthy of a patriotic and religious champion. The force he now collected in Swabia was chiefly levied at his own cost and that of his officers; he mortgaged his paternal inheritance at Mindelheim, pledged the remaining booty of his former campaigns, even to his wife's jewels and ornaments, and got together in three weeks twelve thousand soldiers of fortune, to whom he was enabled to pay their first month's wages, without knocking at the doors of his master's empty exchequer. The story of the gold chain, which Frundsberg carried about his neck, and which he professed his intention to employ in hanging the Pope with his own hands, has been hitherto repeated by all historians; and, as it is the only trait by which his hero is known to ordinary readers, we are sorry that our author thinks it necessary to impeach the validity of so general a tradition. Nor can we see why he should be angry with Paul Jovius for inventing such a report, since his own account of Frundsberg's conversation with the Cardinal von Klöss, who endeavored to stop his march in the county of Trent, is not much more complimentary to the good manners of the zealous veteran. He broke up from Trent, "in God's name," on the 12th of November, 1526. The Duke of Urbino, who commanded the league of the pope's allies, had occupied all the passes leading to Milan by the lake of Garda, and encamped with the main body of his troops on the river Adda. But Frundsberg avoided the forces which were stationed to intercept him by a hazardous march over the steep crest of the Piemonte, which lies west of the lake of Garda: a feat which was not accomplished without considerable personal difficulty by the veteran colonel, who had grown corpulent and unwieldy; he is represented by Reissner in a somewhat

ludicrous light, whilst overcoming the difficulties of the ascent; one sturdy landsknecht drew him up by the collar, others protected him with their extended pikes from slipping sideways, another finally pushed him up from behind with the butt-end of his weapon; a less dignified attitude, certainly, than that of Bonaparte ascending the St. Bernard on David's theatrical war-horse. When the Germans arrived at Brescia, they found all the roads to Milan beset by Urbino's cavalry; Frundsberg, therefore, led them southward by forced marches to the Po, in order to deceive the enemy into the belief that he intended to march straight into the papal territory. At Borgoforte the passage of the great river was disputed by Giovanni de' Medici, with the Italian black bands and Venetian artillery; and the adventurous inroad of the Germans would have been arrested in the narrow angle between the Po and the Mincio, had not the politic Duke of Ferrara, who played alternately the game of both parties, despatched to them by the river supplies of provisions and money, together with two falconets on wheel-carriages. These pieces, as fate ordained, became of greater value than the whole artillery of Venice, for a shot, fired by the hands of Frundsberg himself, mortally wounded the young Italian leader, whose loss was followed by the total dispersion of his force. The landsknechts passed the Po, and continued their march up the stream along its right bank, crossing one by one the rivers which descend from the Appenines, swollen by the rains of an unusually stormy winter. They reached Piacenza with the greatest difficulty, and encamped before its walls, having been long given up for lost by the partisans of the Imperial cause. Here Bourbon was at last able to detach some cavalry to their assistance, being himself detained at Milan in compulsory idleness through want of money. Round the German camp the country was wasted by friends and enemies; every day passed in ceaseless alarms and skirmishes between the newly arrived light horse and that of Urbino. Frundsberg, helpless and constrained to inaction, was tormented by gloomy anticipations; he listened night and day to the cry of a screech-owl, which haunted his quarters, and dreaded it as the omen of approaching evil.

At length, late in January, 1527, Bourbon was enabled to move to his relief. He had, to use his own expression, "*cavato insino al sangue di Milano*," in order to appease his soldiers; but even thus he



had hardly cancelled their arrears of pay: when he joined Frundsberg, their united armies presented the aspect of a force of 32,000 men, without supplies, without money, and surrounded by enemies, from the sovereign princes and magistrates of the Italian states to the lowest peasant who dwelt within their jurisdiction. Over such a multitude, Bourbon, a traitor, and a foreigner to all of them, scarcely respected for the imperial commission which he carried, retained no authority. Frundsberg himself was obliged to submit to every demand of his men, rendered ferocious by the disappointment of all the hopes they had been taught to embrace: and dreadful is the history of an army in which the soldier leads the officer. Their march southward was signalized by rapine and devastation amid continual mutinies: on one occasion, while the Germans contented themselves with refusing to obey orders, and remained in their ranks vociferating *lanz! lanz! geld! geld!* the Italians and Spaniards, more fiery and revengeful, pursued Bourbon with their lances and forced him to take refuge in the stall of Frundsberg's stable. At length, on the 16th March, the latter called together his followers in the camp at S. Giovanni, presented himself before them, attended by his son Melchior, and Philibert, Prince of Orange, and made them a long address, in which the most prodigal promises were held out to them. "Thus spake Frundsberg," says Reissner, "wildly and earnestly, enough to move a stone,—but the landsknechts were no longer to be governed by the expostulations of their Father." They renewed their cries of *geld! geld!*—they lowered their pikes against the officers who approached them, and Frundsberg, overcome by his disappointment and the violence of his passions, was struck with apoplexy in front of his regiment. This fearful accident appeased for a while the tumult; he was carried to his quarters, and recovered sufficiently to sit down at table with his despairing officers, but he was unable to speak, his voice being entirely gone. Paralysis and fever followed; he was removed from the camp to Ferrara, where he was received with friendly care by the Duke Alfonso. The triumph of the Catholics at the judgment which had befallen him, and their confident anticipation that the levies which the credit of his name had raised would disband when deprived of him, were soon turned into mourning; the landsknechts remained true to their standard, and the loss of the only leader who could have moderated

their savage impetuosity, served but to aggravate the chastisement of Rome.

Such was the disastrous termination of the career of a warrior who had grown gray in almost incessant military labors, and acquired so extensive and permanent an influence among his countrymen. Frundsberg lingered many months in Ferrara, under multiplied bodily and mental sufferings; the Duke Alfonso, although he still continued his attentions to the sick leader, had joined the party of France; his personal affairs became embarrassed, and he was besieged by the clamors of the disappointed creditors to whom he had mortgaged his whole substance in the ardor of his zeal for the expedition. His gallant son Melchior perished in Rome, with thousands of his plunder-gorged countrymen. Amidst these complicated distresses, a letter arrived from the Archduke Ferdinand, requesting his aid in contriving how to resist the new French invasion under Lautrec. But the spirit was broken; the old war-horse no longer answered to the call of the trumpet. His reply, which is quoted at length in this work, is only a painful recapitulation of private and public causes of grief, which disabled him from present service, although he still hoped to recover from the sickness under which he labored. In fact, he once more joined the army in Lombardy during the ensuing spring, and was present, although without taking an active part, at the unsuccessful siege of Lodi. He had just strength enough remaining to return once more over the Grison Alps to his castle of Mindelheim, in order to die in the home of his ancestors, eight days after his arrival, on the 28th of August, 1528. He received, say his later biographers, the sacrament after the old fashion, and founded a mass in his church at Sterzingen. But we need only refer to the former observations which have been made on this subject, in order to remind our readers that these facts, if truly reported, by no means prove that he had abandoned his Lutheran sentiments.

Professor Barthold has not thought fit to desert the army of Bourbon along with the unfortunate hero of his biography; he has devoted the last and perhaps the most interesting part of his book to a minute relation of the famous sack of Rome, in which Frundsberg's landsknechts played a principal part. Although this narrative is animated and amusing, it contains little which is not to be found in well-known compilations, without resorting to original authorities; and, like other parts



of the book before us, it is extremely prolix and discursive, and somewhat confused, owing to the author's endeavor to condense into one tale all the varying recitals of the several historians of the time, a practice which, if not very ably conducted, occasions perpetual and wearisome interruptions, for the purpose of comparison and collation. One more fault we have to find, before dismissing this volume with a sincere recommendation to all lovers of the spirit-stirring history of Europe's most brilliant age: we cannot but observe, that our author is unfortunately addicted to the flowery, periphrastic, Byzantine style of narrative, and to those constant efforts at picturesque writing, which modern historians seem to make, in order to confront with equal arms their rivals, the historical novelists. But however popular the works of these latter gentlemen may be (although to our taste, with the single exception of those of the great founder of the school, they present the most uniform example of the "genre ennuyeux" which are to be met with in modern writing) it is very certain that a serious history, written à la Walter Scott, is an infliction of no ordinary kind, and one of the worst effects of that false taste which the extraordinary success of recent works of fiction has introduced in the literary world.

Alexander, by founding universal dominion on the monopoly of the commerce between Europe and Asia. There has been also for some years a growing belief that sufficient advantage has not been taken of our position in India to extend British commerce. A glance at the map of Asia shows mighty rivers, not very distant from the presidencies, through which our manufactures might be conveyed into the very heart of Asia, and it was known that these facilities, from some cause or other, had been either altogether overlooked, or at least used to a very limited extent. The publication of Heeren's *Researches*, of which an English translation has only recently been completed, gave a new stimulus to inquiry; that indefatigable scholar had traced out with unrivalled industry and ability the great commercial routes of antiquity; the sources of the wealth possessed by Babylon, by Tyre, and by the Greek cities of Asia; he had shown that some trade still travelled in the same directions, and he thus suggested the possibility of again opening the ancient marts, and restoring them to their former efficiency.

Fortunately, the three subjects of inquiry, the feasibility of the imputed designs of Russia, the possibility of establishing an extensive commerce between the Indo-British cities and central Asia, and the probability of a considerable portion of Asiatic trade being again directed into its ancient channels, must all be determined by the same analysis, an examination of the countries between Russia and India. Still more fortunately, ample means have been provided for such an examination, not only by the Russian travellers, with whose works we have headed this article, but also in the Correspondence of Jacquemont, the French naturalist, reviewed in our Number before last, and in the still more recent works of two of our own travellers, Lieutenant Conolly,\* and Lieutenant Burnes,† of whom their country has just reason to be proud. In one or other of these works information may be found respecting almost every point connected with our inquiries, and it is our purpose to select from each of them such portions of that information as appear to us of importance in guiding our decisions.

In an article which appeared in the Eighth Number of this Review (pp. 574—

\* Travels to the Indus, through Persia and Affghanistan. 2 vols. 8vo. Bentley.

† Travels into Bokhara; being the Account of a Journey from India to Cabool, Tartary and Persia; also, Narrative of a Voyage on the Indus, from the Sea to Lahore, &c. 3 vols. 8vo. Murray.

ART. III.—1. *Voyage en Turcomanie et à Khiva fait en 1819 and 1820, par M. N. Mouraviev. Revue par MM. Eyries et Klapproth. Paris. 1825. 8vo.*

2. *Voyage d'Orenbourg à Boukhara, fait en 1820, rédigé par M. le Baron Georges de Meyendorff, et revue par M. le Chevalier Amedée Jaubert. Paris. 1826. 8vo.*

THE political and social condition of Central Asia, after having been almost wholly neglected since the days of Marco Polo and Rubruquis, has recently attracted some share of the attention which its importance seems to demand. When Russia became mistress of the countries between the Black Sea and the Caspian, and virtually of the seas themselves, it was reasonably suspected that such an ambitious power might direct its views further to the east and south, and attempt in our days to realize the project of the Macedonian



601.) it was shown that the advantages which Russia was supposed to have derived from the acquisition of the Caucasian provinces, had been greatly overrated; that the wild tribes over whom she had established nominal sway would be dangerous enemies rather than obedient subjects; and that the fusion of these provinces into the Russian empire was a very improbable contingency, while the attempt would cost much blood and treasure to the cabinet of St. Petersburg. A very few months sufficed to show the soundness of these views. In the spring of the following year (1830,) a false prophet named Kazi Molláh appeared among the Mussulman mountaineers: he soon collected a vast number of followers, and for nearly two years maintained a desperate guerilla warfare against the Russians, and the tribes that retained their allegiance. Not one syllable was said about this war in Europe until the insurrection was suppressed, (nearly three years after,) when it pleased the cabinet of St. Petersburg to issue an official report, in which there was a great parade of victories obtained, but at the same time circumstances incidentally mentioned, which proved that the issue of the contest was more than once doubtful. The fierce resistance which the Russians had to encounter may be estimated by the following extract from the Report.

"A party of about fifty men commanded by the Molláh Abderrahman, one of the most determined partisans of Kazi Molláh, was cut off from the rest of the troop, and blockaded in a large house. They had no chance of escape, but when summoned to surrender at discretion, they shouted out some verses of the Koran, as is their custom when they devote themselves to death, then piercing loop-holes in the walls, they maintained a well-supported and well-directed fire against the assailants. Some grenades thrown into the chimney exploded in the midst of the house, but this shook not their resolution. As it was necessary to put an end to their bravado, orders were given to set fire to the house. Eleven of them, half suffocated by the smoke, came out and surrendered themselves; a few others, with sword and dagger in hand, threw themselves on the bayonets of our soldiers; but the greater part perished with the Molláh Abderrahman, singing to the last their song of death."

Whether these brave men were obstinate rebels or resolute patriots must be determined by a future age; but it is very clear that they and their countrymen could never be submissive vassals to Russia. But desperate valor was not the only impediment to the progress of the imperial forces; nature itself placed formidable obstacles before them, and if the road to Hümrý, Kazi Molláh's head quarters, be a specimen of Caucasian communications,

the military occupation of a single province is physically impossible.

"The road to Hümrý, from the territory of the Tehentchentzes presents incredible difficulties. It ascends from Kazanál to the snowy summit of a lofty mountain, and then descends in a winding direction about four wersts (three miles) over the scarped side of a mountain, along precipices and across rocks; it is only the breadth of an ordinary footpath. It afterwards passes about the same distance over the narrow projections of rocks, where there is no means of passing from one to the other but by ladders, with which it is necessary to come provided. When it afterwards joins another road coming from Erpeli, it becomes still narrower, between two lofty walls of perpendicular rock; and finally, in front of the village of Hümrý, it is crossed by three walls, the first of which is flanked by towers. The whole side of the mountain is cut into terraces, so judiciously arranged as to afford the means of making the most effective resistance."

No wonder that in such a position the garrison of Hümrý should have exclaimed, "The Russians can come to us only as the rain comes." It would lead us too far from our immediate subject to relate how these difficulties were overcome; but we must make room for the final scene.

"After the soldiers had carried the first wall, it was not possible for the garrisons of the towers to escape. Still they refused to surrender, but on the contrary became more obstinate in their resistance. General Veliaminov opened a heavy cannonade on the ramparts in front of the towers, but as the bandits still maintained their fire, a body of volunteers from the corps of sappers and miners stormed the forts, and put the mountaineers who defended them to the sword. Amongst those who fell were Kazi Molláh and his most distinguished partisans; their bodies, pierced with bayonets, were recognised next morning by their countrymen. Night put an end to the combat, and our advanced guard halted between the third wall and the village. On the morning of the 30th of October (1832) the Russian troops entered into Hümrý."

Matters have improved a little since the suppression of this insurrection; but Lieutenant Conolly assures us that the Russians have still but an insecure authority over these mountaineers.

"The Russians do not yet command free passage through the Caucasus; for they are obliged to be very vigilant against surprise by the Circassian sons of the mist, who still cherish the bitterest hatred against them. In some instances the Russian posts on the right of the defile were opposed to little stone eyries perched upon the opposite heights; and when any number of the Caucasians were observed descending the great paths on the mountain side, the Russian guards would turn out and be on the alert. Not very long before our arrival we learned that a party of Circassians had, in the sheer spirit of hatred, lain in ambush for a return guard of some sixteen Cossacks, and killed every man."

"Such facts seem to argue great weakness on the part of the Russians; but great have been the difficulties they have contended with, in keeping the upper hand over enemies, whose haunts are almost inaccessible to any but themselves. Several colonies of these ferocious mountaineers have been captured and transplanted to villages of their own in the plains, where they are guarded, and live as sulkily as wild



beasts; and a general crusade, if I may be allowed the expression, has been talked of for some years past, to sweep such untameable enemies from the mountains, and settle them on the plains in the interior of Russia."—*Conolly*, vol. i p. 9.

The proposed remedy would be found worse than the disease; but Lieutenant Conolly thinks that by the possession of Anapa and Poti, the ports whence these mountaineers procured arms and ammunition, Russia will have less difficulty in restraining future excesses. We cannot quite agree with him, for Ireland is a sad example of the utter impossibility of preventing a turbulent population from procuring arms and ammunition. A gentleman from Astrakhan, with whom we had some conversation on this subject, mentioned to us a circumstance very likely to aggravate these evils. The Government of these southern provinces is conferred as a punishment; from what we have said no one will doubt that it is felt as such, but we mean that the appointment is avowedly made by the court in many instances as a milder sentence of exile than transmission to Siberia. Hence necessarily the governor hates the governed, oppression produces resistance, resistance affords an excuse for further oppression, and the evils go on in a complete circle, which it is not easy to break through, when all its tendencies are to self-perpetuation.

Through its Caucasian provinces, it therefore seems very improbable that Russia can ever expect to direct a profitable trade. The facilities supposed to be afforded by the Cyrus and Phasis have been shown, in the article to which we have referred, to be quite visionary.

The next question is, could Russia establish a lucrative caravan trade from Astrakhan to Khiva, or from Orenburg to Bokhara? Or finally, could that power establish a settlement on the eastern side of the Caspian, through which communication might be opened with the great marts of Central Asia? The discussion of the first question leads us to consider the character of those nations through which the caravans must pass; the second involves matters purely geographical. Before discussing either of them, we must briefly notice some ethnographical matters respecting the appellations of Turks and Tartars, which are too frequently confounded; and we shall chiefly follow the guidance of Klaproth, who is undoubtedly the best authority on the subject.

The Tartars, known also by the names of Mongols, Kalmucks and Mantchews, originally inhabited the country to the

north-east of China. Without entering into their history, it is sufficient to say that the Black Tartars or Mongols were subject to a Turkish tribe, sometimes called the tribe of White Tartars; they were liberated from their bondage by Yesukai, who slew their chief, Temujin, and gave his name to a son, born shortly after the victory. This son, on succeeding to the chieftaincy, or as some think, after he had been chosen head of the confederate Tartar tribes, took the name of Jenghiz-khan. It is unnecessary to enumerate the vast conquests made by him and his successors; we must, however, observe, that in the reign of his son, the most important Turkish tribes were subdued, and that in the western kingdoms and khanats, formed out of his empire, the princes were Tartars and the subjects and soldiers Turks. Yet the name of Tartar was applied to these tribes long after every trace of the Mongolian domination had disappeared—language, countenance and religion. The ethnographic error is of some importance, because the Turks belong to the Caucasian, and the Tartars to the Mongolian race. It deserves also to be remarked that the name of *Mogul*, given to the emperors of Delhi, is clearly erroneous; Baber and his companions were *Turks*, and Timur-leng's pretended descent from Jenghiz-khan is a mere fable, resulting from the similarity of their conquests. We shall have more than one occasion to remark on the confusion of the names Turk and Tartar by some of the authors before us.

The land route from Astrakhan to Khiva is nearly, if not quite, impracticable; the intervening country consists chiefly of barren steppes, and wherever a patch of vegetation is to be found it is occupied by "the sons of the desert," eager to make travellers their prey. A shorter and safer mode of communication is afforded by the Caspian sea, and this was the route taken by Mouraviev in 1819. He landed in the bay of Balkan, and having with some difficulty procured camels and horses, commenced his journey over a barren steppe.

"The aspect of the steppe was calculated to excite any thing rather than pleasurable emotion; it was the image of death, or rather of desolation after some great revolution of nature; the eye could discover neither beast nor bird, nor verdure; no single plant refreshed the view, save that at distant intervals might be seen spots where a few stunted shrubs seemed with difficulty to maintain existence."—*Mouraviev*.

On his road through this desert he passed through the bed of some river that had



been dried up, and discovered traces either of a very large lake that had disappeared, or of the Caspian, whose extent he believes to be much diminished from what it was in ancient times. To these matters we shall soon return, but must now record an ominous incident which filled him with not unfounded forebodings.

"Before sun-rise we met a numerous caravan of the (Turkish) tribe of Igdyr; it was composed of 200 men and 1000 camels. They made great noise on their march, they sung, laughed and shouted, glad of having got out of Khiva, and of having made there an advantageous purchase of corn. They were going to Mangihlak . . . They looked at us very curiously, and asked our Turcomans, 'who are these?' 'They are Russian prisoners,' replied they; 'this year one of their ships was wrecked on our coast, and we have taken these three to sell at Khiva.'" "Carry off! Carry off the cursed infidels," they exclaimed in chorus, with a ferocious laugh, "we have just sold three of them ourselves at an exceedingly good price!"—*Mouraviev*.

The aspect of the desert became less savage as the party approached Khiva, and they at length reached a rich and fertile country, watered by canals from the Oxus and some minor streams.

"I had never seen, even in Germany, fields so carefully cultivated as those around Khiva. All the houses were surrounded with canals, over which light bridges were thrown. I strolled through beautiful meadows planted with rich fruit trees. Numbers of birds enlivened with their song these splendid orchards. The *kibitki* (moveable huts) and houses of clay, scattered over this charming country, afforded one of the most delightful prospects imaginable. I asked my conductors (who belonged to the tribes of the desert) why they did not pay equal attention to agriculture, or why they did not prefer the fertile plains of Khiva to their savage desert. 'O ambassador!' they replied, 'we are masters, these are laborers; they fear a chief, we fear God only.'"—*Mouraviev*.

The nearer Mouraviev approached to Khiva, the more had he reason to fear that his enterprise would have an unfavorable issue. His inquiries about the distances of places, the position and depth of the wells, and the seasons most favorable for travelling, were regarded as positive proofs of his being a spy; while the accounts he constantly heard of the cruelty with which the Russian slaves were treated, and the savage ferocity with which their attempts to escape were punished, proved to him that dread of his sovereign's vengeance would have little influence in the court of Khiva. The extent of the Russian slave-trade was greater than he had conceived; the Kirghis hunt men along the whole frontier of Orenburg, and sell them at a high price to the Khivans. He consequently felt as humiliated as an ambassador from Haiti landing at New Orleans. A proof of the distracted state of the coun-

try was afforded him by the residences of the chief proprietors around Khiva; each of these was a regular little fortress, capable of standing a smart siege. Mouraviev had every opportunity of becoming acquainted with these baronial towers, for he was imprisoned in one of them as a spy for forty-eight days. We pass over the personal adventures of the ambassador, to glance at his account of Khiva. This oasis, he says, if placed under an enlightened government, would become the great mart of commerce between Central Asia and Europe. It already carries on a considerable trade with Orenburg by caravans through the steppes of the Kirghis, and with Astrakhan by caravans which meet Russian vessels at the Bay of Balkan. Mouraviev, therefore, strenuously recommends the Russians to take possession of the country, and assures them that they will thus secure the commerce of Bokhara. The distance of Bokhara from Khiva is given in the characteristic answer of a Turkman: "it is seven days' journey for an honest man, and three for a thief." Lieutenant Conolly's comment on Mouraviev's proposal is quite decisive as to its practicability.

"Mouraviev some years ago talked sanguinely about marching to capture Khiva and revolutionize Tartary with 3000 men; but I do not read that he made any arrangements for communicating with his countrymen even in case of success. He speculates upon several very uncertain aids, and in my humble opinion his plan is rather a romantic one. The Turkmen being greatly divided amongst themselves, some of them might be induced to assist the Russians, for interest is a first principle with them; but they are quite as treacherous as greedy, and though they would perhaps assist the invaders as long as they had the best of it, they would turn upon them in case of a reverse.

"With respect to the communication between the Caspian sea and Khiva (a journey of about seventeen days at a very moderate computation,) it is interrupted in summer by the great heats, which render the passage across the desert a serious undertaking, and the road may be said to be open only for nine months and a half in the year, i. e. from the middle of August till the commencement of June."—*Conolly*, i. 150.

But though Russia would certainly be a loser by an attempt to seize Khiva for itself, it might, as an ally of Persia or of some Turkman chief, establish in that country a more stable government that would revive the ancient prosperity of Karasm. The sands between Khiva and the Caspian contain manifest traces of former cultivation, and Lieutenant Conolly, whose practical good sense is proved by every page of his book, declares that the soil might easily be rendered again productive by ordinary labor.



Before parting with Mouraviev, it is perhaps necessary to say a few words respecting the ancient connection of the Oxus with the Caspian Sea, which he strenuously asserts, and which Lieutenant Burnes more than doubts. The brief remarks of the latter on the subject have shaken our belief in the existence of this asserted connection, notwithstanding the number and respectability of the authorities that may be quoted in its support. Lieutenant Conolly also declares that he passed over the bed of what was once a very large river, but he hesitates before pronouncing it to be a branch of the Oxus.

"Coming to the bank of a dry *nullah* (water-course,) we kept along it till we found a place of descent into the bed. This, after a while, led us into deep ravines, and from them we passed into what appeared to be the deserted bed of a once very large river. We journeyed N. E. up its centre for two hours, then a little before sun-set halted to prepare a meal. The Syud (descendant of Mohammed) and I, parting from the centre, walked each to a bank, and measured jointly a thousand paces. The soil differed from that above, having gravel and pebbles, and against the right bank to which I walked, many large stones were collected, and the earth near it was coned up, as if by the strong force of water. The banks, which were very high and much worn, would run for some distance at a breadth about equal to that which we measured; then they would be broken into a succession of deep parallel ravines, each the size of a nullah. . . . . My friend, the Syud, not only saw no reason why this great bed, which could be traced so far east, should not be admitted to prove the ancient historian's account of the Oxus, but he was inclined to think that, if the water of one of a river's two arms was turned off (as it is traditional that one stream of the Oxus was) by human agency, it might by the same means be conducted back again, so as to afford 'Messieurs les Russes' water communication between the Caspian and the capital of Karasm. This would indeed be revolutionizing Asia."—*Conolly*, vol. i. p. 32.

The testimonies of oriental writers to the existence of a connection between the Oxus and the Caspian have been collected by M. Jaubert, in a very able memoir on this river, published in the *Nouveau Journal Asiatique* for December, 1833. Mouraviev also declares that he met with the dry bed of a river, but he places it about 150 miles north of the channel discovered, or supposed to be discovered, by Lieutenant Conolly. There are, however, physical obstacles to such a course of the Oxus; a range of mountains extends from the Bay of Balkan to Mestridis, and the declivity of that part of Asia is clearly towards the north. Under these circumstances it is difficult to believe that a river, whose course is north-west, should suddenly turn to the west-south-west, when there is no mountain or any other physical cause to change its direction. He-

rodotus says that the Oxus flows into the Caspian, because he was unacquainted with the existence of the sea of Aral. The canals, extending from Karasm towards the desert, are probably the cause of Abu'l-ghazi's belief that the Oxus itself once flowed in that direction; Conolly and Mouraviev appear to have examined either salt-lakes partially dried, or ravines formed by melted snow; the slope of the country is sufficient to decide the controversy, for that completely refutes the possibility of the supposed communication. Even if such a branch of the Oxus had existed, it could scarcely be now restored; and, consequently, the trade between that river and the Caspian must be conducted by caravans as at present. The average time of passing the intervening desert is ten days.

We must now direct our attention to Meyendorff's journey from Orenburg to Bokhara. The embassy to which he was attached was escorted by a little army, consisting of 200 Cossacks, 200 infantry, 25 Bashkirs, and 2 pieces of artillery; and yet it was with fear and trembling that Meyendorff thus escorted began his journey.

"Dangers presented themselves in vast numbers; it was possible that the Kirghis, always reluctant to have their territories explored by the Russians, might attack us by night; this supposition was not groundless, for not far from the Sir-deria (the ancient Jaxartes) in 1803, Lieutenant Gaverdowsky was attacked by the Kirghis; by a most obstinate defence, he with difficulty saved his wife, his physician and himself, but three-fourths of his escort remained in the power of the nomades of the desert." *Meyendorff*, pp. 5, 6.

Even if they abstained from a direct attack, they might set fire to the grass and shrubs on the steppes; or they might steal the horses from the camp, or destroy the sentinels and pillage undetected. Like the Indians of North America, the Kirghis have an abundance of savage cunning, which is frequently an overmatch for the wisdom of civilization. A treaty with the sultan of the Kirghis averted this danger, but there was still reason to dread the Khivans, who are equally devoted to plunder, and better skilled in managing a foray. They sometimes maraud in bands of four or five thousand; they employ a different sort of artifices from the Kirghis, and the precautions that protect from one horde are rarely the best to be used against another. One of their most common stratagems is to terrify the camels of a caravan by their wild cries, and make their attack in the midst of the confusion occasioned by the dispersion of these ani-



mals. If the thought of such dangers alarmed Meyendorff, though protected by a large escort, what must be their effect on the minds of simple merchants? But even after these dangers were passed, there was reason to fear the operation of jealousy in Bokhara itself. Whilst the travellers were assembling at Orenburg, they learned that the merchants who had come thither from Bokhara said confidently to their friends, "Probably none of these Christian dogs will return home; though the khan of Khiva should suffer them to pass, our khan will not be such a fool as to allow them to return. Why do you wish that Christians should become acquainted with our country?"

The Russian commerce with Bokhara must ever pass either through the khanat of Khiva, or over the steppes of the Kirghis; of the former route we have already spoken, and Meyendorff's apprehensions show the dangers of the latter. But he seems to think it possible that Russia may be able to establish "a salutary influence" over the children of the desert, and have respect paid to its edicts from the banks of the Volga to those of the Sir-deria (Jaxartes.) But her success with the Caucasian tribes has not been such as to induce Russia to attempt the extension of "salutary influences," and the traveller himself states some circumstances which tend to prove that the Kirghis are not likely for many ages to be in a position where such influence would operate.

"These means of existence (pillage and pasturage) appear to them more easy than laboriously to till a soil generally ungrateful; they fear indeed nothing so much as to become permanently attached to any fixed residence, and make their happiness consist in beholding themselves free as the birds, a comparison that they invariably employ whenever they speak of their nomade life. We may easily conceive then why the Kirghis never, except in extreme cases, become agriculturists; besides, an old tradition, which they love to repeat, declares, 'the Kirghis will lose their liberty whenever they dwell in houses and devote themselves to agriculture.' This tradition acquires fresh strength from the condition of the Bashkirs, (subject to the iron sway of Russia,) whose fate they dread."—*Meyendorff*, p. 39.

This is not the only instance in which the common sense of mankind assumes the form of a prophecy; the Japanese have a similar prediction if ever they open their ports to European commerce, and they have a tolerably fair share of examples along the coasts of the Indian Ocean.

Notwithstanding all the advantages possessed by Meyendorff's party; equipments abundantly provided by his govern-

ment, not merely the forbearance but the active aid of the Kirghis secured, and a season so unprecedentedly fine, that the nomades ascribed it to supernatural causes, the travellers suffered severe hardships, especially from want of water, in the sands of Kara Kúm. But so many accounts of similar sufferings have been published, that there would be no novelty in the description; we shall, in preference, extract one or two anecdotes illustrative of the character of the Kirghis.

"The Kirghis often pass half the night seated on a stone looking at the moon, and *improvising* mournful ditties to airs still more sad. They have also historical ballads which record the gallant exploits of their heroes; but poems of this kind are only sung by professional singers: I greatly regret not having heard them. I often said to the Kirghis that I would gladly hear their national songs; but they only sung *impromptu* compliments, scarcely worthy of being recorded; nevertheless some fragments have remained in my memory. A Kirghis Beg (gentleman,) a rich man, possessing some taste and talent, the chief of a numerous family, once sung to me the following *impromptu*.—"You wish me to sing you a song. I will tell you that an honest Beg, though a poor man, is superior to a despised Khan." . . . These words perfectly explained his feelings, for he was a declared enemy of the Khan of the Kirghis. A young Kirghis thundered out one day the following song, composed by a young girl: 'Do you see this snow?—well, my skin is fairer. Do you see the blood of yon slaughtered sheep stain the snow?—well, my cheeks have a more ruddy hue. Cross over this mountain and you will see the charred trunk of a burnt tree; well, my hair is blacker. In the sultan's palace there are mollahs who write continually; well, my eyebrows are darker than their ink.' . . . This is a specimen of the notions of the Kirghis, children of the desert, who, with the single exception of religion, (they are Mussulmans,) have remained strangers to all foreign civilization. Unconquerable, warlike, ferocious, the Kirghis, alone, dashes with his steed into the midst of the desert, and traverses five or six hundred wersts,\* with astonishing rapidity, to see a relation or perhaps a friend of a different tribe. On the road he stops at almost every *ail* (encampment) he meets; there he tells his news, and sure of a good reception, whether known or not, he partakes of the food provided by his hosts. This food is generally kroot, (cheese, not very unlike a brickbat in appearance and taste,) hairan, (sheep's milk slightly curdled,) meat and kúrns, which are curds of mare's milk, a delicacy greatly prized by the nomades. He never forgets the appearance of a country through which he has once passed, and returns home after a few days' absence, rich in new stories, to rest himself with his wife and children. His wives are his principal and sometimes his only servants; they dress his food, make his clothes, saddle his horse, whilst he, with imperturbable nonchalance, limits his cares to guarding his flocks in tranquillity. I have seen the sultan's brother, who is highly respected by the Kirghis, attend to the pasturage of his own sheep, mounted on a horse, in a vest of red cloth, and travel thus for a fortnight, without feeling that he derogated in the slightest degree from his dignity."—*Meyendorff*, pp. 43—46.

Meyendorff's embassy was received

\* A werst is about three-fourths of a mile.



with great favor by the Khan of Bokhara ; it seems that the mercantile spirit of the place has infected the government, for the love of money is much more conspicuous in the negotiations for the reception of the ambassadors, than the regulation of the ceremonials, in which the orientals so greatly delight. We should have called Meyendorff's account of Bokhara the most lively and picturesque piece of descriptive writing which it has been our fortune to meet, had we not seen Burnes' later description of the same city. Our readers will, we are sure, thank us for extracting largely from a narrative equally remarkable for the graphic power, good sense, and valuable information which it displays.

"Our first care on entering Bokhara was to change our garb, and conform to the usages prescribed by the laws of the country. Our turbans were exchanged for shabby sheep-skin caps, with the fur inside ; and our 'kummerbunds' (girdles) were thrown aside for a rude piece of rope or tape. The outer garment of the country was discontinued, as well as our stockings ; since these are the emblems of distinction in the holy city of Bokhara between an infidel and a true believer. We knew also that none but a Mahomedan might ride within the walls of the city, and had an inward feeling which told us to be satisfied if we were permitted, at such trifling sacrifices, to continue our abode in the capital. A couplet,\* which describes Samarcand as the Paradise of the world, also names Bokhara as the strength of religion and of Islam ; and, impious and powerless as we were, we could have no desire to try experiments among those who seemed, outwardly at least, such bigots.

"On entering the city, the authorities did not even search us ; but in the afternoon, an officer summoned us to the presence of the minister. My fellow-traveller (Dr. Gerard) was still laboring under fever, and could not accompany me ; I therefore proceeded alone to the ark or palace, where the minister lived along with the king. I was lost in amazement at the novel scene before me, since we had to walk for about two miles through the streets of Bokhara, before reaching the citadel. I was immediately introduced to the minister, or, as he is styled, the Koosh Beggee, or Lord of all the Begs, an elderly man, of great influence, who was sitting in a small room that had a private courtyard in front of it. He desired me to be seated outside on the pavement, yet evinced both a kind and considerate manner, which set my mind at ease. I presented a silver watch and a Cashmere dress, which I had brought for the purpose ; but he declined to receive anything, saying, that he was but the slave of the king. He then interrogated me for about two hours as to my own affairs, and the objects which had brought me to a country so remote as Bokhara. I told our usual tale of being in progress towards our native country, and produced my passport from the Governor-General of India, which the minister read with peculiar attention. I then added, that Bokhara was a country of such celebrity among eastern nations, that I had been chiefly induced to visit Toorkistan for the purpose of seeing it. 'But what is your profession ?' said the minister. I replied, that I was an officer of the Indian

army. In reply to some inquiries regarding our baggage, I considered it prudent to acquaint him that I had a sextant, since I concluded that we should be searched, and it was better to make a merit of necessity. I informed him, therefore, that I liked to observe the stars and the other heavenly bodies, since it was a most attractive study. On hearing this, the Vizier's attention was roused, and he begged, with some earnestness, and in a subdued tone of voice, that I would inform him of a favorable conjunction of the planets, and the price of grain which it indicated in the ensuing year. I told him, that our astronomical knowledge did not lead to such information, at which he expressed himself disappointed. On the whole, however, he appeared to be satisfied with our character, and assured me of his protection. While in Bokhara, he said that he must prohibit our using pen and ink, since it might lead to our conduct being misrepresented to the king, and prove injurious.

"Two days after this interview, I was again summoned by the vizier, and found him surrounded by a great number of respectable persons, to whom he appeared desirous of exhibiting me. I was questioned in such a way as to make me believe that our character was not altogether free from suspicion ; but the vizier said jocularly, 'I suppose you have been writing about Bokhara.' Since I had in the first instance given so true a tale, I had here no apprehensions of contradiction, and freely told the party that I had come to see the world and the wonders of Bokhara, and that, by the vizier's favor, I had been already perambulating the city, and seen the gardens outside its walls. On my return home, it struck me that the all-curious vizier might be gratified by the sight of a patent compass, with its glasses, screws, and reflectors ; but it also occurred that he might regard my possession of this complicated piece of mechanism in a light which would not be favorable. I, however, sallied forth with the instrument in my pocket, and soon found myself again in his presence. I told him, that I believed I had a curiosity which would gratify him, and produced the compass, which was quite new, and of very beautiful workmanship. I described its utility, and pointed out its beauty, till the vizier seemed quite to have forgotten 'that he was but a slave of the king, and could receive nothing ;' indeed he was proceeding to bargain for its price, when I interrupted him by an assurance, that I had brought it from Hindostan to present to him, since I had heard of his zeal in the cause of religion, and it would enable him to point to the holy Mecca and rectify the 'kiblu'† of the grand mosque, which he was now building in Bokhara. I could therefore receive no return, since we were already rewarded above all price by his protection. The Koosh Beggee packed up the compass with all the haste and anxiety of a child, and said that he would take it direct to his majesty, and describe the wonderful ingenuity of our nation.

"My usual resort in the evening was the registan of Bokhara, which is the name given to a spacious area in the city, near the palace, which opens upon it. On two other sides there are massive buildings, colleges of the learned, and on the fourth side is a fountain, filled with water, and shaded by lofty trees, where idlers and newsmongers assemble round the wares of Asia and Europe, which are here exposed for sale. A stranger has only to seat himself on the bench of the registan, to know the Uzbeks and the people of Bokhara. He may here converse with the natives of Persia, Turkey, Russia, Tartary, China, India, and Cabool. He will meet with Toorkmuns, Calmuks, and Kuzzaks,† from the surrounding deserts, as well as the natives of more favored lands. He may contrast the polished manners of the subjects

\* Samurcand suequl-i-rooe zumeen ust  
Bokhara qoowut-i-Islam wu deen ust.

\* Aspect towards Mecca.

† Cossacks.



of the 'Great King' with the ruder habits of a roaming Tartar. He may see the Uzbeks from all the states of Mawur-ool nahr, and speculate from their physiognomy on the changes which time and place effect among any race of men. The Uzbek of Bokhara is hardly to be recognised as a Toork or Tartar from his intermixture of Persian blood. Those from the neighboring country of Kokan are less changed; and the natives of Örgünje, the ancient Kharezm, have yet a harshness of feature peculiar to themselves. They may be distinguished from all others by dark sheep-skin caps, called 'tipak,' about a foot high. A red beard, gray eyes, and fair skin, will now and then arrest the notice of a stranger, and his attention will have been fixed on a poor Russian, who has lost his country and his liberty, and here drags out a miserable life of slavery. A native of China may be seen here and there in the same forlorn predicament, shorn of his long cue of hair, with his crown under a turban, since both he and the Russian act the part of Mahomedans. Then follows a Hindoo, in a garb foreign to himself and his country. A small square cap, and a string instead of a girdle, distinguishes him from the Mahomedans, and, as the Moslems themselves tell you, prevents their profaning the prescribed salutations of their language by using them to an idolater. Without these distinctions, the native of India is to be recognised by his demure look, and the studious manner in which he avoids all communication with the crowd. He herds only with a few individuals, similarly circumstanced with himself. The Jew is as marked a being as the Hindoo: he wears a somewhat different dress, and a conical cap. No mark, however, is so distinguishing as the well-known features of the Hebrew people. In Bokhara they are a race remarkably handsome, and I saw more than one Rebecca in my peregrinations. Their features are set off by ringlets of beautiful hair hanging over their cheeks and neck. There are about 4000 Jews in Bokhara, emigrants from Meshid, in Persia, who are chiefly employed in dying cloth. They receive the same treatment as the Hindoos. A stray Armenian, in a still different dress, represents this wandering nation; but there are few of them in Bokhara. With these exceptions, the stranger beholds in the bazars, a portly, fair, and well-dressed mass of people, the Mahomedans of Toorkistan. A large white turban and a 'chogha,' or pelisse, of some dark color, over three or four others of the same description, is the general costume; but the registan leads to the palace, and the Uzbeks delight to appear before their king in a mottled garment of silk, called 'udrus,' made of the brightest colors, and which would be intolerable to any but an Uzbek. Some of the higher persons are clothed in brocade, and one may distinguish the gradations of the chiefs, since those in favor ride into the citadel, and the others dismount at the gate. Almost every individual who visits the king is attended by his slave; and though this class of people are for the most part Persians or their descendants, they have a peculiar appearance. It is said, indeed, that three fourths of the people of Bokhara are of slave extraction; for of the captives brought from Persia into Toorkistan few are permitted to return, and, by all accounts, there are many who have no inclination to do so. A great portion of the people of Bokhara appear on horseback; but, whether mounted or on foot, they are dressed in boots, and the pedestrians strut on high and small heels, in which it was difficult for me to walk or even stand. They are about an inch and a half high, and the pinnacle is not one third the diameter. This is the national dress of the Uzbeks. Some men of rank have a shoe over the boot, which is taken off on entering a room. I must not forget the ladies in my enumeration of the inhabitants. They generally

appear on horseback, riding as the men; a few walk, and all are veiled with a black hair-cloth. The difficulty of seeing through it makes the fair ones stare at every one as in a masquerade. Here, however, no one must speak to them; and if any of the king's harem pass, you are admonished to look in another direction, and get a blow on the head if you neglect the advice. So holy are the fair ones of the 'holy Bokhara.'

"My reader may now, perhaps, form some idea of the appearance of the inhabitants of Bokhara. From morn to night the crowd which assembles raises a humming noise, and one is stunned at the moving mass of human beings. In the middle of the area the fruits of the season are sold under the shade of a square piece of mat, supported by a single pole. One wonders at the never-ending employment of the fruiterers in dealing out their grapes, melons, apricots, apples, peaches, pears, and plums to a continued succession of purchasers. It is with difficulty that a passage can be forced through the streets, and it is only done at the momentary risk of being rode over by some one on a horse or donkey. These latter animals are exceedingly fine, and amble along at a quick pace with their riders and burdens. Carts of a light construction are also driving up and down, since the streets are not too narrow to admit of wheeled carriages. In every part of the bazar there are people making tea, which is done in large European urns, instead of teapots, and kept hot by a metal tube. The love of the Bokharaes for tea is, I believe, without parallel, for they drink it at all times and places, and in half a dozen ways: with and without sugar, with and without milk, with grease, with salt, &c. Next to the venders of this hot beverage, one may purchase 'rabut i jan,' or the delight of life, —grape jelly or syrup, mixed up with chopped ice. This abundance of ice is one of the greatest luxuries in Bokhara, and it may be had till the cold weather makes it unnecessary. It is pitted in winter, and sold at a price within reach of the poorest people. No one ever thinks of drinking water in Bokhara without icing it, and a beggar may be seen purchasing it as he proclaims his poverty and entreats the bounty of the passenger. It is a refreshing sight to see the huge masses of it, with the thermometer at 90°, colored, scraped, and piled into heaps like snow. It would be endless to describe the whole body of traders; suffice it to say, that almost every thing may be purchased in the registan: the jewellery and cutlery of Europe, (coarse enough, however,) the tea of China, the sugar of India, the spices of Manilla, &c. &c. One may also add to his lore both Toorkie and Persian at the book-stalls, where the learned, or would-be-so, pore over the tattered pages. As one withdraws in the evening from this bustling crowd to the more retired parts of the city, he winds his way through arched bazars, now empty, and passes mosques, surmounted by handsome cupolas, and adorned by all the simple ornaments which are admitted by Mahomedans. After the bazar hours, these are crowded for evening prayers. At the doors of the colleges, which generally face the mosques, one may see the students lounging after the labors of the day; not, however, so gay or so young as the tyros of an European university, but many of them grave and demure old men, with more hypocrisy, but by no means less vice, than the youths in other quarters of the world. With the twilight this busy scene closes, the king's drum beats, it is re-echoed by others in every part of the city, and, at a certain hour, no one is permitted to move out without a lantern. From these arrangements the police of the city is excellent, and in every street large bales of cloth are left on the stalls at night with perfect safety. All is silence until morning, when the bustle again commences in the registan. The day is ushered in with



the same guzzling and tea drinking, and hundreds of boys and donkeys laden with milk hasten to the busy throng. The milk is sold in small bowls, over which the cream floats: a lad will bring twenty or thirty of these to market in shelves, supported and suspended by a stick over his shoulder. Whatever number may be brought speedily disappears among the tea-drinking population of this great city.

"I took an early opportunity of seeing the slave-bazar of Bokhara, which is held every Saturday morning. The Uzbeks manage all their affairs by means of slaves, who are chiefly brought from Persia by the Toorkmuns. Here these poor wretches are exposed for sale, and occupy thirty or forty stalls, where they are examined like cattle, only with this difference, that they are able to give an account of themselves *vis à voce*. On the morning I visited the bazar, there were only six unfortunate beings, and I witnessed the manner in which they are disposed of. They are first interrogated regarding their parentage and capture, and if they are Mahommedans, that is, Soonees. The question is put in that form, for the Uzbeks do not consider a Shah to be a true believer; with them, as with the primitive Christians, a sectary is more odious than an unbeliever. After the intended purchaser is satisfied of the slave being an infidel (kaffir), he examines his body, particularly noting if he be free from leprosy, so common in Toorkistan, and then proceeds to bargain for his price. Three of the Persian boys were for sale at thirty tillas of gold apiece;\* and it was surprising to see how contented the poor fellows sat under their lot.

"From the slave-market I passed on that morning to the great bazar, and the very first sight which fell under my notice was the offenders against Mahommedanism of the preceding Friday. They consisted of four individuals, who had been caught asleep at prayer time, and a youth, who had been smoking in public. They were all tied to each other, and the person who had been found using tobacco led the way, holding the hookah, or pipe, in his hand. The officer of police followed with a thick thong, and chastised them as he went, calling aloud, 'Ye followers of Islam, behold the punishment of those who violate the law?' Never, however, was there such a series of contradiction and absurdity as in the practice and theory of religion in Bokhara. You may openly purchase tobacco and all the most approved apparatus for inhaling it; yet if seen smoking in public you are straightway dragged before the cazee, punished by stripes, or paraded on a donkey, with a blackened face, as a warning to others. If a person is caught flying pigeons on a Friday, he is sent forth with the dead bird round his neck, seated on a camel.

"The Hindoos of Bokhara courted our society, for that people seem to look upon the English as their natural superiors. They visited us in every country we passed, and would never speak any other language than Hindoostanee, which was a bond of union between us and them. In this country they appeared to enjoy a sufficient degree of toleration to enable them to live happily. An enumeration of their restrictions might make them appear a persecuted race. They are not permitted to build temples, nor set up idols, nor walk in procession: they do not ride within the walls of the city, and must wear a peculiar dress. They pay the 'jizyu,' or poll-tax, which varies from four to eight rupees a year; but this they only render in common with others, not Mahommedans. They must never abuse or ill use a Mahommedan. When the king passes their quarter of the city, they must draw up, and wish him health and prosperity; when on horseback outside the city, they must dismount if they meet his majesty or the cazee. They are not permitted to

purchase female slaves, as an infidel would defile a believer; nor do any of them bring their families beyond the Oxus. For these sacrifices the Hindoos in Bokhara live unmolested, and, in all trials and suits, have equal justice with the Mahommedans.

"Among the Hindoos we had a singular visitor in a deserter from the Indian army at Bombay. He had set out on a pilgrimage to all the shrines of the Hindoo world, and was then proceeding to the fire temples on the shores of the Caspian! I knew many of the officers of the regiment (the 24th N. I.) to which he had belonged, and felt pleased at hearing names which were familiar to me in this remote city. I listened with interest to the man's detail of his adventures and travels, nor was he deterred by any fear that I would lodge information against him, and secure his apprehension. I looked upon him as a brother in arms, and he amused me with many a tale of my friend Moorad Beg of Koondooz, whom he had followed in his campaigns, and served as a bombardier. This man, when he first showed himself, was disguised in the dress of a pilgrim: but the carriage of a soldier is not to be mistaken, even if met in Bokhara.

"The house in which we lived was exceedingly small, and overlooked on every side, but we could not regret it, since it presented an opportunity of seeing a Toorkee beauty, a handsome young lady, who promenaded one of the surrounding balconies, and wished to think she was not seen. A pretended flight was not even neglected by this fair one, whose curiosity often prompted her to steal a glance at the Feringees. Since we had a fair exchange, she was any thing but an intruder, though unfortunately too distant for us to indulge 'in the sweet music of speech.' The ladies of Bokhara stain their teeth quite black; they braid their hair, and allow it to hang in tresses down their shoulders. Their dress differs little from the men: they wear the same pelisses, only that the two sleeves, instead of being used as such, are tucked together and tied behind. In the house even they dress in huge Hessian boots made of velvet, and highly ornamented."—*Burnes's Travels*, vol. i. pp. 267–287.

These very graphic and interesting details sufficiently prove that Bokhara is the present mart for the trade of Central Asia, and that a commerce opened between it and some European country would be productive of immense advantages to both parties. The importance of this has been felt in Russia for more than a century, but as yet no commercial route has been established, and the extracts we have given from Mouraviev and Meyendorff seem to prove that the routes through the desert of Khiva and the steppes of the Kirghis are impracticable. There is however a third course open to Russia, which is now travelled by Persian merchants: we mean the route from Khorassan, into which it would be easy to strike from Astrabad. Old Jonas Hanway gives us the following account of Astrabad Bay.

"Here, as in other parts of the Caspian, the sea has made great inroads, inasmuch that in many places the trunks and whole bodies of trees lay on the shore, and make it as difficult of access, as its appearance is wild and inhospitable. . . . The different currents which meet in the road, and the eddies of wind obliged us often to new lay our anchors; in other re-

\* 200 rupees—207.



spects this harbor is very safe. . . . From the shore to the high road, there are many narrow paths with broken and decayed bridges, and several ditches made by the flowing of the water from the mountains."—*Hanway's Travels*, vol. i. p. 110.

We have been informed by other travellers that a causeway once extended from the city to the port, but it fell into decay during the wars by which Persia was distracted during the last century, and notwithstanding the high character some have given of the reigning dynasty, we expect not the improvement of ports or roads under their sway. The following anecdotes will show the grounds of our opinion.

"We crossed the river Tedjen (in Mazenderán) by a once fine bridge of seventeen arches, some of which were nearly broken away from each other. We were told that his majesty Futteh Allee Shah, Geetea Sulthan, (the grasper of the universe,) had sent fifteen hundred tomans for the repair of this bridge, but that his son Mohammud Kouli Meerza Mokhara, (the ornament of the land,) had caused a few boards to be laid over the broken arches, and kept the money to pay the Ghazeaun-e-Islám, (warriors of Islám, his soldiers,) a courtier-like mode of expressing that the prince had put the money into his own pocket. It may be imagined that the roads in the province of such a governor were not of the best. Once a public-spirited individual began to repair the fine causeway which Shah Abbas made, but a stop was presently put to his undertaking by a message from the capital, intimating that if he had any spare cash, the prince would be glad of it."—*Conolly*, vol. i. p. 22.

But supposing all necessary improvements made in Astrabad, merchants would still have to encounter the horrors of the Turkman desert between Khorassan and Bokhara. Let us first take a view of the physical obstacles.

"We had before heard of the deserts southward of the Oxus; and had now the means of forming a judgment from personal observation. We saw the skeletons of camels and horses bleaching in the sun, which had perished from thirst. The nature of the roads or pathways admits of their easy obliteration; and, if the beaten track be once forsaken, the traveller and his jaded animal generally perish. A circumstance of this very nature occurred but a few days previous to our leaving Charjoosee. A party of three persons travelling from the Orgunje camp lost the road, and their supply of water failed them. Two of their horses sank under the parching thirst; and the unfortunate men opened the vein of their surviving camel, sucked its blood, and reached Charjoosee from the nourishment which they thus derived. The camel died. These are facts of frequent occurrence. The Khan of Orgunje in his late march into the desert, lost upwards of two thousand camels that had been loaded with water and provisions for his men. He dug his wells as he advanced: but the supply of water was scanty. Camels are very patient under thirst; it is a vulgar error, however, to believe that they can live any length of time without water. They generally pine and die on the fourth day, and, under great heat, will even sink sooner."—*Burnes*, vol. ii. p. 17.

The roving hordes of the Turkmans,

and the soldiers of the Khans of Khiva and Orgunje are plagues to the full as great as superabundant sand and deficient water. Tenantless, these deserts would be formidable, but the hordes by which they are infested complete the picture of ruin, and add new horrors to desolation. Both our British travellers supply abundant anecdotes of their ferocity, their eagerness to obtain slaves, and their frequent expeditions for this purpose into the north-eastern provinces of Persia.

"We had been treading in our last marches on the very ground which had been disturbed by the hoofs of the Toorkmuns who were advancing on Persia. It was with no small delight that we at last lost our traces of the formidable band, which we could discover had branched off the high road towards Meshid. Had we encountered them, a second negotiation would have been necessary, and the demands of robbers might not have been easily satisfied. "Allamans,"\* seldom attack a caravan, but still there are authenticated instances of their having murdered a whole party in the very road we were travelling. Men with arms in their hands, and in power, are not to be restrained. After losing all traces of this band, we came suddenly upon a small party of Allamans, seven in number, who were returning from an unsuccessful expedition. They were young men, well mounted and caparisoned, in the Toorkmun manner; a lance and a sword formed their arms; they had no bows, and but one led horse. Their party had been discomfited, and four of them had fallen into the hands of the Persians. They told us of their disasters, and asked for bread, which some of our party gave them. I wish that all their expeditions would terminate like this."—*Burnes*, vol. ii. p. 48.

Even those tribes which have more permanent habitations, and pay a nominal allegiance to a settled government, cannot lay aside the manners of their race and abstain from plunder. When we began to read the account of Shurukhs, we hoped that we had found a resting-place for civilization, but the following anecdote put all our hopes to flight.

"Shurukhs is the residence of the Salore Toorkmuns, the noblest of the race. Two thousand families are here domiciled, and an equal number of horses, of the finest blood, may be raised in case of need. If unable to cope with their enemies, these people flee to the deserts, which lie before them, and there await the termination of the storm. They pay a sparing and doubtful allegiance to Orgunje and Persia, but it is only an impending force that leads to their submission. When we were at Shurukhs, they had a Persian ambassador in chains, and refused to grant a share of the transit duties to the Khan of Orgunje, which they had promised in the preceding month, when that chief was near them. These are commentaries on their allegiance."—*Burnes*, vol. ii. p. 51.

Nadir Shah, after returning from his In-

\* It may be remarked as a singular coincidence, that the most formidable of the Germanic hordes that plundered and destroyed the Roman empire was called the *Allemans*.



dian expedition, invaded Turkistan and Bokhara, A. D. 1739, without experiencing any resistance, except from the Khan of Khiva. He might almost have said with Cæsar, that "he came, saw, and conquered;" his biographers assure us that he was himself ashamed of the ease and rapidity with which the conquest was achieved. Hence many continental writers have speculated on the possibility of the Persians, aided by the Russians, becoming once more masters of Transoxiana, and rewarding their auxiliaries by giving them the monopoly of its commerce. The short answer is, that Nadir Shah's conquests were lost with the same rapidity that they were acquired; that the line of the Kajars is not likely to produce such a warrior as Nadir, and that a predatory incursion is a very different thing from an attempt to acquire a permanent possession. Lieutenant Burnes has examined the desert with a soldier's eye, and thus describes its military capabilities.

"I have now a little leisure to speak of the desert which we had traversed on our route to the Moorghab. In a military point of view, the scarcity of water is a great obstacle. In some places the wells were thirty-six miles apart, and generally the water was both bitter and scanty. The water which we had transported with us from the Oxus was not less nauseous than that of the desert; for it must be carried in skins, and these must be oiled to preserve them from bursting. The grease mixes with the water, which latterly became so tainted, that the horses even refused to drink it. There is nothing of which we feel the want so much as good water. In the march, several people of the caravan, particularly the camel-drivers, were attacked with inflammation of the eyes; I suppose from the sand, glare, and dust. With such an enumeration of petty vexations and physical obstacles, it is dubious if an army could cross it at this point. The heavy sandy pathways, for there are no roads, might certainly be rendered passable to guns, by placing brushwood on the sand; but there is a great scarcity of grass for cattle, and the few horses which accompanied the caravan were jaded and worn out before they reached the river. A horse which travels with a camel has great injustice done to him; but an army could not outstrip the motions of a caravan, and fatigues would still fall heavily upon them. History tells us, that many armies have fought in and crossed this desert; but they consisted of hordes of light cavalry, that could move with rapidity. It is to be remembered, that we had not a foot-passenger in our party. Light horse might pass such a desert, by divisions, and separate routes; for besides the high road to Merve, there is a road both to the east and the west. It would, at all times, be a difficult task for a great body of men to pass from the Moorghab to the Oxus, since our caravan, of eighty camels, emptied the wells; and it would be easy to hide, or even fill up these scanty reservoirs. Where water lies within thirty feet of the surface, an energetic commander may remedy his wants, since we have an instance of it in the advance of the Orgunje Khan to the banks of the Moorghab."—*Burnes*, vol. ii. p. 25.

But by no means the slightest obstacle to the supposed designs of Russia in this

quarter of the globe, is the mingled hatred, fear and scorn with which the Russian name is regarded in the countries east of the Caspian. We will not say that the reasoning by which the enslaving of Russians is defended should be received as conclusive, but we venture boldly to assert that it is infinitely superior to the miserable sophistry in defence of the African slave-trade, which for more than a quarter of a century passed current in both the British houses of Parliament.

"The Mahomedans are not sensible of any offence in enslaving the Russians, since they state that Russia herself exhibits the example of a whole country of slaves, particularly in the despotic government of her soldiery. 'If we purchase Russians,' say they, 'the Russians buy the Kuzzaks on our frontier, who are Mahomedans, and they tamper with these people by threats, bribery, and hopes, to make them forsake their creed, and become idolaters. Look, on the other hand, at the Russians in Bokhara, at their life, liberty, and comfort, and compare it with the black bread and unrelenting tyranny which they experience in their native country.' Last, not least, they referred to their cruel banishment to Siberia (as they called it *Sibere*), which they spoke of with shuddering horror, and stated that it had on some occasions driven Russians voluntarily to betake themselves to Bokhara. We shall not attempt to decide between the parties; but it is a melancholy reflection on the liberties of Russia, that they admit of a comparison with the institutions of a Tartar kingdom, whose pity, it is proverbially said, is only upon a par with the tyranny of the Afghan."—*Burnes*, vol. i. p. 296.

We have been greatly interested in the account of his melancholy situation given by one of those captives to Lieutenant Burnes, and as it illustrates the estimation in which the Russians are held by the Turkmans, we shall extract it.

"I expressed a wish, soon after reaching Bokhara, to see some of the unfortunate Russians who have been sold into this country. One evening a stout and manly-looking person fell at my feet, and kissed them. He was a Russian of the name of Gregory Pulakoff, who had been kidnapped when asleep at a Russian outpost, about twenty-five years ago. He was the son of a soldier, and now followed the trade of a carpenter. I made him sit down with us, and give an account of his woes and condition: it was our dinner-time, and the poor carpenter helped us to eat our pilao. Though but ten years of age when captured, he yet retained his native language, and the most ardent wish to return to his country. He paid seven tillas a year to his master, who allowed him to practise his trade and keep all he might earn beyond that sum. He had a wife and child, also slaves. 'I am well treated by master,' said he; 'I go where I choose; I associate with the people, and play the part of a Mahomedan; I appear happy, but my heart yearns for my native land, where I would serve in the most despotic army with gladness. Could I but see it again, I would willingly die. I tell you my feelings, but I smother them from the Uzbeks. I am yet a Christian (here the poor fellow crossed himself after the manner of the Greek church,) and I live among a people who detest, with the utmost cordiality, every individual of my creed. It is only for my own peace that I call myself a Mahomedan."



The poor fellow had acquired all the habits and manners of an Uzbek, nor should I have been able to distinguish him, but for his blue eyes, red beard, and fair skin."—*Burnes*, vol. i. p. 294.

We now enter on the consideration of a much more interesting question than any connected with Russia and its policy; namely, whether there is a possibility of opening commercial communications between Bokhara and British India? and if there be, what would be the most prudent course of policy to adopt in order to secure the safety of the traders? In discussing these questions, it is necessary to observe that we by no means intend to accuse the East India Company of having neglected any available means of extending British commerce, or of adopting a course of policy injurious to trading interests. The trade of which that body had the management was more than sufficient to give employment to a single company, however numerous, or however extensive. The management of the commerce with India and China alone had become a task too onerous for a single association; a body corporate has a character of individuality, and can no more with safety grasp at a great diversity of objects, than any firm in London can venture to engage in all branches of trade at the same moment. Again, it must be remembered that the Company's operations must have varied with the shifting policy of the countries by which its territories are surrounded. It is commonly said that political revolutions make little change in commercial relations, for it is soon discovered that every government is interested in protecting the merchant. The aphorism should clearly be limited to civilized governments, for the policy of barbarous rulers towards traders is that of the boy to the goose that laid golden eggs. But a stronger exception to the rule arises when "the merchants are princes;"—then every commercial question becomes decidedly political; the trader is regarded as an agent or a spy, and every bargain becomes a treaty between sovereign powers. To blame the Company for not becoming absolute over circumstances would be just as wise as to accuse it of not having possessed the attributes of Deity; the management of all the commerce between Europe and Asia, that has existed or may exist, would require not one, but five hundred companies, and, after all, would be much better directed by voluntary associations and individual enterprise.

The feasibility of opening direct commercial communication between Bokhara

and British India may be very easily demonstrated. Our references in the discussion are made to Lieutenant Burnes' map, constructed by Mr. John Arrowsmith, which is the most accurate and most clear that has yet been published.

If oceans deserve to be called the high-ways of nations, rivers may be regarded as the cross roads; and two nobler lines of communication than the Indus and the Oxus could scarcely be found on the earth's surface. Now the Indus is navigable from the sea to Attock, and though the impolicy of the Sind government impedes at present the commerce on the lower part of the river, yet England could command its navigation without obstruction, both from Cutch and the Sutledge. Neither do we deem it altogether hopeless to teach the Ameers of Sind the benefits that may be derived from more liberal policy; the very interesting account published by Dr. James Burnes (brother of the traveller to Bokhara) of a visit to the Sindian court, proves that the Ameers are men capable of being awakened to their true interests. The Memoir on the Indus, by Lieutenant Burnes, contained in the appendix to the third volume of his Travels, refers principally to the navigation between the sea and Lahore, a distance by the course of the river of about a thousand miles. His observations are, however, equally applicable to the communication with Attock.

"This extensive inland navigation, open as I have stated it to be, can *only* be considered traversable to the boats of the country, which are flat-bottomed, and do not draw more than four feet of water, when heavily laden. The largest of these carry about seventy-five tons English; science and capital might improve the build of these vessels; but in extending our commerce, or in setting on foot a flotilla, the present model would ever be found most convenient. Vessels of a sharp build are liable to be upset when they run a-ground on the sand-banks. Steam-boats could ply, if constructed after the manner of the country, but no vessel with a keel could be safely navigated.

"The voyage from the sea to Lahore occupied exactly sixty days; but the season was most favorable, as the south-westerly winds had set in, while the stronger inundations of the periodical swell had not commenced. We reached Mooltan on the fortieth day, and the remaining time was expended in navigating the Ravee, which is a most crooked river. The boats sailed from sunrise to sunset, and, when the wind was unfavorable, were dragged by ropes through the water.

"There are no rocks or rapids to obstruct the ascent, and the current does not exceed two miles and a half an hour. Our daily progress sometimes averaged twenty miles, by the course of the river; for a vessel can be haled against the current at the rate of one mile and a half an hour. With light breezes we advanced two miles an hour, and in strong gales we could stem the river at the rate of three miles. Steam would obviate the inconveniences of this slow and tedious navigation; and I do not doubt but Mooltan



might be reached in ten, instead of forty days. From that city a commercial communication could best be opened with the neighboring countries.

"A boat may drop down from Lahore to the sea in fifteen days, as follows:—to Mooltan in six, to Bakkur in four, to Hydrabad in three, and to the seaports in two. This is, of course, the very quickest period of descent; and I may add, that it has never been of late tried, for there is no trade between Sindh and the Punjab by water."—*Burnes*, iii. 194.

At Attock the Indus is joined by the Cabul river, whence there is a good navigation on the latter stream to Jelallabad, about one hundred miles westward. The account given of the former city by Lieutenant Burnes merits our attention.

"About two hundred yards above Attock, and before the Indus is joined by the Cabul river, it gushes over a rapid with amazing fury. Its breadth does not here exceed one hundred and twenty yards; the water is much ruffled, and dashes like the waves and spray of the ocean. It hisses and rolls with a loud noise, and exceeds the rate of ten miles in the hour. A boat cannot live in this tempestuous torrent; but after the Cabul river has joined it, the Indus passes in a tranquil stream, about two hundred and sixty yards wide and thirty-five fathoms deep, under the walls of Attock. This fortress is a place of no strength: it has a population of 2000 souls.

"Before crossing the Indus, we observed a singular phenomenon at the fork of the Indus and Cabul river, where an ignis fatuus shows itself every evening. Two, three, and even four bright lights are visible at a time, and continue to shine throughout the night, ranging within a few yards of each other. The natives could not account for them, and their continuance during the rainy seasons is the most inexplicable part of the phenomenon, in their estimation. They tell you, that the valiant Man Sing, a Rajpoot, who carried his war of revenge against the Mahomedans across the Indus, fought a battle in this spot, and that the lights now seen are the spirits of the departed. I should not have believed in the constancy of this will-o'-the-wisp, had I not seen it. It may arise from the reflection of the water on the rock, smoothed by the current: but then it only shows itself on a particular spot, and the whole bank is smoothed. It may also be an exhalation of some gas from a fissure in the rock, but its position prevented our examining it.

"We found the fishermen on the Indus and Cabul river washing the sand for gold. The operation is performed with most profit after the swell has subsided. The sand is passed through a sieve, and the larger particles that remain are mixed with quicksilver, to which the metal adheres. Some of the minor rivers, such as the Swan and Hurroo, yield more gold than the Indus; and as their sources are not remote, it would show that the ores lie on the southern side of the Himalaya."—*Burnes*, i. 79.

From the Cabul river an easy portage might be established to Koondooz on the Oxus, for one of the roads over the *Hindú Kush* is passable even in winter. Lieutenant Burnes left the city of Cabul on the 18th of May, and reached Koondooz on the 1st of June, but we incline to believe that the time of the passage may be considerably diminished; if the native governments could be persuaded to join in improving the roads and providing for the

security of travellers. The Oxus is navigable to Koondooz, but the trade of the river extends at present only from Orgunje to Charjooee, a distance of about 200 miles. The state of the navigation of the river may be easily understood from the account given of the transport-boats.

"The boats which are used on the Oxus are of a superior description, though they have neither masts nor sails. They are built in the shape of a ship, with a prow at both ends, and are generally about fifty feet long, and eighteen broad. They would carry about twenty tons English; they are flat-bottomed and about four feet deep; when afloat, the gunwale is about two and a half or three feet above the stream; for they do not draw much more than a foot of water when laden. They are constructed of squared logs of wood, each about six feet long, formed of a dwarf jungle-tree, called 'pukee,' or 'sheeshum,' which grows in great abundance throughout the banks of the river, and cannot be procured of greater dimensions. These trees are felled, their bark is peeled off, and they are chipped into a square shape, which makes them ready for the workmen. The logs are clamped with iron, and, though these boats have a rude appearance, there is a strength and solidity in their build that admirably fits them for the navigation of such a river. There are few boats in the higher part of the Oxus above Charjooee. From that place to where it becomes fordable, near Koondooz, there are about fifteen ferries, and as each is provided with two, we have only a tonnage of thirty vessels in a distance of three hundred miles. The reason is obvious, for the inhabitants make no use of the navigable facilities of the Oxus. Below Bokhara the supply increases, and there are about 150 boats between it and the Delta, chiefly belonging to Orgunje. Here they are not appropriated as ferry-boats, but used in the transport of merchandise to and from Bokhara. The embarkations take place at Eljeek, on the north bank of the river, about sixty-five miles from the city. Below that Delta there are no boats; and I am informed that the sea of Aral is without vessels of any other description than small canoes. In ascending, the boats are dragged against the stream; and in dropping down, they make for the middle, where the current is rapid, and float down with their broadsides to it. Neither rafts nor skins are used on the Oxus."—*Burnes*, vol. ii. p. 195.

The conclusion of Lieutenant Burnes's Memoir on the Oxus so well expresses the capabilities of this noble river, that we shall not weaken its effect by a word of comment.

"The advantages of the Oxus, both in a political and commercial point of view, must, then, be regarded as very great: the many facilities which have been enumerated point it out either as the channel of merchandise, or the route of a military expedition; nor is it from the features of the river itself that we form such a conclusion. It is to be remembered that its banks are peopled and cultivated. It must therefore be viewed as a river which is navigable, and possessing great facilities for improving the extent of their navigation. This is a fact of great political and commercial importance, whether a hostile nation may turn it to the gratification of ambition, or a friendly power here seek for the extension and improvement of its trade. In either case, the Oxus presents many fair prospects, since it holds the most



direct course, and connects, with the exception of a narrow desert, the nations of Europe with the remote regions of Central Asia."—*Burnes*, vol. ii. p. 199.

The ancient glories of Transoxiana may have been exaggerated, but no description, we are assured, can do justice to the beauty and fertility of the valley of Sogd from Bokhara to Samarcand; when the Khaliphs described it as one of the three terrestrial paradises, they were scarcely guilty of exaggeration. The upper valley of the Oxus, that is, the countries above Koondooz, though subjected to a ruthless tyranny, would probably afford some opportunities for commercial speculations north of the Hindū Kūsh. Budukshan has, indeed, been almost depopulated by the Sultan of Koondooz, and has also suffered severely from a recent convulsion of nature; but a country of which from its fertility it is proverbially said that "bread is never sold within its precincts," is one of whose recovery we cannot despair. The account of its mineral treasures is very curious:—

"Budukshan has acquired great celebrity for its ruby mines, which were well known in early times, and also to the emperors of Delhi. They are said to be situated on the verge of the Oxus, near Shughnan, at a place called Gharan; which may simply mean caves. They are dug in low hills; and one man assured me that the galleries passed under the Oxus; but I doubt the information. It is a mistake to believe that they are not worked, as the present chief of Koondooz has employed people in digging them since he conquered the country. These persons have been hereditarily engaged in that occupation; but, as the returns were small, the tyrant of Koondooz demanded their labor without pay; and on their refusing to work, he marched them to the unhealthy fens of Koondooz, where their race has almost become extinct. In the search of rubies, it is a popular belief that a pair of large ones will be always found together; and the workmen will often conceal a gem till its match can be found, or break a large ruby into two pieces. The rubies are said to be imbedded in lime-stone; and to be found like round pieces of pebble or flint, which exist in such deposits. In the vicinity of the ruby mines, great masses of lapis-lazuli are found on the verge of the Oxus. The mode of detaching it from the cliffs appeared to be ingenious, though I think I have heard of similar means being used to quarry stone in other quarters. A fire is lit over the block of lapis-lazuli, and when the stone becomes sufficiently heated, cold water is dashed upon it, and the rock is thus fractured.\* The lapis-lazuli of the Oxus was sent in former years to China; but the demand has lately decreased. I have seen many specimens of this stone, with veins, which were said to be gold; but I imagine they were mica. Lapis-lazuli and the rubies are only collected in winter."—*Burnes*, vol. ii. p. 136.

Enough has been said of the possibility of opening commercial communications

\* Our readers need scarcely be reminded of Hannibal's mode of cutting through the Alpine rock.

between British India and Central Asia. Let us now cast a glance at the line of policy necessary to be adopted for facilitating and protecting this commercial intercourse. Our present expensive connection with Persia is worse than useless. Sir Harford Jones, in a recent publication, claims the gratitude of his country for having persuaded Futeh Ali to receive our subsidies, and for preventing Sir John Malcolm and Lord Minto from occupying the island of Carrack. We approve neither of the expedition, nor the subsidy; the former would have given us only a worthless and expensive island; the latter exposes us to the disgraceful imputation of having purchased the protection of a power "which to describe simply as feeble, is sadly to overrate its strength." And this treaty has tended more to degrade the English name among Oriental nations than any other circumstance in the history of our connection with the East. Whatever Persia may have been in 1809, she is now as completely subject to Russia, as any of the Indian tributary princes are to Great Britain. As soldiers, the Persians are perfectly contemptible; their irregular troops indeed, gave some annoyance to the Russians, but in regular battle they were found worthless. Many European officers have attempted to discipline and organize the Kuzzilbashes, but their efforts have failed; and what hope can be entertained of a country unable to protect its own frontier against the marauding tribes of the Turkmans? The connection with Persia has hitherto been of no advantage to us; the sooner, therefore, we abandon it, the better. The Russians are masters of the field, and we are not disposed to envy them the acquisition.

Afghanistan and Lahore are, however, daily rising in political importance. Lieutenant Conolly, indeed, speculates on the probability of Russia pushing the Persians onwards against the Afghans, giving to Shah Kamraun the territories of his ancestors, to hold as a vassal of Persia, and thus establishing what Meyendorff calls "the salutary influence of Russia" from the Caspian to the Indus. Now, in opposition to these speculations, it must be remarked that the Afghans are Soonnees, and, though perhaps more tolerant than the Turks or the Turkmans, they never would submit to Shiah supremacy; more especially as the Persians are notorious for their bitter hatred to the three first Khaliphs, and for incessant insults to their memory. In fact, it was this intolerance,



as we are informed by Lieutenant Burnes, which so irritated the Soonnees of Bokhara and Khiva, that they began to seize the Persians as slaves. It is not, to be sure, the first time that bigotry has been made a pretext for cruelty; but still the Turkmans were justified in feeling some animosity against those who insulted their religion. The fatal consequences should be a warning to others as well as the Persians.

"The practice of enslaving the Persians is said to have been unknown before the invasion of the Uzbecks; and some even say that it has not continued for a hundred years. A few Bokhara priests visited Persia, and heard the three first caliphs publicly reviled in that country; on their return, the synod gave their 'futwa,' or command for licensing the sale of all such infidels. Sir John Chardin even tells us that when a Persian shoots an arrow, he frequently exclaims, 'May this go to Omar's heart.' I myself have heard many similar expressions; and, since the report of the Bokhara priests is true, the Persians have brought their present calamities upon themselves. It is said that one of the Persian princes, in a late communication with the Khan of Orgunje, sent him the four books which Mahomedans hold sacred, the Old and New Testament, the Psalms of David, and the Koran, begging him to point out in which of those holy books the laws of slavery, as practised against the Persians, were to be found. The Khan solved the difficulty by replying, that it was a custom from which he had no intention of departing; and as the Persians do not possess power to suppress it, it is likely to continue to the detriment and disgrace of their country."—*Burnes*, vol. i. 343.

The Suddozye dynasty in Afghanistan well deserved its fate; it is not and has never been popular in the country. Is it then credible that the Afghans, strict Soonnees and gallant soldiers, would easily yield to the Kuzzilbashs, whose creed they detest, and whose cowardice they despise; or receive at their hands such a sovereign as he who now rules in Heraut? The character which Lieutenant Conolly himself gives of Shah Kamraun is sufficient to prove his unfitness for the crown, and the great improbability of an Afghan being found who would wish to see it placed upon his head:—

"Of Shah Kamraun's character there is not much to be said in praise. Even his enemies give him credit for courage and natural talent, but he is avareicious, cruel, and debauched. When I say that he has been guilty of breaking his solemnly pledged oath, I need not add a word more against his private character:—as a king he has behaved unwisely and ill, for he has ruined trade by heavy imposts, and no man living within the influence of his authority dares avow himself possessed of wealth.

"The following anecdote which was related to me by several different inhabitants of Heraut, will enable the reader to appreciate the character of the heir to the Affghaun monarchy. A merchant of the Bukhteeawree tribe gave a Hindoo banker the sum of one thousand eight hundred golden ducats for a bill of exchange upon Caubul. This he covered with

cloth, to make it look like a charm, and hung it about his neck, hoping thus to convey it safely to Caubul. Somehow or other Kamraun learned what he had done, and sent two or three men to take the pretended charm from him. They accosted their victim by asking him for a pinch of snuff; and when he replied that he had none, they abused him for being without so necessary an article; then swore that they believed he had snuff; but would not give away a pinch; engaged him in a quarrel, scuffled with him, and tore the (pretended) charm from his neck. They next went to the Hindoo banker, and returning him his draft, forced him to refund the cash, which there is no doubt they duly paid to their royal employer. The Bukhteeawree petitioned the Shah, who, affecting to take pity upon him, ordered that he should be paid a real day from the royal treasury. This pension was discontinued after a week, and the man was ordered to receive in lieu of it a daily portion of bread from the royal oven. Even this dole was denied the man after a short time, and he long remained as a beggar at the palace-gate, hoping that part even of his money might be restored, but he received not a black farthing, and returned to his own country.

"Kamraun was always of a gloomy disposition, a circumstance not to be wondered at, considering that at an early age, he was initiated into scenes of stratagem and bloodshed, and taught to sacrifice the best feelings of humanity to the interests of ambition. Morality of any sort was not likely to be studied to much purpose in such a school, and Kamraun is now a slave to wine and the harem. We learned that his majesty would at times deliberately set about making himself drunk; not for love of drinking, for he could get no liquor except vile arrack, or thin sour wine made by the Jews, but solely to raise his spirits, which would sometimes be excited to perfect phrenzy. No one, it was said, but the altar bāshee dared attend on the king while he was in 'the horrors;' and during the days of illness which succeeded such debauches, unlucky did that person deem himself, whose affairs brought him under the royal cognizance. At all times the people of Heraut seemed to labor under considerable fear of his majesty, and the only man who appeared always merry and at ease was Shemshooddeen Khan, whose sister, report said, influenced the disposition of her royal consort as she would, by the fascination of her beauty."—*Conolly*, vol. ii. p. 47.

Notwithstanding all this, Lieutenant Conolly asserts that the Afghans would gladly see Kamraun restored to the throne; Dr. Gerard and Lieutenant Burnes, on the contrary, declare, that they are well satisfied with the aristocracy of the Khans, and certainly they have good reason to be so, for better sovereigns do not exist in Asia than the rulers of Cabúl and Peshawár. Dost Mohammed Khán, the ruler at Cabúl, is a good and a great man; though we cannot quite agree with Dr. Gerard that he has adopted republican principles,\* we are convinced, from the account given of his conversation with Lieutenant Burnes and his companion, that he has the interest of his subjects at

\* See F. Q. R. No. XXV., p. 124. We are happy to correct the mistake under which we were then laboring as to the death of Dr. Gerard, originating from a false report.



heart, and is able to protect Afghanistan from the feeble Persians, though he may be exposed to some danger from Runjeet Sing and his gallant Sikhs. Our readers will probably agree with us when they read the following interesting narrative of his conversation.

"He rose on our entrance, (Lieutenant Burnes was accompanied by the celebrated missionary Mr. Wolff,) saluted us in the Persian fashion, and then desired us to be seated on a velvet carpet near himself. He assured us that we were welcome to his country; and, though he had seen few of us, he respected our nation and character. To this I replied as civilly as I could, praising the equity of his government and the protection which he extended to the traveller and the merchant. When we sat down, we found our party consist of six or eight native gentlemen and three sons of the chief. We occupied a small but neat apartment, which had no other furniture than the carpet. The conversation of the evening was varied, and embraced such a number of topics, that I find it difficult to detail them; such was the knowledge, intelligence, and curiosity that the Chief displayed. He was anxious to know the state of Europe, the number of kings, the terms on which they lived with one another; and, since it appeared that their territories were adjacent, how they existed without destroying each other. I named the different nations, sketched out their relative power, and informed him, that our advancement in civilization did no more exempt us from war and quarrels than his own country; that we viewed each other's acts with jealousy, and endeavored to maintain a balance of power, to prevent one king from overturning another. Of this, however, there were, I added, various instances in European history; and the chief himself had heard of Napoleon. He next requested me to inform him of the revenues of England; how they were collected; how the laws were enacted; and what were the productions of the soil. He perfectly comprehended our constitution from a brief explanation; and said there was nothing wonderful in our universal success, since the only revenue which we drew from the people was to defray the debts and expenses of the state. 'Your wealth, then,' added he, 'must come from India.' I assured him that the revenues of that country were spent in it; that the sole benefits derived from its possession consisted in its being an outlet to our commerce; and that the only wealth sent to the mother country consisted of a few hundred thousand pounds, and the fortunes taken away by the servants of the government. I never met an Asiatic who credited this fact before. Dost Mahommed Khan observed, that 'this satisfactorily accounts for the subjection of India. You have left much of its wealth to the native princes; you have not had to encounter their despair, and you are just in your courts.' He inquired into the state of the Mahomedan principalities in India, and as to the exact power of Runjeet Sing, for sparing whose country he gave us no credit.

"Dost Mahommed Khan then turned to Mr. Wolff for an explanation of his history; and, as he was aware of that gentleman's vocation, he had assembled among the party several Mahomedan doctors, who were prepared to dispute on points of religion. Since I stood as Mr. Wolff's interpreter, I might proceed to make mention of the various arguments which were adduced on either side; but I do not anticipate what the reverend gentleman will, no doubt, give to the world. As is usual on such subjects, the one party failed to convince the other;

and, but for the admirable tact of the chief himself, the consequences might have been disagreeable.

"We left him at midnight, quite charmed with our reception, and the accomplished address and manners of Dost Mahommed Khan."—*Burnes*, vol. i. p. 139.

Nor had our traveller less reason to be pleased with this intelligent ruler at a second interview.

"As the chief desired, I passed another evening with him; and the doctor, being convalescent, accompanied me; Mr. Wolff had proceeded on his journey to India. Dost Mahommed Khan pleased us as much as ever; he kept us till long past midnight, and gave us a full insight into the political affairs of his country, and the unfortunate differences that exist between him and his brothers. He expressed hopes of being able to restore the monarchy, evinced a cordial hatred towards Runjeet Sing, and seemed anxious to know if the British Government would accept his services as an auxiliary to root him out; but I replied, that he was our friend. He then promised me the command of his army, if I would remain with him; an offer which he afterwards repeated. 'Twelve thousand horse and twenty guns shall be at your disposal.' When he found that I could not accept the honor, he requested me to send some friend to be his generalissimo."—*Burnes*, vol. i. 164.

The historian, the antiquarian, and the lover of classical learning, have in Burnes's delightful work the best account that has yet been given of Alexander's route through the provinces of the Indus, and the impress which his mighty mind has stamped upon remote Asia: in the same pages alone can they find accurate information respecting the Bactrian kingdom, where Greek civilization flourished like an exotic, brilliant during a brief existence, and then lost for ever. From these volumes the statesman will best learn the policy of those countries that border on our dominions in India, and see whether they can be established as bulwarks against aggressive ambition, or whether they are to be dreaded as future agents in our expulsion from Hindústan. The merchant will consult the work to learn by what means the new commercial routes here developed may be turned to advantage; the general reader will delight in the novelty of countries previously unexplored, and races hitherto unknown; while the philosopher will rejoice in witnessing the devotion of great energies to a great purpose. It is impossible, we think, for any reader to rise from the perusal of Mr. Burnes's interesting volumes without the strongest impression of his accuracy of observation, patient inquiry, close adherence to truth, and abstinence from mere speculation.



Should trade be established on the Indus, it will be necessary to conciliate the favor of the Afghans; and it is gratifying to learn that they are less prejudiced against Christians than most Mohammedan nations.

"The people seemed too busy in the exercise of religious and worldly matters to mind us, and as yet we had not experienced the slightest incivility from any person in the country, though we strolled about everywhere. They do not appear to have the smallest prejudice against a Christian, and I had never heard from their lips the name of dog or infidel, which figures so prominently in the works of many travellers. 'Every country has its customs,' is a proverb among them; and the Afghan Mohammedans seem to pay a respect to Christians which they deny to their Hindoo fellow-citizens. Us they call 'people of the book,' while they consider them benighted and without a prophet."—Burnes, vol. i. p. 123.

The following account of the general character of the Afghan character is on the whole favorable.

"The language of the Afghans is Persian, but it is not the smooth and elegant tongue of Iran. Poosh-too is the dialect of the common people, but some of the higher classes cannot even speak it. The Afghans are a nation of children; in their quarrels they fight, and become friends without any ceremony. They cannot conceal their feelings from one another, and a person with any discrimination may at all times pierce their designs. If they themselves are to be believed, their ruling vice is envy, which besets even the nearest and dearest relations. No people are more incapable of managing an intrigue. I was particularly struck with their idleness; they seem to sit listlessly for the whole day, staring at each other. How they live it would be difficult to discover, yet they dress well, and are healthy and happy. I imbibed a very favorable impression of their national character."—Burnes, vol. i.

We shall not accompany Lieutenant Burnes in his visit to the court of Lahore, as in our recent review of Jacquemont's Letters from India we entered at large into the subject of the constitution of the Sikhs, and the character of their able sovereign, Runjeet Sing. A translation of Jacquemont's interesting correspondence, enriched with some additional letters addressed to influential British noblemen and gentlemen, which were unknown to the French editor, has just appeared, and we really know not a more interesting and curious illustration of national character than the "alike but different" accounts which the Briton and the Frenchman give of the court of Lahore. Jacquemont's dash of lively enthusiasm, his characteristic mixture of the frivolous and the serious, his rapid arrival at conclusions without taking any particular notice of the premises, contrast strangely and strongly with the cautious investigation, cool reasoning, and plain common sense of Burnes. In both are exhibited a daring spirit of enterprise, a zeal for knowledge not to be conquered

by danger or difficulty; and it is singular that two such richly endowed travellers should at the same time have been engaged in exploring Asia.

But on this subject we cannot venture to expatiate; it would lead us too far from our proper purpose, of showing the great importance of endeavoring to open a trade with Bokhara, and turning the vast mass of information collected by Lieutenant Burnes to some practical account. This we deem may be done, nay, more, we believe, must be done.

In expressing an earnest anxiety for the opening of a trade between Central Asia and the northern provinces of British India, we by no means regard the benefits that will result to British commerce as the only, or even the most important, consideration that merits our regard. We deem that the extension of such a commerce would greatly raise the social and political condition of the natives of Hindústan, and our duties as well as our interests imperatively demand that we should neglect nothing which may tend to produce such a desirable change. There is no getting over the proof of our indifference exhibited by the glaring fact, that our government has not even yet constructed one good road through its extensive territories. The rule of Baber and his descendants has left the marks of its brilliant existence in noble causeways, caravansaries, and public edifices; but were we driven from India to-morrow, what similar structures would preserve the memory of our sway? The past is dark, but the future is bright with hope, and we trust that soon it will be impossible to say, that the only benefit the English have conferred on India is to have enabled Sultan Mahmoud's owl to make up his complement of ruined villages:

"——pudet hæc opprobria nobis  
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli."

ART. IV.—1. *Sammlung Architectonischer Entwürfe, &c.* Von Leo von Klenze. (Collection of Architectural Designs, &c. By Leo von Klenze.) Gr. folio. München. 1832, &c.

2. *Versuch einer Darstellung des jetzigen Zustandes der Baukunst.* Von C. A. Menzel. (Essay on the Present State of Architecture. By C. A. Menzel.) Berlin. 1832. 8vo.

LITTLE more than half a century ago,



German literature was hardly known in this country, even by name. Since that period matters are very much altered; for although the bulk of the English public are still but little acquainted with that literature, and least of all with the most valuable part of it, even the readers of our penny periodicals are aware of its existence. There are, however, even yet, not a few who are altogether ignorant of what has been achieved by Germany in the province of art. Without taking any great credit to ourselves for the prophecy, we may venture to predict, that for its productions in architecture alone, that country will, at no great distance of time, claim the attention of travelling students quite as much as Italy itself. It cannot, indeed, like Italy, boast of the remains of Roman art and magnificence; but it possesses monuments in the Gothic style, which, of themselves, would amply repay the labor of accurate investigation; and in addition to these, it now offers some of the most finished and classical structures of modern times—structures certainly no less worthy the architect's study than the most vaunted works of the *cinquecento* school beyond the Alps. Honestly speaking, they are even more so, being not only more pure in taste, but likewise better adapted to the actual wants of society. The superiority which Italy so long maintained in all matters of taste, had in it more of the relative than the positive. Her influence was in proportion to the deficiency of her neighbors; and men would as soon have dared to call in question the supreme authority of the pope himself some few centuries earlier, as to throw a doubt upon the talents of a Michael Angelo, a Palladio, or a Bernini, at the time their fame awed the world. Athens and Agrigentum, Pæstum and Pompeii, have since shaken our faith, and we have now discovered, not only that the Grecian orders are quite different things from those of Vignola, but that the genius of Grecian architecture altogether has very few points of resemblance indeed with the *classical* Italian style we have alluded to. Since the fresh impulse and new direction which have been given to the art by the discovery of forgotten or long-buried authorities, architecture has done comparatively very little in Italy, and in what it has done, it has evidently manifested quite as much hankering after its former tastes, as feeling for the genuine beauties and true relish of antiquity. Considering how very strongly opposed the refined yet severe charms of the latter are to the prettinesses, the puerilities and the

caprices of the former style, this is, perhaps, not very surprising, although it is equally obvious that it has prevented Italy from maintaining her former rank. She has stood nearly still while others have advanced—advanced, perhaps, with the greater freedom and eagerness from being unencumbered with the trammels of former dignity, and consequently the more at liberty to push directly forward to the goal.

A long-established, or we might say, an *inveterate* reputation, is not overthrown all at once. Those who pin their faith upon traditionary report, and who implicitly adopt the opinions so generally current some hundred years ago, and pervading the criticism of that period, may, from not having considered this change of circumstances, be somewhat staggered at our presumption in saying any thing that can tend to bring Italian architecture into discredit; or, as is more likely, instead of suffering their previous opinions to be disturbed, they will boldly appeal from us to their own favorite authorities. We have the comfort, however, of not standing alone, for although many deem it becoming to speak of the Palladian school with respect, if not with reverence, there are others, and not a few, both in this country and elsewhere, who, far from participating in the blind worship and admiration of Palladio and his works, or making allowance for his faults on the score of the time when he lived and his want of better guides, go the length of condemning his system *in toto*. Foremost among these is Mr. Hosking, the author of a treatise in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which has since been published separately, and which, being an elementary work, is likely to make almost as many proselytes as it may have readers. There are, besides, certain indications of a more liberal spirit of criticism in matters of architectural taste growing up among us; and some contend that we ought not to be influenced by any authority; nay, one writer has lately asserted that our admiration of antiquity savors of bigotry, and that it would have been better that the temples of Greece had long ago perished, if the study of them is to supersede all invention on our part, and to hem in art with impassable boundaries.\* It must be admitted, indeed,

\* Liberal as their opinions in the abstract may be, it must be confessed that some of the parties to whom we here allude have not practised such liberality towards Mr. Wilkins. Almost every same breath that they deprecate a slavish imitation of Greek models, they carp at him because he has introduced both arched gateways and domes in his model for the National Gallery. At the same time too that they are



that our affection for them has been too much like the passion of the Moor, who loved "not wisely, but too well," and that while professing to reverence the example of the ancients, we have in fact rarely, if ever, practically adopted their principles. We have looked at them after the same fashion that a mere grammarian reads the Greek poets: the spirit of their works is with him a very secondary consideration; what he chiefly perceives in them is articles and aorists, peculiarities of construction and dialects, longs and shorts. In like manner architects attach too much importance to diameters, modules, and minutes. It is most probable that the proportions of many of the most admired examples may have been entirely accidental as far as regards the authors of them, who conformed to a certain type, modifying it as best accorded with their fancy, or suited their particular purpose. When the work was completed, the measurements of every part might be taken, and their relative proportions estimated; but it is monstrous to suppose, because some one member may be found either to exceed or to fall short of the average standard, that this was done, not for the sake of the effect, but to occasion the arithmetical distinction. Those who can believe such really to have been the case will have no difficulty in persuading themselves that Homer scanned every line of the *Iliad* upon his fingers, that Virgil composed his works with the help of a Gradus, and that Corregio described the graceful outline of his figures upon the principle of mathematical curves.

thus rigorous in the cause of a living artist, they show themselves far more indulgent than is necessary towards a dead one, refusing to see any thing but unqualified beauty in St. Martin's church; or, at least, if they perceive any defects, they most carefully avoid mentioning them. This is, to say the least, very unfair, since it shows they are rather influenced by enmity towards an individual, than solicitous either for the purity of architecture or for truth. Or, allowing them to be sincere, of what value is their praise if they prove that they are blind to some of the most glaring instances of bad taste? Is there any man, we ask, who if he could see the portico and the body of that church apart from each other, would ever imagine they were intended to be united? Is there even the very slightest similarity of style or taste between the windows and the order? Those of St. Martin's workhouse have just as much pretensions to the Corinthian character as those of the church. Well! but the portico! True, the portico itself is very fair, yet no absolute prodigy after all; and, as regards harmonizing with the rest of the structure, it might almost as well have been tacked to the workhouse itself. Although no very great acumen has been displayed in the controversy against Mr. Wilkins, we are not sorry to find that any architectural question is capable of exciting so much interest in the public mind; and we hope that the stir made upon this occasion will induce many to give more attention to the subject, were it merely to prepare themselves better for any similar encounter.

In what we have here said we have no wish to throw any ridicule upon those elementary and technical studies so indispensable to the architect; at the same time we cannot help saying that too much stress is laid upon them. There is little cause for apprehension, now that they are so greatly facilitated, lest they should be disregarded; the real danger to the art lies in quite the opposite direction—in attaching too much importance to what is of no *æsthetic* value whatever. Hence criticism has been rendered no less mechanical than the things on which it has been exercised: people have been taught by rule and by rote what it was lawful to admire, and what it was incumbent on them to condemn. Traditionary opinion, again, has for the most part been as obstinately adhered to as if either nothing had since been learned, or all our subsequent study had proved quite fruitless. Yet, supposing the attention bestowed by us upon Greek architecture to have been to any purpose at all, we must surely have been convinced, ere this, that the doctrine so long maintained in regard to proportions ought to be discarded as untenable, or, at least, requires to be amended and remodelled. So greatly do the varieties of the same order differ from each other, that assuming, as some have done, proportion to be the chief distinction between one order and another, and that each admits of only certain specific proportions, we must subdivide each class into several subordinate ones. Neither is the difference observable in the Grecian orders confined to that of proportion alone, for hardly any one can help being struck by the dissimilarity in other respects between examples belonging to one and the same order. What great variety of character, for instance, do we meet with in the Ionic! It exhibits to us a regular *gammut*, ascending from the severest simplicity up to the most elaborate elegance. There is another circumstance too, in Grecian architecture, which, although it constitutes its prevailing charm independently of all minor beauties, has been overlooked, at any rate not sufficiently dwelt upon by those who legislate for the art: we allude to that harmonious expression which pervades the whole of a structure, so that all the parts tend as it were to unite into one aggregate idea. Many modern edifices, on the contrary, and those by no means the least celebrated, seem, in comparison, to be built up of fragments, beautiful, perhaps, in themselves, but quite otherwise when regarded



as parts of one whole. Consistency, so indispensable to every production of art, hardly enters at all into the system of architecture originally founded by the modern Italians upon the ancient—that is to say, the Roman—orders, and which has prevailed, with little change for the better, throughout Europe. Such change, however, has at length commenced, and should its future progress be commensurate with its promise, the next generation will behold edifices, not only exhibiting Grecian forms, but endued with Grecian spirit, that spirit too pervading every part, and animating the extremities and minutest members, no less than the trunk itself.

Already has it been hinted that criticism is beginning to adopt a more liberal tone and more enlightened views, and among those whose writings are likely to have a beneficial influence, we may here mention Carl Menzel. Claiming for architecture as high a rank in its quality of one of the fine arts as in that of science, he calls upon us to bear in mind, that

“no work of art can ever be produced by skill and understanding alone, but that the *inspiration of the artist ever has been, and ever must be, the source of that which confers æsthetic value on his productions.* A piece of architecture in which there are any manifestations of genius is worked out in the same manner as a poem: invention, or the ground idea of the subject, must come first, and it is to this conception of the fancy that technical skill is afterwards to be applied, so as to work it up and to render practicable in construction what is originally the mere apprehension of beauty. *This is the only true process:* by adopting the opposite course we may, indeed, be able to obtain a structure in every respect well suited to its destination, but it can never possess that mysterious charm which genius alone can bestow; nor will it ever warm the beholder to admiration, although he may not be able to deny that the builder has performed all that utility requires, or that mere reason ought to demand.”

We regret that the author of the intelligent little essay from which we have just quoted did not treat his subject more fully, and particularly that he has not elucidated his remarks by examples taken from some of the most remarkable works of modern architecture in Germany. These are also to be found among the most recent of all, for it is only within the last twenty years that the present school of the art in that country has established itself. Berlin and Munich may be considered as its head-quarters, and Schinkel and Klenze as its two most distinguished leaders. We have already spoken of both these artists in a former article in this journal (vol. vii. p. 458;) yet certainly not so fully as to render a further account of their works superfluous; besides which, any notice of Ger-

man architecture in which their names were not included, would too much resemble the performance of Hamlet, with ‘the part of Hamlet omitted by particular desire.’ Each of them is probably indebted in no small degree to favorable circumstances, not merely because they have had frequent opportunities of displaying their abilities, but because these circumstances were of a nature to stimulate them to the fullest exertion of their talents; and it cannot be denied that both have acquitted themselves worthily of the tasks confided to them. Were all their other works of little moment, there are two at least which it may be worth while to consider a little in detail, we mean the two *National Galleries* of Prussia and Bavaria; and, therefore, as the building now erecting in this metropolis for a similar purpose has excited so unusual a degree of interest—at any rate provoked so much remark, for the most part too of a very acrimonious nature—our readers will hardly be displeased with our giving a comparative description of the foreign edifices.

Before we do so, however, we must be allowed to say something of the artists themselves, and of one or two of their contemporaries. Frederick Weinbrenner, their immediate predecessor, may also be considered as their forerunner in art—as having cleared the way for those who were to come after him. Although his works evince far more of methodical study than of original talent, and a very imperfect appreciation of either the genius or the powers of Grecian architecture, his design is comparatively pure, whatever may be thought of his composition. So far he forms an epoch, marking the transition, as it were, from the bombastic or the merely dry prosaic manner which prevailed till nearly the close of the last century, and the more artist-like style which has superseded it. If, moreover, he be not entitled to any very high rank for the excellence of his own productions, he acquires some distinction from his praise-worthy endeavors to put architecture upon a more liberal footing, and from his having been the parent, as we may term him, of a large proportion of the living architects of Germany. The names alone of these, his pupils, would form an extensive list; we shall therefore select that of George Moller, as one of the most eminent of them all, and as being familiarized to the admirers of Gothic architecture in this country, by his very interesting publication on that subject. To say the truth, that and his



other works relative to buildings of the middle ages, have obtained for him a reputation that will hardly be increased by any of the structures he has himself erected. Besides the Theatre, Casino, Catholic Church and other buildings at Darmstadt, his principal works are, the restoration of the east end of the Cathedral of Mainz, and the Theatre in that city; and the last-mentioned edifice (opened September 21, 1833,) is remarkable as being almost the first attempt at adopting the form of the ancient theatre for the exterior. The Catholic Church of the former place is a rotunda, whose internal diameter measures 164 Darmstadt feet,\* and is avowedly formed upon the plan of the Pantheon at Rome, being lighted like that by a single aperture in the centre of the dome, and the height to the summit of the latter being equal to the diameter within the peristyle, viz. 132 feet. The dome itself, however, bears a much greater proportion to its tambour (or cylindrical part of the edifice,) the height to the top of the cornice being barely 60 feet. In this respect the architect has shown his judgment, for as the dome springs immediately from the entablature, had the order itself been loftier, the size of the columns would have made the whole area appear smaller; and even now they are proportionally so very much larger than in the Pantheon, that the space below looks comparatively contracted. It appears from his own account that it was the architect's aim to preserve all the essential beauties which characterize the interior of the Roman structure, and to avoid that multiplicity and minuteness of parts, together with other defects, which impair its grandeur, and detract from the harmony of the whole; nor can it be denied that he has greatly simplified his building by substituting for the unequal spaces, the numerous recesses, and the double tier of ordinances in the original, a continuous peristyle of twenty-eight insulated columns, upon whose entablature the vault rests. The effect of this circular colonnade, which is, perhaps, unique of its kind, is greatly enhanced by the narrowness of the inter-columns, for these do not exceed a diameter and a half, consequently they give the character of sufficient richness as well as of strength. So far as regards the expanse of the rotunda and dome, and the uninterrupted circle of columns, the aspect of the interior is noble and chaste; it possesses moreover a

certain degree of originality, not that the idea itself exhibits much invention, but rather because its extreme obviousness has caused it, it should seem, to have been hitherto undervalued and unadopted. The dome and peristyle, however, constitute the whole design, the outer wall which encircles the columns being a plain surface, without even so much as a single moulding. The result of this excessive economy is coldness and nakedness, instead of simplicity, the whole having in consequence a very unsatisfactory and unfinished appearance; and requiring to be considered as rather in a temporary state than as actually completed.\* A certain effect may always be produced by columns alone; the great difficulty is how to throw in a corresponding degree of it elsewhere, so that all the rest shall acquire equal beauty and importance, and perfectly harmonize with those features; otherwise, beautiful as they may be in themselves, they will be too obtrusive, exciting expectation highly at the first glance, merely to disappoint it afterwards. In the building we are now speaking of, it must, indeed, be allowed that the architect has "kept down"—or we may say, *toned down*—the order itself as much as possible, for notwithstanding that the capitals of the columns are foliated, all besides is so very plain, that there is nothing else entitling it to the appellation of Corinthian. This severity of character is further increased by the proportions, the columns being hardly nine diameters in height; which in this instance is, perhaps, more of a merit than the contrary. We have dwelt somewhat at length upon this building, both on account of the points in which it resembles, and in those in which it differs from the celebrated Rotunda at Rome.

The rigid system of economy, with whose demands Moller was here obliged to comply, has not prevailed at either Berlin or Munich. On the contrary, in the former of these capitals, and the neighboring town of Potsdam, architectural display has in some instances been carried somewhat to excess. Among those who have there exercised their talents, we may here record the name of Carl Gotthard Langhans, whose "Brandenburgh Gate" may be considered as one of the earliest attempts in Germany at the pure antique style. This architect was born in the year 1732 at Landshut in Silesia, and died at

\* That is, 135 feet English. The inner diameter of the Pantheon is 137½ feet.

\* It is in fact in a *provisional* state, as it is intended to add a portico to the entrance, and an attic to screen the roof below the dome, whenever there shall be sufficient funds provided for the purpose.



Berlin, October 2, 1808; consequently, he is sufficiently connected with the present period, of which he lived to witness the commencement, and still more connected with it by his own praiseworthy efforts to introduce that better taste which has since had so auspicious a career. Previously to establishing himself at Berlin, Langhans erected the theatre, and several other buildings of importance, at Breslaw, besides some churches and elegant private residences in its environs. When he afterwards repaired to Berlin, he found the Great Frederick as indefatigable and energetic in his architectural as he was in his military schemes. That prince had a passion for art; not only did he patronise it, and call it into action, but he handled the rule and compasses himself; neither was his encouragement limited to finding it employment, since he gave a more unequivocal mark of the esteem he entertained for it, by writing an *éloge* on Knobelsdorff, at that artist's decease.\* The elder and younger Boumann, Goutard, Ungar, Naumann, and a great many others, were all actively engaged, nor was it long before Langhans had an opportunity of displaying his skill. He was employed to remodel the interior of the Opera house, which, beautiful as it was externally, was in many respects defective within; he also built the Casino, and the Theatre, which was destroyed by fire in 1817. But the work which most contributed to his reputation is the Brandenburg Gate, a free imitation of the Propylæa at Athens. This edifice (begun in 1789, and therefore contemporary with the French Revolution,) announced a revolution in taste—an adieu to that *ancien régime*, from whose caprices and false principles, architecture had more or less suffered for so long a period. A critical eye may undoubtedly detect some incorrectness in the details, but the whole is impressive, simple and grandiose; and it must be allowed to form a worthy entrance to the city which has since been graced with so many monuments that compete with Athenian taste.† It is an appro-

priate overture to the other scenes of the architectural spectacle.

If not so remarkable as forming a determinate epoch in the progress of the art, Genze's building for the New Mint has more of the genuine character of the elder Doric order, and exhibits many peculiarities which manifest a more exact study of, and a better insight into, the constitutional and æsthetic principles of Grecian architecture. Independently of its architectural merits, this building deserves attention for the rich and appropriate application of sculpture in relief, of which it affords an example. This frieze, which is continued for an extent of a hundred and sixteen feet, and is nearly six feet deep, represents all the various processes of coining, including the preparatory ones, and the operations belonging to mining. Had the study of Grecian antiquities been attended with no other advantage, it would have performed an essential service by directing us to a more effective disposition of the ornamental parts, especially as regards sculpture, whether it consist of statues or of any mode of relief. Few things contribute more to littleness of style in composition, than mere patches applied indiscriminately, or so as to destroy all repose. If small panels or tablets be applied at all, it should rather be so as to break the monotony of the vertical or horizontal lines of the windows, than so as to continue and repeat them, chequering the whole front of a building into larger and smaller squares. We are, moreover, of opinion, whether positive authorities will actually bear us out in it or not, that the particular mode of sculpture adopted should be in accordance with the character of the order: thus the Doric seems to require flat sculpture, while the Ionic may be allowed that which is stronger, yet not so bold as what should be reserved for the Corinthian. Some may consider this classification not only fantastic but incongruous, inasmuch as we here assign the *boldest* style of relief to the most delicate of the orders, and the most delicate of that species of sculpture to the boldest of them. The inconsistency, however, is only an apparent and verbal one, because, although we may term very low relief—that in which the figures are nearly flat, and hardly at all raised from their ground—"delicate," it is also the most severe, the most simple, and the least finished of any; consequently it is best adapted to that style of building which requires greater sobriety than any other, in whatever is merely decoration, and where a strictly architec-

\* This event took place September 15, 1753, when the baron had attained the age of fifty-six. Besides the celebrated Opera House, which was begun in 1740, and was his first work of importance, Knobelsdorff made extensive improvements in the royal palace at Potsdam, and in that of Sans Souci, where he erected a very beautiful colonnade, which was taken down in 1797, in order that the columns might be employed for the new Marble Palace.

† Langhans also designed the elegant rotunda in the anatomical theatre of the Veterinary School; the theatre at the country Palace of Charlottenburgh; and the decorations of the interior of the Marble Palace.



tural expression should predominate. So, on the contrary, although we term *mezzo rilievo* "bolder" than the other, it may also be said to have more "vivacity" and greater "richness." If, therefore, any principle of the kind is to be admitted at all, the one we have ventured to recommend must be allowed to be correct, seeing that it appropriates the "richest" mode of sculpture to the richest of the orders; nor can it be denied, that the more elaborately worked, and in fact more *boldly* sculptured capitals of the Corinthian order, the leaves of which are in *alto rilievo*, require a corresponding style of execution in the decorative sculpture.

We know not whether we ought to apologize for this digression: some may think that it has very little to do with what seems to be our subject; others again may look upon it as a *relief* in itself to the dryness of a mere muster-roll of the names of architects and buildings. Which ever be the case, we now return *à nos moutons*.—Catel endeavored to produce a more tasteful and classical style in interior decoration, towards which he devoted his attention; yet as he died somewhat prematurely, and before he had much opportunity for the display of his talents, we cannot judge whether he would have made any great and influential progress in his career.\*

Uninterruptedly as Schinkel has been employed for the last twenty years, many considerable public structures have been erected in the Prussian capital by others; among whom is a young architect named Ottmer,† who has distinguished himself by

\* Ludwig Friedrich Catel, who died November 19th, 1819, at the age of 43, was an artist of decided talent, and of a very cultivated mind. As is evident enough from the writings he published, he had extended his studies beyond the usual track, and his little work, *Ueber die Bauart Protestantischer Kirchen*, contains much that would repay the perusal. Of his classical taste and beautiful ideas, the vases which he sent forth from his manufactory afford incontestable proof.

† We shall here add some further particulars relative to this artist. Karl Theodor Ottmer, who has now the appointment of court-architect at Brunswick, was born in that city Jan. 19, 1800. Having acquired a practical knowledge of his profession, he visited Berlin in 1822, where he delivered lectures on æsthetics, archæology, mathematics, &c., until the erection of a new theatre afforded him an opportunity of showing his practical skill in architecture. This building was completed in the summer of 1824. Soon afterwards he was commissioned to undertake the "Singing Academy," which was completed in the spring of 1827. About the same time he was engaged to superintend the alteration of the interior of the theatre at Leipzig; and also invited to prepare designs for a similar building to be erected at Hamburg. In the spring of the year 1828, he visited Naples and Pestum, and on his return to Rome, employed himself in making a series of designs for palaces, one of which was upon an amazing scale of grandeur, and intended to eclipse every fabric of the kind hitherto produced. From

a theatre he has built in the Königstadt quarter of the city, and by the new "Singing Academy." Externally, the former of these two buildings makes very little display; but the internal arrangements show no little skill and judgment; and if it must be acknowledged, that for what he has accomplished, he is in some degree indebted to the model afforded him in Schinkel's large theatre, he has also taken care to avoid some of its inconveniences. His other building, which forms a simple oblong of 140 feet by 60, resembling an apterous Greek temple, that is, one without either lateral colonnades or portico, would satisfy us better, could we forget the exceedingly beautiful design for the same building, published long before by Schinkel himself. Ottmer has divided his façade into three intercolumns, formed by four Corinthian pilasters; and in these he has placed as many large doors. Schinkel's design, on the contrary, has neither columnus nor pilasters, and only a single door-way, without either window or niche, or any thing of the kind. And yet, notwithstanding it is so exceedingly simple as to seem to exclude not only invention but character of any kind, it is so full of originality, expression, and taste,—so strongly marked by Greek feeling and exquisite refinement, as to be almost magical; nor can we express our admiration more highly than when we say it is one of the happiest ideas that even he himself has ever conceived.

Having thus begun to speak of the "great master," with whose fame all Germany resounds, we may as well proceed at once to discuss his peculiar merits. Karl Friedrich Schinkel was born at New Ruppın, March 13th, 1781, and after pursuing his studies at the Gymnasium of Berlin, where he already displayed a decided predilection for the fine arts, he commenced his architectural education under the elder Gilly, and continued it under the son; and it is to the latter, rather than the former of these instructors, that he is indebted, as far as he is indebted to any one, for that liberal and refined system which

Italy he was recalled the following year, by the proposal that he should undertake the construction of a new theatre at Dresden. The matter, however, proceeded no farther; yet while he was at Dresden, he was engaged by the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen to prepare the plans for an edifice consisting of a theatre and casino; and these gave such satisfaction that the works were commenced almost forthwith. More recently still, he has been entrusted with the execution of a work affording greater scope to his talents than any on which he had previously been employed, namely, the new Palace at Brunswick, which was commenced in the autumn of 1831.



he adopted. Unlike those who consider mere practical science the most important requisite for the architect, and that taste and imagination, however desirable, are of comparatively little moment, Schinkel seems very justly to have thought, that he, who would excel in architecture, as one of the arts of design, ought to cultivate the others, if not in equal, at least in a secondary degree, so as thereby to acquire a lively apprehension of, and an intense relish for, beauty of form, let it exhibit itself as it may. Without at all under valuing either abstract or practical science, we may say, that they are no more than the logic of the art; and in like manner as the logical faculties alone are utterly insufficient to render a man a poet, so neither can the ablest geometrical skill render him an accomplished architect.

To ourselves all this appears so much of a truism, that we should have abstained from any remark upon it, were we not aware, not only that the notions generally entertained on the subject are widely different, but that opposite sentiments are for the most part enforced by those who profess to regard architecture as one of the fine arts, although their real doctrines have an opposite tendency. Even those who might otherwise dispute the conclusiveness of our argument, will, perhaps, if at all acquainted with Schinkel's productions, admit that his successful practice and example favor our view of the question; it being undeniable that his chief works are not less remarkable for artistical conception, expression and feeling, and for those more subtle graces which lie wholly beyond the reach of any didactic precepts, than for their direct merit as buildings. Whatever study he may bestow upon his designs, they do not appear to be "hammered out," if we may be allowed the expression, but to be cast in the mould of his own imagination. The only study they betray is that formed by an habitual and intimate acquaintance with whatever is beautiful in the plastic arts. For some time after his return from Italy about the year 1805, he occupied himself chiefly with painting, and with making designs for a variety of ornamental pieces of furniture executed either in statuary or bronze; and comparatively insignificant as such subjects may be deemed, there can be little doubt that by so exercising his taste and invention, he was then acquiring that fund which has since so abundantly supplied him. Among his other performances belonging to this period was an admirable panorama of Palermo, and several mas-

terly compositions for scenes at the Berlin theatre. Were it not that Schinkel's reputation stands far above the reach of ridicule, it might not have been altogether discreet in us to take any notice of what will be considered by many as rather derogatory to his profession, and certainly far less serviceable than measuring columns and entablatures.

From 1810, in which year he was appointed one of the then newly established building committee (*Bau-deputation*), and became a member of the academy, besides being made *Geheimer Ober-Baurath*, may be dated the commencement of his strictly architectural career. Still all human affairs, even those which bear no visible relation to each other, are so closely linked together, that had it not been for Moscow and Waterloo, Schinkel might have gone out of the world with his fame unfinished, and instead of rearing monuments that will command the admiration of posterity, been able to do no more than fill his port folio with *projects*. It was the termination of the European warfare that enabled the excellent and patriotic Prussian monarch to turn his attention to the embellishment of his capital; and a great number of both public and private structures, either erected by Schinkel himself or executed by others from his designs, have since entitled Berlin to rank very high indeed amongst those cities most distinguished for architectural splendor and taste. Numerous as are his designs, the fertility of his invention seems fully equal to all the demands that have been, or may be made upon it. Of this there is ample proof in his various designs for a monument, or rather an extensive monumental structure, in honor of Fredrick the Great; for although there are no fewer than six projects, they are all decidedly different, some of them of extraordinary grandeur and magnificence, and all of them no less classical than original. Even had we room for any description, the most accurately drawn up description would convey a very defective notion of the very simplest of them. Some are so full of "gorgeous fancies" that, could we entertain a wish whose fulfilment would interfere with the artist's more important labors, we should desire exceedingly to see him give his ideas for such a congregated mass of architectural sumptuousness as tradition reports Babylon of old to have been.\* It is no small merit in this

\* Some of our own critics have affirmed that if there be any one capable of doing justice to such a subject, it is Martin the painter; yet, without at all disparag-



architect that even his most classical structures and designs, so far from owing their chief merit to being more or less copies from the antique, bear a strong impress of originality, and are marked by unborrowed beauties. Neither is this originality confined to the composition; on the contrary, so far from adhering to authority, even for many important members of detail, Schinkel has indulged oftener than once in what many—those at least who have not beheld them—will consider unpardonable licenses; while we only regret that there are so few who can commit what, if failures, would have deserved such an invidious term, but, when successfully accomplished, are recognised as the proudest triumphs of an architect's invention. To go no further than the *Wachtgebäude* and Museum, what can be more classical in feeling, more picturesque in design, more tasteful in invention, than the small "victories" supporting the cornice in the entablature of the former structure; or than the enriched Doric capitals in the sculpture rooms of the latter? These last mentioned exhibit several varieties, any one of which would have been hailed as the most refined specimen and most valuable relic of Grecian art, had it but been dug up on the consecrated ground of Hellas.

Besides various excellencies, both in the subordinate parts and the general design, there are many beauties in Schinkel's buildings belonging rather to plan than to the elevation, or which at least do not show themselves in geometrical drawing so conspicuous as they are in the structures themselves. Among these we may reckon his frequent application of columns behind columns, and partial openings in the wall beyond them, through which the eye catches a glimpse of architectural objects in the remoter distance. Neither are his merits by any means confined to his productions in the Grecian or classical style; for he has evinced no ordinary power in some of the most difficult

and trying of all subjects, those, namely, where the architect, following no particular style of any kind, is left entirely to the impulse of his own imagination and taste, quite unfettered it is true, yet at the same time without any guidance from positive models. Of this kind is the new *Bau-schule*, or building for the School of Architecture at Berlin, a very singular brick edifice, with a profusion of ornament in terracotta.\* Taking it as a whole, we must confess that it is somewhat too monotonous and heavy, it is nevertheless well worthy of attentive inspection, for it will be found to contain many perfectly novel and ingenious ideas, and to offer a singular combination of simplicity and richness.

Of what he has done in the Gothic style we cannot speak with such unqualified admiration, as we have of some of his other works; yet notwithstanding that he is here less happy, he certainly cannot be accused of any want of originality; on the contrary he is more liable to be charged with having adopted a peculiar system, tolerably consistent in itself, still far from answering to our English ideas, at least, of that species of architecture. It partakes far more of the Lombard and *Tedesco* styles of Italy, than of those to the north of the Alps; indeed, some of his designs of this class are altogether of a mixed character, and exhibit the principles and elements of horizontal composition far more decidedly than those of the perpendicular, while the semicircular arch takes place of the pointed one. Of this we find a very striking and peculiar instance in his fifth design of a project for a church to be erected in the Oranienburg suburb, which is perfectly *sui generis*; or if it may be likened to any one style in particular, it seems a *rifacimento* of the Byzantine. Nevertheless, strange, not to say shocking, as it must be deemed by those who pique themselves on being purists, stylists and "periodists," we must confess that we find in it something not a little piquant and expressive, and willingly admit that it bears evidence of emanating from a master mind. The church in the Werdersche Markte, which was begun in 1825, although for the most part in conformity with the pointed style, exhibits also considerable deviations from it, as in the doors of the portal and the deep acanthus cornice beneath the parapet, besides many others in the lesser de-

ing his real merits, or denying that his pencil could convey a sufficiently poetic idea of Babylon or other such huge city in the gross, we do not rate his architectural conceptions, as such, very highly. Few, perhaps, understand better than he does how to make masses of building interest the imagination in a picture; but as for any thing beyond that, they might nearly as well be rocks or clouds. Their grandeur arises solely from extent and elevation of site; nay, the very indefiniteness and vagueness which invest them with their poetic sublimity, are utterly distinct from strictly architectural qualities. Besides which, no particular stretch of the imagination is required for carrying on a mere range of columns or arches till they vanish in extreme distance; this, extraordinary as it may appear to the million, is certainly one of the simplest and easiest feats of perspective.

\* This edifice, which was begun in 1832, is situated on a branch of the Spree, very near the Werdersche Markte and Mint, and is an insulated structure about 140 feet square, with four uniform fronts.



tails. It is some time, therefore, before we become reconciled to such seeming anomalies; yet after we have familiarized our eye with them a little, we begin to approve, even though still reluctant to confess it. In fact, let him do what he may, Schinkel is rarely or never insipid, consequently, his least satisfactory productions have always something in them that demands attention.

Scanty as our criticism upon him has been, considering how very numerous are his works, and what scope they afford for remark, we dare not allow ourselves to enter into further particulars, for we must recollect that another has also considerable claim upon us; we mean his co-partner in fame, if not exactly his rival in genius—Leo von Klenze.\* What the one of these distinguished contemporaries is to Berlin, the other is to Munich, namely, its architect *par excellence*—the recognised *Musagetes* of the art, the highly and deservedly favored among artists. Born under a similarly propitious star, he, too, has fallen on golden times of opportunity, since, thanks to the patronage and to the enthusiastic attachment of the *kunstliebend* Louis of Bavaria to the fine arts, he has been called to execute some of the noblest structures of modern times. Less daring, less inventive, less original than Schinkel, he possesses equal versatility, and has shown that he is capable of eliciting new beauties from every one of the various styles he has alternately employed, stamping each with his own individuality. Greek, Roman, Byzantine, and several varieties of the Italian styles, have been successively adopted by him in the Wal-halla and the Glyptotheca, in the *Alter-heiligsten Capelle*, the Pinacotheca, Odeon, New Palace, Bazaar, and many other edifices. To say the truth, he seems to have been desirous of giving us specimens of almost every other style except that of pointed architecture, preferring those which, however transformed, are derived from the Greek, to one which is founded upon altogether different principles. And that this neglect of Gothic on his part has not arisen from mere accident

or indifference, is evident from his express "confession of faith" in the introduction to his work. Little as this is calculated to secure him admirers among us, we cannot refrain from quoting in a note from what he there says.\*

The opinions there expressed show clearly enough that Klenze comprehends under the term "Grecian architecture" both that style which is the original one, and that which, although formed upon it, is as much characterized by use of the arch as of the column. It should seem, like

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\* "Never has there been, and never will there be, more than one art of building (*eine Baukunst*), namely, that which was brought to perfection at the epoch of the prosperity and civilization of Greece. Before this perfection was attained, it was necessarily preceded by many attempts; so too, after the art itself was overthrown and trampled upon, both by time and by barbarians, some reverberations of it were yet sensible. Thus there were many *modes* of architecture (*Bauarten*) after as well as prior to its existence as an art. Grecian architecture alone is marked by universal propriety, character and beauty, although any mode of architecture is capable of affecting us, and has a certain value of its own, when it is a really national style, and has grown up out of the religious and civil habits of a people. This Grecian architecture, taking it in the most extensive sense of the term, comprehends two leading epochs of its formation; namely, that in which all the apertures and intervals are covered by horizontal lines, and that when the arch was discovered and applied to similar purposes.

"If we examine into and attend to this two-fold development of Grecian architecture in its elementary principles; and in forming a style for ourselves, keep in view those precious remains of art which are yet preserved to us both in Greece and in Italy, Grecian architecture can and must be the architecture of the world, and that of all periods; *nor can any climate, any material, any difference of manners prove an obstacle to its universal adoption!*"

"The history of art," he afterwards continues, "like that of the world, proceeds step by step: just emerging, therefore, from out of the *magnificent wretchedness* (*das grandiose Elende*) of the middle ages, partly surrounded only by the remains of the most debased period of Roman art, partly attracted only by what was most homogeneous in it, viz. its bad taste, the artists of that period (the fifteenth and sixteenth century) could not possibly restore architecture to its native dignity, however meritorious their endeavors to do so may have been.

"The gross architectural solecisms of a Buonarrotti, the still more flagrant absurdities of a Giulio Romano, Maderno and Borromini, which naturally resulted from them; the tasteless puerilities which reached their climax under Louis XV.; and lastly, all the unmeaning and spiritless imitations of detached Grecian forms of a still later period, were any thing but calculated to arrest the defects observable in the works of the fifteenth century; so that an important task was still reserved for architecture in these our own times, when Grecian antiquity has been opened to us by so many literary and artistic works.

"For some time past intelligent men of all countries have been laboring for the accomplishment of this object; and we also have added our endeavors to theirs; nor have we feared to set our face manfully against the mechanical workman system, derived from Vitruvius and Vignola, or against the empty groundless theories of praters about art, and the low miserable notions of those who see in architecture no other purpose or value than that of protecting ourselves as economically as possible against rain, heat and cold."

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\* Klenze was born in 1784, and after studying at the architectural academy at Berlin, proceeded to Paris, where he continued his studies under Durand at the Polytechnic School. He then visited Italy, and on his return was appointed architect to the king of Westphalia. In 1815 he became the royal architect at Munich; and 1823 and 1825 accompanied the present king, then Crown Prince of Bavaria, to Italy and Sicily. Klenze has applied himself very earnestly to the archaeology of his art, relative to which he has written several treatises.



wise, that he considers these two modes sufficiently reconcilable with each other to admit of combination; and herein we agree with him, since it would be absurd to reject so valuable an invention as that of the arch, because it was unknown to the Greeks; for we might upon the same grounds carry our submission to their authority so far as to abandon the use of many other things—window sashes and chimneys, for instance—as incompatible with propriety in any structure affecting to be of that style. There are some who doubt whether the dome is admissible, when the style is in other respects strictly Grecian; yet it is not only an exceedingly beautiful form in itself, but has that particular kind of beauty and also that simplicity of outline, which cause it to harmonize sufficiently with the rest; provided the plan be such as to require it, and the general design of the structure in conformity with a feature of this kind. In like manner too, arches may, if not actually combined with Greek columns, at least be allowed to appear in those parts of a façade where columns are not applied. Their mouldings ought also to conform with the character of the order; and besides great reserve and discretion in introducing them at all, arches should be made to seem to blend naturally with the rest of the composition.

Without stopping to animadvert upon the sentiments which Klenze must be supposed to entertain in regard to Gothic architecture, we must now revert to our immediate object, and give some account of his two most celebrated edifices, the *Glyptotheca* and *Pinacotheca*, at Munich. To describe either of these buildings, with the collections they contain and their numerous embellishments both in fresco-painting and sculpture, which constitute no small share of their attraction, would require a volume. All, therefore, that we can pretend to do is to give some general idea of their architecture and arrangement, which, now that we are about to have a "National Gallery", of our own, will not be thought undeserving attention.

The *Glyptotheca*, or to give it its German title, the *Glyptothek*, is an insulated building, about 220 feet square, with a court in its centre, and without any windows externally, except two large ones in the back front, the different apartments being lighted either by domes or by spacious windows towards the court, formed in the arches of the vaulted ceilings. By this means the architect has got rid of many difficulties in point of design, while

there being only a single floor, and the windows raised nearly to the top of the building, sufficient light is obtained, because the court is so spacious in proportion to the height of the edifice, that the opposite side cannot be seen from within. The style adopted for the exterior is Ionic, in a certain degree modified according to the architect's own ideas, yet still decidedly Grecian in character. The principal façade has an octa-style portico, advancing one intercolumn before the general line of the front, and recessed about as much within it: and these two divisions of it are separated by an inner range of four columns, forming five open intercolumns, those at the extremities being enclosed between antæ. The effect of this portico, which is raised on three exceedingly deep steps, is very imposing and classical, owing to the narrowness of the intercolumns, as well as to the multiplicity of the columns themselves, and the great depth of shade thus produced. Rich however as it is, both in these and other respects, the columns, it should be observed, are not fluted, although their neckings are sculptured, which certainly gives them a very unusual yet not displeasing expression. Contrary, too, as this may appear to sound principles of taste, no less than to Grecian practice, we think it very probable that the architect considered it better to leave their shafts plain, both in order to give them such a breadth of effect as should cause them to harmonize with other parts of the façade, and also in order to avoid the confusion that might have been produced by so many perpendicular lines, the columns themselves being very closely set, and there being another range behind the first. Whether such were really his motive or not for what he has done, we do not object to it as we here find it, although we consider flutings to columns to be almost indispensable for their full beauty.

The lateral divisions of this elevation are not so lofty as the portico itself, the podium by which they are surmounted rising no higher than the moulding beneath the necking of the Ionic columns. These parts therefore assume the appearance of low wings, attached to a centre, whose roof is seen to extend, in continuation of the pediment, the whole depth of the building as far as the inner court. Each of these wings has two antæ in front surmounted by capitals of the Corinthian species; and between these are three large tabernacle niches (intended to be filled with colossal figures,) with pilasters and pediments. The entablature to these



parts of the design (the wings) is very deep and rich, and above the cornice is a series of Greek *antefixæ* coming against the lower part of the upper podium.

As may be guessed from what has already been said, the interior distribution of the rooms is exceedingly simple, forming only a single range around the four sides of the inner court. The first apartment on entering from the left hand side of the vestibule is that appropriated to Egyptian antiquities. The next, which is at one of the angles of the building, is a rotunda lighted by a dome, and contains the very earliest specimens of Grecian art. To these succeed the Hall of the *Ægina Marbles*, the Hall of Apollo, and the *Bacchischer Saal*. We now arrive at the rooms in the other front, the first of which is that called the *Niobiden Saal*; after which we enter the two apartments appropriated to festive meetings and entertainments, one of which is placed on either side of the smaller vestibule forming the entrance from the tetrastyle portico for carriages, on this side of the building. These two halls are decorated in a very magnificent style with frescoes by Cornelius and some of his pupils, representing various subjects from Grecian history and mythology. Passing from these into the apartment corresponding with the *Niobiden Saal*, we descend from thence by a few steps into the *Römer Saal*, so called from its containing all the works of Roman sculpture. This is by far the most spacious of any part of the interior, forming a long gallery equal to one entire side of the inner court. Another flight of steps at the further extremity conducts up into a second rotunda, filled with sculpture in bronze and colored marbles; and the following and last room, which brings us again into the front vestibule, contains some choice works of modern art. Independently of the inestimable treasures of art with which they are stored, these halls and galleries are remarkable for their architectural luxury, which gradually increases in splendor; since although a sufficient uniformity of style is observed throughout, in the particular mode of embellishment and the ornaments, regard has been had, as far as possible, to the particular character of the subjects to which each is respectively appropriated. Thus, the Hall of Egyptian antiquities, and those immediately succeeding it, are somewhat plainer in their decorations, while the *Römer Saal* exhibits extraordinary architectural pomp. All the rooms have inlaid marble pavements, and independently of

the variety and richness of their vaulted roofs, and their cornices, acquire no small splendor from different colored stuccoes and marbles with which their walls are coated; but this gallery surpasses them all, having three low domes in its ceiling very abundantly ornamented, besides coffers with gold ornaments and mouldings on a deep red ground; each of the large arches or lunettes corresponding with those forming the windows on the opposite side, being also filled with rich arabesques in gold.

Compared with this lavish prodigality, even the new galleries of the British Museum are most quaker-like affairs; nor must we expect that the building now erecting in Trafalgar Square will be able to compete with the Munich *Pinacothek* for internal splendor; or rather, we must look for no other ornament within than that produced by the pictures themselves. Many will be of opinion that even if there be no objection to it on the score of economy, so much decoration is not only superfluous, but injurious, when introduced into a gallery for sculpture. Klenze, however, is of a decidedly different opinion; for he expressly says, that it is a very erroneous idea to imagine that plain architecture and plain walls, merely tinted of a light hue, set off statues and other works of sculpture most advantageously; on the contrary, brilliancy and depth of color, and a certain piquant richness in other respects, not only give a pleasing relief and prominence to the sculpture itself, but are also favorable, inasmuch as they excite both the visual organ and the mind of the spectator. It must be acknowledged, that if something may also be said on the other side, there is some truth in this observation; nor can it be disputed that that excess of soberness in which we indulge, is attended with a too chilling coldness and insipidity; while if any where at all, warmth and richness of coloring, vivacity and gaiety of expression are more requisite in a cold than in a warmer climate. Our architects, to say the truth, are rather negligent upon this point, for they seem rather to regard effect of color as a disparagement to their art, and we have heard some maintain that it is for architecture to please by intrinsic beauty of form. This may be very true, yet we do not see why it should not avail itself, on suitable occasions, of other legitimate means at its disposal. Few, we believe, imagine that pictures would look the better for being hung up without frames.



All the ornamental sculpture of the façade of the *Glyptothek* (which front, we should have observed, is constructed entirely of a species of marble) is not yet completed; when that shall be the case, taken altogether, it will, though far exceeded by many others in extent, be one of the proudest and completest works of modern times. This and the *Walhalla*\* are the two chief, if not perhaps the only works of Klenze in the *Antique Grecian* style. The *Pinacothek*, the *Bazaar*, the new *Residenz* or palace, and other structures by him, are, on the contrary, in what may be distinguished as the *New Greek* style, still retaining much of the Italian, yet considerably purified. Of the *Pinacothek*, the first stone of which was laid April 7, 1826 (that being the birthday of the illustrious Raphael,) we shall now give a brief architectural notice. Like the *Glyptothek*, from which it is situated at no very great distance, this second and worthily adorned temple of art is quite insulated from any other buildings. Its plan is long and narrow, being about five hundred feet by ninety; but the extremities form wings placed crosswise to the body a structure like two  $\text{E} \rightarrow \text{E}$  joined together, by which means the whole acquires a more solid appearance, and an extent of 170 feet is given to each of the end fronts. The elevations are all very similar and exhibit a basement of lofty proportions, with a bold rustic course beneath the windows; and very massive rustic quoins of the same kind at the angles. The windows and doors are arched, but all enclosed within square framings, the spandrels being filled up

with carving. Above this basement rises an attached Ionic order continued quite round the building, with a rich console frieze. The intercolumns are occupied by very large arcade windows, on whose keystones the architrave rests; so as to occasion a very great superficies of aperture, such as would give this upper structure an air of too great lightness, were it not counteracted by the solidity of the projecting part of the wings. The effect of the whole is so masterly, so rich and chaste, and so imposing from its extent, that although we are by no means admirers of the Italian style generally, we must admit that an edifice like this is almost sufficient to overcome our prejudices against it; nor can we deny that Klenze has here given us a design of much beauty. Considering the distance at which they are placed apart, he could not well do otherwise than attach his columns, consequently he is not to be censured on that score; neither do we at all object to the height of the basement, which rather exceeds that of the order above it; because it has a peculiar grandeur of its own; and as the design does not profess to be in the antique style, it ought not to be criticised too strictly for not adhering to what it does not affect. We could wish, indeed, that the capitals of the columns had partaken a little more of the Greek manner; they are notwithstanding far better than the ordinary Italian Ionic; and the architect has given antæ-caps to his pilasters, instead of placing, as all the Italian school have done, voluted capitals upon a square shaft, in order to accomplish which, the volutes must necessarily be of insignificant proportions. Besides this judicious innovation on the Italian system, he has greatly purified and corrected most of his details, and adopted some Grecian peculiarities,—among others, Grecian ante-fixæ.

\* The *Walhalla*, which is erected on the hill *Donaustrauß* near *Regensburg*, is a magnificent temple-formed structure, in the most classical *Doric* style, with a noble portico, consisting of eight columns in front, and an inner range of six others; and on each of its sides are seventeen columns, the whole formed of marble, and raised on a substructure, in which is formed an ascent between massive walls of *Cyclopean* architecture. As its name imports, this edifice is intended to become a kind of universal German Pantheon, in which will be deposited monumental busts of the most illustrious citizens and heroes of *Teutonia*. (See vol. ix. p. 493.) In the interior is a magnificent frieze executed by *Wagner*, the sculptor; and the pediment of the portico will also be enriched by a suitable subject in relief. In addition, too, to the very extensive architectural works and improvements now carrying on at *Munich* by *Klenze* himself, there are many others in actual progress, among the rest the new *Ludwigskirche*, and the extensive pile of the Library and Archive buildings. Both these are by *Fred. Gärtner* (born at *Coblentz* 1792,) and both in a very peculiar style. The church, which has a strong mixture of the *Byzantine* character, is intended to be decorated with a series of frescoes by the celebrated *Cornelius*; one of which will be upon a most extraordinary scale, as it is to be still larger than *Michael Angelo's* "Last Judgment," in the *Capilla Sistina*.

From the size and number of the windows (twenty-five on a floor in the main part of each of the longer fronts,) one would be led to imagine that the picture galleries are lighted from the sides, and that there can be no space for pictures on that side of the rooms where the windows fall. Such, however, is not the case, for the chief rooms appropriated to the various schools of painting extend through the centre of the body of the building, and are all lighted directly from above; and on one side of this internal gallery, is a series of twenty-three cabinets for small pictures, the middle one being longer than the rest; while on the other is a single long and narrow gallery or loggia, having



twenty-five windows, and as many small blank domes in its vaulted ceiling. This gallery will be highly decorated with arabesques, and other subjects in fresco, by artists of the Munich school. And if such an appendage appears to English notions a very superfluous and costly piece of ostentation, the picture rooms themselves will also be thought to have had far more expended upon them than was by any means called for. In these apartments, which are all forty feet in breadth by fifty in height, but which vary from about fifty to eighty in length, the floors are of Venetian *terazzo*, and the door cases, and the dado at the lower part of the walls, of a beautiful grayish marble; besides which, the walls themselves are to be hung with crimson or green watered damask, and the ceilings profusely enriched with stucco work. It must be confessed, too, that among other symptoms of a total disregard of economy, here is a most terrible loss of space, the marble dado being a kind of *noli-me-tangere* that prevents pictures being hung lower than within three or four feet above the floor, while the deep vaulting of the roof, although admirably contrived for admitting the light downwards at a proper angle, reduces the actual height of the walls themselves by more than twenty feet; so that no pictures can be hung up fairly out of sight, as is the case in all our exhibition rooms; neither is it intended that the frames shall be dove-tailed together *à la* Somerset House and Suffolk Street, but be made to keep at a respectful distance from each other; otherwise whitewash would have answered the purpose of watered damask. If, in the new exhibition rooms for the Royal Academy, Mr. Wilkins cannot indulge in all the magnificence of the Munich gallery, we hope he will at least take a hint from it to prevent in future that terrible "flooring" system, of which both exhibitors and visitors have so much reason to complain; as for the squeezing and dove-tailing system, that, we suppose, will still continue to be adhered to, as it is not likely that John Bull will listen to any proposal for having silk hangings, thinking that pictures require no other hanging than that given them by hanging committees.

Irony apart, we do think that England might condescend to take a lesson from the little state of Bavaria; for if with its comparatively very limited resources, it has been able within the ten last years to carry into execution so many noble undertakings connected with the fine arts,

and having their advancement in view, it is rather mortifying to reflect how grudgingly we apply any of the public money to such purposes. It is true that we have made a beginning, and that things are put upon a more liberal footing than formerly; still we proceed but creepingly. The British Museum, for instance, crawls on foot by foot so slowly, that unless its speed be accelerated the present generation will have passed away before it be completed; and so far we may be said to build for posterity, rather than for ourselves. We have now done with our splenetic remarks, having no room to indulge in them any further; nor even room to speak as we could wish to do of the vast hoards of art in pictures, with which many other collections besides that of the Pinacothek are stocked. Our promise to give some description of the Museum at Berlin remains to be fulfilled, and we have purposely deferred our mention of that edifice till now, in order that our readers may more easily compare it with the two we have just been noticing.

Instead of being exclusively either a picture or sculpture gallery, Schinkel's building is both, and consequently differs considerably from the two at Munich. It has, however, one circumstance in common with them, namely, that of standing quite insulated, with its principle front facing the palace, and with the *Zenghahs* on one side, and the cathedral on the other, besides many other rich architectural objects within its immediate vicinity. The building itself is divided into a low basement and two upper floors, whose windows appear on three of its sides; and it forms a regular, unbroken oblong of 276 feet\* by 170. The principal façade, which is on one of the longer sides, namely, that towards the south, consists entirely of a grand colonnade of nineteen inter-columns formed by eighteen fluted Ionic pillars, forty feet high, and two very broad antæ at the angles. These columns rest upon a solid stylobate of the same height as the basement story in the other fronts, and unbroken save by the flight of steps in the centre, which occupies the width of seven inter-columns and their pillars. Within the portico, this central portion has five open inter-columns (*i. e.* four columns in antis) beyond which is a low screen with open-work bronze doors,

\* As the difference between the Berlin and English measure amounts to no more than two feet three inches and a fraction in 276 feet, it is not worth attending to, and we therefore retain the original values.



enclosing the staircase, whose upper part, thus thrown into perspective, contributes in no small degree to the picturesque magnificence of this architectural scene. Neither are the other parts of the background to the colonnade less remarkable for the taste and richness they display; for the wall on either side of this receding division, is embellished through its whole extent, by enriched fascias and other ornamental mouldings, and numerous compartments inlaid with variegated marbles, besides a series of reliefs, while the whole upper part of each wall is intended to be filled with a large painting in fresco.

Here let us pause, and ask if there be any other modern work of architecture to be paralleled with this, when all its decorations shall have been completed? What simplicity of outline, yet what variety and originality in the design! What classical feeling, combined with novel invention! What exuberant pomp, yet what refined chastity of style! Here the great German master has conceived an edifice worthy to be a palace of the arts. Liberal, but not profuse, he has arrayed it both in loveliness and splendor, and has shed around it the halo of a poetic imagination. Some of his critics, however, are of opinion that he has done rather too little than too much, and that he ought to have made all the rest of the exterior partake of the brilliancy of this façade. While we admit that our satisfaction would have been all the greater had this been the case, we must observe that it is rather imprudent to apply such a standard to modern structures, for how many façades are there which seem only to be stuck up against the rest of the building, in examining which, the eye catches a view not only of something less finished, but mean even to shabbiness. Besides, although not to be compared for splendor to the principal front, all the other sides of the Museum are, if rather more sober than they might have been, distinguished by a noble simplicity, and withal entirely of a piece. There is no offensive transition from a gorgeous to a vulgar and trivial style—nothing of that sudden breaking off or breaking down which offends us in so many of our buildings, even those of the greatest pretension. On the contrary, the continuation of the entire entablature quite round the building, and the bold antæ at each angle, preserve sufficient consistency; while the beautiful proportions and finished elegance of all the other features entitle it to more than simple approbation. These fronts, in fact, possess

so much merit, that of themselves alone they would be reckoned singularly tasteful specimens of architecture.

There is yet another grand feature of the exterior, which we have not pointed out, that adds both to the importance and variety of the whole pile; and that is the low superstructure arising from the centre of the roof, formed by four ornamental screen walls, introduced for the purpose of concealing the upper part of the dome above the grand rotunda. Strange as it may seem that our architect should have recourse to any means in order to conceal such a feature, the dome would *here* have been rather a blemish than a beauty, as only a slight portion would have emerged above the roof, so that it would have had a most abortive appearance. Neither could an outer dome, supposing it would have been more in character with the rest of the design, have very well been applied, since, in order to produce any effect, it must have been raised upon a tambour very nearly as high as the present screen, and must have been so much elevated above the inner one, as nearly to exclude light.

The rotunda itself, which divides the inner area into two distinct courts, is sixty-seven feet in diameter by seventy in height, and the lower part is surrounded by a peristyle of twenty fluted columns, with foliated capitals of Grecian design. Above this peristyle runs a gallery communicating with the apartments on the upper floor. The rooms on the lower floor contain the collection of sculpture and other antiques; and the principal ones are, a large gallery upwards of 200 feet in length, and two lesser ones 123 feet each. The first of these is thirty feet wide, the others twenty-nine; and they are all divided into three equal portions or aisles by two rows of Doric columns, the same we have already noticed for the singular beauty of their decorated capitals. Above these are picture galleries of the same extent, on the upper floor; but these are partitioned off by cross screens extending from the piers between the windows, so as to form a series of cabinets, viz. eleven in the longer and seven in each of the shorter galleries. Besides the very great increase of surface thus obtained for hanging up pictures, the light is thrown more directly on the paintings themselves than it otherwise would be from side windows; and if the general *coup d'œil* be not so imposing, there is a counterbalancing advantage, inasmuch as the eye is not so bewildered, and after taking a general survey the visiter can



give his attention to the contents of one or more divisions at a time. Neither is the effect of extent entirely lost, for there is a clear space of ten feet between the screens and the back wall, whereby an uninterrupted vista is preserved from one end of the gallery to the other. In themselves, too, the screens are sufficiently ornamental; and the architect has guarded against the pictures being hung either too high or too low, having carried up these partitions only to the level of the top of the windows, or eighteen feet from the floor, so that there is still considerable open space above, between them and the ceiling.

Greatly as we feel inclined to speak of some of Schinkel's other works—among them of the no less singular than beautiful façade of the noble mansion lately built by him for M. Feilner at Berlin—the length which this article has already reached warns to lay down the pen. We trust that such brief glimpses of his merits as we have been able to afford, will be thought in some measure to justify the encomiastic tone in which we have spoken of the Berlin architect. At the same time we are very sensible that we must seem to many of our readers to have indulged in hyperbole. Schinkel's poetry is of a kind which does not admit of extracts or quotations being made from it, that would carry with them self-evidence of their beauty; while, to say nothing of its being apt to prove tedious, the most exact description can convey only general ideas as to a plan or composition.

Unless we are greatly mistaken, his designs and those of Klenze require only to be known in this country in order to obtain admirers, and to find, we will not say imitators, but emulators; for works of this stamp are well calculated, if any thing be so, to direct an architect's ideas into a fresh and vigorous current, and thereby lead to originality of style. We do not speak thus unadvisedly, but rather from positive experience, judging of the effect they are likely to have on others from that which they have produced on ourselves; for we must acknowledge that we have derived more instruction from Schinkel as to the copiousness and variety of which architecture is susceptible, and as to the real spirit of antique art when applied to modern purposes, than we had previously derived from all the other modern examples we are acquainted with.

The appearance of Mrs. Jameson's "Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad," just as this sheet is going to

press, makes it imperative on us to notice, that such ample descriptions of the two Galleries and other buildings at Munich, will be found in that work, that had her volumes made their appearance earlier, we should, while speaking of the Glyptothek, &c., have had occasion to do little more than refer our readers to them. We may now do so for those particulars which did not immediately belong to our subject, and also for her very interesting account of the new Palace, and one or two other edifices, which our limits oblige us to content ourselves with merely naming. We may add too, that the reader will hardly fail to be interested in the details which Mrs. Jameson gives of Von Klenze himself, derived from personal acquaintance. Among other things, she informs us that he actually made the astonishing number of more than *seven hundred* drawings with his own hands for the Palace alone! Her whole account of Munich and its treasures of art is delightfully written, and will, we have no doubt, tend to accelerate the fulfilment of our prediction at the commencement of this article. While the pen is in our hand, we may also observe, that in his recently published "Suggestions for the Architectural Improvement of the Western Part of the Metropolis," Mr. Sidney Smirke pays an exceedingly handsome compliment to the two Galleries at Munich. Indeed, so far from being exaggerated, our own commendations are quite temperate, compared with the panegyrical admiration we have lately heard expressed by those who have visited the Bavarian capital on their way home from Italy, while their imagination was yet filled with all the "glories" of the Eternal City.

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ART. V.—*Impressions de Voyage*. Par Alexander Dumas. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1834.

THESE very amusing sketches of travel were originally contributions to some of the Paris periodicals, and in consequence of the great interest they excited, have been collected into two volumes, of which we have as yet only seen the first. The charm of the work is the reckless negligence of the author. Alexander Dumas, a romanticist of the wildest school, neither cares what he says, nor how he says it: Don Juan is perfect consistency, and Tristram Shandy logical sequence, con-



pared to his Travels. While your eyes become watery over deep tragedy, you have scarcely time to clear the sight when they are again dimmed by laughter over the broadest farce. Nothing comes amiss to him; a theory of the earth jostles against a description of ladies' petticoats; a lament over Napoleon mingles with the account of a hunting match; learned dissertations from the old chronicles unite with the discussion of the latest fashions; and Parisian belles dancing the galopade lead us into the charnal-house of St. Bernard. Much of this is naturally revolting to the sober English taste, but a hearty laugh has been of late so rare an indulgence, that we feel disposed to pardon our author's eccentricities, or at least to view them with that mixture of complacency and wonder that Bruin shows to Jacko when first the bear and monkey are introduced to each other's acquaintance.

Many of the anomalies that we staid and unenthusiastic islanders find in Dumas must of course be attributed to the national character of our excitable neighbors, but many more are the necessary result of the circumstances that moulded his early life. Of these he has recently published a sketch which ranks among the most interesting specimens of literary autobiography. Some extracts from it will form a very appropriate introduction to his Travels.

"I was about twenty years old, when my mother came into my room one morning; she embraced me with tears, and said, 'My dear boy, I am going to sell all we have to pay our debts.' 'Well, mother?' 'Well, child, when our debts are paid we shall have only two hundred and fifty-three francs left.' 'Of income?' My mother smiled bitterly. 'In all?' I resumed. 'In all?' 'Well, mother, I shall this evening take fifty-three francs, and start for Paris.' 'And what will you do there, my poor boy?' 'I will see my father's\* friends--the Duke of Belluno,

minister of war--Sebastiani, as powerful by his opposition as others by their favor. My father, an elder general than any of them, and who commanded three armies, has seen them all under his orders. We have there a letter from Belluno, acknowledging that he was indebted to my father for the favor of Napoleon; a letter from Sebastiani, thanking him for having procured for him a share in the Egyptian expedition; letters from Jourdan, Kellermann, and even Bernadotte himself. I will go to Sweden if it be necessary, find out the king, and appeal to his reminiscences as a soldier.' 'And what will become of me in the mean time?' 'You are right; be quiet, I shall not need to travel beyond Paris, and so I shall set off this evening.' 'Do what you please,' said my mother, embracing me a second time; 'it is, perhaps, a divine impulse.' She went out; I sprang to the foot of my bed, proud rather than sad at the news I had just heard. I was now in my turn to be good for something; to repay to my mother, not the kindness she had lavished on me, that was impossible, but to spare her the daily torments that anxiety brings with it--to comfort her old age by my toils. A thousand projects, a thousand hopes floated through my mind: I was sure of obtaining all I asked when I should declare what depended on my prospects. 'What I ask is for my mother, the widow of your old comrade--for my mother, my excellent mother!'

"Born at Villers-Coteret, a little town with about two thousand inhabitants, it may easily be guessed that the resources for my education were not very great. A worthy *abbé*, loved and respected by every body, had for five or six years given me lessons in Latin, and made me complete some French *bouts-rimés*. With regard to Arithmetic, three school-masters in succession had given up the task of driving the first four rules into my head; to make amends, I had a good rural education, that is to say, I rode every horse in the neighborhood, walked frequently twelve leagues to dance at a ball, fenced well, was a good marksman with a pistol, played rackets admirably, and seldom missed a hare or partridge at thirty paces. My preparations being made, a work that did not require much time, I went to announce to all my acquaintances my departure for Paris.

"In the coffee-room belonging to the coach-office, there happened to be an old friend of my father; he had besides this friendship felt some gratitude to our family, for having been once wounded in the chase, he was brought to our house, and the attentions he received from my mother and sister were never effaced from his memory. Deriving great influence from his fortune and his probity, he had carried by storm the election of General Foy, his old companion at college. He offered me a letter to the honorable deputy; I took it, embraced him, and went to bid farewell to my worthy *abbé*; he approved my resolution, took leave of me with tears in his eyes, and when I asked him for advice, which he had not offered, he opened the Bible and pointed to these words: *Do unto others as you would they should do unto you.*

"That very evening I set off, and on my arrival in Paris stopped at a very modest hotel in the *Rue St. Germain l'Auxerrois*, convinced that society was calumniated, that the world was a garden of golden flowers, and that like Ali Baba, I had only to pronounce SESAME to cleave the rocks. That very evening I wrote to the minister of war to ask an audience, detailing to him my paternal claims to such a favor, delicately suppressing the kindness he had received from my father, of which a letter that I brought with me afforded undeniable proofs. I went to sleep and

\* His father was a mulatto, born in St. Domingo in 1762, (the natural son of the Marquis de la Pailleterie by a negress), and educated in France. In 1786 he entered the army as a private in the Queen's regiment of Dragoons, distinguished himself very early in the Revolution, and rose by the main force of his extraordinary bravery and intrepidity to the rank of general of division in September, 1793. He afterwards commanded in chief in the Pyrenees, the Alps, and La Vendée; and distinguished himself in the subsequent campaigns in Italy and Germany. After the peace of Campo Formio he followed Bonaparte into Egypt, where he added to his laurels. On his return to Europe, the vessel in which he was a passenger was driven by a storm into Tarentum: the Neapolitan government, being then at war with France, seized him, and confined him for two years as a prisoner in a damp dungeon, along with the celebrated mineralogist, Dolomieu. The effect of this confinement was such upon his constitution as to condemn him to inactivity for the remainder of his days, which, after several years' languor and suffering, were terminated in 1807, at the early age of forty-five. He possessed extraordinary

strength, and notwithstanding his copper tint, was looked upon as one of the finest men in the French army.



dreamed of the Arabian nights. Next morning I bought the Directory of twenty-five thousand addresses, and proceeded to action.

"My first visit was to Marshal Jourdan. He had a very vague recollection that there had been a General called Alexander Dumas, but he never remembered to have heard that he had a son. In spite of all I could say, I left him at the end of ten minutes very dubious of my existence. I went next to General Sebastiani. He was in his cabinet; four or five secretaries were writing at his dictation, each of whom had on his desk, besides his pens, ink and paper, a rich gold snuff-box, which he presented open to the General, whenever he stopped before him. The General delicately introduced his fore-finger and thumb, voluptuously sniffed the Spanish snuff, and resumed his walk through the room. My visit was short; notwithstanding my high respect for the General, I felt that I had no vocation for the office of snuff-bearer in ordinary.

"I returned to my hotel: my golden dreams were vanished. I took up my Directory and turning over the leaves, met a name, which I had so often heard my mother mention with warm praise, that I bounded for joy; it was that of General Verdier, who had served under my father in Egypt. I at once took a guide to the *Rue du Faubourg-Montmartre*, where he resided. 'General Verdier?' I asked of the porter—'Fourth floor, the small door on the left.'—I made him repeat the direction, but found I was not mistaken. 'By Jove,' said I, as I went up the stair-case, 'here is one that does not resemble the liveried lacqueys of Marshal Jourdan, nor General Sebastiani's Swiss.'—General Verdier, fourth floor, the little door to the left—this man assuredly will remember my father.' I got up; a modest green cord hung by the door, I rang the bell, waiting this third trial to form my opinions respecting mankind. The door opened, a man about sixty appeared; he wore a cap bordered with fur, a loose coat and pantaloons reaching to his ancles: in one hand he held a pallet covered with paints of different colors, and a painting-brush in the other. I thought I had made a mistake, and began looking at the other door. 'What do you want, sir?' said he—'To present my respects to General Verdier, but I probably have made some mistake.'—'Not at all, there is no mistake, this is the place.' I entered his *atelier*. 'Permit me, sir,' said the gentleman in the cap, placing himself before a battle-piece whose painting I had interrupted.—'Willingly,' I replied, 'if you will only tell me where I shall find the General.' He turned round.—'Why, I am the person.'—'You!' I fixed my eyes on him with such a stare of surprise, that he burst out laughing. 'General,' I said, 'in me you behold the son of your old comrade in Egypt, Alexander Dumas.' He regarded me with fixed attention, and after a minute's pause said, 'Yes; true—you are his living image.' Tears sprang to his eyes, and throwing away his brush, he extended me a hand which I felt desirous to kiss rather than grasp. 'Well, what brings you to Paris, my poor boy,' he continued, 'for, if I remember right, you lived in some village or other with your mother.'—'True, General; but my mother grows old and we are poor.'—'Two songs whose tune I know well,' he muttered to himself.—'So I have come to Paris in the hope of obtaining some small place which would enable me to support her as she supported me.'—'That is well done; but places are not easy to be had in these days; they are sought after by a crowd of nobles, whose claims are deemed paramount.'—'But, General, I reckoned on your protection.'—'Humph!'—I repeated my assertion.—'On my protection?' he smiled bitterly. 'My poor child, if you wish to take lessons in painting, my protection will go so far as to give them to you, and yet you will not be worth much unless you

surpass your master. My protection! Well, you are probably the only person that would have asked for it.'—'What do you mean?'—'Have not these fellows sent me adrift under the pretence of I know not what conspiracy! So that, as you see, I have turned painter. Now, if you wish to do so'—'Thanks, General! but I have no taste, and the apprenticeship would be very long.'—'Well, my friend, this is all that I can offer; oh, yes, there is the half of my purse, I did not think of it, for it is scarcely worth the trouble.'—He opened the drawer of his desk, which contained, I think, two pieces of gold, and about forty francs in silver.—'Thanks, General,' I replied in tears, 'I am nearly as rich as you; but give me some advice on the steps I should take.'—'Oh, as much of that as you please; let us see what you propose.'—He took up his brush and resumed his painting.—'I have written to Marshal the Duke of Belluno.'—The General at the same time shading the figure of a Cossack, made a grimace, which might be translated by, 'My poor boy, if that is your only dependence.'—'I have besides,' said I, answering his thought, 'a letter of introduction to General Foy, deputy for our department.'—'Ah! that is quite another affair; wait not for the minister's answer, my child; take your letter to General Foy, be assured he will receive you well. In the mean time will you dine with me? We will chat about your father.'—'Most willingly, General!'—'Well, come at six o'clock.' I took my leave of General Verdier.

"The next day I went to see the honorable General and upright Deputy (Foy.) When the door of his sanctuary opened, he turned round and fixing his eyes upon me with his usual vivacity, said, 'M. Alexander Dumas?'—'Yes, General.'—'Are you the son of the commander of the army of the Alps?'—'Yes, General.'—'He was a gallant soldier. Can I be useful to you in any way? It would give me great pleasure.'—'I feel much obliged for the interest you take in my fortunes, I have brought you a letter from Monsieur Danzé.'—'Let us see what my good friend says.' He read the letter. 'Ah, he recommends you to me very earnestly; he must love you very sincerely.'—'As his son.'—'Well, let us see what we can do with you.'—'Whatever you please, General.'—'We must first find out what you are good for.'—'Oh, not for much.'—'We shall see—you know a little mathematics?'—'No, General.'—At least you have some notion of algebra? Geometry? Natural Philosophy?' He paused between every word; and at each word I felt the perspiration dripping from my brow. 'No, General,' I stammered out; he perceived my embarrassment.—'You know Greek and Latin.'—'A little.'—'Do you speak any of the living languages?'—'Italian, very well; German, very badly.'—'I will get you a place at Lafitte's then. Doubtless, you understand accounts.'—'Not the least in the world; Oh, General!' I continued, 'my education has been neglected, but I will repair my deficiencies, I give you my word of honor.'—'But in the mean time, my friend, have you the means of livelihood.'—'I have nothing!' I exclaimed, overwhelmed by my feelings of utter helplessness.—'Give me your address,' said he, 'I will think of what can be done for you.' I wrote. 'We are safe,' he exclaimed, 'you write a good hand.' I had, indeed, this *brevet* of incapacity: I hid my face in my hands. General Foy continued without perceiving my thoughts; 'Listen, I dine to-day with the Duke of Orleans (present King of the French), I will speak to him about you. Draw out a petition.' I obeyed, he folded it up, and having penciled a few notes in the margin, put it in his pocket; then extending his hand to me as a mark of friendship, he invited me to breakfast with him the next morning.

"On my return to my hotel, I found a letter from the Duke of Belluno, who, not having time to receive



me, requested me to state my wishes in writing. I replied that I asked an audience, only to place in his hands the letter of thanks he had written to my father; but that not being able to see him, I enclosed a copy. The next morning I went to the residence of General Foy, who was now my only hope. 'Well,' said he, with a smiling countenance, 'your affair is settled, you are to be a supernumerary secretary to the Duke of Orleans, with a salary of twelve hundred francs; it is no very large sum, but you will work hard to improve it.'—'It is a fortune, and when shall I be installed?'—'This very day if you please.'—'Permit me to tell my mother the good news.'—'Yes; sit down there,' I wrote to her, to sell all she had left, and come to join me; when I had finished, I turned to the General; he was regarding me with a look of inexpressible benevolence. This reminded me that I had not even thanked him. I leaped upon his neck and embraced him. He laughed heartily."

We shall not follow Dumas through his subsequent career as a politician, because we are weary of politics, nor as a dramatist, because we shall take some better opportunity of examining his dramatic powers; but having introduced "the man" to our readers, we shall ask them to accompany him on his travels.

Dumas visited Lyons at the period when the youth of the French Manchester had risen against their seniors, and resolved to establish a Lyonnese literature, before which the Parisian should hide its diminished head. We have had in our own days so many tragic revolutions at Lyons, that we rejoice to meet with a touch of the comic, and, therefore, hasten to give our readers an incident from the war between literature and commerce.

"During the last five or six years, Lyons has maintained a gallant struggle against the commercial spirit, in order to obtain a literature. Truly, I admired the wondrous constancy of the young artists that have devoted their lives to this overwhelming work; they are miners tracing a thread of gold through a mass of granite; every blow they strike scarcely removes a particle of the rock they attack, and yet, thanks to their persevering toil, the new literature has acquired at Lyons the right of citizenship which it begins to enjoy. One anecdote out of a thousand will show the influence that commercial prejudice exercises over the Lyonnese merchants in matters of art.

"The drama of *Antony* was acted before a numerous audience, and as has sometimes happened to that piece, in the midst of a very violent opposition. A merchant and his daughter were in a front box, and near him one of the enterprising authors I have mentioned. The father at first took a lively interest in the drama, but after the scene between Antony and the mistress of the inn, his enthusiasm manifestly cooled; his daughter, on the contrary, had from that moment felt an increasing emotion, which in the last act burst into a passion of tears. When the curtain fell, the father, who had exhibited visible signs of impatience during the last two acts, perceiving his daughter's tears, said, 'Bless me, what a stupid girl you must be to allow yourself to be affected by such utter nonsense.'

"Ah, papa, it is not my fault," replied the poor girl, quite confused, 'forgive me, I know that it is very ridiculous.'

"Ridiculous! yes, ridiculous is the proper phrase; for my part, I cannot comprehend how any one could be interested by such monstrous improbabilities."

"Good heavens, papa! it is just because I find it so perfectly true."

"True, child! can you have paid any attention to the plot?"

"I have not lost a single incident."

"Well—in the third act Antony buys a post-chaise—is it not so?"

"Yes; I remember it."

"And pays ready money down on the nail."

"I remember it very well."

"Well; he never took a receipt for it,"—pp. 72—75.

The Lyonnese character is illustrated by another whimsical incident. A railroad passes through a very narrow tunnel, and to prevent accidents a placard was put up, declaring "It is forbidden to pass under this archway under pain of being crushed by the carriages." Not a soul paid the least attention to the warning. The authorities were forced to make a second proclamation with a different penalty, "It is forbidden to pass under this archway under pain of being fined." Thenceforward the tunnel was as deserted as Hyde Park in a hail-storm.

From Lyons, Dumas proceeded to Geneva, the toy-shop of Europe, the metropolis of smugglers, and the plague of the French police. Custom-house officers, if they had the eyes of Argus, and the hands of Briareus, would be baffled by the "free-traders" of Geneva. The French officers are among the most vigilant in the world, but even they are so completely baffled that smuggled goods are publicly insured at the moderate rate of five per cent.

"The most fashionable of the jewelry warehouses in Geneva is beyond doubt that of Mr. Beauté; it is difficult even to dream of a collection more rich in those thousand wonders that win the female heart; they are sufficient to turn the head of every Parisian lady, and make Cleopatra jump with envy in her tomb.

"These *bijoux* are subjected to a heavy duty on their entrance into France; but for an insurance of five per cent. Mr. Beauté undertakes to smuggle them; the bargain between the buyer and seller is made as publicly as if there were neither custom-houses nor custom-house officers in the world. It is true that Mr. Beauté possesses marvellous address in baffling these harpies: one anecdote out of a thousand will show how justly he is entitled to this compliment.

"When the Count de St. Cricq was director-general of the customs, he heard so much of the ingenuity that baffled the vigilance of his agents, that he resolved to ascertain personally if these reports were true. He went to Geneva, presented himself at Beauté's warehouse, and bought jewelry to the amount of 30,000 francs, on condition that it should be sent duty-free to his residence in Paris. Mr. Beauté accepted the conditions like a man accustomed to such bargains; he merely presented the purchaser with a private bond, stipulating that he should pay five per cent. for insurance. The latter smiled, took the pen, and subscribed *De St. Cricq*,



director-general of the French customs, and then handed the paper to Mr. Beaulté. The merchant looked at the signature, and making a low bow, simply said 'Monsieur director-general of customs, the articles which you have done me the honor of purchasing, shall be in Paris as soon as yourself.' The Count felt himself thrown on his mettle; he scarce gave himself time to dine, when he ordered post-horses, and was on the road an hour after the bargain was concluded.

"As he passed the frontiers, the Count made himself known to the officers who came to search his baggage; told their chief of the recent transaction, recommended the most active vigilance along the entire line, and promised a reward of thirty *louis d'or* to the officer who should discover the prohibited goods. Not a single officer got a wink of sleep during the next three days.

"In the mean time the Count reaches Paris, alights at his residence, embraces his wife and children, and goes up to his dressing-room to change his travelling attire.

"The first thing he sees on his mantel piece is a beautiful box, of singular workmanship, with whose appearance he was unacquainted. He goes over to examine it, and reads on a silver plate 'To M. the Count de St. Crieg, director-general of French customs;' he opens it—and finds the jewelry he had purchased in Geneva.

"Beaulté had a secret understanding with the waiters of the inn, and, they while aiding the Count's servants to pack his baggage, had slipped in the prohibited box. On their arrival in Paris, the Count's *valet de chambre*, seeing the beauty of the casket, and the particularity of its direction, had carried it direct to his master's apartment. 'The director-general of the customs was the chief smuggler of the kingdom.'—pp. 94—98.

The tombs in the cathedral of Lausanne are illustrated with abundance of ancient learning and modern scandal. Of the latter, the following is no bad specimen:

"Among the modern tombs are those of the Princess Catherine Orloff and Lady Stratford Canning: on account of his profound grief, Lord Stratford obtained permission that his wife should be buried in the cathedral. He wrote to Canova, ordering a splendid tomb, requesting the sculptor to complete it as soon as possible. The monument was sent at the end of five months, and arrived the morning after the disconsolate husband had found a remedy for grief in the arms of a second wife."—p. 116.

At Villanueva, Dumas witnessed an extraordinary kind of trout fishing, quite new to him, and probably new to most of our readers. The entire account is too long to be extracted, but we shall select a few characteristic passages.

"We found the fish at dinner so delicious that we asked to have some for our breakfast the next morning. Scarcely had we expressed these gastronomic desires, when the mistress of the house summoned an attendant of about eighteen or twenty years of age, who discharged in the inn the various functions of butler, scullion, waiter, and 'boots.' He came half asleep and received the order, in spite of some very expressive frowns, the only opposition that the poor devil dared offer to his mistress' commands; 'Go, you idle knave,' said she to Maurice, for so this functionary was named, 'take your lantern and bill-hook, and be quick.'

"A lantern and bill-hook to fish with! From that moment it was all over with Maurice, for I was seiz-

ed with an irresistible desire of seeing fishing managed like faggot-making.

"Maurice heaved a profound sigh; for he thought that he had no hope but in God, and God had seen him so often in the same predicament without extricating him, that there was little chance of a miracle in his favor.

"He took then, with the energy of despair, a bill-hook which hung in the midst of the kitchen utensils, and a lantern of such singular shape that it merits a detailed description. It was a globe of horn, like the round lamps we suspend from our ceilings, to which was fixed a tin tube about a yard long, of the thickness and shape of a broom-handle. As the globe was hermetically closed, the wick which burned in the inside received air only through the tube, and could neither be extinguished by the wind nor the rain.

"Are you coming then?" said Maurice, having made his preparations, and seeing me getting ready to follow.

"Assuredly," I replied, 'this mode of fishing appears to me very original.'

"Aye, aye," grumbled he between his teeth, 'it is very original to see a poor devil groping in water up to his waist, when he ought to be asleep in hay up to his chin. Will you take a bill-hook and lantern, and fish likewise, it will be then still more original.'—p. 136—138.

The voice of his mistress, sounding in the distance like the muttered thunder before a storm, cut short the dialogue. Away started Maurice at full speed, pursued by Dumas, eager to learn the mode of fishing with a lantern and bill-hook. Maurice had got a considerable start; his waving light in the distance looked like an *ignis fatuus*, and was just as treacherous a guide: ere Dumas had advanced many paces, he tripped over some harness and rolled in the dust and gravel, deriving from the former a complete covering from head to foot, while the latter converted his hands into as pretty a piece of mosaic as could be desired. Maurice was with difficulty induced to halt, and his consolation to the unfortunate traveller was the moral lesson—

"See now the consequence of going fishing a half-past nine at night."—p. 142.

They soon reached a mountain stream, issuing from a distant bed of snow, and Maurice, to the great surprise of his companion, began gravely to strip, and invited Dumas to follow his example:

"Are you really going into the water?" said I.

"How can you have trout for your breakfast if I do not catch it?"

"But I have no intention of fishing."

"You came to see me fish, did you not?"

"Certainly."

"Well then, off with your pantaloons—but perhaps you had rather wade with pantaloons—you are free to do so—there is no disputing about taste."

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"This water is frozen!" said I.

"It comes from the bed of snow, about half a league off," he replied, missing the force of my exclamation.



"But, Maurice—I will not hear of your going into this water."

"Did you not say that you wished for trout at breakfast to-morrow morning?"

"Certainly," I replied, "but I did not know that the gratification of my whim would require that a man, that you, Maurice, should go up to your middle in this icy stream, at the risk of dying of dysentery within a week—Come away, Maurice, come away."

"And what will the mistress say?"

"I take all that upon myself—Come away."

"That cannot be," said Maurice, stepping into the water.

"How cannot be?"

"Certainly. You are not the only traveller fond of trout."—pp. 145–149.

Maurice then proceeds to deliver a philippic against the perversity of travellers' tastes; they love trout, and hence he is driven at the risk of life, to fish by night in snow-water; they love the chamois, and in consequence, Maurice's fellow-servant, Peter, is forced to risk his neck over frightful precipices. Dumas indulges in some very profound reflections on the condition of humanity, but his reveries are interrupted by the extraordinary fishery he witnesses:

"During this time, Maurice, who had no suspicion of the reflections his conversation suggested, had waded up to his middle in the stream, and commenced a fishery, of which I had before no notion, and which I would scarcely have believed possible had I not witnessed it. The lantern with its long tube was designed to explore the bed of the torrent, whilst the pipe rising above the surface of the water afforded sufficient air to support the flame of the wick. In this manner, the bed of the stream was revealed by a circle of weak and wavering light, diminishing in brilliancy as it receded from the luminous centre. The trout within the circle, attracted by the light, swam towards the globe like moths fluttering round a candle; then Maurice slowly lifted the lamp with his left hand, while the fish followed the light; as each trout came to the surface, Maurice struck it so adroitly with his bill hook on the head, that it fell stunned to the bottom, whence it soon rose dead and bloody, and was immediately removed to the pouch which Maurice wore like a game-bag suspended from his shoulders."—p. 151.

Dumas attempted to imitate Maurice; he caught—one small trout, and a very bad cold.

We pass with some reluctance over the visit to the salt mines of Bex, in order to arrive at Martigny, and have our share in the bear-steak, or as our traveller rather Hibernically terms it, *le beef-steak d'ours*, furnished by a liberal host. Dumas at first was rated very low by mine host, because he was a pedestrian whose attire bore evident marks of service; but he won favor by means which we fear would have failed to propitiate the keeper of a hotel in England. But let us give the scene, instead of describing it.

"Will Monsieur take a guide to show him the castle, and explain to him the era of its foundation?"

"Thanks; I can find my road alone; with respect to the age of your castle, it was founded by Peter of Savoy, surnamed the Great, if I remember right, towards the close of the twelfth century."

"Monsieur knows our history as well as we do."

"I thanked him for his intention, as he manifestly thought that he was paying a compliment."

"Oh!" he resumed, "our country was famous formerly; it had a Latin name, sustained great wars, and was the residence of a Roman emperor."

"Yes," replied I, allowing learning to flow from my lips like the professor in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. "Yes, Martigny is the Octodurum of the Celts, and its present inhabitants are descended from the Veragrians, of whom Cæsar, Pliny, Strabo, and Livy, speak, calling them Semi-Germans. About fifty years before Jesus Christ, Sergius Galba, the Lieutenant of Cæsar, was besieged there by the Sedunians. It was there the tyrant Maximian wished to make his army sacrifice to the heathen deities, which caused the martyrdom of St. Maurice, and the entire Theban legion. Finally, when Petronius, the prætorian prefect was charged to divide Gaul into seventeen provinces, he separated the *Valais* from Italy, and made your town the capital of the Pennine Alps.—Is it not so, my good host?"—pp. 186–189.

The host was stupefied with admiration; he gazed on the traveller as Meg Merrilies may be supposed to have done on Guy Mannering when he delivered his celebrated lecture on astrology, and had not recovered his speech until the historian had reached the street. There Dumas heard the room ordered for him which the Empress Maria Louisa had occupied in 1829; no trifling reward for his literature, as those can well testify who have had the misfortune of becoming acquainted with the nameless abominations of ordinary Swiss beds.

After a long excursion, Dumas returned to the inn fatigued and hungry. He found the *table d'hôte* occupied, but the effects of his pedantic display were visible in a separate table, on which was laid that delicacy which Apicius himself might envy—a *filet d'ours*. Dumas, to whom the name of bear recalled the association which the Nevilles of Warwick placed in their coat of arms, "the bear and ragged staff," hesitated, before venturing on the unknown luxury. The first morsel was swallowed, the second disappeared, and so delicious was it found, that Dumas could not forbear exclaiming:

"How, can this be bear's flesh?"

"Yes, just bear's flesh."

"Really?"

"On my word of honor."

"Well, it is really excellent."—p. 194.

The host was called away to the other table, and Dumas did that justice to his steak, which might be expected from one whose carnivorous prowess had led to his being described as "the Englishman who spoke French very well." Three-fourths of the



dish had disappeared, when mine host returned and resumed the conversation:

"That animal with which you are engaged was a famous beast."

"I assented by a nod."

"He weighed three hundred and twenty."

"A good weight," I did not lose a single mouthful.

"He was not obtained without trouble, I can assure you."

"I can easily believe it," I raised the last morsel to my mouth.

"The fine fellow ate half of the hunter that killed him."

"The morsel flew from my mouth as if shot from a cannon. 'Devil take you!' said I, turning round 'for joking in this way with a man at dinner.'

"It is no joke, I assure you, but a positive fact,"

—p. 197.

Mine host then gives his guest so graphic a picture of the bear-hunt, that long before the conclusion of his story all feelings of squeamishness are forgotten.

We should gladly accompany our tourist in his ascent to Mont Blanc, had not the name become so hackneyed by recent travellers that we rarely hear it pronounced without a yawn. The visit to the hospice of St. Bernard begins in farce and ends in tragedy, an arrangement with which we feel dissatisfied, and therefore we make our bow to Alexander Dumas, saying with sincerity:

—————Long live he!  
And when he next shall ride abroad,  
May we be there to see!

ART. VI.—Goethe's *Nachgelassene Werke* (Goethe's Posthumous Works.) Bände VI. to XV. Stuttgart and Tübingen. 1833.

THE arrival, unaccountably late, of the last Delivery (*Lieferung*) of Goethe's Posthumous Works, at length enables us to continue and finish our account of them. Ten volumes, we fairly own, seem rather too much to be despatched in an article; but it must be borne in mind that they are principally made up of detached pieces of poetry and prose—the poetry mostly lyrical, the prose mostly critical notices of books or productions in art—which it would be useless to attempt describing otherwise than *en masse* in any case. The same causes, therefore, which in our remarks on the first Delivery laid us under the necessity of confining ourselves almost exclusively to a single volume (that containing the Second Part of Faust,) will

compel us in the present instance to render a single volume (the one containing the new *Dichtung und Wahrheit*) the staple of our article, since, it is really the only one of the set which possesses the two essential qualities of continuity and interest. This, however, will appear more clearly as we proceed.

The sixth volume contains a collection of criticisms on classical and foreign (other than German) literature, in the following order: Greek, French, English, Italian, Oriental.

The subjects discussed under the head of Greek Literature, are: Parody amongst the Ancients; the Tragic Tetralogy of the Greeks; the disputed passage in Aristotle as to the object of tragedy; Plato considered as cotemporary with a Christian revelation; the Phædon and the Bacchanals of Euripides; and "Homer once again." "From my youth upwards," says Goethe, "have I striven to familiarize myself as much as possible with Grecian art and the Grecian spirit, and I am assured by persons to be depended upon that I have succeeded pretty well." This is proved by the essays now before us, but there is nothing well adapted, by comprehensiveness of view or striking originality, for a specimen.

The French department contains, first, a curious paper on *Rameau's Nephew*; a dialogue freely discussing the characters and literary pretensions of the principal French writers of the eighteenth century, originally composed in French by Diderot, and translated into German at Schiller's suggestion by Goethe from a manuscript copy prior to its publication in France, which threw for a length of time a strong shade of doubt upon the authorship.\* Most of the other papers relate to French translations or adaptations of Goethe's works, which, soon after the publication of Madame de Staël's Germany, began to be studied in France with a zeal little inferior to that at present prevailing in England. One of Ladvocat's most praiseworthy and public spirited undertakings, was a collection of the principal dramatic works of all nations; and three octavo volumes were devoted to Goethe, who speaks with high praise of the execution. He also warmly commends the illustrations of Faust by Lacroix, published as an accompaniment to Mr. Stapfer's translation. A few pages are devoted to the *Livre des Cent et Un*, and there is

\* See the work characterized in the article on *Diderot*, in our eleventh vol. p. 312.



a short notice of Taschereau's *Life of Molière*, which formed the subject of one of Sir Walter Scott's (we presume we may now say) delightful articles for this journal.\*

The papers on English matters which have been deemed worthy of republication, are on the following subjects: Don Juan, Manfred, Cain, Goethe's relations with Lord Byron, Scott's Napoleon, Carlyle's *Life of Schiller*, Carlyle's German Romance, Moir's Translation of *Wallenstein*, the Edinburgh, Foreign, and Foreign Quarterly Reviews, the Foreign Quarterly Review for July 1827, (No. I.) and Mr. Hood's Whims and Oddities.

The paper of Don Juan is prefaced by a translation (not a very successful one) of the first five stanzas, and after speaking in the highest terms of the power displayed in the poem, concludes with the following odd apology for his recommendation of it: "Upon closer consideration, however, perhaps no particular injury to morality is any longer to be apprehended from reprints of such poems, since poets and writers must work wonders, to be more injurious to morals than the journals of the day." The paper on Manfred (which Goethe speaks of as originated by Faust) is principally remarkable for a strange instance of the writer's credulity. He relates, apparently with implicit faith in the anecdote, of Lord Byron, that the noble poet in early youth had gained the affections of a Florentine lady, whose husband discovered the intrigue and murdered her, but was himself found dead the very same night in the street, leaving no mark or sign by which the assassin could be traced. Lord Byron, so goes the story, fled from Florence, and was haunted all the rest of his life by the spectres of the slain. We have heard, on good authority, that nothing pleased Lord Byron better than to be thus identified with one of his favorite heroes, the Giaour. The notice of Cain consists of a translation of part of an article in the *Moniteur*, with a short analysis and a few laudatory remarks. It concludes rather singularly: "Here a fair friend, talented, and united with me in high esteem for Byron, exclaimed: every thing that can be said, religious or moral, in the world, is contained in the three last words of the piece."

The paper headed "Relations to Byron," give a pleasing account of the relations which actually subsisted between the two poets. It seems that, from the time

Byron first grew into fame, Goethe had followed his career with the deepest interest, and that Byron on his part was inspired with vivid feelings of admiration for Goethe; though, not knowing German, he must have taken the larger part of his great cotemporary's claims to immortality upon trust. It was Byron's original intention to dedicate *Sardanapalus* to Goethe; and a copy of the intended dedication was actually forwarded to Weimar, where a lithographed fac simile of it still exists. This intention, from some unknown cause, was dropped, but the promised compliment was subsequently paid by the dedication of *Werner*, which runs thus: "To the illustrious Goethe, by one of his humblest admirers, this Tragedy is dedicated," a mark of attention which Goethe sought the earliest opportunity to reciprocate. When, therefore, in the spring of 1823, a young Englishman,\* described in the book before us as of pleasing exterior and agreeable manners, arrived at Weimar on his way from Genoa, bringing with him a few lines of introduction from Lord Byron to Goethe, and a report about the same time began to circulate that the noble poet was about to set forth on an expedition into Greece, "longer delay seemed culpable, and three hastily composed stanzas, expressive of the most heart-felt sympathy, were despatched. They did not reach Genoa till he had left, but overtook him at Leghorn on the 24th July 1823, as he was about to set sail, just time enough to admit of a cordial and very flattering reply." This was the last communication that ever took place between them.

The article headed Scott's *Life of Napoleon*, contains only a few general remarks, seemingly intended to be prefixed to a review; remarks highly commendatory of the work, which, indeed, notwithstanding the attacks in the French journals and from other quarters, has been constantly rising in character from the year of its publication to this. The testimony of a man like Goethe, a cool dispassionate observer of events,—whose long life, as he observes, had been so distributed, that, at the age of twenty he found himself in the presence of Paoli, and at sixty in the presence of Napoleon—must also stand for something, when the general accuracy of Sir Walter's views is brought into question.

Goethe's opinion of Carlyle's *Life of Schiller* is precisely that which all competent judges have formed of it: "It is

\* Vol. ii. p. 306.

\* Mr. Sterling, late of St. Mary Hall, Oxford.



worthy of admiration how the writer has attained to a satisfying insight into the character and exalted merit of this man, so clear and so just as was hardly to be expected from the distance. Here, however, an old observation is confirmed; good-will leads to perfect knowledge. For it is precisely because the Scotchman recognises the German with cordiality, honors and loves him, that he acquires the surest knowledge of his excellent qualities, and is enabled to raise himself to a clearness, as respects his subject, which the countrymen of the great departed were in former times utterly unable to reach." The rest of the article consists of some prefatory remarks written by Goethe for the German translation of the *Life*, and a highly interesting correspondence between the author and himself.

*German Romance*, being a selection from Musæus, Tieck, Hofman, Jean Paul Richter, De la Motte Fouqué and Goethe, is another of Carlyle's works, meriting and receiving the highest praise in the course of the few pages devoted to it. His high commendation of Mr. Moir's translation of *Wallenstein* was transferred to our pages (vol. iii. p. 331) at the time of its appearance in the *Kunst und Alterthum*.

In the paper headed "Edinburgh Review, and Foreign and Foreign Quarterly Reviews," he speaks most encouragingly to ourselves; giving us credit at that time for diligence, discernment, comprehensive views, and enterprise, in an undertaking to which the enlightened men of all countries must wish well, since the main object of our publication is to bring such men better acquainted with one another, and universalize (if such a word may be hazarded) the discoveries and researches of each of them.\* The paper in our first Number, on The Supernatural in Fictitious Composition, by Sir Walter Scott, appears to have attracted the particular attention of Goethe. In his remarks on *Whims and Oddities*, he shows a sense of English humor rarely to be met with in a foreigner.

Italian literature, the fourth division of the volume, consists merely of a few general remarks on Dante, and a short announcement of a journal commenced in 1825 at Milan.

Oriental literature, the fifth division, contains a notice of *Toutinameh*, translated by Iken, with additions by Kosegarten, and a notice of the *Lied der Liebe*

(Lay of Love,) translated and illustrated by Dr. Umbreit.

Popular Poetry, the sixth and last division, contains notices of Servian poetry, including Dr. Bowring's *Translations*; as also of Bohemian, modern Greek, and Chinese poetry. The volume ends with a short paper on what he terms Individual Poetry, *i. e.* that description of poetry in which the situation or feelings of the individual are described, as (to give his own instances) Voss's *Luise*, or his own *Hermann and Dorothea*.

The seventh volume is entirely filled with short pieces of poetry under various titles, as "Youthful Verses," "Lays for Lovers," "Holiday Verses," "Verses on Pictures," "Dedication and Remembrance Verses," "Zahme Xenien," &c. &c., many of them of striking beauty, and almost all remarkable for graceful ease and idiomatic felicity.\*

The eighth volume is, in our opinion, by a great deal the most interesting of the set, as it contains another part of the *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, the title by which it was the author's pleasure to designate his autobiography. The earlier parts are principally known in this country by a translation published in 1824 under the title of *Memoirs of Goethe*, and a critical abstract of the original in the Edinburgh Review. Unfortunately for Goethe, the translator did not understand a word of German, and translated from a very bad French translation, while the critic seems to have made it his main object to render the poet ridiculous. It is currently related, though we cannot vouch for the anecdote, that Goethe, to express in the strongest manner his contempt for the article, caused it to be reprinted in Germany, with some such heading or title as the following: "This is what the English call criticism." Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that, as regards England, his confessions (they well merit the name for the frankness and fulness with which his feelings are disclosed, though in all other respects differing widely from Rousseau's,) were made under the worst possible auspices, and it may therefore be as well to assure the general reader, upon the faith of our own literary credit and veracity,

\*A tasteful selection from Goethe's lyrical poems, originally printed for private circulation, has been recently published at Eton, with remarkably well executed English and Italian translations of some of the most beautiful. The public are indebted for this elegant little work to the Rev. E. C. Hawtrey, of Eton college, one of the most accomplished scholars of the day. It is intitled *Auswahl von Goethe's lyrischen Gedichten. Zweite Ausgabe*.

\* May we hope that the public appreciation of our labor during a seven years' career, has ratified the mood of approbation bestowed upon them by this great man, at its very commencement?



that they really form a most amusing and instructive book; abounding in curious anecdotes, strange adventures, vivid descriptions, acute criticisms, and animated narratives, and often placing in new, peculiar and very striking lights, not merely the writer himself, but most of the literary magnates of his day.\* In composing it, too, Goethe has constantly infringed the rule which on all other occasions he prescribed to himself—to give no explanations of the circumstances by which his works were originated, or of the allusions contained in them. The First Part, which breaks off abruptly, brings down his history to some time in 1775 or 1776: the Second Part, of which only one volume was published, contains merely his tour in Italy in 1786: the volume before us is rather a supplement than a continuation to these; its object, as explained in the preface, being “to take up again all the main threads together by degrees, and bring forward as well persons as reflections and actions, in a legitimate and sound succession.” Our own object will be to extract the most remarkable passages from the mass.

The book begins with some reflections on Spinoza, expressive of the high honor with which Goethe regarded him. So unremitting, indeed, was his study of this philosopher at an early period of life, that Herder is said to have once exclaimed to him: “Why you literally never read any other Latin book but Spinoza.” These reflections serve as an introduction to some curious particulars relating to his own mental development:

“I had come to consider my own indwelling poetical talent as nature, by so much the more as I was led to look upon external nature as its opposite. The exercise of this poetical endowment might, it is true, be excited and directed by the occasion; but it came forth most gladly and richly without any act of volition, nay, even contrary to my will—

O'er field and forest straying,  
My lyre by snatches playing,  
So past the hours away.

“As I lay awake at night also, it fell out in the same manner; and I was often inclined, like one of my predecessors, to have a leathern jacket made, and accustom myself to fix in the dark what broke forth unexpectedly.

“I was so accustomed to say over a song to my-

self, without being able to recover it a second time, that I once hurried off to the desk, and did not even allow myself time to place a cross-lying sheet of paper straight, but wrote down the poem from beginning to end diagonally, without moving from the spot. In this mood I much preferred the pencil, which gave out its marks more readily; for it sometimes happened that the scraping and squirting of the pen awoke me from my night-walking poetizings, distracted me, and stifled a little production in the birth. I had a particular reverence for such poetizings, for I felt towards them much the same as the hen feels towards the chickens she sees hatched and chirping round her. My early wish to communicate such matters by readings only, was renewed; but to barter them for gold seemed absolutely shocking. And here I will allude to an incident, which, in truth, happened somewhat later. As my works came to be more and more inquired after, nay, a collection of them to be called for, whilst the feelings just mentioned restrained me myself from originating it, Himberg availed himself of my hesitation, and I unexpectedly received some copies of my collected works. Most insolently did this uninvited publisher venture to boast of such a service performed towards the public at my expense, and offered, if I required it, to send me some Berlin porcelain by way of compensation. On this occasion it occurred to me that the Jews of Berlin, when they married, were compelled to take a certain quantity of porcelain, in order that the royal manufacture might have a certain demand. The contempt which I felt for this shameless pirate, enabled me to overcome the displeasure which I could not but feel at the robbery. I gave him no answer, but whilst he was benefiting by my property, I quietly revenged myself with the following verses. [Here follow twelve lines of satirical verses upon Himberg.]

“Since, however, the nature, which spontaneously brought forth in such greater and lesser works of the kind, often reposed in protracted pauses, and for a long space I was not in a condition to produce any thing, even when I wished it, and was consequently the oftener exposed to ennui,—along with this strong opposition, the thought occurred to me whether I ought not, on the other side, to employ what was manlike, reasonable, and distinct in me for my own and others' good, and (as I had often done already, and as I was more and more called upon to do) devote the intervening time to the business of the world, and so leave none of my powers inactive. I found this, which seemed to proceed from those general conceptions, so much in harmony with my being and with my position, that I formed the resolution to act in this manner, and thereby to fix my hitherto wavering and hesitating tendencies. Very pleasing was it to me to think that I might demand actual remuneration for actual services from mankind, and, on the other hand, continue to expend that delightful natural gift, disinterestedly, like a holy thing. By this consideration I saved myself from the bitterness which might otherwise have been produced in me, when I was compelled to observe that this very so sought-after and admired talent is treated in Germany as without the pale and protection of the law. For not in Berlin only was piracy regarded as something allowable, nay, pleasant, but the deservedly honored and applauded Margrave of Baden, and the Emperor Joseph, of whom the warmest expectations had been justified, favored, the one his Macklot, the other his von Frattner; and it was avowed, that the rights and property of genius were unconditionally surrendered as a prey to mechanics and manufacturers.

“As I was once complaining of this to a visitor from Baden, he related to me as follows:—That the Margravine, a bustling active lady, had also established a paper manufacture, but that the paper had

\* Byron, according to Captain Medwin, said he once offered £100 to any one who would translate the Autobiography for his own private reading; but since Sir John Hobhouse's denial (in the Westminster Review) of many of the most material statements contained in Captain Medwin's *Conversations*, there is no knowing how much of them can be depended upon. Lady Blessington's, on the contrary, present the strongest internal evidence of authenticity; and Byron was just the man to talk his best, with a beautiful and accomplished woman, habituated to the tone of his own class of society, for a listener.



turned out so bad, that it could nowhere be disposed of. Thereupon the bookseller Macklot proposed to print the German poets and prose-writers upon this paper, in order thereby to raise its value a little. With open arms was this proposal received. I declared this malicious calumny to be an invention, it is true, but rejoiced in it notwithstanding. The name of Macklot was at the same time denounced as a name of dishonor, and repeatedly used in connection with mean transactions. And thus did thoughtless youth, which was often driven to borrow whilst meanness was enriched by its talents, find itself sufficiently indemnified by a few happy sallies.\*

This description of his own peculiarities exactly coincides with much that other men of genius have recorded of themselves. Thus, we find Pope complaining, in one of his letters, that he had been three weeks waiting for his imagination; and Coleridge was probably actuated by the same conviction as to the necessity of allowing the creative power to lie fallow occasionally, when (in the *Biographia Literaria*) he gives it as his opinion that literary pursuits may be best pursued in conjunction with some regular profession or business. The description of the haste required to prevent poetical conceptions from escaping, may also be paralleled from the Life of Pope, who was constantly calling up the servants to supply him with writing materials in the night. That so trifling a circumstance as the crackling of a pen may influence the workings of genius, is an observation which a whole host of analogies might be cited to confirm.

Goethe was subsequently compensated in some measure for his losses by piracy, by a patent of protection, extending over the whole of Germany, for his works. We have always thought that not merely the whole of Germany, but the whole of Europe, (and it would be desirable even to comprise America in the league,) should combine for the purpose of securing to authors and artists the full property in their works.

We have next an account of the spirited part he took in extinguishing a fire which had broken out in the Jewish quarter of Frankfurt, and a sketch of the scene with his mother upon the ice, preserved by Mrs. Austin in her *Characteristics*. Then, prefatory to a brief account of his own manners, occurs a judicious reflection on the distracting influence of society, which we shall set down for the advantage of the rising generation of writers and artists:—

"A clever Frenchman has said, whenever a man of talent has drawn the public attention on himself

\* Thinking it more important to illustrate Goethe's peculiarities than to write flowingly, we translate, in most instances, as literally as we can.

by a work of merit, people do their best to hinder him from ever producing any thing of the same order again. It is but too true; if any thing good or talented is produced in the quiet retirement of youth, encouragement is gained, but independence lost; concentrated power is worried into dissipation, because people think they can pluck off something from its personality, and appropriate it to themselves. In this sense I received many invitations, or not properly invitations,—a friend, an acquaintance, proposed, often indeed more than pressingly, to introduce me into this house or that."

Few questions have been more anxiously discussed, particularly as regards artists, than this:—whether they should or should not mix much in society. The negative has been eloquently maintained by Mrs. Jameson, in a passage which, as it is written with peculiar reference to Germany, we shall extract:—

ALDA.

"Would you send a young artist, more particularly a young sculptor, to study the human nature of London or Paris? to seek the ideal among shop-girls and opera-dancers? Or the sublime and beautiful among the frivolous and degraded of one sex, the money-making or brutalized of the other? Is it from the man who has steeped his youthful prime in vulgar dissipation by way of "seeing-life," as it is called, who has courted patronage at the convivial board, that you shall require that union of lofty enthusiasm and patient industry which are necessary first to conceive the grand and the poetical, then consume long years in shaping out his creation in the everlasting marble?"

MEDON.

"But how is the sculptor himself to live during those long years? It must needs be a hard struggle. I have heard young artists say that they have been forced on a dissipated life, merely as a means of "getting on in the world," as the phrase is.

ALDA.

"So have I. It is so base a plea, that when I hear it, I generally regard it as the excuse for dissipations already perverted. The men who talk thus are doomed; they will either creep through life in mediocrity and dependence to their grave, or, at the best, if they have parts as well as cunning and assurance, they make themselves the fashion, and make their fortune; they may be clever portrait painters and bust makers, but when they attempt to soar into the historical and ideal department of their art, they move the laughter of gods and men; to them the higher holier fountains of inspiration are thenceforth sealed.

MEDON.

"But think of the temptations of society.

ALDA.

"I think of those who have overcome them. 'Great men have been among us,' though they be rare. Have we not a Flaxman? But the artist must choose where he will worship. He cannot serve God and mammon. That man of genius who thinks he can tamper with his glorious gifts, and for a season indulge in social excesses, stoop from his high calling to the dregs of earth, abandon himself to the stream of common life, and trust to his native powers to bring him up again; O believe it, he plays a desperate game, one that in nearly ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is fatal."



Again,

"I do maintain that in these latter times we have artists, who in genius, in the power of looking at nature, and in manual skill, are not beneath the great ancients, but their works are found wanting in comparison, they have fallen short of the models their early ambition set before them; and why? because, having genius they want the moral grandeur that should accompany it, and have neglected the training of their own minds from necessity, or from dissipation, or from pride, so that having imagination and skill, they have yet wanted the materials out of which to work. Recollect that the great artists of old were not mere painters or mere sculptors, who were nothing except with the pencil or the chisel in their hand. They were philosophers, scholars, poets, musicians, noble beings, whose eyes were ever on themselves, but who looked above, before, and after. Our modern artists turn coxcombs, and then fancy themselves like *Rafaele*; or they are greedy of present praise, or greedy of gain; or they will not pay the price for immortality, or they have sold their glorious birth-right of fame for a mess pottage."

This is eloquent, and true in the main, but somewhat one-sided; it seems hardly fair in the accomplished writer, to assume that all social pleasures have a corrupting tendency, and must be taken to excess. Besides, the history of art will hardly bear out the theory. The authoress of the *Diary of an Ennuyée* tells us that Guido was a gambler, and Titian a gay voluptuary; whilst we know from other sources that Vandyke was the very prince of coxcombs, whose eyes were ever on himself.\*

To return to Goethe.—The chapter closes with a detailed account of an ocu-

list's expedition to Frankfort, and an unsuccessful operation performed by him.

The beginning and a large part of the next chapter (B. 17.) are occupied by reminiscences of Lilli, one of the most celebrated of his loves, interspersed with expressions of feeling with which all who were ever similarly situated will sympathize. For example:—

"A reciprocal want, a habit of seeing each other, now grew up; but how many a day, how many an evening, should I not have been obliged to renounce, had I not been able to make up my mind to see her in her own circles! From this cause arose much that was disagreeable. My relation to Lilli was from person to person; to a lovely, amiable, accomplished daughter; it resembled my earlier relations, and yet was of a higher kind. On external circumstances, however, or the mingling and remingling of a social state, I had never thought. An unconquerable longing had gained the mastery; I could not exist without her, nor she without me, but in the company and under the influence of particular members of her circle, what days and hours of disappointment occurred!"

These feelings vent themselves in two pages of verse, which are inserted. He then digresses to describe the pleasures of Offenbach, with the doings of the Frankfort theatre. We are warned, however, not lightly to suppose that all his time at this period was absorbed in gadding about, theatricals, and love-making:—

"Men and women were eagerly busied in their circle of duty. I too neglected not, with reference to

\* His portrait of himself at Wilton House would be alone sufficient to establish the fact, were it not a clear matter of history. We are tempted by the analogy of the subject to make another extract from Mrs. Jameson's exquisite Sketches:

"This last phrase (*das ist eine Natur*) threw me back upon my remembrances. I thought of the daughter-in-law of the poet, the trusted friend, the constant companion, the devoted and careful nurse of his last years. It accounted for the unrivalled influence which apparently she possessed, I will not say over his mind, but in his mind, in his affections; for in her he found truly *eine Natur*, a piece of nature which could bear even his microscopic examination. All other beings who approached Goethe either were, or had been, or might be, more or less modified by the action of that universal and master spirit. Consciously or unconsciously, in love or in fear, they bowed down before him, and gave up their individuality, or forgot it in his presence; they took the bent he chose to impress, or the color he chose to throw upon them. Their minds, in presence of his, were as opake bodies in the sun, absorbing in different degrees, reflecting in various hues, his vital beams; but hers was in comparison like a transparent medium, through which the rays of that luminary passed, pervading and enlightening, but leaving no other trace. Conceive a woman, a young, accomplished, enthusiastic woman, who had qualities to attach, talents to amuse, and capacity to appreciate, Goethe; who, for fourteen or fifteen years, could exist in daily, hourly communication with that gigantic spirit, yet retain, from first to last, the most perfect simplicity of character, and this less from the strength than from the purity and delicacy of the original texture. Those oft-abused words, *naïve*, *naïveté*, were more applicable to her in their fullest sense than

to any other woman I ever met with. Her conversation was the most untiring I ever enjoyed, because the stores which fed that flowing eloquence were all native and unborrowed; you were not borne along by it as by a torrent, *bongré, malgré*, nor dazzled as by an artificial jet d'eau set to play for your amusement. There was the obvious wish to please, a little natural coquetterie, vivacity without effort, sentiment without affectation, exceeding mobility, which yet never looked like caprice, and the most consummate refinement of thought and feeling and expression. From that really elegant and highly-toned mind nothing flippant nor harsh could ever proceed; slander died away in her presence; what was evil she would not hear of; what was malicious she would not understand; what was ridiculous she would not see. Sometimes there was a wild, artless fervor in her impulses and feelings which might have become a feather-cinctured Indian on her savannah; then the next moment her bearing reminded you of the court-bred lady of the bed-chamber. Quick in perception, yet femininely confiding, uniting a sort of restless vivacity with an indolent gracefulness, she appeared to me the far most poetical and genuine being of my own sex I ever knew in highly cultivated life; one to whom no wrong could teach mistrust, no injury, bitterness; one to whom the common-place realities, the vulgar necessary cares of existence, were but too indifferent; who was in reality all that other women try to appear, and betrayed with a careless independence what they most wish to conceal. I draw from the life."—(*Visits and Sketches, &c. by Mrs. Jameson.*) This work, in addition to its other merits, is perfectly unique and consequently invaluable in one respect: it contains the only account we have of German Art.



the present and the future, to attend to what was incumbent on me, and still found time enough to perform what talent and passion were irresistibly urging me to. The earliest hours of my morning were due to poetry; the forenoon belonged to worldly business, which was despatched in an altogether peculiar manner. My father, a sound, nay elegant jurist, himself managed the business which as well the administration of his own property as his connection with esteemed friends imposed upon him, and although his situation as Imperial Councillor did not permit him to practise, he still acted as legal adviser to many of his intimates, the writings which he prepared being subscribed by a regular advocate. This activity of his was increased by my co-operation, and I could see that he prized my talents higher than my practice, and on that account did every thing in his power to leave me time enough for my poetical studies and works. Sound and able, but slow in conception and execution, he studied the proceedings as referendary; when we met he laid the matter before me, and the preparation was despatched by me with such facility, as to inspire him with the highest fatherly joy, nor on one occasion did he refrain from exclaiming, that he should envy me, were I unconnected with him."

The next fifteen pages are devoted to Lilli, to whom, about this time, he was formally engaged. One of this young lady's fancies, which seems to have had peculiar attractions for him, is singular:—

"It had its origin in an extremely charming breach of good manners, of which she was once guilty, when a stranger sitting near her at table introduced some unbefitting topic. Without the slightest change in her fascinating features, she passed her right hand gracefully over the table-cloth, and quietly threw every thing upon the floor which she reached by this gentle movement—I know not precisely what—knife, fork, bread, salt-cellar, even some of the things assigned for her neighbor's use. Every body was startled, the servants ran up, nobody knew what to make of it, excepting the observing few, who rejoiced to see an impropriety so prettily suppressed. Thus, then, was a symbol discovered for the averting of any thing disagreeable, which is often liable to occur in good, honest, estimable, well-conducted, but not thoroughly polished, society. The motion with the right hand, as a sign of aversion, we all allowed ourselves; the actual sweeping away of objects she herself subsequently indulged only in moderation and with good taste."

One incident, forming part of this love-affair, deserves to be recorded, as an illustration of Goethe's facility in the conception and execution of a plot.

Lilli had promised to celebrate her seventeenth birthday (June 23d, 1775,) with Goethe and a party at Offenbach. On the eve of the celebration, however, her brother arrived with a message from her, intimating that she could not possibly come before the evening, and earnestly entreat- ing Goethe to invent some mode of gloss- ing over or excusing her absence.

"I was silent a moment, but had collected myself on the instant, and as if by heavenly inspiration, divined what was to be done. 'Quick,' said I, 'George, and tell her to make herself quite easy, but be sure to come towards evening: I promise her that

this very mishap shall be turned into a source of gladness.' The lad was curious, and wished to know how? This was firmly refused him, although he readily waived himself of all those arts and influences which a brother of her we love may venture on employing. So soon as he was gone, I paced up and down, with singular self-complacency, in my room; and with the glad free feelings that here was an opportunity of showing myself her servant in the most brilliant manner, I bound together several sheets of paper with handsome silk, such as befit an occasional poem, and hastened to write the title: '*She Comes Not*, a tragic family piece, which will be represented in the most natural manner on the 23d of June, at Offenbach on the Main. The representation will last from morning till evening.'"

The piece was completed by the morning; it went off to admiration; and the author, according to his own account, was rewarded by his mistress (who had stayed away merely on account of some rumors relating to their intimacy) as she only could reward him. It is remarkable that *Clavijo* was the result of a similar fit of gallantry. On the appearance of Beaumarchais's *Memoir*, which forms the groundwork of the piece, a young lady, with whom Goethe was flirting at the time, expressed a wish to see it dramatized: he undertook the task, and within eight days completed it. The text of *She Comes Not* has unfortunately been lost.

He quits, with evident reluctance, his relations with Lilli, to furnish some particulars regarding his own peculiar position, as influenced by the state of public affairs at this period of his life. Frederick II., he says, reposing upon his strength, seemed still to waive off the destiny of Europe and mankind, whilst Catherine, by her wars with Turkey, afforded a wide field for enterprise. Corsica and Paoli, America and Washington, were by turns attracting the attention of the world; and affairs in France were ripening towards a crisis, though the patriotic views of the young king still afforded the fairest hopes of averting it. "In all these occurrences, however, I interested myself so far only as they interested society at large: I myself and my narrow circle meddled not with newspapers or news; our business was to become acquainted with man in the abstract; men in the concrete might act as they pleased." It is remarkable that the same indifference was manifested by him through life. As many have blamed him for it, we shall copy the explanation volunteered by one of the ablest of his advocates and most attached of his friends:—

"Goethe," says Von Müller, "has often been reproached with taking little interest in the political forms of his country; with having failed to raise his voice in moments of the greatest political excitement;



and with having even, on several occasions, showed himself disinclined to liberal opinions. It certainly lay not in his nature to strive after a political activity, the primary conditions of which were incompatible with the sphere of existence he had made his own, and the consequences of which were not within his ken. From his elevated point of view, history appeared to him nothing more than a record of an eternally repeated, nay, necessary conflict between the follies and passions of men and the nobler interests of civilization; he knew too well the dangers, or, at least, the very problematical results, of uncalled-for interference; he would not suffer the pure elements of his thoughts and works to be troubled by the confused and tumultuous incidents of the day; still less would he permit himself to be made the mouth-piece of a party, in spite of Gall's declaration that the organ of popular oratory was singularly developed in his head.

"It was his persuasion that much less could be done for man from without than from within, and that an honest and vigorous will could make to itself a path, and employ its activity to advantage, under every form of civil society.

"Actuated by this persuasion, he held fast to order and obedience to law, as to the main pillars of the public weal. Whatever threatened to retard or to trouble the progress of moral and intellectual improvement, and the methodical application and employment of the powers of nature, or to abandon all that is best and highest in existence to the wild freaks of unbridled passion and the domination of rude and violent men, was to him the true tyranny, the mortal foe of freedom, the utterly insufferable evil.

"This was the persuasion which dictated all his endeavors to influence the minds of others by conversation or by writing—to suggest, to instruct, to encourage, to restrain; to represent the false, the distorted, the vulgar in all their nothingness, to ally himself entirely with noble spirits, and steadfastly to maintain that higher freedom of thought and of will, guided by reason, which raises men to the true dignity of human nature."\*—*Mrs. Austin's Characteristics of Goethe*, vol. ii. pp. 283.

The account of the state of public affairs, interrupted by the above confession of indifference, is continued. The aristocracy, he says, particularly the German aristocracy, still retained their hold on opinion, and were allowed the free exercise of all the social as well as political privileges which had descended to them, when he himself, first in *Werther* and again in *Götz von Berlichingen*, ventured an indirect and incidental impeachment of their pretensions. The allusions in *Werther* were passed over, as they had clearly no immediate or specific object in view; but the exposure of popular suffering under the feudal nobles in *Götz*, attracted more attention and brought the author into suspicion with the higher classes. "It was singular, that amongst the numerous young people who attached themselves to me, not a single nobleman

was to be found; but on the other hand, many who had reached their thirtieth year, sought me out and visited me." This chapter closes with an enumeration of the elements of which Frankfort society was then made up.

The eighteenth book begins with some remarks on the partial disuse of rhyme in poetry, and the treatment of poetical subjects in prose—fashions set by Klopstock, who composed his *Messiah* in hexameters, and wrote the dialogue of Hermann's Fight, and the Death of Adam, in prose. According to Goethe, this introduced a good deal of confusion and uncertainty into literature, the mass of writers being wholly ignorant of the true principles of rhythm. A tendency of the same description seems at present to be rapidly gaining ground in England, for almost all our best poets have turned prose-writers, and only a few occasional attempts (among which Mr. Henry Taylor's fine dramatic poem of *Philip van Artevelde* and Mr. Heraud's *Judgment of the Flood*, deserve particular mention) have recently been made, to reclaim for verse its prescriptive, though hardly rightful, superiority. In Mr. Bulwer's last work there occurs a striking reflection on this subject. "Yet," continued the student, "between ourselves, I fancy that in our present age of civilization there is an unexamined mistake in the general mind as to the value of poetry. It delights still as ever, but it has ceased to teach. The prose of the heart enlightens, touches, rouses, far more than poetry. Your most philosophical poets would be common-place if turned into prose. *Childe Harold*, seemingly so profound, owes its profundity to its style; in reality, it contains nothing that is new, except the mechanism of its diction. Verse cannot contain the refining subtle thoughts which a great prose writer embodies; the rhyme eternally cripples it; it properly deals with the common problems of human nature, which are now hackneyed, and not with the nice and philosophizing corollaries which may be drawn from them. Thus, though it would seem at first a paradox, common-place is more the element of poetry than of prose; and, sensible of this, even Schiller wrote the deepest of modern tragedies, his *Fiesco*, in prose."\*

To continue our abstract.—After giving an outline of a humorous extravaganza or farce which he was meditating, Goethe brings us acquainted with the Counts Stolberg, to whom his contributions to the

\* A passage of similar import has been already quoted in our notice (vol. x. p. 574) of Falk's work, a translation of which is included in Mrs. Austin's volumes.

\* The Pilgrims of the Rhine.



Göttingen *Musen-Almanach* had been the means of introducing him. "At that time (says he) people had conceived strange notions of love and friendship. An attraction towards each other, which looked like mutual confidence, was taken for love, for genuine inclination; I deceived myself in this respect like the rest, and have suffered from it for many years in more ways than one."

"I have still (he continues) a letter of Bürger's by me, from which it may be seen, that of regular æsthetics there never was a question amongst these associates. Each felt himself excited, and believed himself at full liberty to act and poetize accordingly. The brothers (Christian and Frederick Leopold) arrived, Count Haugwitz along with them. I received them with open arms, with befitting cordiality. They lodged at the hotel, but took most of their meals with us. The first merry meeting was in the highest measure agreeable; but very soon eccentricities broke out.

"We had dined but a few times together, when, as bottle after bottle was despatched, the poetical hatred of tyrants began to show itself, and an eager desire for the blood of such savages was expressed. My father smiled and shook his head; my mother had hardly ever in all her life heard of tyrants, but remembered to have seen copper-plate engravings of monsters of the sort in *Gottfried's Chronicle*; King Cambyse, who triumphs at having transfixed the heart of the son in the presence of the father with an arrow, still dwelt in her memory. To turn these and similar expressions, gradually growing more and more violent, into sport, she betook herself to her cellar, where the oldest wine was kept. Nothing of an inferior quality to the years 1706, 19, 26 and 48, preserved and husbanded by herself for the most solemn occasions, was to be found there. As she set down the high-colored wine in its polished bottle, she exclaimed, 'Here is the true tyrant blood, revel in that; but let us hear no more thoughts of murder here.' 'You may well say tyrant blood,' exclaimed I, 'there is no greater tyrant than he whose heart-blood is now placed before you. Bathe yourself in it, but with moderation, lest you run the risk of being subdued by its flavor and spirit. The wine is the universal tyrant which should be extirpated; for this reason we should choose and honor the sacred Lyncæus, the Thracian, for our patron; he energetically commenced the holy work, but blinded and destroyed by the befooling demon Bacchus, he deserves to stand amongst the martyrs on high,' &c.

And in this manner he went on, in a strain worthy of that worthy member of British Parliament, who contended not long ago, that the original sin was neither more nor less than drunkenness, and that Eve was overcome, not by an apple, but by drink.

By the advice of his family, who wished to separate him from Lilli, and break off some of his other Frankfort intimacies, he now left home, on his way to Switzerland, with the Stolbergs. "You will not remain with them long?" said his friend Merk, (nicknamed Mephistopheles Merk, on account of the malice blended with the genuine goodness of his character) and supported his prophecy by an observation,

which Goethe says he subsequently repeated, and often found significant in after times: "Thy tendency, thy unchangeable tendency, is to give a poetical form to the real; the others seek to realize the so-called poetical, the imaginative; and that produces nothing but absurdity."

"When (continues Goethe) we conceive the immense distance between these two modes of action, when we hold them firm and apply them, we thereby go far towards the solution of thousands of other things." Unluckily, before the party left Darmstadt (the first place they stopped at on their journey,) occasion was afforded for a striking confirmation of Merk's remark:

"Amongst the follies of the time, which originated in the notion that man should seek to transport himself back into a state of nature, was the bathing in pure water in the open air; and our friends could not omit this impropriety. Darmstadt, without running water, lying in a sandy plain, chanced, however, to have a pond in the neighborhood, of which I only heard on this occasion. These zealous followers of nature sought refreshment in this pond; the sight of naked young men in open day might well be deemed singular in the neighborhood; at all events it gave rise to scandal. Merk sharpened his conclusions, and I do not deny that I hastened our departure."

At Carlsruhe he met the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, who expressed an earnest wish to see him at Weimar. Here, also, he had some interesting interviews with Klopstock, to whom he communicated the newest scenes of "*Faust*." Klopstock, who is said to have been very little given to praising, did, notwithstanding, praise these very highly; not to the author merely, but to many others, and expressed an anxious desire for the conclusion of the piece.

At Carlsruhe, Goethe parted company with the Stolbergs, for the purpose of visiting his brother-in-law, Schlosser (the husband of his sister Cornelia, whom he takes occasion to describe,) at Emmendingen, and then proceeded to Zurich, where Lavater was engaged in the prosecution of his physiognomical pursuits. His reception was kind, almost enthusiastically so; and well it might, for Lavater not merely enjoyed the advantage of talking over and testing his theories with the first genius of the time, but actually forced on Goethe the irksome task of revising the work:

"It was for me one of the most painful taxes ever imposed upon my activity. The reader shall judge for himself. The manuscript, with the plates to accompany the text, followed me to Frankfort. I had the privilege of erasing every thing which I did not like, and of altering and inserting what I chose, of which, in truth, I availed myself very moderately.



Once only he had inserted a passionate attack on an unjust critic; this I left out and replaced it with a gay copy of verses, for which he then blamed me, but subsequently, when he had cooled, approved of what I had done."

The unity and coherence actually existing in the work, notwithstanding the variety of the materials, Goethe attributes to a great measure to the extraordinary talents of the draughtsman and engraver, Lips.

Another interesting person was then living in Switzerland, the veteran poet and critic Bodmer, who had exercised a most beneficial influence on the progress of letters in Germany, and was consequently highly esteemed and much sought after.

"Whilst I am now on the very point," says Goethe, after a short account of his interview with Bodmer, "of taking my leave of our worthy patriarch, I remark for the first time, that I have said nothing of his form and features, of his gestures and manner of bearing himself. Generally speaking, indeed, I do not think it quite proper for travellers to describe a remarkable man whom they visit, as if they were furnishing matter for a hue and cry. No one reflects, that it is but a single moment in which he, on his presentation, takes an inquisitive view, and that only in his own peculiar way; so that the person visited may be sometimes actually, sometimes seemingly, proud or humble, silent or communicative, gay or low-spirited. In this particular case, however, I might excuse myself by saying, that Bodmer's venerable person, sketched in words, would make no equally favorable impression."

There can be little doubt that the above remark was suggested by the annoyances to which he himself was subsequently exposed by the unauthorized descriptions of travellers. In company with his friend Passavant he pursues his journey through Switzerland, buoyant with youth and health, and in a state of mind which made him see every thing *couleur de rose* :

"After a short repose, (we select this one passage as a specimen,) re-invigorated and with wanton activity, we bounded down from cliff to cliff, from flat to flat, into the depths of the precipitate footpath, and arrived about ten at the place of our destination. We had become, at the same time, tired and high-spirited, feeble and excited; we eagerly quenched our burning thirst, and felt still more inspired. Let the reader imagine the young man, who about two years before had written Werther, a young friend who had already inflamed himself with the manuscript of that extraordinary work, both, without knowing or willing it, in some measure transported into a state of nature,—with a lively remembrance of past passions, a prey to present,—forming inconsequential schemes,—in a grateful sense of power revelling through the realm of fancy;—and then he will make some advance towards a conception of that state, which I should be at a loss to sketch, were it not written in my Journal: 'Laughing and shouting lasted till midnight.'"

The truth and vividness of Goethe's descriptions of scenery have been universally admired. The following extract affords a partial explanation of the mode in

which this peculiar art was perfected in him:

"Before we descend from these glorious heights to the lake and the town smiling below, I have a remark to make upon my attempts to carry off something from the country by drawing and sketching. The habit, from youth upwards, of viewing a landscape as a picture, seduced me into the endeavor, when I saw the country in actual nature like a picture, to fix it, to fasten a permanent impression of such moments, in my memory. Practising at other times on objects in some measure limited, I soon felt my insufficiency in a world of this kind. Eagerness and haste together drove me to a singular resource: so soon as I had taken a complete coup-d'œil of an interesting object, and marked it down with a few strokes in the most general manner upon the paper, I immediately filled up the details, which I could not reach nor complete with the pencil, by words, and acquired by this method such an inward presence of such views, that every locality, as in after life I had occasion for it in poetry or narrative, on the instant flitted before me and stood ready at my call."

On his return to Zurich, he found that the Stolbergs were gone, their stay having been shortened by a renewal of the attempt to realize their *beau idéal* of pastoral simplicity. The good people of Switzerland, it seems, were even more scandalized at their bathings than the Darmstatters, and one day, as they were stemming a mountain-torrent, a shower of stones descending from the heights, compelled them to beat a hasty retreat, only too happy at being permitted to escape with their baggage, *i. e.* their clothes. Indignant at the degradation, they hastened to quit Zurich, leaving Lavater to apologize as he could for scandalizing a quiet neighborhood by the introduction of such wild, turbulent, unchristian, heathenish, young men—for all these, and possibly many more hard names, were bestowed upon them. On his return to Zurich, Goethe once again attached himself to Lavater, who, whatever the merits of his system, certainly contrived to inspire his visitor with the most lively impression of his own individual penetration and capacity:

"Every talent which is founded upon a decided natural gift, appears to us to have something magical about it, because we can form no definite conception either of the talent itself or of its workings. And Lavater's insight into individual men really exceeded all conception; one was astounded at hearing him when talking confidentially about this man or that; nay, it was fearful to live in the proximity of a man to whom every boundary within which nature has thought proper to circumscribe us seemed clear."

The following is a singular instance of Lavater's habits of minute observation:—

"On Sundays, after the sermon, it was his duty, as minister, to present the collection-purse to the congregation as they went out, and receive their donations with a blessing. One Sunday, he imposed it on himself, as a task, to look at no one, but only to pay attention to their hands, and fancy the person to



himself. But not only the shape of the fingers, but even the bearing (so to speak) of the fingers in dropping the alms, did not escape his attention, and he had much to tell me about it."

Mixed up with the account of Lavater are some curious reflections on Genius:

"No one willingly allows another an advantage, so long as it can possibly be denied. Natural advantages of all sorts are least of all to be denied, and yet the common parlance of that time allowed genius to the poet alone. Now, however, another world seemed all of a sudden to rise up; genius was required of the physician, of the general, of the statesman, and soon of all men who thought of putting themselves forward theoretically or practically. Zimmerman, in particular, had brought these requisitions to be talked about. Lavater, in his *Physiognomy*, was under the necessity of referring to a more general division of intellectual endowments: the word genius was a universal solution, and from hearing it so often pronounced, people began to think that what it was meant to signify was commonly at hand. Since, however, every one felt authorized to require genius from others, all believed in the end, that they themselves must be possessed of it. The time was still distant when it could be avowed, *that genius is that power of man, which, by acting and doing, gives laws and rules*. At that time it manifested itself only by infringing existing laws, overthrowing established rules, and announcing itself as boundless. It was therefore easy to be a genius, and nothing more natural than that abuse in word and deed should excite all regulated men to oppose such a state of disorder.

"If any one hurried on foot into the world, without well knowing why and whither, it was called a genius-journey; if any one undertook any thing perverse, without aim or utility, a stroke of genius. Young and lively, not unfrequently really endowed, men lost themselves in the boundless; the older and more reasonable, but probably talentless and spiritless, then availed themselves of the opportunity to represent to the public, with malicious exultation, these manifold miscarriages as ridiculous.

"And thus I found myself almost more restrained from developing and expressing myself, by the false co-operation and influence of those who sympathized in my views, than by the opposition of those who were adverse to me. Words, by-words, phrases, in depreciation of the highest mental endowments, were diffused to such a degree amongst the soul-less sneering many, that one still hears them from the uncultivated in common life occasionally; nay, to such a degree, that they even forced their way into dictionaries; and the word *genius* underwent such a perversion, that an attempt was made to deduce from it the necessity of banishing the word altogether from the German language. And thus the Germans, with whom in general the common-place predominates far more than in other nations, would probably have deprived themselves of the fairest flower of the language, of a word only apparently foreign but equally belonging to all nations, had not the feeling for the highest and best, grounded anew upon a deeper philosophy, fortunately re-established itself."

Such unfortunately has been the fate of genius in all ages.—

"*Decipit exemplar vitii imitabile; quod si  
Pallarem casu, biberent exsangue cuminum.*"

If Lord Byron could have seen the sort of persons who turned down their shirt-collars, and tried to look melancholy and gentlemanlike in imitation of himself in this country, he would certainly have felt tempted to forswear the desponding tone,

take to wearing stiffeners, and be gay and light-hearted for the remainder of his days.

Goethe calls genius, "that power of man, which, by acting and doing, gives laws and rules." It would be amusing to compare this with some of the many other definitions or descriptions of genius which have been hazarded. Thus, Buffon said it was nothing more than a superior aptitude to patience, alluding probably to that brooding persevering tenacity with which genius clings to its subject-matter: Hazlitt (beyond all doubt, in our opinion, one of the most original thinkers of his time) says: "Genius or originality is, for the most part, some strong quality in the mind answering to, and bringing out, some new and striking quality in nature." Johnson speaks of it, as "that power which constitutes a poet, that quality, without which judgment is cold, and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates." We leave the reader to make his choice between the four, avowing that we ourselves are not satisfied with either of them. It is only clear to us that the old notion mentioned by Goethe, which gives to poets a monopoly of the quality, is ridiculous; that, indeed, almost every art or science which can occupy the mind of man gives scope for it; and that D'Alembert was uttering no wayward paradox, but a sober demonstrable truth, in saying, that geometry requires as much imagination as poetry, and that of all the great men of antiquity, Archimedes is perhaps he, who is the best entitled to be placed by the side of Homer.\*

Goethe's return to Frankfurt gave little satisfaction to his family, who were fearful of the renewal of his connection with Lilli; and he had now no trifling temptation to resist, for Lilli had openly declared that she would willingly give up every thing for his sake, and fly with him to America, which was then (he tells us) much more than now, the Eldorado of those who found themselves disagreeably restricted by existing institutions or circumstances. "But the very thing which should have inspirited my hopes, crushed them. My fair paternal house, only a hundred steps from hers, was, all things considered, a much more bearable, nay, desirable an abode, than the far-away unknown land across the main; but I cannot deny that, in her neighborhood, all my hopes, all my wishes revived, and new uncertainties began to stir in me."

There is a passage in the *Pirate*, bear-



ing a strong analogy to this; with the difference that the feeling is dramatized, and that the unconquerable love of home is expressed by the female:—

“‘There are lands,’ said Cleaveland, ‘in which the eye may look bright upon groves of the palm and the cocoa, and where the foot may move light as a galley under sail over fields carpeted with flowers, and savannahs surrounded by aromatic thickets, and where subjection is unknown, except that of the brave to the bravest, and of all to the most beautiful.’

“Minna paused a moment ere she spoke, and then answered, ‘No, Cleaveland. My own rude country has charms for me, even desolate as you think it, and depressed as it surely is, which no other land on earth can offer to me. I endeavor, in vain, to represent to myself those visions of trees and of groves which my eye never saw; but my imagination can conceive no sight in nature more sublime, than these waves when agitated by a storm, or more beautiful, than when they come, as they now do, rolling in calm tranquillity to the shore. Not the fairest scene in a foreign land,—not the brightest sunbeam that ever shone upon the richest landscape, would wean my thoughts, for a moment, from that lofty rock, misty hill, and wide-rolling ocean. Hialtland is the land of my deceased ancestors and of my living father; and in Hialtland will I live and die.’”

Goethe's extended experience in love affairs (some five or six are detailed in the first part of the autobiography alone,) which entitles him to a full hearing on all matters connected with them, induces us to make the quotation that comes next. Apropos of the existing state of his connection with Lilli, he remarks:—

“In truth, lovers look upon every thing which they have hitherto felt, only as preparative to their present happiness,—only as the foundation upon which they are first to raise their building of love. Past inclinations appear like ghosts, which sink away before the dawning day. But what happened? The (Frankfort) Fair came, and along with it the swarm of those ghosts in their reality; all the commercial friends of the house arrived one after the other, and it soon became plain, that none of them would nor could wholly surrender a certain interest in the lovely daughter of the house. The young, without being obtrusive, appeared on the footing of old acquaintance; the middle-aged, with a certain obliging demeanor, as much as to say, that they could make themselves beloved, or, at all events, put forth higher pretensions, if they chose. There were handsome men amongst them, with the bearing of an ascertained and thriving position in society. But the old gentlemen were altogether unbearable—with their old-fashioned manners, placing no restraint upon their hands, and demanding, by way of accompaniment to their repulsive pawing, a kiss, from which the cheek was not averted; it was so natural to her to content them all, within the bounds of propriety.”

In the mean time, however, he was steadily devoting himself to literature; encouraged by his father, who, unlike Petrarch's, had at length convinced himself of the folly of attempting to make a lawyer of his son:—

“Fortunately my tendencies harmonized with my father's wishes and opinions. He had formed so great a conception of my poetical talent, and felt so

much genuine joy in the favor which my first works had acquired, that he often conversed upon new and more extended undertakings. On the other hand, I did not venture to make him aware of these social jests and versifications of passion.

“After reflecting, in my peculiar fashion, the symbol of a remarkable epoch in Götz von Berlichingen, I looked carefully about for a similar point of political history. The revolt of the Netherlands attracted my attention. In Götz there was a gallant man, who perishes in the delusive belief, that the benevolent strong man is of some importance in times of anarchy. In Egmont, there were firmly based states of things, which cannot maintain themselves before stern, well-calculated despotism. I had spoken so eagerly with my father on this subject, as to what was to be done and what I thought of doing, that he was inspired with an insuperable longing to see upon paper, printed and admired, this piece already matured in my brain. If, in earlier times, whilst I still had hopes of making Lilli mine, I bent all my energies to acquire an insight into and practice in business, I had now to fill up the fearful chasm, which separated me from her, by the intellectual and soul-fraught. Accordingly, I set to in earnest to write Egmont, and in truth, not like the first Götz von Berlichingen, in order and succession, but I grappled with the principal scene according to the first arrangement, without troubling myself about the incidental connections. In this manner, I made great progress, being spurred on in my allowable way of working day and night (this is no exaggeration) by my father, who expected to see what was so easily conceived, completed as easily.”

He was also paying considerable attention to the arts of design, in which, under the tuition and with the assistance of an artist named Kraus, he appears to have attained to some degree of proficiency:

“The proximity of the artist is indispensable to the dilettante, for he sees in the other the complement of his own proper being; the wishes of the amateur are fulfilled in the artist.

“By means of a certain natural ability and practice, I succeeded pretty well in an outline, and found little difficulty in giving form to that which I saw before me in nature; but I wanted the genuine plastic power, the happy touch, to give body to my outline by properly graduated light and shade. My imitations were rather distant presentiments of some shape or other, and my figures resembled the light aerial beings in Dante's Purgatory, which, casting no shade, shrink with terror before the shades of actual bodies.

“In consequence of Lavater's physiognomical baiting—for so may well be termed the restless eagerness with which he exerted himself to compel all men, not only to the contemplation of physiognomies, but even to the artist-like or bungling copying of faces—I had gained some practice in taking the portraits of friends on gray paper with black and white chalk. The likeness was not to be mistaken, but the hand of my artist friend was needed, to make them come forth from out of the dark ground.”\*

Here follows some account of the design of Egmont, with a curious speculation as to the demoniacal element in the

\*It became subsequently a sort of passion with Goethe to collect chalk likenesses of his acquaintance. His collection at one time amounted to four or five hundred. He also (see the Correspondence with Zelter) prided himself on his collection of autographs.



characters of men. From these he turns to a narrative of the circumstances which induced and preceded his departure from Weimar; a narrative so fraught with interest, and so dramatically told, that we subjoin the greater part of it pretty nearly as it stands:—

"From the summit of a Swiss mountain, turning my back on Italy, I had returned, because I could not live without Lilli. An inclination, grounded on the hope of a mutual possession, of a lasting union through life, does not die away at once; nay, it feeds on the contemplation of reasonable wishes and honest hopes which one cherishes.

"It lies in the nature of things, that the maiden, in such cases, makes up her mind sooner than the youth. As descendants of Pandora, the sweet creatures possess the highly desirable gift of attracting, alluring, and (more from natural impulse with half-resolve, than from inclination, nay, out of mere wantonness) collecting around themselves; whereby they are often, like that student of magic, in danger of being frightened by the crowd of their worshippers. And then a selection must at length be made from amongst these; one must be finally preferred, one must bear away the bride to his home.

"And what a mere matter of accident is it, what here gives a direction to the choice, what determines the chooser! I had renounced Lilli from conviction, but love made this conviction of mine suspicious. Lilli had in the same sense taken leave of me, and I had undertaken the pleasing distracting journey; but it brought about exactly the reverse.

"So long as I was absent, I believed in our separation, not in our disunion. All hopes, recollections, and wishes had free play. I was now returned, and as the seeing of each other again of unrestrained and happy lovers is a heaven, so is the seeing each other again of two persons disunited only by considerations of reasoning, an intolerable purgatory, a vestibule of hell. When I was once again in Lilli's proximity, I felt all those incongruities doubled, which had disturbed our relations to each other; when I once again entered her presence, the reflection fell heavy upon my heart, that she was lost to me.

"I therefore frequently resolved upon flight, and for this reason nothing could have fallen out more desirable for me than that the young ducal couple of Weimar should come from Carlsruhe to Frankfurt, and that I, in accordance with former and more recent invitations, should follow them to Weimar. I had always experienced at the hands of these distinguished persons a gracious confidential reception, which I on my side returned with heartfelt gratitude. My attachment for the duke from the first moment, my reverence for the princess, whom I had been so long (though only from seeing her) acquainted with; my wish to manifest some degree of friendship towards Wieland, who had behaved so generously to me, and make up for my half-intentional, half-accidental, want of politeness towards him; these were motives enough to excite, nay, impel, even a young man devoid of passion. But to this was added the necessity I was under of flying in some way or other from Lilli; either towards the south, where the daily narrations of my father placed before my eyes the most glorious heaven of art and nature, or towards the north, whither so remarkable a circle of distinguished men invited me.

"The princely couple had now reached Frankfurt on their return. The ducal court of Meiningen was there at the same time, and by them also as well as by the Privy Councillor von Durkheim, who accompanied the young princes, was I received in the most friendly manner. But lest a curious incident, after

the manner of youth should be wanting, a misunderstanding placed me in an incredible though laughable dilemma.

"The Weimar and Meiningen families lodged in the same hotel. I was invited to dinner. The court of Weimar dwelt upon my mind to such a degree, that it never occurred to me to inquire further; for I was not even imaginative enough to believe that any notice would be taken of me by the Meiningen party. I repair, suitably attired, to the Roman Emperor (the name of the hotel,) find the apartments of the Weimar party empty, and being told that they were with their Meiningen friends, betake myself to them also, and am kindly received. I presume that this is a call before dinner, or that they probably dined together, and wait the result. But all at once the Weimar party set themselves in motion, and I follow them, but instead of returning to their apartments, they go straitway down stairs to their carriages, and I find myself along with them in the street.

"Instead of examining closely and wisely into the matter, and seeking some solution of it, I bent my steps immediately in my dogged manner towards home, where I found my parents at the dessert. My father shook his head, and my mother exerted herself to indemnify me as well as she could. She confided to me in the evening, that, when I was gone, my father had expressed himself surprised that I, otherwise not deficient in sense, would not see that the only intention from that quarter was to pique and shame me. But this had no power to affect me; for I had already met von Durkheim, who had called me to an account with pleasing jocular reproaches. I was now awakened from my dream, and had an opportunity of offering them my best thanks for the favor vouchsafed to me contrary to my hopes and expectations, and of entreating for pardon.

"When, then, for good reasons, I had assented to such friendly proposals, the following arrangement was made: a gentleman who had stayed behind in Carlsruhe expecting a landau from Stratsburg, was to pass through Frankfurt on a given day; I was to hold myself in readiness to set off with him immediately for Weimar. The glad and gracious adieu which I received from the young couple, the friendly bearing of their suite, made this journey highly desirable to me, besides which, the way appeared to be so pleasantly facilitated.

"But even under these circumstances, so simple an affair was to be perplexed by accidents, disturbed by passions, and all but altogether annihilated; for after I had taken leave of every one, announced the day of my departure, packed up my things in haste, not forgetting my manuscript works, I awaited the hour which was to bring the above-mentioned friend in the new carriage and bear me to a new country, to new connections. The hour was past, the day also; and since, not to repeat the ceremony of leave-taking or be overwhelmed with visits, I had given myself out as absent after the appointed day, I was obliged to confine myself to the house, nay, to my own chamber, and thus found myself in a singular predicament.

"The solitude and confinement, however, had their advantages; for being obliged to employ my time, I worked on at Egmont and brought it pretty near to completion. I read it over to my father, who had taken a peculiar liking for this piece, and wished for nothing more than to see it finished and in print, because he hoped that the reputation of his son would be greatly increased by it. Some such consolation was certainly needed; for he made the most suspicious glosses on the prolonged absence of the carriage. Frequently he deemed the whole an adventure, believed in no new landau, held the expected gentleman for a thing of air; all which, indeed, he only intimated indirectly to myself; but on the other hand, harassed himself and my mother the more



about it, looking upon the whole as a court joke, which had been played off in consequence of my want of politeness, to annoy and shame me, when instead of the expected honor, I should be left insultingly where I was. I, myself, at first, held fast by my original belief, congratulating myself upon my hours of seclusion, disturbed neither by friends nor strangers, not even by a social interruption, and wrote away stoutly at Egmont, though not without inward agitation. And this turn of mind may possibly have improved the piece itself, which, influenced by so many passions, could not well have been written by one entirely passionless.

"Thus passed eight days, and I know not how many more, and this complete imprisonment began to be galling to me. Accustomed for many years to live in the open air, associated with friends, with whom I stood in the honestest busiest mutual relations, in the vicinity of a beloved one, from whom, indeed, I had resolved to part, but who so long as it was possible for me to approach her, powerfully attracted me to her side; all this began to trouble me to such an extent, that the attractiveness of my tragedy threatened to diminish, and my poetical productive power to be destroyed by my impatience. For some evenings already it had become impossible for me to remain at home. Wrapped up in a large cloak, I skulked about the town, before the houses of my friends and acquaintances, and neglected not to approach Lilli's window too. She lived on the ground floor in a corner house; the green blinds were down; I could plainly see, however, that the candles stood in the usual place. Presently I heard her singing to the harpsichord: it was the song: *Ach, wie ziehst du mich unwiderstehlich* (Ah, why dost thou attract me irresistibly), which, not quite a year ago, was written for and addressed to her. It seemed to me that she sung it more expressively than ever; I could distinctly catch it word for word; I had pressed my ear as close as the lattice allowed. When she had sung it to an end, I saw by the shadow which fell upon the blinds, that she had arisen; she walked backwards and forwards, but I sought in vain to catch the outline of her lovely figure through the thick blind. Nothing less than my firm purpose to take myself away, not to trouble her by my presence, to renounce her in good earnest, and the thought what a rare surprise my re-appearance would cause, were strong enough to decide me to leave so dear a vicinity."\*

"Several days elapsed, and my father's hypothesis gained more and more plausibility, since not so much as a letter arrived from Carlsruhe to explain the delay of the landau. My poetical labors came to a stand, and my father had now full scope in the state of disquiet with which I was distracted. His proposal was: the matter could not be helped—my trunk was packed—he was willing to give me money and credit for a journey to Italy, but I must make up my mind to depart immediately. Doubting and hesitating in so critical a conjuncture, I at length agreed, that if by a stated hour neither carriage nor intelligence had arrived, I would set out; first for Heidelberg; from thence, however, not again through Switzerland, but rather over the Alps by the Tyrol.

"Wonderful things must fain come to pass, if planless youth, so prone to mislead itself, is moreover impelled upon a fair track by the headstrong error of age. But it is the case with youth and life in general, that we commonly get an insight into tactics when the campaign is over. In a pure matter of business, an accident of the kind would have been easy of explanation, but we conspire far too willingly with error against the naturally true, just as we shuffle the

cards before dealing them, lest chance should be deprived of its share; and thus is founded the element on and in which the demoniacal so readily works, and only treats us the worse, the stronger is our foreboding of its proximity."

The appointed day arrived, but no landau; and Goethe, after taking a secret leave of his friend Passavant, set off for Heidelberg on his way to Italy. He chose to go by Heidelberg for two reasons: he still entertained hopes of hearing some news of the landau, and he wished to see Mademoiselle Delf, with whom he could talk over his passion for Lilli. At Heidelberg he becomes acquainted with a family, of which a lovely girl, bearing a strong resemblance to one of his former loves, named Frederica, formed part:—

"With an earlier still unextinguished passion in my heart, I excited interest without intending it, even when I was silent about it, and thus I became domesticated, nay, indispensable in this circle, and forgot that after a few evenings of gossiping I had proposed to continue my journey."

His friend Mademoiselle Delf appears to have been one of those good-natured souls who delight in what is vulgarly called matchmaking. Seeing the necessity of breaking off the connection with Lilli, she used her best endeavors to establish a new connection in the place of it, and Goethe so far fell in with her views as to listen without dissenting to a plan for marrying him to the young lady just mentioned, and eventually settling him in Heidelberg, provided on his return from Italy her growing inclination should be matured into a positive affection for him. At this point the narrative regains its vividness:—

"All this, it is true, I did not decline; but my planless existence could not altogether harmonize with the systematic proceedings of my friend: I enjoyed the blessing of the moment; Lilli's image was ever before me, sleeping or waking, and mixed itself up with every thing which might otherwise have had the power of pleasing or distracting me. Now, however, I called up before my soul the seriousness of my great travelling undertaking, and determined on releasing myself gently and politely, and continuing my journey within a few days.

"Till late in the night had Mademoiselle Delf been explaining to me her plans in detail, and what people were willing to do for me; and I could not do otherwise than gratefully respect such feelings, although the views of a particular circle to strengthen themselves through me and my possible favor at court, were not altogether to be mistaken. We did not separate till near one o'clock. But I had not long fallen into a deep sleep, when I was awakened by the horn of a postilion who had stopped before the door. Soon afterwards appeared Mademoiselle Delf, with a candle and a letter in her hand. 'There it is!' exclaimed she; 'read and tell me what it is about. No doubt it comes from the Weimar people. If it is an invitation, accept it not, and remember what we have been talking about.' I begged her to allow me a candle and half an hour of solitude. She

\* This incident, perhaps suggested the exquisite scene of Wilhelm Meister, where Wilhelm watches at the door of Mariana.



left me reluctantly. I sat awhile in thought without opening the letter. The post came from Frankfurt; I knew the hand and seal; my friend was consequently there, and mistrust and uncertainty had made us too precipitate. Why not wait quietly for a man confidently announced, whose journey might be delayed by so many accidents? The scales fell from my eyes. All preceding kindness, favor, confidence, presented themselves in the liveliest manner to me; I was also ashamed of my strange evasion. At length I opened the letter, and all had come to pass in the most natural way. My missing companion had waited for the new carriage, as I for him, day after day, hour after hour; then, on account of business, gone by way of Mannheim to Frankfurt, and there to his horror found me not. He instantly sent off a hasty letter by a courier, in which he proposed that immediately on the clearing up of the mistake, I should return, and not expose him to the disgrace of arriving at Weimar without me. Though my reason and disposition inclined to this side, my new direction was not wanting in a weighty counterpoise. My father had laid before me a very pretty route, and given me a little library, by means of which I might prepare myself beforehand, and be my own guide in the places I should visit. During my leisure hours I had hitherto no other amusement, and indeed upon my last short journey thought of nothing else. Those glorious objects with which, from youth upwards, I had become familiar by narratives and descriptions of every kind, assembled themselves before my mind's eye, and I could conceive nothing more desirable than to be coming nearer and nearer to them whilst I was going farther and farther from Lilli.

"In the meantime I had dressed myself and was walking up and down in the room. My eager hostess entered. 'What am I to hope?' exclaimed she. 'My best of friends,' said I, 'press me no more, I am resolved on returning; I myself have weighed the grounds: to repeat them would avail nothing. The resolution must be taken at last, and who should take it but he who is to be affected by it in the end?' I was moved, she also; and a passionate scene took place, which I ended by telling my servant to order horses. In vain did I entreat my hostess to compose herself, and turn the sportive leave, which I had yesterday taken of the company, into a real one; to reflect that the only matter in question was a visit, a brief stay; that my Italian journey was not to be given up, nor my return to Mannheim cut off. She would listen to nothing, and increased my causes of disquiet. The carriage was at the door; everything was packed up; the postilion gave the customary sign of impatience. I tore myself away; still she would not let me depart, and reproduced, ingeniously enough, all the arguments of the present, so that at last I passionately and warmly exclaimed in the words of Egmont:—'Child! child! no more. As if flogged by invisible spirits, the horses of the sun hurry the light carriage of our destiny along, and nothing is left for us than, with our minds courageously made up, to hold tight the reins and turn the wheels now to this side, now to that, here away from a stone there from a stump. Who knows whither he is going? Scarcely, indeed, does any one remember where he came from.'

With these words the concluding chapter of the autobiography concludes.

The ninth volume consists of short detached essays on various subjects, and a collection of maxims and reflections. Lady Morgan in her delightful "Book of the Boudoir," has said:—

"Nobody writes maxims now. Maxims do not belong to the state of intellect and literature of the present age. In times when knowledge was the exclusive property of a particular class, and when mankind leaned upon the opinions of the learned, they were more apt to refer their conduct to a well established rule, than to govern it by their own reflection. These were the times for 'wise saws and modern instances.' Men now think for themselves, and do not require recipes for thinking."

There is some truth in this, but it is not altogether true. We believe that very few men still think for themselves, and we believe, moreover, that maxims never exercised, and never can or will exercise, much influence on those who are not qualified by their own habits of observation and reflection to verify and appropriate them. Goethe's are of a very miscellaneous character, and have one great advantage at least over those of Rochefoucauld and his imitators: they are not framed upon any given system of moral or metaphysical philosophy. They occupy rather more than a hundred pages of the book; the following, therefore, are merely given as a sample:—

"How is man to become acquainted with himself? By reflection never, but possibly by action. Try to do thy duty, and thou wilt soon know what is in thee.

"But what is thy duty? The furthering of the day.

"Unlimited activity, be it of what kind it may, becomes bankrupt in the end.

"It is not always necessary for truth to embody itself; enough if it float spiritually about and induce agreement; if, like the deep friendly sound of a bell, it undulates through the air.

"A capital error: that we think ourselves greater than we are, and value ourselves at less than we are really worth.

"Music, in the best sense, is little in want of novelty; on the contrary, the older it is, and the more one is accustomed to it, by so much the greater the effect.

"The best which we have from history is the enthusiasm it excites.

"Deeply and earnestly reflecting men occupy an evil position as regards the public.

"If I am to assent to the opinion of another, it must be positively pronounced; I have enough of the problematical in myself.

"Literature is the fragment of fragments: the least part of that which happened and has been said, has been written: of what has been written the least part has survived.

"Shakspeare is dangerous reading for budding talents; he compels them to reproduce him, and they fancy they are producing themselves.

"He who is content with pure experience and acts accordingly, has truth enough. The growing child is wise in this sense.

"Theory, in and for itself, is nothing worth, but in so far as it makes us believe in the connection of phenomena.

"Certain books appear to be written, not that we may learn any thing from them, but that we may know that the author knew something.

"The dust which is on the point of being laid for some time to come, raises itself powerfully for the last time before the storm.



"He who is ignorant of foreign languages, is ignorant of his own.

"It is a requisition of nature, that men should occasionally be stupified or have their senses deadened without falling asleep; hence the gratification they derive from tobacco-smoke, dram-drinking, opiates.

"We do not possess what we do not understand.

"All opposers of an intellectual matter only strike amongst the coals: these fly about and set on fire when they would otherwise have had no effect.

"Every thing lyrical must in the whole be very reasonable, in particulars a little unreasonable.

"Foresight is simple; retrospect, multiform.

"Truth belongs to the man, error to his age. For this reason it was said of an extraordinary character: *Le malheur du tems a causé son erreur, mais la force de son ame l'en a fait sortir avec gloire.*

"Men need only to grow old to become tolerant; I see no fault committed, which I might not have committed myself.

"Some one questioned Timon as to the education of his children. Have them, said he, instructed in that which they will never comprehend.

"Superstition is the poetry of life; wherefore it is an injury to the poet not to be superstitious.

"He who feels no love, must learn to flatter, or he will not get on.

"I can promise to be upright, but not to be impartial.

"Ingratitude is a kind of weakness. I have never found able men ungrateful.

"Accomplished people are always the best Conversations-Lexicon.

"In every work of art, great or little, even down to the slightest, all depends upon the conception.

"The question: which stands highest, the Historian or the Poet? ought not to be proposed; they contend against each other as little as the runner and the boxer. His proper crown is due to each.

"My relation to Schiller was founded upon the decided direction of both towards one object; our common activity upon the difference of the means by which we sought to reach it.

"It would not be worth while to be seventy years old, if all the wisdom of the world were folly in the eyes of God.

"Several sayings of the ancients, which people are accustomed to repeat, had a totally different meaning from that which is given to them in modern times.

"Men liken themselves to those whom they praise.

"Some one compared thought and action to Rachel and Leah; the one was more pleasing, the other more fruitful.

"Courage and modesty are the most undoubted virtues; for they are of a kind that hypocrisy cannot imitate; they have also the property in common of expressing themselves both by the same hue.

"Of all thieves fools are the worst: they rob you of both time and temper.

"Respect for self governs our morality: respect for others governs our behavior.

"At the present moment every man of cultivated mind should take Sterne's works in hand again, that the nineteenth century might know how much we do owe to him, and perceive how much we might owe to him.

"In the spring and autumn we think little of a fire, and yet it happens that if we come upon one by accident, we find the feelings communicated by it so agreeable, that we feel inclined to indulge them. This would probably be found analogous to every temptation."

The tenth Volume consists of Essays on Moral, Metaphysical and Scientific

subjects. The eleventh Volume is devoted to Mineralogy, Geology, and Meteorology: the Mineralogical and Geological part consisting mostly of brief accounts of the formation or productions of particular districts of Germany; the Meteorological, of short descriptive speculations on the principal phenomena and the instruments used in determining them. The four remaining volumes contain the Didactic and Historical Parts of the *Farbenlehre* or Doctrine of Colors; the Polemical part has been omitted in this edition by the desire of the author as expressed in a codicil to his will. The space already occupied by this article compels us to postpone the consideration of so extensive a subject, which should be treated fully and systematically or not at all. We merely think it necessary to say (and we say it upon the best authority,) that if Goethe's optical theories be frequently more distinguished by their ingenuity and originality than by their truth, he has at least produced a book remarkable for the number of useful suggestions and curious observations contained in it, and forming altogether one of the most valuable additions to the history and literature of science which has appeared for the last half century in any country.

ART. VII.—1. *Hollandische Volkslieder. Gesammelt und erläutert von Dr. Heinrich Hoffmann. Mit einer Musikbeilage.* (Popular Songs of Holland. Collected and Illustrated by Dr. Henry Hoffmann. With a Musical Appendix.) Breslau. 1833. 8vo.

2. *Proben Altholländischer Volkslieder. Mit einem Anhang altschwedischer, englischer, schottischer, italienischer, madecassischer, brasilianischer und altdeutscher Volkslieder. Gesammelt und übersetzt von O. L. B. Wolff.* (Specimens of Old Dutch Popular Songs. With an Appendix of Old Swedish, English, Scottish, Italian, Madecassian, Brazilian, and Old German Popular Songs. Collected and translated by O. L. B. Wolff.) Grëiz. 1832. 8vo.

HAD it been our good fortune to have lived in those halcyon days when Love and all the world were young, when fairs were countenanced, Whitsun ales abounded, and witty pedlars were found in the



land, traversing, with wallets crowded and motley as their brains, from feast to merry-making, without having the fear of the Vagrant Act or Stamp-office before their eyes—had we lived, we say, in those days, and had the additional happiness of encountering in our peregrinations that most knavish and facetious of the pack-bearing fraternity, good master Autolycus, we think, when we had turned over his stores of

"Lawn, as white as driven snow ;  
Cyprus, black as any crow,"

we should, rejecting all such like knick-knacks, have made a choice similar to that of the gentle Mopsa, for, like her, we "love a ballad in print a-life, for then we are sure they are true."

But since the fates have willed that our sojourn in this world should be postponed from those golden days of love and poesy, until this *cast-iron* age of utilitarianism, we will thankfully receive the gifts the gods have sent us, and by the magic powers of the imagination transform Herr Hoffmann into an Autolycus, and his pleasant volume into a goodly and well-filled fardel, in which we shall find ballads in print, and those too of the choicest. He, indeed, is a fitting editor for the work before us, for it is clear that, like the clown in the Winter's Tale, "he loves a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably."

To speak seriously, the editor has set to work in good earnest, and with a heart warmed towards his subjects. He sympathizes with the touches of rude but deep feeling, with which these unlettered productions abound, and the result of his labors of love is a very delightful volume, for which we render him our thanks, the more especially since its appearance enables us to complete the sketch of the Poetical History of Holland, which our readers will find in the third volume of the Foreign Quarterly Review.

The Popular Songs of Holland are naturally separable into two great classes; the first containing those of a spiritual or religious nature; the second, such as by way of contradistinction are generally termed profane songs. We will, as Hoffmann has very properly done before us, give precedence to the former of these divisions; and we think we cannot better commence our notice of the productions which are classed under the head of Spiritual Songs, than by quoting the remarks with which their present judicious editor introduces them to his readers.

"The older spiritual poetry of Holland, at least that part of it which is extant in the form of songs, existed for a very limited period. The greater portion of the songs of this class appeared in the middle of the fifteenth century, and disappeared again before the close of the following one. Many had found favor with the people, and might therefore justly lay claim to the title of popular songs. These, like all the religious ones, were for the most part either adapted to the airs of profane ones, or imitated from them; the greater number were, however, not so widely spread, but confined rather to the circle of private devotion. Moreover, from the nature of their contents they were of necessity kept within a very limited circle, for the greatest number of them consisted of songs which treated of the nature and circumstances of the loving soul, and of the means whereby it sought to gain the affections of its Bridegroom—Jesus Christ. The other divisions of the sacred songs were severally devoted to the celebration of the birth and resurrection of Christ, and to the praises of the blessed Virgin. Thus then, the earlier sacred poetry of Holland consisted only of four descriptions of songs, viz. the Christmas Carols, the Easter Hymns, the Songs of the Virgin, and the Songs of Christian Doctrine.

"The carols, or Christmas songs, are those which are most deserving of our attention. In them we may most clearly discern the *child-like* religious spirit of the olden time, when men were not content to relate in the shape of songs the history of the birth of the Saviour simply as recorded in the Scriptures, but sought by little traits drawn from national and domestic life, to make it more alluring and instructive, and so to apply it directly to the hearts of the pious and of the faithful."—pp. 1, 2.

This custom of familiarizing from reverential and affectionate motives the personages and events of Scripture, of which Hoffmann adduces several instances, was however one which obtained as universally among the carol writers of other nations as among those of Holland. Of this the reader will find abundant proof in Mr. Sandys' valuable collection of English Carols,\* should it never have been his lot, as it has been ours, to hear in the streets of London, the one beginning, "When Joseph was an old man," in which the miracle of the Cherry-tree is recorded in a most homely style of narrative.

"Many of the descriptions in these old poems strongly resemble the Biblical designs of some of the early masters," says the present editor, and he justifies his assertion by the following quotation:—

"The mother she made for the child a bath,  
How lovely then it therein sat!  
The childling it plashed with its hand,  
That the water out of the bason sprang."†

"But sometimes," he continues, "these religious

\* Christmas Carols, Ancient and Modern; with an Introduction and Notes by W. Sandys, F. A. S. 8vo. London. 1833.

† We give the original stanza to show how great is the affinity which exists between the Dutch and English branches of the Teutonic tongue.

"Die moeder die makeden den kinde een bat,  
Hoe lieflic dattet daer inne sat!  
Dat kindekijn pleterden metter hant,  
Dattet water uten becken spranc."



poetical feelings lose themselves so completely in the subject, that they never perceive how closely their descriptions verge upon the laughable.

'Mary did not herself prepare  
With cradle-clothes to her hand there,  
Wherein she might her dear child wind.  
Soon as Joseph this did find,  
His hose straight from his legs he drew,  
Which to this day at Aix they show,  
And with them the blessed clothes did make,  
In which God first man's form did take.'

"It is true that we look upon these descriptions with modern eyes, not taking into consideration that our manners and customs, that our general views, in short, are not at all times in unison with those of the fifteenth century. But even if we are always right in these and similar cases, still we cannot deny that there often lies in these old poems what we, notwithstanding we are in the possession of the most exquisite skill, cannot at all reach—an infinite *naïveté*—a touching simplicity. Especially rich in this respect are the songs which describe the flight of the Holy Family into Egypt:—

'Joseph he did leap and run  
Until an ass's foal he won,  
Whereon he set that maiden mild,  
And with her that most blessed child.'

"The whole idyllic life which they led in that country is told to us in a few unpretending traits:—

'Joseph he led the ass,  
The bridle held he;  
What found they by the way  
But a date-tree.  
Oh, ass's foal, thou must stand still,  
To gather dates it is our will,  
So weary are we.  
The date-tree bowed to the earth  
To Mary's knee.

'Mary would fill her lap  
From the date-tree.  
Joseph was an old man,  
And wearied was he.  
"Mary let the date-tree bide,  
We have yet forty miles to ride,  
And late it will be.  
Let us pray this blessed child  
Grant us mercie."'

"Nay, they do not even forget to inform us how the Holy Family labored for their subsistence in this foreign land:—

'Mary, that maiden dear,  
Well could she spin.  
Joseph, as a carpenter,  
Could his bread win.  
When Joseph was grown so old  
That no longer work he could,  
The thread he wound,  
And Jesus to rich and poor  
Carried it round.'"—pp. 3—5.

The Easter Hymns, which constitute the second branch of these Spiritual Songs, are marked by the same peculiarities as those which distinguish the carols. In them the Scriptural narrative of the death and resurrection of our Saviour is similarly expanded, or else related in an allegorical style. One of the most beautiful of these allegorical descriptions of Christ's sufferings is contained in a song, in which the Nightingale (Christ) is represented perch-

ed upon a blooming may-tree (the Cross,) and there singing so vehemently the seven last words, that his heart breaks: thus dies the Nightingale solely from love for a beautiful maiden, under which form the Christian Church is represented.

The Songs of the Virgin, which form the third of those divisions into which the sacred lyrics of Holland are separated in the work before us, are formed chiefly of praises offered up in all manner of strains and forms of expressions which are worthy of being addressed to her, who is considered by the writers of them to realize the most perfect idea of virtue, to be the type of all heavenly beauty and maidenhood, and as the mother of the Saviour, the appointed intercessor with the Redeemer.

We shall not, however, stop to furnish our readers with a specimen of this species of devotional poetry, nor of the more numerous class which immediately follows it, namely, the Godly Songs, or Songs of Christian Doctrine. These are one and all founded, in a greater or less degree, upon the single all-pervading idea that Christ is the bridegroom, and the whole Christian Church, and every pious soul belonging to it, is his appointed bride. This thought, which had been expressed centuries before in the Scriptures, and is one of deep theological import, is here abided by, and repeated in every way calculated to arouse the slumbering, and foster the religious sentiments of the faithful believer. It were useless to describe the numerous forms under which the expression of this allegorical betrothing is veiled, or to point out the many instances in which the relations and circumstances of mere human affections are copied into the pictures of this heavenly passion.

"The arms of my true love  
Are stretched apart,  
Oh might I rest in them,  
'Twould ease my pained heart!

"His sweet mouth and red  
He hath bent unto me,  
Oh might I but kiss it,  
Heal'd my soul would be!"—p. 10.

Nay, in many instances, the poets were not contented with the introduction of thoughts and ideas borrowed from everyday life, but sought to support the sacred cause to which they had dedicated their talents by spiritual parodies of worldly songs.

We will now turn for a while to the romantic ballads of Holland. These productions of the national muse had in the fifteenth century little to distinguish them



from their German brethren; one and the same song was the common property of both countries, so much so, that it is doubtful in most instances whether the German or Dutch song should be looked upon as the original. But the circumstance of the German ballads still finding a welcome and protection in their Fatherland, would seem to decide the question of primogeniture in their favor.

Unfortunately the greater portion of the Dutch ballads belonging to this period have disappeared from among the people, and we, and all lovers of these rude but pathetic outpourings of national feelings, must feel grateful to the present editor, and to all such kindred spirits, when we see them stepping forward to rescue these scattered fragments of the olden days from the hand of the destroyer. Popular poetry, in the sense in which that term is generally used, no longer exists in Holland: the Dutch sing as of old, in despite of protocols and rumors of wars, but their songs are no longer such as

"The spinsters and the knitters in the sun  
And the free maids that weave their thread with  
bones,  
Do use to chaunt ;"

No—their songs are the productions of the most accomplished poets of the day, the airs to which they sing them are from the most fashionable operas. "There is a time for all things;" the present seems a time for change: the schoolmaster may rejoice thereat, but verily the perusal of the rough but stirring ballads now before us, and by which, as Sir Philip Sydney hath it, "the heart is moved more than with a trumpet," tempts us to join issue with the pedagogue as to the advantages to be derived from a change that will banish them from their ancient influence on society,

But to resume. The ballad with which this collection opens is one essentially national, since it relates the murder of Count Floris of Holland, by Gerard van Velsen, whose wife he had violated. It is somewhat too long for our pages, but the pathetic touches with which it abounds are of the most heart-rending description, and form it into a domestic tragedy, whose hero moves our pity for his sufferings, mental and bodily, and our admiration for the courage with which he endures them. He was condemned for the murder to be rolled in a cask studded with nails, and when he had undergone this torture during three whole days, he is asked—

"Gerard van Velsen, thou right good man,  
How fares it with thee now?"

"How fares it with me now? you ask,  
And thus I answer you,  
That I am still the self-same man  
Who young Count Floris slew."

We will pass over the next in the series for the same reason which influenced our omission of the first, namely, its length, and though the one we have selected must necessarily lose much of its raciness in a translation, we hope the touches of pathos and the picture of deep-rooted affection which it exhibits, will win for our version as much favor in the sight of our readers, as the Dutch original has found with us.

#### DAY IN THE EAST IS DAWNING.

"Day in the east is dawning,  
Light shineth over all;  
How little knows my dearest  
What fate shall me befall.

'Were every one a friend to me  
Whom now I count my foe,  
I'd bear thee far from this countree,  
My trust, my own true joe.'

'Then whither would'st thou bear me,  
Thou knight so stout and gay?'—  
'All under the green linden,  
Darling, we'd take our way.'

'In my love's arms I'm lying  
With great honor per fay,  
In my love's arms I'm lying,  
Thou knight so stout and gay.'

'In thy love's arms thou'rt lying,  
Wo's me, that is not truth!  
Seek under the green linden,  
There liest he slain forsooth.'

The maiden took her mantle,  
And hastened on her way,  
Where under the green linden  
Her murdered lover lay.

'Oh lyest thou here murdered,  
And bathed in thy blood!  
'Tis all because of thy high fame,  
Thy noble mind and good.

'Oh lyest thou here murdered,  
Who was my comfort all!  
Alas how many bitter days  
Must I now weep thy fall?'

The maiden turned her homewards,  
With grief and dolor sore.  
And when she reached her father's,  
Yclosed was every door.

'What—is there no one here within  
No lord, no man of birth,  
Who will assist me bury  
This corse in the cold earth?'

The lords within stood mute and still,  
No help to her they lent;



The maiden turned her back again,  
Loud weeping as she went.

Then with her hair so yellow,  
She cleansed him from his gore,  
And with her hands so snowy,  
His wounds she covered o'er.

And with his own white sword,  
A grave for him she made,  
And with her own white arms,  
His corse within it laid.

And with her hands so snowy,  
Her lover's knell she rang,  
And with her voice so gentle,  
Her lover's dirge she sang.

'Now to some lonely cloister,  
Straight I'll myself betake,  
And wear for aye a sable veil,  
For my own true love's sake.'

Hoffmann, pp. 101-103.

The words "Under the green linden," in the foregoing ballad, are supposed by the editor to contain an allusion to the old German criminal law. Courts of judicature were frequently held under the linden, and the passage we have quoted, in his opinion, implies that the corpse had already been borne to the place of judgment, that the customary declaration of murder might be duly pronounced over it by the judges. The following quotation from the *Schweidnitzer Chronik* seems to confirm this view:

"Ao. 1591, den 19 Januarij, hat einer mit namen George Tzirbiz von Taunaus zwischen 23 und 24 Uhr Jacob Ringeln von Niedergrunau zu Kletschau ohne gegebene Ursach auf den Kopf gehauen, dass er gestorben, und ist unter der Linde über den Thater Zelter geschrien."

We have stated that many of these ballads are the common property both of Holland and of Germany: among the most remarkable instances of this may be named "Ich stont op hoghe Berghen," which is identically the same with the "Lay of the young Count," a German song, published by Herder in his "Volkslieder," (which is beyond all comparison the most beautiful collection of national minstrelsy ever formed;) and among many others equally curious in this respect, is that "Van Heer Danielkeen," which is a Dutch version of the history of "Sir Tannhauser," whose exploits and awful fate are so frequently alluded to in German literature.\*

\* Translations of both these ballads will be found in the first and fifth parts of Mr. Thoms's *Lays and Legends of Various Nations; Germany*, parts 1 and 2—an elegant little work now in the course of monthly publication, to which we hold ourselves indebted for a great variety of curious and recondite information, brought together with much taste and judgment,

We should certainly have given a translation of that wild and mysterious ballad "The Hunter from Greece," had we not been anticipated by one in the *Batavian Anthology*. We will therefore substitute for it another which has its shortness to recommend it to those who may not esteem it so highly as we do:

"It is silly sooth,  
And dallies with the innocence of Love  
Like the old age."

And it is endeared to us strongly by the unison of its tone with that which marks those snatches of by-gone songs which Shakspeare has scattered over his wondrous pages. Love forms its theme, and well does it illustrate what that mighty master of the tuneful lyre sung of Love's effects:

"Nature is fine in love; and where 'tis fine  
It sends some precious instance of itself  
After the thing it loves."

The ballad indeed seems embued with the very spirit of Love, and would have gladdened the heart of him whose matchless poesy evinces in every line his fondness for such rude minstrelsy.

#### THE THREE MAIDENS.

"There were three maidens wandered forth  
In the spring time of the year,  
The hail and the snow fell thick and fast,  
And all three barefooted were.

The first of the three was weeping sore,  
With joy skipped the second there,  
The third of those maidens the first did ask,  
'Oh how does thy true love fare?'

'Oh why and oh wherefore askest thou,  
How does my true love fare?  
Three men at arms did fall upon him,  
His life they would not spare.'

'Did three men at arms fall upon him,  
His life would they not spare?  
Another lover must kiss you then,  
To be merry and glad prepare.'

'If another lover should kiss me then,  
Oh how sad would my poor heart be!  
Adieu my father and mother!  
Ye never more shall see me.

'Adieu my father and mother!  
And my youngest sister dear,  
And I will to the green linden go,  
My true love lieth there.'—pp. 110, 111.

We must now conclude, and we will do so by once more expressing our hearty approbation of the selection which Hoffmann has made, as well as of the manner in which he has illustrated his materials.

and a *con amore* spirit which is extremely prepossessing.



Nor must we omit a good word in favor of Professor Wolff's translations, which are made from Le Jeune's Collection of Dutch Songs (a book we have never seen,) and form a very appropriate addition to the same writer's varied and successful labors in this field of literature, with all of which the lovers of such lore should speedily make acquaintance.

ART. VIII.—1. *Exposé des Motifs et Projet de Loi sur les Droits de Douanes a l'Importation et a l'Exportation, présenté par M. le Ministre du Commerce (M. Thiers) dans la séance du 3 Février. (Moniteur, 12 Février, 1834.)*

2. *Rapport de la Commission chargée d'Examiner le Projet de Loi sur les Douanes, présenté par M. Meynard, Organe de cette Commission. (Ibid, 5 Mai, 1834.)*

3. *Ordonnance du 2 Juin sur les Douanes. (Bulletin des Lois, 1834.)*

4. *First Report on the Commercial relations between France and Great Britain, by George Villiers and John Bowring; with a Supplementary Report by John Bowring. London. 1834. folio.*

To those who feel inclined to rely upon Dr. Bowring's opinion, that "a great and gratifying change has taken place in the state of public opinion in France upon the fetters which have so long and so perniciously bound commerce," (*Supp. Rep.* p. 181,) we beg to point out the recent French elections, and particularly the choice made by the capital, where the most notorious enemies to commercial improvement have been adopted by overwhelming majorities. Such a fact, coupled with various others posterior to his Report, which our readers will observe in the course of this article, affords stronger testimony of the real state of public opinion, than the ideas of the Chambers of Commerce of a few of the seaports and inland entrepôts, on which Dr. Bowring relies with so much confidence. Previously to 1830 it was supposed that the monopolies were only part of the abuses of the Restoration, and many fondly imagined that the political changes of that year would give them their death-blow.

"Three years have elapsed," say the merchants

of Bordeaux,\* "since the Revolution was effected, and we are still waiting for its consequences upon our commercial legislation. Our economical system keeps up its exclusions, whilst our political organization has a progressive tendency to abandon them. The protective system declares by its results that it is openly opposed to our fundamental law. It sets up categories and distinctions between different employments. Some are protected, while others are left aside; some obtain the exclusive possession of the market, whilst it is taken from others; some are forced at vast expense, and grow beyond measure; others are stifled, and die for want of aid. The industrious classes of the same country either profit by the régime with which we are governed, or suffer from it, according to the nature of their occupations; and different portions of the country derive advantage from this arbitrary system, or groan under it, according to their resources or situation. But where is the equality, where the harmony, that ought to flow from laws common to all?"

This persuasion, like many other notions touching the politics of the Elder Branch, turns out to be a complete delusion. Events have shown that the monopolists are independent of the Government. They are supported by their immense influence amongst the electoral body, but still more by national prejudices, which as yet have shown themselves invincible.

And yet in the beginning there were some symptoms of favorable change, as Dr. Bowring rightly observed. The man of prohibition—M. de St. Cricq—was driven from public affairs; some sense of the necessity of amendment was shown in the Chambers; ordinances were launched by the government against a few of the more extravagant and absurd regulations; a bounty or two was abandoned; and—M. Thiers was named minister of Trade.

Before we examine the present state of French commercial policy, it is necessary to mention an assembly held in Paris in December last. This body was composed of the *élite* of the agriculturists, merchants and manufacturers, and was convened by the Government to give their advice upon matters of trade, and more particularly on import duties and prohibitions. The uselessness of such an institution might be tolerably well guessed *a priori*. A land owner will amend no tariff that keeps up the price of rural produce, a manufacturer will ever plead "vested interests" against foreign cheapness, and the colonist and his consignee will repel "theories" that would open other markets to the consumers of colonial produce. They will in turn tear the cloak from the shoulders of one another; the farmer will call for cheap iron, and the founder for cheap corn: each will implicitly confess

\* Adresse des Négocians de Bordeaux aux Chambres Législatives. 4to. Bordeaux. 1834.



that the "theorists" are right, but explicit none will be, for each instinctively feels the peril of a general principle for his own abuse. The proceedings of the assembly in question were in perfect conformity with these suppositions. Instead of examining the operation of the present tariff on production, or its influence on the well-being of the public, they cast themselves into a petty debate of industry with industry, and a sorry chaffering in what are oddly called 'concessions.' The traders and manufacturers demanded a diminution of the duties on cattle and wool, but the agriculturists would only consent to a small reduction of the cattle-tax. The merchants called for lower linen duties, but were resisted by the growers of flax and the spinners of yarn. The manufacturers asked for diminished coal and iron duties, but were repelled by the wood owners and coal miners. There was much indignation at being "tributary" to foreigners, much admiration of "national industry," and much applause of French iron, French cotton and French coal; for some men, just in proportion as they profit by abuses, blind themselves to their injustice with self-conceit. But not a voice was raised for the wearers of coats and the eaters of meat; no pity was shown for the lower classes suffering under the dearness of fuel, nor for the ruined vine growers. If we are asked what this council accomplished, we answer—nothing; and it is probable that the government never intended to make any use of it, except as a buttress to the present system of commercial policy. It is from the proceedings of this body that M. Thiers drew the materials for the Customs Bill which was laid before the Chamber of Deputies during the last session. The bill got no further than the Committee, and died with the Chamber; and M. Thiers himself no longer occupies the same post: but as the steps recently taken by the government are little better than the execution of portions of his scheme, we may look upon the latter as representing its present policy, and shall examine it accordingly. The Report of M. Meynard, as organ of the Committee, is a mere echo of M. Thiers's *Exposé*, except in a few particulars, which we shall note.

If not a profound, M. Thiers is at least an audacious writer. The theories which he contrived in defence of the revolutionary administration of 1793—4 are some of the boldest and most original within the range of our historical reading. Their soundness may doubtless be questioned,

but the inventor could hardly have passed for a man of prejudice or routine; nor could anybody have imagined that the apologist for the assignats would one day adopt the antiquated economy of the prohibition-mongers. But alas for our shortsightedness! M. Thiers is not content with being the political instrument of his new party; he takes on himself the defence of their most illegitimate interests, nor fears to adopt the foulest prejudices which those interests breed. Thus he not only demands the continuation of the present prohibitions, but clamors against free intercourse throughout his *Exposé* as loudly as the monopolists themselves.

The latter is a lively piece of written tattle, fitter for a light magazine, or a country newspaper, than a grave legislature, being slip-slop in style, vague and exaggerated in its statements, and with the show of easy discussion, which often makes nonsense pass for the production of active genius. With respect to the matter, he begins by saying—

"The spirit of the present government is moderation and wise reserve in all its innovations. The spirit of 89 was rash, and that of 1814 retrograde; but the spirit of 1830 ought to be measured, practical, positive, and as ready to admit improvements clearly shown, as it is slow and reserved in trying such as may be contested. This spirit, which in politics has given peace to Europe, internal order to France, and security and prosperity to industry, can alone give us, in matters of administration, good commercial laws."

Now this statement is entirely unfounded, as it would be easy to prove from M. Thiers's History; but as he might object that this would be an appeal from Philip sober to Philip drunk,\* we will not insist on his own testimony. But we defy M. Thiers to show from any other authority the smallest feature in the proceedings of the National Assembly denoting a rash spirit of commercial change, or even a single faint attempt to retain the moderate treaty of Mr. Pitt. The prohibitory tariff of 1791 was the work of that body. As to the Restoration, we unequivocally assert that one of its first steps was to put an end to the continental system, and to open the French ports. In another part of his *Exposé*, M. Thiers himself asserts, by way of an *argumentum ad invidiam*, that

"The princes of the elder branch had a natural desire to please the foreigners who brought them trade, and a taste for everything that abounded in England. Our ports were suddenly opened, and the invasion was so sudden that alarm was spread throughout every employment."

\* M. Thiers has lately chosen to describe this work as the mere attempt of a youth of *three-and-twenty*!



If the Restoration shut the ports afresh, it was out of fear of the manufacturing and commercial bodies, whose want of attachment it was not thought worth while to provoke into hostility. To cloak the new plan with anti-jacobin and anti-royalist prejudices in this manner, speaks but little for the wisdom and sincerity of the minister. The claim to reserve and discretion is made by all parties. Discretion is a very uncertain quality, and at best is but relative. If it have a fixed meaning, it is the taking of proper means for the execution of proper measures, and to claim the exclusive capacity for such purposes, is to arrogate a vain-glorious character for wisdom that ought to expose public authority to laughter. Besides, we have never heard of any party that wished to destroy the present mercantile system at a blow. The foremost of the French economists, the late J. B. Say, notoriously insisted upon its gradual improvement, comparing its sudden annihilation with the destruction of an old house before the owner had found a new dwelling. The following passage will help us to the minister's notion of discretion:—

"If the spirit of the government was to act with reserve, to do so was likewise the first of its duties towards all interests. . . . It is not by sacrificing them one to another without pity that they are to be reconciled: if they are to be instructed and pacified, it is only by slow and cautious experiments."

Now we contend that it is the present system that is a pitiless sacrifice of one interest to another, or rather of the public interest to those of a few. If the peasant of the south still harrows his field with an elm-branch—if the claret-grower gluts his cellar with unsold wines—if the poor of Paris perish with December's cold—it is because they are all remorselessly sacrificed to a few iron and coal miners. But it seems that the spirit of reserve and of duty is not to be extended to the interests of the public.

"In 1786 a celebrated treaty, which was drawn up under the influence of men fond of systems, exposed our industry to a fatal invasion. This precipitate movement was followed by a violent reaction; measures of prohibition were returned to, which might have been spared if a slower progress had been tried."

It is a strange proceeding in a professor of reserve to condemn in this compendious way a treaty to which all wise men have ever looked back with regret. Mr. Pitt fond of systems! Can M. Thiers tell us whether it was abandoned from any public sense of its doing harm?—whether any inquiry was made into its real results?—

whether any thing was attended to, except the clamors of a few French manufacturers? The treaty in question was made at a time when the commercial theory was maintained on both sides of the water in the spirit of violent orthodoxy. Adam Smith, who was just coming into notice, passed for a heretical dreamer even in the eyes of Mr. Fox, whose opposition to the treaty still makes us blush for his memory. Arthur Young made us familiar with the revolting ignorance about it in France. Besides, why does M. Thiers shut his eyes to the favorable side of the measure? Does he not know that the brandies, wines, oils, and other similar productions of France, were to be admitted into this country on the footing of those of the most favored nations?—that this vast market for those extensive interests was pitilessly sacrificed? Examples, moreover, are not confined to France. The prosperous results of the new silk duties, adopted by Mr. Huskisson, show the advantage of adhering to wise systems, in spite of the clamors of interested parties, and form a more striking and certain phenomenon than can be found in the commercial history of France. If Mr. Huskisson had yielded to the cries of 'invasion,' of the Spitalfields manufacturers, we should not have witnessed their present success, nor the improvement which they have made in their commodity, nor the remarkable increase that has since taken place in the importation of English manufactured silks into France itself. In 1826 their value was 1354*l.*, and in 1831, 48,365*l.* The Exports of English silks to the United States, where they are rapidly undermining the silks of France, has increased in the same period from 356,349 to 1,064,576 dollars."—*Report of Messrs. Villiers and Bowring*, pp. 141—207.

But then—

"True science demonstrates that in this matter all absolute systems are completely false."

This is one of those propositions which it is next to impossible to grapple with—those of sheer nonsense. To say of a theory that it is absolute, is only saying that it is a theory: the adjective adds no more to the meaning than if, speaking of the identity of M. Thiers, we were to say, he is absolutely M. Thiers. And to assert that a theory is false because it is absolute, is as reasonable as to say M. Thiers is

\* According to M. C. Moreau, the average value of the annual exports from France to England, for the three years preceding the treaty, was only £518,279, whilst for the six succeeding years it was £1,161,432.



himself, *ergo*, he is a chimera—*chimæra bombinans in vacuo*. What follows will enable us to guess at his meaning. He says that the government has adopted,

"not that dogmatical science which is founded on theories, but that more modest and useful science which goes no farther than the observation of facts."

Passing by the total absence of meaning in "science founded on theories," let us stop to admire the modest complacency with which the minister lays claim to be the first and sole observer of "facts," as if he had an exclusive patent for keeping his eyes open. Avaunt, Messrs. Grant and Huskisson, ye are blind guides! Avaunt, J. B. Say, you, who sifted the books of all times and nations, who noted all known facts, verified all statistics, and spent your whole existence in laborious research, you are no better than a mole; I alone, I, a six months' minister of trade—I, am the only observer! M. Thiers repels theories, but what is his science but theory? He accuses theorists of not observing facts, and what is a theory but a comparison of facts? M. Thiers confines his science to facts; but why observe facts if not to draw deductions, and what are deductions but the inferential parts of theories? What, then, does M. Thiers mean by his charge of non-observation? Clearly nothing more than faulty observation, examination of a partial sort, or of the wrong sides of things; so that absolute theories are only such as absolutely exclude more or less facts from the consideration of the makers. However, the real design of his word-fighting is to call names; for the cry of "no theory" is the common resource of politicians who have an abuse to support, or an accusation to evade.

"If the system of unlimited freedom of exchange was rigorously applied, it would follow that a nation would keep itself for all eternity to one or two employments, for a nation has rarely any positive superiority in more than two."

This is downright dreaming. Can England produce the wines, the brandies, the oils, the silks, the fruits of France, or the abundant and varied agricultural produce that could be grown in France, if her capital were directed into its proper channel? Many hundred articles of French production are marked out for prohibition in the English, German, and Spanish tariffs, which would be a fruitless precaution, if M. Thiers's averment were true. Besides, and this reduces the argument to the unspeakably absurd, if the countries of Europe be multiplied by this new allowance of commodities, the number of all the employ-

ments exercised in that quarter of the world would amount to about *thirty*—and yet this comes from an observer of facts! Moreover, the argument proceeds on the supposition of production being good in itself, independently of the profit it may bring. It is good to grow beet-root sugar in Picardy, because it is good. Whereas, in our simplicity, we have hitherto fancied that the only reason for producing any thing new is because it affords a more advantageous employment for labor and stock than existing occupations.

The most remarkable portion of the scientific part of the *Exposé* is the following passage:

"Nations have an irresistible *PENCHANT* to make conquests of industry from one another. To succeed in doing so, they prohibit, or render dearer by tariffs, foreign commodities, in order to make it advantageous for their own citizens to produce them. It is a universal instinct amongst all nations."

Let our readers endeavor to imagine what that nation must be that wears dear calico from a *penchant*, or burns dear coal out of a "soft impeachment!" Does this observer of facts venture to maintain that any person of sense cares, or of no sense knows, whether he consumes native or foreign commodities, or that he asks for any other qualities than goodness and cheapness? Does not the recent example of Carolina show that this indifference may even be provoked into political hostility, if the right of free markets be too impudently infringed? Nations! This is one of those much abused terms with which private parties ever seek to foist themselves on the world as the public, for the purpose of getting their own selfish interests protected. The cotton-spinners, iron-founders, and the like, are all the 'Nation' in turn, although they take good care to sink into private persons the moment their 'vested interests' are threatened with scrutiny. The corollary of all this is,

"If there is an irresistible *PENCHANT* to conquer foreign industry and to employ tariffs for that purpose, it is not the *PENCHANT* itself that ought to be attacked, but the manner in which nations sometimes yield to this natural *PENCHANT*. Have they in every case employed tariffs *à-propos*, usefully, and within due limits? That is the real field of discussion."

If this inclination be a true fact as to the past, it does not ensue that it will be so hereafter. Men are hourly getting rid of prejudices (*penchans*), and are becoming more alive to their true interests. Opinion and taste are no longer irresistible, as France, in particular, well knows, from her experience of the last fifty years, during which royalism, republicanism,



Bonapartism, and a hundred other strong *penchans* have successively disappeared. Even the prohibition economists have changed their ground, and no longer adopt the entire commercial theory of our forefathers. To build up a system on a hollow prejudice, is to condemn it to the fast approaching dissolution with which abuses are menaced by the progress of knowledge. A word more, and we shall have done with the science of M. Thiers. He draws the old distinction between the protection accorded to manufacturers, and that bestowed on agriculture, the first being to *create*, the second to *prevent destruction*.

"Under the invasion of foreign corn and cattle, prices would fall to such a point, that certain provinces would abandon cultivation and the breeding of cattle."

M. Thiers is ignorant of the *fact* that this pretended invasion is a mere dream, and that the abundance of Poland and Odessa is a fable, as has been conclusively proved by inquiries with which we are, and M. Thiers ought to be, familiar. If the Polish farmers endeavored to produce much more than they do now, it could only be at such an increased expense as would make their corn too dear for the French markets, in which, if we may trust the authority of Mr. Jacob, the corn of Poland at this hour could not be sold below that of France.\* It is only countries that have much and increasing capital, or plenty of new land, that can grow much more than they want, and it is notorious that Russia and Poland possess neither. The exaggerated assertion about certain provinces going out of cultivation is only worth remarking as proceeding from a professor of discretion. Neither shall we stop to notice what M. Thiers says further on about the ruinous effect on price, if importation were stopped by war. It is lamentable to see the rage of our neighbors for dragging this text of pike and gun into every species of deliberation.

\* According to the monthly return for June, the average price in the principal French markets was 32s. per English quarter. The following are the prices at Danzig during seven years, according to a parliamentary paper:

s.	d.		s.	d.
1825,	24	2 per Eng. qr.	1829,	47 1 per Eng. qr.
1826,	25	1	1830,	42 2
1827,	26	11	1831,	50 2
1828,	27	1		

Average . . . . . 34s 6½d.

This enormous variation is wholly incompatible with the pretended abundance of corn for export, the first effect of which would be to maintain a steady price at home.

The present commercial policy of France may be traced to the continental system of Napoleon. The Restoration proceeded too hastily in opening the ports and frontiers, and the confusion and distress produced by this imprudence raised such alarm that the new government threw itself into the opposite excess, hermetically shutting the, recently opened inlets, and calling to its commercial councils the most inveterate fanatics of the prohibitive school. Not content with resuming Napoleon's plans, they set about improving them, and gave them an extension that he had never dreamed of. High duties were put on foreign coals, and the most ingenious measures adopted to prevent their illicit importation. The few French colonies that were restored were received with open arms, and duty upon duty granted for their protection. The foreign iron-tax, which had not been changed for nearly thirty years, was increased *twelve-fold*. The same system was pursued for nearly every species of industry. We will say a few words on those that have obtained most notice from M. Thiers, and upon the measures which he proposes.

*Agricultural Produce.*—The French corn laws are servilely copied from our own; but not being considered as coming under the head of tariff regulations, they are only theoretically noticed by M. Thiers, as we have already observed, for the purpose of illustrating his notions concerning cattle and wool. Before the Restoration, there was a considerable trade between Switzerland, the Rhenish countries, and France in *cattle*, with which the former countries paid for their silks and wines. A protecting duty was set upon foreign cattle, which, although it did not stop the sale, provoked the Swiss and Germans so far, that they put reprisal duties on French silks, whereupon new silk manufactures were established in Prussia and Switzerland, which, owing to the cheapness of labor, have had the rare good fortune to compete successfully with the manufactures of Lyons, and have caused a considerable diminution in the market for the latter. This was the indirect effect of the tax; its direct operation is much more striking. We will leave M. Thiers himself to describe it.

"Foreign cattle had never been taxed. In 1816, a duty was imposed of three francs per head; and in 1822, at the time when the prohibitive spirit was in full force, a fresh duty of 50 francs. The tax has produced very few of the effects which were expected, and at the same time has struck certain provinces with extreme severity. The price of cattle has not augmented. Foreign importation has gone on in



much about the same proportion, and for a very simple reason. The departments of the north, which got their cattle from Belgium, and those of the east, which got them from Baden and Switzerland, have continued to procure them from those countries, because they could not fetch them from Normandy and Saintonge, and have submitted to pay the duty, high as it is, so that the duty has been an infliction on some of our provinces, without being of any advantage to the rest."

A single hasty glance at the want of pasture or turnip land in France, absolutely indispensable for cattle on long journeys, would have convinced persons of common observation that they could not be driven into the interior in droves sufficiently numerous to cover the charges of importation. We have examined the interior of that country, and excepting in the grazing districts, we never met in it with a herd that exceeded thirty head. Of 50,000 head of cattle imported, says M. Meynard, only 3000 reach so far as Paris. Let our readers think of the injustice of taxing the meat of all the northern and eastern districts a penny or three halfpence a pound for such miserable purposes as these! And what change does M. Thiers propose in this nefarious impost? Abolition? No, the reduction of a third, '*pour n'aller trop vite en aveugne chose!*' But the committee would not even consent to this reduction. It advised that the tax should be fixed on weight instead of number, in order to deprive the consumers of the means of mitigating its effects by importing large cattle. What would Louis Philippe's ancestor, '*ce Henri, ce seul roi dont le peuple garde la mémoire,*' what would he have said to this diligence in preventing the people from eating its *poule au pot*?

The *wool tax* has produced consequences equally strange. The introduction of Merino sheep during the Peninsular war had produced a supply of native wool sufficient for the demand. In 1822 prices fell, and a duty of 33 per cent. was laid on foreign wool, with the view of raising them again. But domestic production was too strong for the prohibitionists; French wool continued to fall, and the confusion of the land owners was complete. The manufacturers' turn came next. Being reduced to manufacture exclusively with native wool, they found great difficulties in competing in the foreign markets with the English and Low Country clothiers, who continued to resort to the fine produce of Saxony and Spain; and at last the struggle became impossible, from a circumstance that ought to have been foreseen. The growth of foreign wool in the exporting countries

being of old date, it could not be suddenly diminished;\* the market was overstocked, prices declined, the English manufacturers took advantage of the fall, and set up new and cheaper manufactures, so that French cloth became too dear for sale, in spite of bounties lavished for its export. The consumption of wool in France declined one-fifth. The results of the duty may be thus summed up; no gain to the land owners, loss to the manufacturers, and the imposition of inferior cloth on the consumers. Nevertheless, *pour ne pas aller trop vite*, MM. Thiers and Meynard only consent to a reduction of one-third in the duty!

*Coal.*—So long as the Low Countries formed part of the French territory, the French coal market was open to their mines in common with those of France proper, and during that time there was no duty on Belgic coal. The first Restoration was followed by the surrender of all the Low Country mines to Holland and Prussia, except those of Dons in the north, and the Sarre mines in the east. A duty of ten cents per hundred kilogrammes was laid upon the Low Country coal. At the second Restoration, the Dons and Sarre mines were in their turns given up to Holland and Prussia, and France remained with her own mines alone. The Belgic mines had hitherto furnished one-third of the supply for the French market, and it was reasonable to suppose that means would be taken to prevent the French public from being deprived of such an important supply. Not so. The duty on Belgic coal was raised to 33 cents, or more than tripled, whilst a tax of 1*l.* 6*s.* was put on all foreign sea borne coal; and to prevent the furtive introduction of the latter across the frontier, the 33 cent duty was doubled on all coal imported within the sea and Baisieux. The object of these imposts was to protect the French mines, and their operation is highly curious and instructive. The French collieries are situated at Anzin, near Valenciennes in the north, and St. Etienne, Décize, and in Languedoc, in the centre and south. Our readers must keep the positions of these districts in their recollection, because the French coal question is essentially one of transport. Every body knows that no commodity is so much affected in price by carriage as coal; as an example, it may be stated, that the *voie* of coal, which fetches only sixteen francs and a half at Anzin, requires twenty-eight francs to be trans-

\* In fact it has greatly increased. See F. Q. R. vol. vi. p. 181.



ported to Paris. If the site of the Anzin mines, and the water carriage within their reach, be examined on a map, it will be discovered that the direction of their produce will be towards the north-western districts, and this supposition is so conformable with fact, that the 3,600,000 quintals yielded in 1830 were all consumed in that part of the country. The central and southern mines, for the same reasons, send their produce to the east, centre and south, and, as far as means will permit, to the western and sea-coast departments. Thus in 1830, the central and southern mines only sent 670,000 quintals to the north-western districts, whilst the whole of the native mineral used on the sea-coast came from the same collieries. Now the Belgian mines are near Mons, and are placed in the same coal basin, and possess the same means of carriage as the mines of Anzin. The protection against the Low Country coal is, therefore, exclusively enjoyed by the Anzin collieries. Are then the Anzin collieries in a state to supply their own district, which comprises Paris, Rouen, and Flanders, and at the present hour consumes annually eight millions of quintals? No. They cannot supply even the *half* of that quantity; the rest, in spite of the duty, being imported from Mons! So much for their sufficiency. The effect of the tax is equally strange. It appears that the Anzin coals are delivered rather cheaper than those from Mons; but if it be supposed that the prices, for example, at Paris, are equal, it ensues that the public not only pays the surtax on the Belgic coals, but pays a sum equal to it on the coals from Anzin, by forcing them up to the same price as their rivals. In a word, as prohibitive the tax is ineffectual, as protective unnecessary, and the sole result of its imposition is to defraud the public of its money, to put it into the pockets of the Anzin company. The central and southern collieries have to compete with the Prussian collieries on the Sarre. The same principles operate in respect of it as of the Belgic coal duty, but as the quantity furnished is very small, we will proceed to the supply of the sea-coast district. The native coal used in this part of France is derived from the central and southern collieries, but of the total quantity consumed, amounting to about 140,000 tons, these collieries, owing to the defective state of conveyance, can only supply 60,000; the rest comes sea-wise from England and Belgium, and pays the enormous duty of 1*l.* 6*s.* the 100 kilogrammes. So that for the sake of enabling a portion of the

French mines to furnish three-sevenths of the supply, the inhabitants of these departments are forced to pay an increase of twenty francs on every *voie* of coal they consume. But the situation of this district, with respect to quantity, renders their case much more deplorable than that of the north-western departments, where the supply is not outrageously inferior to the demand; on the sea-coast, the price of coal almost annihilates consumption. M. Thiers himself admits that the coal which at Lille costs only two francs, costs five at Bordeaux; we understand the disproportion is even greater. The sea-coast district comprises Havre, Brest, Nantes, Bordeaux, Bayonne, with various inland districts of extensive industry, and if properly supplied, would give rise to a vast consumption. The single city of Rouen consumes 50,000 tons, from the sole reason of being placed within reach of the northern collieries.

Nothing can be feebler than the observations of M. Thiers on this topic. The partial pressure of the duty is a *fact* that escapes his *observation*, although the leading feature of the subject. He expatiates upon the abundance of the French collieries collectively, the skill of the miners, and the cheapness of coal at the pit's mouth (as if the only question to solve was not the cheapness of supply to the consumer,) and thence concludes that the duty is not the cause of the present high price. If he had added of *French coal*, his argument would be correct, for the duty is undoubtedly the cause of the high price of *foreign* coal. He justly ascribes the price of native coal to the want of means of carriage, but adds that "to sacrifice the miners, because the nation has not rendered the country passable, seems to us a very unjust measure." This inference is singular enough. Manufacturers are only to be protected, according to M. Thiers, until they themselves find means to succeed; but it seems that the coal trade is to be protected until the means are found by the public; or in other words, the public is to be taxed in its coal, until it consents to lay out a round sum upon roads and canals. He therefore refuses to admit the smallest *reduction in the duty*. Upon the importance of coal, it would be almost a waste of words to make a single observation. We will venture, however, to take a passage from the *Adresse* of the Bordeaux merchants, already referred to, which shows the operation of the duty on the important business of steam-boats.

"Our coals from the north cease to arrive when the



freight from Dunkirk exceeds ten francs, which is the largest freight they can bear; and as to the coals of the Aveyron, during ten months of the year they cannot reach us, from the want of water necessary for navigation; and when there is sufficient water, the expense of transport exceeds two francs the hectolitre, as is the case with the Gaillac (Languedoc) coals. It will only be when we can procure coal at the lowest price, that we can resume the plan of regular communication with our principal ports by means of steam-boats. The attempt to do so that has just failed, furnishes us with the melancholy proof, that a steam-boat of 150 horse power would expend 69,120 francs, if she could get a stock of coal in England, whilst under the present system, she is put to an outlay of 138,240 francs. This difference, amounting almost to 70,000 francs per annum, is equal to above 18 per cent. on the profits of the capital employed."—p. 34.

We believe that there is not a single boat regularly employed between any of the French Atlantic ports, and no wonder. But not only could English coal be delivered at *one-half* of the price of French coal, it could also be delivered in any quantities like to be demanded by the most extensive industry that the future could call up. The present consumption in England is 160 millions of hectolitres, whilst that of France is only sixteen; it is obvious that the smallest efforts would suffice to supply such a demand. The owners of forest property are zealous supporters of the privileges of the collieries, arguing, and with much greater justice than M. Thiers and the mining companies, that so long as importation is restrained, the coal produced in the market will never be cheap or plentiful enough to compete seriously with wood fuel. It is but just to state that the Committee, with better judgment than the minister, suggest the striking off *one-third* of the duty.

*Iron.*—In a former number\* we detailed the nature of the prohibition of foreign iron, and the mischiefs which it inflicts on the consumers of iron and also of fuel. We are glad to find ourselves more than borne out by the more recent inquiries of Messrs. Villiers and Bowring.

"In the article of iron," say those gentlemen, "the annual sacrifice made by the agriculturists to the protected iron masters has been frequently allowed to be not less than 1,500,000*l.*, or 2,000,000*l.* sterling per annum. The lands cultivated in France are supposed to amount to 22,818,000 lectures, equal to 57,045,000 acres English; and it is calculated that a team of oxen would cultivate fifteen hectares: hence the quantity of ploughs employed in France are estimated at about 1,500,000. M. de la Rochefoucault represents the annual use and waste of iron at forty kil. per team, but it has been more frequently estimated at fifty kil., making, for the whole consumption, 75,000,000, which, at 90 francs per 100 kil., consumes 67,500,000 francs, equal to 2,700,000*l.* sterling. . . . The loss to agriculture alone must be taken at above

1,000,000*l.* sterling per annum. The annual consumption of France cannot be estimated at less than 160,000 tons. The average difference of price between France and England has been for the last twenty years more than 10*l.* per ton. The smallest annual loss is therefore 1,600,000*l.* . . . The relative prices of French and English iron are now far more remote than when the productive system was called into its present active operation. Ruinous losses have attended many of the iron-making adventures. The largest of the iron companies have become bankrupt; and so far from the protecting experiment having produced the consequences anticipated by its advocates, its failure has been as signal as its cost has been enormous."—*Report*, pp. 28, 29.

The French iron masters have been forty years in the exclusive enjoyment of the home market, and during that time, they have made no progress worth notice in producing iron in large quantities, or at a cheap price. At the present hour, it seems by the admission of an ardent prohibitionist,\* that the expense of manufacturing the cast necessary to produce a ton of iron comes in France to *six pounds*, whilst in England it is only two; whilst the present consumption of France does not exceed that of 1826. We unhesitatingly believe that the state of the iron trade is the chief cause of the lamentable inferiority of that fine country in nearly all the important arts of industry, and in most of the comforts and conveniences of life. Without abundance of iron, tools, implements, and machinery, are neither cheap, plentiful, nor good. In France, a steam engine for cotton-spinning costs 2,250*l.*, whilst in England it may be purchased for 1,400*l.* Not one-twentieth part of Paris is lighted with gas, and its supply of water, as compared with that of London, is as one to five hundred, the price of iron pipes rendering a better system impossible. With respect to the goodness or plentifulness of implements, the best proof would be the sketch of a Limousin plough, half-a-dozen of which have only two shares between them. The following fact is worth a thousand others; "*The government*," say the Bordeaux merchants, "*provides itself with machines abroad*."—(p. 39.) Of the present state of the French iron trade, we cannot afford the information that is desirable, from a want of authentic evidence; the English Commissioners having moreover postponed their details for a second Report. M. Thiers, relying upon the loose and passion-formed assertions put forth in the meeting of December, furnishes some statements in which we cannot place the same confidence as himself. For example, he asserts, that

\* See F. Q. R. vol. vi. pp. 397, 402.  
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\* Du Tarif à l'entrée en France des Fontes et des Fers, par M. Cabrol. 1834.



since 1828, the manufacturers have found means to reduce the price of inferior iron at the foundries from 42 and 44, to 31 and 32 francs the quintal. We entertain a very strong suspicion that this reduction is exaggerated, the more so, as it is not confirmed by the sale prices of Franche Comté iron, at the late fair of Châlons-sur-Saône. The following fact, which we extract from his *Exposé*, may dispense us with sifting his disputable statements. "WELSH IRON can be sold in a French port, duty free, at SEVENTEEN FRANCS the quintal, whilst FRENCH IRON of the same quality, cannot be sold in the same market for less than THIRTY-SEVEN!" If we compute this average rate of difference for the whole consumption, and add it to the increase the iron trade produces in the price of fuel, as we explained in our former number, we shall find that the surcharge is *three millions and a half* for a consumption *five times* smaller than that of England, or *eight times*, if the difference of population be taken into the account. Such an enormity would appear more irresistible than any of the *penchans* of which M. Thiers treats, but it is too weak for the *reserve* of the government. The present tax is 27 francs 50 cents, and the government proposed a reduction of *one franc* per annum, to begin the 1st of July, 1835, until it has reached *five francs*, when it is to stop. So that in the year of grace, 1840, the French would be allowed to buy English iron at *thirty-seven francs* the quintal, or at four-sevenths more than its intrinsic value! An alteration of this microscopic sort has more the appearance of derision than of serious attention to the public interests. The direct protection of the iron trade is propped up by several lateral buttresses, amongst which the most flagitious is the tin duty.

"Sheet tin," says the *Bordeaux Adresse*, "is an article that we are in vain trying to naturalize, to the injury of our trade with England. How many circumstances there are that are contrary to its production in France! On one side, a total want of tin, which we take from England; on the other, our sheet iron costs us three times the price of that of our neighbors. To protect a miserable industry which is quite strange to us, an exorbitant duty of 77 francs per 100 kil., or cent. per cent. on their value, was put upon the import of foreign tin; and it is with the help of this protection, which compels the nation to pay for all its tin utensils the double of their value, that France manages to manufacture a commodity of very inferior quality."—p. 36.

**Cotton Manufacture.**—"Our cotton manufacture did not exceed twenty-five millions of francs before the Revolution; it is now valued at five or six hundred

millions in cloth, prints and yarn. Surely here is a protection that bears its fruits." Such are the strange assertions of M. Thiers—such are the proofs he affords of *observation*. The increase of consumption is to be imputed to the decrease in price,\* which, in turn, is the effect of the fall in raw cotton and of the improvement in the art of manufacture, for neither of which is France indebted to protection. The first is due to the extended growth of American and Egyptian cotton; and as to the last, we do not know a single invention or improvement to which the French cotton manufacturers can legitimately lay claim; their skill has never gone beyond a prudent adoption of English inventions and the aid of English workmen. That protection has put the market into the exclusive hands of a few Frenchmen is true. But on what terms? Like all prohibitionists, M. Thiers carefully keeps this point out of sight; whilst, in truth, it is the sole test to try the expediency of such schemes. The most that he advances is, that some improvement has been made in the quality of tulles and muslins, which, by the way, is to be chiefly attributed to the smuggling of fine yarn from England. M. Thiers furnishes no details upon the present price of cotton goods, nor on the expense of production; and we have met with no evidence about it posterior to the last revolution. At that period, as we showed in the former number already referred to, the prohibition of foreign cottons taxed France to the amount of two millions sterling per annum.

M. Thiers is silent upon the present situation of the manufacturers, but if we may believe the doleful cries with which at the meeting of December they resisted all the suggestions made for lowering the protection, we must conclude that they are in a state of extreme distress. It is probable that this is not far from the truth; for permanent distress, is one of the inevitable consequences of monopolies of this sort, the nature of which is to give an unnatural activity to domestic competition. No diminution is to take place in the existing restriction, with the exception of that upon the importation of fine twist for the muslin and tulle manufactures, which is to be admitted at a duty.

**Colonial Produce: Sugar.**—The difference of price between the sugar of the French colonies and the average of other

\* The same quality of cotton twist which now sells here for *three shillings*, per lb. sold in Sir R. Arkwright's time (1780-90) for *one pound eighteen shillings* per lb.!



sugar is estimated at 40 francs the 100 kil. The importation for home consumption in 1832 was 82,247,661 kil.; so that the exclusion of foreign sugar charges France with an annual burthen of a million sterling for the benefit of the sugar colonists. The beet-root manufacture has now reached 12,000,000 of kil., which, although untaxed, sells at the same price as the colonial commodity, and consequently loads the nation with the difference between its price and that of the same quantity of foreign sugar; and to these burthens must be added military and naval expenses, taxes to supply the revenue which French sugar is unable to yield, and numerous other charges. According to the estimate of the English Commissioners, the yearly cost of the French sugar trade is nearly two millions and a quarter sterling. The whole population of the French colonies has never been estimated at above half a million, of which the whites scarcely form a fifth; and for such paltry settlements as these, which France would probably lose during a war, she sacrifices the vast increase of domestic consumption and the immense commerce which a free trade in colonial produce with other nations would call into existence.

In spite of this state of things, no diminution of the foreign duties is proposed. The only change admitted, either by the Government or the Committee, is a proposal to facilitate the introduction of foreign clayed sugars in favor of the export trade of the French refiners, for whose convenience the system of bounties was altered last year into one of drawbacks.

*Linen.*—In 1822 the duties on foreign thread and linen were raised by the French government so as to be almost prohibitory, and the annual importations from Belgium and Germany, which were worth a million and a half sterling, fell almost to naught; whilst the price of the home-made linen, particularly of the finer sorts, rose 25 and 30 per cent. The linen trade, however, derived but small advantage from the protection, for the consumers had recourse to the cotton manufactures as a substitute; and in the mean time the French dyeing trade for the foreign market fell entirely away, as did the *entrepôt* trade in foreign linens, both of which had been sources of great business. Would it be believed that, in spite of these circumstances, the minister proposed to augment the prohibition, and render it more effective? But so it is. The duty on the raw flax seems to have been hitherto higher than the duty on the thread, the first being at 30 francs

the 100 kil., whilst the second was only 24 francs—a distinction which, unintelligible as it is, was favorable to the public. M. Thiers coolly proposed to lower the flax duty to 15 francs, at which rate it will be quite as effectual in excluding foreign flax as the previous duty, and to raise the thread duty to 50 and 70 francs! “Avec cet encouragement,” he says, “la filature des lins fera de rapides progrès.” And yet M. Thiers would say that this is not an *absolute system*! The Commissioners, as if ashamed of such *outré-cuidance*, proposed 30 and 55 francs.

So much for the devices of MM. Thiers and Meynard! Our readers are doubtless aware that the Chamber of Deputies thrust this plan aside, having resolved to throw the fabrication of a new system upon the future legislature. But as it was necessary, after such mighty note of preparation, to do something, the Chambers authorized the government to change some of the prohibitions into duties by ordinance, according to the recommendation of M. Thiers and the Committee.—(*Loi du Budget des Recettes pour 1835, Art. 24.*) And at the same time an understanding took place, that the government should put into force an old law of 1814, which empowered it (Art. 2.) to lower the duties on the entry of certain raw materials used in manufactures, until the subsequent session. M. Duchâtel, the new trade-minister—who, by the way, was one of the French colleagues of Messrs. Villiers and Bowring—has accordingly put forth an ordinance, allowing English fine twist, Cashmere shawls, unprinted silk handkerchiefs, watches, and a few other unimportant articles, to enter freely, but at high duties: the demand for all which, he it said, was already supplied in full by the smugglers. The second ordinance, which is the really important one, remains to be issued. It has been avowedly suspended until the nature of the elections could be ascertained, and it is now currently stated in France, that their anti-free-trade complexion will frighten M. Duchâtel from extending its provisions even so far as the puny suggestions of MM. Thiers and Meynard; at all events it will not surpass them. The French prohibitive system may therefore be regarded as unchanged in all its material features. And now let us ask what have been its fruits? Has quality been improved, quantity sufficiently extended, or price diminished? Are the protected pursuits prosperous? We unhesitatingly answer—No. The cheapness of transport, machinery, and in many



cases of raw materials; the low rate of profit, with other equally powerful causes, render this country so eminently superior in most of the productions on which France is wasting her energies, that successful competition is hopeless. At the present moment, a great noise is making in France about improving the means of transport by rail-roads, and the giddy public allow themselves to be bamboozled with Laputan projects for tracing some score of them in directions seemingly suited to the manufacturers. *Hardly one of these will be executed*—such is our confident prediction; because the only purpose of the projectors is to lure on the nation to a patient support of the prohibition system. A decrease in the price of machinery, or a change in the other causes that operate against France, is equally out of the question. Sealed her ports are, and sealed they will remain, so long as the hope of success in this respect is entertained.

The indirect effect of this precious system is as mischievous as its direct operation. Smuggling is carried on in France in all the prohibited articles to an extent that would be incredible were it not for the unimpeachable authority of the English Commissioners. "An investigation on the Belgian frontier leads us to estimate the amount of British goods (*manufactures*) smuggled into France, from that side alone, at more than *two millions sterling* a year!"—(*Report*, p. 52.) A prodigious mass of colonial produce is also introduced clandestinely across the same frontier. The same frauds are likewise committed along the whole Atlantic and Mediterranean coasts, and across the Spanish and Eastern borders, where, strange as it may appear, English merchandise finds its way for the purpose; and to this must be added the produce of other countries, smuggled in the same manner in very large quantities. These enormous frauds are committed, and go on increasing, in spite of the most vigilant, ingenious, and unsparing Preventive Service that exists in Europe. Messrs. Villiers and Bowring have collected some highly curious information relating to the risk and cost of French smuggling. "According to an estimate grounded on the most extensive investigations, the protecting power of the French custom-house is on the whole limited to thirty per cent. on manufactures; so that the average rate of smuggling is probably about twenty-five per cent. on real value."—(*Report*, p. 48.) Fixed insurance lists exist at each frontier

and line of coast, and the contraband business is carried on by large and wealthy 'smuggling companies,' with all the order and almost all the security of regular business. The following story has been already repeated on both sides of the water, but it affords such a felicitous proof of the unconquerable ingenuity of fraud, that we shall insert it in our own pages.

"The director of the (French) custom-house says, that since the suppression of smuggling by horses, in 1825, dogs have been employed. In 1823 it was estimated that 100,000 kil. of goods were thus introduced into France; in 1825, 187,315; in 1826, 2,100,000 kil.—all these estimates being reported as rather under the mark; the calculation has been made at 2½ kil. as a *pro rata* per dog. The dogs sometimes carry 10 kil. and sometimes even 12. The above estimate supposes that one dog in ten in certain districts, and in others one in twenty, was killed; but these calculations must necessarily be vague. In the opinion of many of the custom-house officers, not more than one in seventy-five is destroyed, even when notice has been given, and the dogs are expected. Tobacco and colonial produce are generally the objects of this illicit trade; sometimes cotton twist and manufactures. In the neighborhood of Dunkirk dogs have been taken with a burthen of the value of six, eight, or even twelve hundred francs. The dogs which are trained to these 'dishonest habits' are conducted in packs to the foreign frontier; they are kept without food for many hours; they are then beaten and laden, and at the beginning of the night started on their travels. They reach the abodes of their masters, which are generally selected at two or three leagues from the frontiers, as speedily as they can, where they are sure to be well treated, and provided with a quantity of food. It is said they do much mischief by the destruction of agricultural property, inasmuch as they usually take the most direct course across the country. They are dogs of a large size for the most part. Among the measures proposed for the suppression of this mode of smuggling, a premium of three francs a head has been allowed for every fraudulent dog (*Chien fraudeur*) destroyed; but this, as appears by the tables, has been wholly insufficient, though the cost has not been inconsiderable, namely, 11,000 francs per annum before 1827, and 15,000 francs per annum since that period, when the premium was allowed in the Thionville district, where the trade is still carried on by the aid of dogs, more extensively than elsewhere. It appears by the return that 40,278 dogs have been destroyed between 1820 and 1830, and premiums to the amount of 120,834 francs paid for their destruction."—*Report*, p. 47.

M. Thiers lately took occasion to denounce the advocates of free-trade as "*rhéteurs*." What reply has he to give to *rhetoric* like this? And yet this only the feeblest of the indirect evils of the prohibition policy. By excluding the sugars of Spain, the fuel and manufactures of England, the cattle of Switzerland, and the wool and linen of Germany, France has driven the merchants of all these countries from her markets. Her exports are at a point that excites the derision of her enemies and the concern of her best friends. Her new government, already



loaded with an arrear of twelve or thirteen millions sterling, is driven to the greatest straits to supply funds for the extraordinary expenses attendant upon the present state of the country, of which there seems no prospect of diminution. It might reap a large revenue from the duties that could be reasonably levied on the cheap goods imported from abroad, while it cannot impose them on the dear ones produced at home. These resources are entirely lost. If commerce be a good thing, it must be best when we buy cheap and sell dear, which is eminently the case with regard to the staples of France, and the commodities she could import. She is plentifully supplied with numerous productions, which, under a better system, would meet not only with a ready, extensive and profitable market, but one in which she would find no rival; for the produce of Champagne, Burgundy, Gascony, Languedoc, and Provence is *sui generis*, comparable with no other, and, for the most part, is to be found in spots whence it is of easy exportation. According to the memorable petition presented to the Chambers in 1828, from Bordeaux, the yearly produce of France in wine is forty millions of hectolitres, the cultivation of which occupies almost one fifth of the entire population. In some districts the portion is one half. In the single department of the Gironde, more than 200,000 persons are concerned in the production of a single species of wine. Any check given to a pursuit of such paramount importance must obviously give rise to extensive distress, and any increase of sale would be as extensively beneficial. Before the Revolution the value of the wines, brandies, &c. exported from France exceeded two millions sterling. Bordeaux alone sold 100,000 tuns. What the export would be now, with the immense increase of wealth and population that has taken place since that epoch in all the importing countries, if the trade were in its natural state, it is not difficult to guess. What it is under the present system it is lamentable to see. The export does not exceed 60,000 tuns, and such an accumulation of the stock of wines has taken place, that a sale is nearly impracticable. The following sketch of the history and present state of the Bordeaux wine trade with England is of such interest that our readers will doubtless be thankful for it, in spite of its length. It is extracted from the *Adresse* of the merchants, already referred to.

"There was a time when France sent 20,000 tuns of wine to England, the population of which did not exceed five millions. This was in 1669. Things then followed their natural course; Colbert had not yet thrown himself headlong into manufactures, without taking heed of the fate of agriculture and trade. The taxes in England were very moderate, and were the same for all growths; so that in fact this mass of French wine did not represent more than four-ninths of the total consumption of that country. But in 1697 a great change took place. The duty on French wine was fixed at 4s per gallon, whilst that on Portugal wine was only 1s 8d. This difference of duty, combined with the means of interchange between England and Portugal, which possessed no manufactures, whilst France and England added the war of manufactures to that of arms—this difference produced a much more important alteration in the relative consumption of French and Portugal wines, which was as 2 to 774!! From 1707 to 1744 the duties remained at about the same relative rates, that is to say, 4s. 4d. on French and 2s. on Portuguese wine; but as peace was somewhat favorable to our own production, it was consumed in the proportion of 878 tuns to 11,388. From 1745 to 1762 the duty on our wines was increased to 5s. 2d., and this increase of 20 per cent. produced a diminution of 55 per cent. in the consumption which was of 398 tuns of French to 11,316 of Portuguese.

"Up to the present time, the increase or diminution of import duties have been considered the principal causes of an increase or lessening of consumption, which is true, as we have just proved. But the duty is not the only thing that has this influence; the facility or difficulty of interchange has a great part in it. We ceased to sell our wines in England the moment we determined to extract from, or manufacture at home, the matters that she had been used to bring us, and for which she took our wines in return. And as Portugal has given a marked preference to those English goods which we refuse to take, England, on her side, has refused our wines, and favored those of Portugal in the same proportion as Portugal favored her manufactures. What we say is supported by a very remarkable circumstance. Whilst England abandoned our wines because we refused her manufactures, the wants of our colonies, particularly St. Domingo, forced us to get about 50,000 barrels of foreign salt provisions. Those of Ireland being the best, we continued to take them from that country, and the result was as follows:—Whilst England took 11,500 tuns of wine from Portugal, and only took 400 tuns from us, we can prove by the account-books of some of the firms at Bordeaux, that we sent to Ireland, the population of which was not more than three millions, at least 5,000 tuns; and yet the duties were justly proportioned as between England and Ireland! According to the Methuen treaty, the wines of Portugal paid in England only two-thirds of the duty put upon those of France. In Ireland the duty on French wines was less than in England, but the discriminating duty between the French and Portuguese wines was kept up. Our wines paid higher duties than those of Portugal, but Ireland had few concerns with Oporto, whilst it had many with Bordeaux, and habit and good understanding made up for the surplus of duty. England traded with Portugal, and received her wines; Ireland with France, and preferred ours. With St. Domingo, we lost the trade in salt provisions, and with it the extensive vent of our wines in Ireland.

"On approaching our own times, we have to mention the results of some of the variations that have taken place in the duties. The treaty of 1786 diminished them, and the consumption of our wines in-



creased 70 per cent.; but it was 70 per cent. only on 400 tons. In 1792 the duties were fixed at 3s. 9d. on French wines, and 2s. 5d. on those of Portugal, and the general consumption of the country rose from 12,000 to 33,700 tons. In 1802 the tariff laid 8s. 10d. on French wines, and 5s. 10d. on those of Portugal; and the consumption fell to 25,000 tons. In 1812 there was an augmentation of 11s. 5d. on French wines, and of 7s. 7d. upon those of Portugal; and the consumption was only, 20,000 tons. In 1822 the duties were the same, and the consumption remained the same, except about 400 tons. But as soon as the duties were diminished, the consumption advanced; and in 1830, when the duty was fixed uniformly on all wines at 5s. 6d., the consumption exceeded 30,000 tons, that is to say, it returned almost to what it was in 1792.

"But how things are changed for us, if 1669 be compared with our own times! England, with five millions of inhabitants, took 20,000 tons of our wine; and in 1825, Great Britain and Ireland, with a population of twenty-three millions, only took 1800 tons; if compared with the population, we export 75 tons now, while our ancestors exported 4000. The rate of duty and the habits of trade contribute largely towards the relative differences of consumption in the different countries in the north of Europe. Thus, in 1825, England whose produce we nearly entirely refused, took 1800 tons of wine for twenty-three millions of people, whilst the Low Countries, which furnished us with more commodities than we could return, purchased 11,600 tons for six millions of Dutch and Belgians. In the same year, the United States, whose habits of life are English, imported 2,200 tons from Bordeaux alone, that is to say, 400 tons more than England, for a population less by half. But the Hanseatic towns alone took off 10,000 tons, and Denmark, which has not more than one-twelfth of the population of the United Kingdom, took more than 1200 tons, or two-thirds of the consumption of twenty-three millions of English. In these different countries, the duties are lower than in England, and they take wine of a cheaper sort, which would doubtless suit the mass of the English population, since the climates are alike. But as this wine has to bear in England the same duty as those of a higher price, and is made two or three hundred per cent. dearer, it has been observed, that the consumption of England is not directed towards wines, when they pay a duty of more than fifty per cent. above the sale price.

"From this rapid sketch, it may be easily understood how disadvantageous for France, and particularly for the department of the Gironde, our present concerns with England are. But they are not only embarrassed by the tariff of our neighbors, they are even still more so by our own; for our importations into Great Britain exceed those from England into France by two-thirds. It is, therefore, essential for us to abandon a state of things so overwhelming for us, and to try and recover our ancient advantages.

"The best means of attaining this end, is to reduce as much as possible the duties at present imposed upon metals, machinery, coal, and salt provisions; for in spite of the exigency of the landed interest and the brewers, England, if we adopt this measure, will be inevitably led to reduce the duty on our wines, particularly on those of the second and third class: otherwise, she would deprive us of our best means of making our payments, and, in turn, take on herself the burthen of a smuggling trade. The experiment we are making before her eyes, and still more, those wise principles of economy which she was the first to proclaim, will preserve her from such a fault."—pp. 44—46.

It would be easy to enumerate a crowd

of productions which find no external vent, from the same obstacles as those opposed to the export of wine; the most prominent are brandy, vinegar, oil, fruit, soap, perfumery, and more particularly the important one of silk; but the state of the wine-trade will suffice. Other consequences are also taking place. Fatigued by her persistence in her present policy, the foreign states are beginning to adopt counter-measures. Germany has shut its doors to her. Switzerland still lingers, with the hope of a favorable change, but any tariff like that of M. Thiers will drive that country into the new Prussian system. Belgium, which had opened its arms to enjoy that intercourse of which its connection with Holland deprived it, is likewise turning an ear to Prussia, and talks of protecting itself against France. The cry of REPRISALS has been raised in our own legislature; but let us hope that, with us at least, the day is gone by for such malignant foolery. It is already sufficiently mortifying to witness the miserable condition of the trading relations between the two countries, which Providence seems to have made to minister in abundance to each other's wants, and which stupid prejudice and blindness have kept in sullen insolation. The exports from Great Britain to the United States amount to eleven millions and the imports to eight, whilst the legal exports to France, which is at our very doors, are only 700,000*l.* and the imports 2,500,000. Even the Russian trade is nearly twice as extensive, whilst that with Germany is five times larger!

That we have had, and still have, much to blame ourselves for, it is useless to deny; nor is it quite true, as Mr. P. Thompson says, in his Instructions to the English Commissioners, that "in consequence of the numerous changes that have already been made in the English system, comparatively little remains to be done on our part."—(*Report*, p. 4.) But we have at least had the merit of effecting several changes of importance, and the greater one of abandoning mischievous principles; whilst France chooses to shut herself up in her worn out doctrines, and refuses all change; for neither the recent lowering of the tonnage duties, nor M. Duchâtel's plan for admitting English twist can be regarded as important improvements. The first was but the fair, but long delayed execution of the treaty of 1826; and the smuggler, and not the free-intercourse principle, induced the government to adopt the last. Not that we



advocate *Reciprocity* as a principle. For, if another state aids our exports by opening its ports, so much the better; but its refusal to do so is not a reason for our persisting in injuring ourselves by excluding its produce on our side. Since, however, states still persist in this dealing in "concessions," we may be permitted to refer France to our own example. Like many others, we anticipated better results from the mission of Messrs. Villiers and Bowring than we are likely to witness. Their Reports contain a labored mass of invaluable statistics, relating to France, and, as we believe, wholly unknown hitherto to the inhabitants of that country. May they, one day, profit by them! The French commissioners who were deputed to join them in their researches have published no report. It would have been curious to compare the two documents.

There are some honorable exceptions to the singular apathy of the French public on this important subject. Bordeaux affords the best example, but unhappily the opposition of that city has taken so violent a character, that the organs of the government, alarmed by the example of Charleston, accuse the inhabitants of hostile designs. The proceeding in question was a petition from the wine-growers of those countries, the concluding passage of which is worth preserving as a testimonial against the present system.

"If, contrary to our expectation, our wishes are not listened to, nor our wants understood; if, from fatal blindness, the north and its manufactures should not be deprived of that spoliating protection, which bountifully endows some persons with what it tears from others; if it were demonstrated that the present laws are unable to reconcile the opposite interests of the north and the south—in that case, we ought to declare aloud, the only salvation remaining for these provinces would be to create a line of internal custom-houses, which, without withdrawing them from a unity of government, would leave to both those parts of France their own conditions of agricultural and manufacturing existence. Then, as was formerly the case, the north would be guaranteed against foreign commodities; and the principle of our ruin would not be attached to its prosperity. Prudence points out this measure to the wisdom of government; and it is for the government to foresee and prevent the catastrophe which would be produced by an incompatibility of material interests in the bosom of the same country. Has not the history of our own days shown this incompatibility, raising Belgium against Holland, and South Carolina against the federal union of America? Such grave events contain deep lessons which alarm our patriotism, and it is our patriotism that submits them to the consideration of the men who govern us. Already had a solemn declaration,—we call it so as descending from the national tribune,—disclosed, as far back as 1823, the dangers of the system which we are still combating at this day. At that period, an honorable deputy of Bayonne (M. Basterrèche) said, and we conclude by repeating with him:

"If, as a consequence of the predilection shown to one part of the kingdom, the other finds itself so seriously injured, as actually to compromise its natural and reasonable existence, the inevitable idea which takes possession of those who suffer to that degree is, to renounce an association, the effects of which are become intolerable."—*Pétition des Propriétaires de Vignes du Département de la Gironde, adressée aux Chambres Législatives*, (4to. Bordeaux, 1834,) pp. 14, 15.

Since the preceding article was written, M. Duchâtel has accomplished his promise, by issuing three additional ordinances on the 11th of July. Of these, one is purely *reglementaire*; a second allows the importation of a few unimportant articles of East India produce from English ports; whilst the third lowers the duties on a small number of articles of foreign origin, of which the only important ones are *wool* and *linen*, which are to be charged with smaller duties, according to the suggestions of M. Meynard's Report. But no alteration is to take place in the *iron, cotton, sugar or coal duties*, although, as to the last, there was a recommendation to do so, made, as we have seen, by M. Meynard. After all this "note of preparation," M. Duchâtel dares not even affront the new Chamber with the plans of the old one!

ART. IX.—1. *Geschichte der Karthager, nach den Quellen bearbeitet.* (History of the Carthaginians, from the Original Authorities.) Von Dr. W. Bötticher. 8vo. Berlin. 1827.

2. *Religion der Karthager.* (Religion of the Carthaginians.) Von Dr. F. Munter. 4to. Copenhagen. 1821.

3. *Aristotelis de Politia Carthaginensium*, a F. G. Kluge. 8vo. Breslau. 1824.

4. *Die Entdeckungen der Carthager und Griechen auf dem Atlantischen Ocean.* (The Discoveries of the Carthaginians and Greeks on the Atlantic Ocean.) Von Joachim Lelewel. 8vo. Berlin. 1831.

In a late article on the third volume of Niebuhr's *Roman History*, we expressed our belief that had that illustrious man lived to prepare that volume for the press, we should have found in it, preparatory to his narrative of the first Punic war, an inquiry into the origin, political constitution, and Commerce of Carthage. We reasoned from analogy in supposing that



such would be the case, for the invasions of Italy by the Gauls and by Pyrrhus are preceded by highly interesting disquisitions on the Celts and the Epirotes. Every admirer of Niebuhr must feel deeply sensible of the loss we have sustained, for of him, if of any writer, it is true that *nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*, and truths which had lain unobserved for centuries in ancient authors, started into life at the touch of the Ithuriel spear of his powerful intellect. To indulge, however, now in unavailing regret would be weak; better by far is it to inquire into what other writers have effected in their efforts to throw light on this rather obscure subject.

With this view we propose to lay before our readers as clear an account as the limits to which we must necessarily confine ourselves will permit, of the Commerce, the Navigation and the Political State of the Carthaginians, and of their ancestors the Phœnicians, the great commercial people of the ancient world, and therefore the people who should possess the strongest attraction for those who, like ourselves, pursue the same path, and have arrived at power and influence by the same means. Their history must necessarily be pregnant with instruction to us, and not merely an object of political curiosity, like that of the Assyrians and Persians.

The *History of the Carthaginians*, by Dr. Bötticher of Berlin, at the head of our list, is the latest work which we have on this subject. It may be regarded as a judicious and interesting narrative of the wars of the Carthaginians, from the time when they first appear in history to the ruin of their state. The *Religion of the Carthaginians*, by the late Dr. Münter, Bishop of Zealand in Denmark, contains every thing which that distinguished scholar could collect on this little-known subject, and it would, we apprehend, be difficult to make any addition of importance to it. Kluge's *Commentary* on the scanty notices of the Carthaginian constitution which occur in the *Politics of Aristotle*, is learned and ingenious, though on some points he may fail of giving perfect satisfaction. The *Discoveries of the Carthaginians and Greeks in the Atlantic Ocean* is a translation from the Polish of J. Lelewel, and it excites our regret that the other valuable (as they must be) works of this author on the subject of ancient geography have not been made accessible by French or German translations. In matters of this kind England is out of the question, but we could hope

that the publishers of France or Germany might be able to give sufficient remuneration to induce one of those excellent men, who by their noble but unwise and hopeless efforts against tyranny have lost their country, to undertake a translation of the works of Lelewel. The celebrated Ritter, who has added a preface to the little tract before us, speaks most favorably of the author's other productions; and for our own part, what we have read has made us anxious for more of the same kind.

To the works above enumerated must be added the *Ideen*, &c. of Heeren, the most agreeable, if not the most profound, of German writers on antiquity. We mean not by this to say that Heeren is not profound, for lucidity no more excludes depth than turbidness indicates its presence, and the reader will find, that though perfectly clear and comprehensible, he is by no means deficient in ability to discern the remote causes, connections and consequences of things. His work, we are happy to find, is now in a great measure accessible to the English reader, by the labors of Mr. Talboys of Oxford, who uniting in his own person the characters of translator, printer and publisher, reminds us of the days of the Aldi, the Manutii and the Stephani.

Such are the best modern sources for our knowledge of the Phœnicians and their celebrated colony. Were it not for some valuable notices in the Hebrew prophets, the nature and extent of the Phœnician commerce would be to us an impenetrable secret; but with their important aid, combined with the scanty notices left us by the Greek writers, we are enabled to form a tolerably accurate idea of what it was. It is truly surprising to find, at a time so very remote as that of the flourishing period of Phœnician commerce, the extent of intercourse which must have prevailed among the different nations of the earth; but we are too apt to make the Greeks our standard, and, forgetting the ancient civilization of Asia, to fancy that advance had been slow and insignificant before they entered on the scene of action.

The Phœnicians, as they were named by the Greeks, were a portion of the Aramæic, or Syrian, race of mankind, inhabiting that part of Asia which is bounded by the Red Sea and Mediterranean, extending eastwards to the Tigris, and northwards to the mountains of Armenia. The portion which had fallen to them was the long narrow strip of coast between Mount Libanus and the sea. Along this coast, and on the small islands close to it, lay their



towns, each of which governed itself, its district and its villages, independently of the others. A loose kind of federation subsisted among them, and they probably in general, though not always, combined for mutual defence. A *hegemony*, or supremacy, was apparently exercised by the city which was the most powerful among them. This dignity belonged at first to Sidon, and afterwards fell to Tyre. The government of each city was monarchical and hereditary, but as they were a commercial people, it hardly need be mentioned that it must have been limited.

The limited extent of their territory must have early forced the Phœnicians to look to the sea as affording the means of subsistence, and Libanus offered timber in abundance for the construction of ships. To inquire whence they derived their knowledge of naval architecture is needless; the origin of the arts is a question which will ever elude our sagacity; they have probably been invented over and over again, and mankind have borrowed much less from each other than we usually suppose. Assuming with many, that the Phœnicians discovered the art of ship-building, we surely are not warranted in asserting that the knowledge must have been transmitted from them to the remote East, ere the Chinese were able to construct their junks. Perhaps our own ancestors of the North had learned to navigate their stormy seas before they ever heard of Phœnicians, Greeks or Romans. This, however, is one of those points on which opinion ever will differ; it is enough on the present occasion for us to know that the Phœnicians, from a most remote period, navigated the waters of the Mediterranean.

Like most other commercial people, says Heeren, the Phœnicians must have begun with *piracy*, that is, with land-piracy, like the ancient Northmen, landing and plundering the open towns and country. Though this rests on no strictly historical foundation, it is so natural that we do not feel disposed to reject it. We will only observe that the account of the kidnapping of Eumæus when a child, given in the *Odyssey*, does not lead to the inference of such being a general practice with the Phœnicians; though as they, like all other peoples of antiquity, dealt in slaves, they could probably no more resist the temptation of picking up one for nothing, even though he were the son of a king, than the virtue of a captain of one of our Bristol Guineamen, in the good old times of the African slave-trade, was adequate

to similar self-denial. From this narrative, however, and from other parts of the Homeric poems, it is evident that as far back as our knowledge of Greece goes, the Phœnicians frequented its ports, and probably those of countries much more to the west, as traders with cargoes of toys and trinkets, manufactured metals, and cotton and woollen goods—pretty nearly the same kind of commodities as we ourselves export at the present day. What the cargoes were which they took in return, we are not informed, but of course they must have been the natural productions of the soil, most probably, as we shall presently see, wine and oil. They possibly also purchased slaves, but this is merely conjectural, for we know nothing of the social state in Greece in early times, anterior to the Theban and Trojan wars: unless it were belligerent, there could have been no slaves to sell.

The Phœnicians were a *manufacturing* people. Their territory being extremely limited, they must consequently have very early felt the evil of excessive population: of necessity then they must have been a *colonizing* people. The island of Cyprus, which lay opposite to them, must have at once attracted their attention, with this view, and we find in fact that it was soon to them what in modern times Corsica was to the Genoese. It was not long before they extended their colonies to the very extreme west along the Mediterranean; but, as appears to us, it is an extremely doubtful question if their plantations were directed northwards, if they made any settlements on the isles and coasts of the *Ægean* and *Euxine*. Here we know we shall have all the blind worshippers of antiquity against us, and we shall be told at once of Cadmus, of Europa, and of Theseus; tradition, mythology and etymology will forthwith be set in array against us. Let us, however, examine the matter a little.

A colony of Phœnicians, we are told, came and settled in the rich inland valley of Bœotia, where they built the city of Thebes about 1500 years before the Christian era, that is, more than 1000 years before the time of the earliest writer who gives an account of it, and 600 or 700 years before the time of Homer and Hesiod, who, if they had known anything of the Phœnician origin of Thebes, could hardly have failed to notice it. To counterbalance this silence of the poets, the proofs ought to be strong and cogent, more especially when we recollect that this is the only instance of the Phœnicians es-



tablishing a colony inland, their usual and prudent practice being to settle on islands, or the coast. This last circumstance has been well observed by Heeren, who in proving that Seville could not have been the city of Tartessus, the oldest probably of the Phœnician colonies in Spain, says, "it is almost inconceivable that they should have founded it so far inland, and at such a distance from the coast." Yet Hispalis, or Seville, was on the Bœtis, and was near the mines which the Phœnicians are said to have worked; and this same Heeren makes no doubt at all of the colony in Bœotia, away from the sea, without a navigable river, and with no mines in its vicinity. What, we may ask, could have induced a prudent people like the Phœnicians to settle there? for we suppose we shall not be required to believe the tale of Cadmus's search after his sister. And what are the proofs? Why, forsooth, there is tradition, which cannot be traced beyond the fifth century before our era; so that we have just as good reason to believe in the coming of a Trojan colony to Britain, as narrated from tradition by our Jeffrey of Monmouth: there was an Apollo Ismenius worshipped at Thebes, and Es-  
mun appears to have been the name of a deity of the Phœnicians, answering to the Æsculapius of the Greeks. Further, the sea-goddess Ino Leucothea is by Homer called the daughter of Cadmus, (he does not say who Cadmus himself was,) and this, it is said, indicates a mythology of a sea-faring people. Now what do all these amount to? Literally, as far as we can see, to nothing, for resemblance of names is the most fallacious of all guides. Finally, in the language, religion, social institutions and manners of the people of Bœotia, there did not appear the slightest trace of an Asiatic origin, and these are always sure to be effected by an intermixture of population.

The Phœnicians, we are further told, had possessed nearly all the isles of the Ægean, till they were driven out of them by the Corians. The authorities on which we are required to give our assent to this are the aforesaid tradition of more than 1000 years, the etymological devices of Bochart, and some fancied traces of Phœnician temples and modes of worship. These we hold to be all naught; and the proofs of their having entered the Hellespont, and founded Pronectus in the Propontis, and Bythinium in the Euxine, rest on, if possible, a feebler foundation. The proofs of their having settled on the isle of Cythera, off the coast of Laconia, and

on that of Thasus, adjoining the coast of Thrace, are somewhat stronger, and deserve some consideration.

On the island of Cythera was a temple of the goddess Aphrodité, who, there is good reason to suppose, was the same with the Syrian Astarte; and as the Phœnicians, as we shall presently see, certainly did trade with Laconia, it is by no means improbable that they had a factory in the inlet of Cythera. In the island of Thasus, and on the opposite coast of Thrace, were gold-mines. Herodotus says that those of the island were first opened by the Phœnicians, and he also remarks that there was a temple there of the Tyrian Hercules. On this last circumstance we confess we are not disposed to lay much stress, for Herodotus, honest and trustworthy as he is, was so infatuated on the subject of Asiatic and Egyptian influence on Greece, and so easily caught by slight resemblances, that we should be very cautious how we put faith in such assertions as this. He who could believe that the Pelasgian oracle of Dodona had an Egyptian origin, could very easily take a Pelasgian Temple of the Sun for one of the Tyrian Melcarth. As to the mines, we very much doubt if the Phœnicians, who do not seem to have had any mines of their own, possessed the art of working those of other countries. The Spaniards who conquered Mexico and Peru were previously well used to mining operations at home; and almost every race of men, except the American aborigines, who have mines, seem to have discovered the art of working them, without having received instruction in it from abroad. Is it not strange, by the way, if the Phœnicians were such expert miners as they are said to have been, and had a colony in the very heart of Greece, that the silver-mines of Laurium in Attica, the copper-mines of Eubœa, and the iron-mines of Laconia, should have eluded their commercial vision? On the whole, we feel strongly disposed to believe that the Phœnicians never made any settlement of importance in this part of the Mediterranean.

It has never been maintained that they settled in Italy, and if they had settlements in Greece and Sicily, it is somewhat strange that they should have neglected this fertile land, abounding in all the choicest productions of nature. For the fact of their having colonized Sicily, we have only the testimony of Thucydides; and when we recollect how long before the time of that historian the Carthaginians had been powerful in Sicily, and how



constantly they and the Phœnicians were confounded, we may justly hesitate before we give our assent to the assertion of the settlement of the latter people in this island. Heeren regards Sicily and Sardinia (where they are also said to have settled) as a sort of Cape of Good Hope for them in their voyages to Spain, but as they only visited the south of that country, Sardinia, we fancy, lay somewhat out of their course, and we require some stronger proof than any we have yet seen of their having settled a colony in it.

The undoubted theatre of Phœnician colonization was the north coast of Africa; and here too it seems strange that the fertile region about Cyrene should not have attracted them. The part they did select (Carthage and its vicinity) was no doubt just as fertile, but was at a much greater distance. It is, however, by no means improbable that they had visited and opened a trade with Spain before they made any settlement on the African coast. How they first came by their knowledge of Spain is a question by no means easy to answer positively. Was it found in a voyage of discovery, such as we know they and their descendants of Carthage were in the habit of making? Or was the first Phœnician ship, like the first Grecian one, carried thither by the violence of a tempest? It must have been in one of these two ways, and it would be curious enough if the Mexico of the old world, like that of the new, was found in a voyage of discovery, and that the Phœnicians should have landed in very nearly the same place that Columbus sailed from. At all events, we have sufficient evidence that the Phœnicians traded to Spain more than 1000 years before our era. The Tarshish of Scripture is beyond question the Tartessus of the Greek writers, and we think Heeren is right in supposing that, like the West Indies, it was a name of indefinite extent, inclusive of all the rich country in the West, just as Ophir signified the rich East country.

Tradition, it is said, told that when the Phœnicians first visited Spain, they found the silver there in such plenty that all the domestic utensils of the inhabitants were made of it, and they not merely loaded their ships with it, but casting away all their tools and utensils, and even their anchors, they made them all of silver, in order to bring home as much as possible of the precious commodity. They speedily established a colony on the island of Gades, and others at Malaga and other places along the coast, and set about working the silver-

mines. Whether they wrought them solely by imported slaves, or whether they made slaves of the Iberians themselves for this purpose, is what Heeren will not take upon him to decide. He thinks, however, that the aborigines could hardly have escaped this wretched fate. Now we think quite the contrary; the authority on which Mr. Heeren rests is that of Diodorus, who evidently could only have been acquainted with the Carthaginian times. We must recollect that the Iberians were not Mexicans or Peruvians, but one of the boldest and most independent races of men; that the Turditanians, that portion of them which inhabited Bœtia, the part of the country in question, were far advanced in civilization; and farther, that the Phœnicians never were a conquering people, and never possessed a large military force. We should ourselves, we apprehend, find it rather a hazardous experiment to attempt to make *slaves* of our Hindoo subjects. Moreover, when about the year 640 B. C. Colæus, the Samian, was driven by a storm to Tartessus, and returned with a rich cargo, the inhabitants appear to have been perfectly independent; and Arganthonius, the wealthy king of that country in the time of Cyrus, a century later, who invited the Phœcæans to settle there, could hardly have been a vassal of the Phœnicians. The probability would seem to be, that the Iberians wrought their own gold, silver and iron mines, and that the Phœnician settlements on the coast were similar to our own original factories on the coasts of Bengal and Coromandel. Here they exchanged the products of the East and their own manufactures for the metals, wool and fruits of Spain. It was not they, but the Carthaginians, who set us the example, and as appears to us the bad one, of becoming rulers instead of simple traders.

Among the articles brought from the West by the Phœnicians are reckoned tin and amber. Hence it has been inferred that their ships visited the British Isles and the coast of Prussia. That tin was early known to the Greeks, admits of no doubt, and it is perhaps equally certain that the *ἑλεκτρον* of Homer is *amber*; but *κασσίτερον*, the name of the former, seems to have come from India, and the metal itself, for which there could hardly have been any extraordinary demand in those days, was to be found in Spain. As to the amber, supposing it to have come from the Baltic, it is simpler to suppose a land traffic than to assert that Phœnician ships coasted the Bay of Biscay 3,000 years ago.



We shall, however, examine this matter farther when we come to speak of the discoveries of the Carthaginians.

It is very doubtful whether the Phœnicians had any settlements on the west coast of Africa. Hanno certainly found none there, but it does not by any means follow from this that there never had been any. We however think that in such case they would not have been neglected by the Carthaginians.

Is it true that the Phœnicians circumnavigated Africa? The account of the fleet which, at the command of Necho, king of Egypt, sailed from the Red Sea and returned by the straits of Gades, which is given by Herodotus, is well known, and the very circumstance which kept him from giving full credit to it, namely, that as they sailed in one part of their course they had the sun on the right hand or to the north, has induced many modern inquirers to give belief to it. Opinions are, however, greatly divided on the subject. Among the believers the principal are Rennel, Heeren, Larcher, to whom we think we may add Ukert; the leading sceptics are Mannert and Gosselin, under whose banner we also find marching Mr. Cooley, the able author of the *History of Maritime and Inland Discovery*. We confess that we ourselves feel disposed to join the band of the faithful on this occasion, though we think we have already given sufficient proof that we are not particularly light of belief.

The chief arguments *against* the voyage are these: it is merely a popular tradition; it is not likely that a king of Egypt should have formed such a plan; the time (upwards of two years) was not sufficient; the perils of the voyage were too great; and it led to no result of any importance. To these objections it is replied: that a popular tradition is not necessarily false, and there is no ground for saying that Herodotus had no better authority than popular tradition; that Necho was the very person most likely to have patronised such an undertaking, he being a monarch of great enterprise, who had built fleets on the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, which he attempted to unite by a canal. He therefore must have had Phœnicians in his service, and these people, who were probably well acquainted with the east coast of Africa to an extent southwards beyond what we are aware of, may have been led by a comparison of the straits of Gades and Babelmandel, and other circumstances with which we are unacquainted, to propose, like Columbus to the king of Portu-

gal, an attempt to ascertain the truth of the theory they had formed of the insularity of Africa. As to the objection that this voyage led to no consequences of importance, it falls away when we recollect the calamities which the arms of Nebuchadnezzar shortly afterwards inflicted on both Tyre and Egypt.

The most valid objection is, the difficulties of the voyage and the shortness of the time. Yet here also a satisfactory answer has, we think, been given. Rennel has shown that the winds and currents were all in their favor, supposing them to have left the Red Sea in the end of October or beginning of November with the southern monsoon, by which means they would have reached the southern tropic by the following January, that is, in the middle of the antarctic summer, the very best season for getting round the Cape. Abundance of time would then remain for them to coast the west side of the African continent. The circumstance of their landing to sow and reap corn for their provision, also indicates a previous knowledge of the rapidity of vegetation in southern latitudes, and if we suppose them to have done so only on the west coast, they probably found islands or a part of the coast uninhabited, or the negroes as mild and peaceful as they appeared afterwards to the Portuguese. It has been objected that it took Martin Behaim, "with all appliances and means to boot," nineteen months to get from Portugal to the Cape of Good Hope, and that therefore the Phœnicians must have taken a much longer time to go over the same space. But here we may observe, that the winds and currents which were adverse to him were in their favor, that those who are used to coasting voyages know best how to overcome the difficulties of them,—that Vasco da Gama went from Portugal to India in ten months, and that in the year 1539, Diego Botelho and five more came in a decked boat only fourteen feet long and eight broad, from Goa to Lisbon in nine months. Mr. Cooley's remark, that Herodotus, whose geographical knowledge reached beyond Syene, must have known that to those below the tropic the sun must have appeared a part of the year to the north, and that consequently the fabrication of that circumstance in an imaginary voyage was easy, does not seem to us to have much force. If Herodotus had that knowledge, that circumstance surely would not have appeared so utterly improbable in his eyes. On the whole, we think it likely that the voyage was really performed, but it would



be the height of dogmatism to be very confident in such a matter.

Such appears to have been the extent and nature of the Phœnicians' commerce in the West. Were it not for the sacred books of their neighbors and friends, the people of Israel, we should remain almost totally in the dark respecting their Asiatic traffic and its extent; but here fortunately some most valuable notices have been preserved, which we shall now consider.

The prophet Ezekiel, when announcing the punishment of the Tyrians by Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, gives a most copious and accurate account of all the countries and peoples with which they had commercial relations, or whom they employed in their service, and from the twenty-seventh chapter of that prophet, combined with some other passages of Scripture, we may collect as follows:

The Tyrians, who were at that time the head of the Phœnician federation, as having a limited territory and a manufacturing population, like the Carthaginians, and like Florence and other Italian republics of the middle ages, had foreign troops in their pay, and drew their chief supplies of provisions from other countries. The Persians, the Lydians, the Lybians, the people of the Phœnician isle of Aradus, and another people named the Gammadim, are enumerated as supplying the mercenary troops which garrisoned Tyre. The people of Aradus and Sidon were employed as rowers in their ships, the Tyrians reserving to themselves the more honorable office of pilots. Corn and honey, oil and balm, came to Tyre from Judah and Israel, who took in return the Tyrian manufactures; this necessity which they were of to each other is probably the reason why we hear of no wars between the Israelites and the Tyrians. From Damascus, which probably like itself was the head of a federation, Tyre received in like manner, in exchange for manufactures, wine of Helbon (Aleppo) and the fine wool for which that part of Syria was long famous. The cypresses or fir-trees of Mount Hermon, the oaks of Bashan, (east of the Jordan,) the cedars of Lebanon, the box-wood of Cyprus, were conveyed to the dock-yards of Tyre for building their ships. It would appear that they imported their sail-cloth from Egypt and from Greece.

From Tarshish, *i. e.* Spain, according to the prophet, the Tyrians imported silver, iron, tin, and lead; from the isles of Elisha they got a coarse kind of blue and purple sail-cloth, which they used for awn-

ings in their ships. By these isles of Elisha is rightly, we think, understood the Peloponnesus, where the shell-fish which yielded the purple dye was found abundantly on the coast of Laconia. Elis, it is observed, may have given the name Elisha, but to us it appears more likely that it came from Hellas, which was in use in the time of the prophet, and we afterwards find him using Javan (*pr.* Yawan) for Ionia, or the colonies on the coast of Asia.

The trade to Egypt was entirely overland. The Phœnicians carried thither principally wine, an article which that country did not produce, and took in return cotton and linen goods, and perhaps (for we can only conjecture it) the articles which the caravans from the most remote times brought thither from the interior of Africa.

Wrought iron, spices, (among which the cinnamon occupies a chief place,) ivory, ebony, gold and precious stones, are the chief articles which came to Tyre from the east of Arabia; and as some of these are peculiar to India, and others are found most abundantly in Æthiopia, it is probable that the Arabs navigated the Indian Ocean from the most remote ages. These goods were brought over land to the coast of the Mediterranean, and exchanged there with the Tyrians for the articles of Phœnician manufacture and for the silver of Spain. There were two main routes by which these caravans travelled: one leading to the shores of the Persian Gulf, the other to the south coast of Yemen or Arabia Felix. Caravans, formed of the tribes of the desert, conveyed the products of India, Æthiopia, and Yemen, either on their own account, or on that of the merchants of Tyre, to the Philistine cities, such as Gath and Ascalon, on the coast of the Mediterranean, whence they were brought by sea to Tyre. This share in a lucrative commerce may account for the power of so small a nation as the Philistines; and the Edomites (who owned the whole country from the borders of Judæa to the Red Sea, on which they had two ports) must also have had a large share in it. When this last people were conquered by the Israelites, the king of Israel, in conjunction with his Tyrian allies, fitted out a fleet in these ports, which we have every reason to suppose traded to the coast of Malabar, at least to the east coast of Africa. These ports were lost in the political troubles which succeeded to the reign of king Solomon, and a future attempt to revive this trade proved a failure. We have therefore no reason to suppose that the



Tyrians were in the habit of navigating the Red Sea.

On the other hand, there is every ground for believing that this enterprising people carried on a direct trade with India by means of the Persian Gulf. Herodotus mentions a tradition, according to which their original seats were in that neighborhood; and though this tradition may be little worthy of credit in itself, it seems to show that their connexion with that region must have been an intimate one. They were the merchants of Dedan, who, according to the prophet Ezekiel, brought the ivory and the ebony to Tyre; and there can be no doubt of this being the place now called Dedan on the Arabian side of the Persian Gulf. Another prophet (ISAIAH, xxi. 13—15.) shows that the caravans from Dedan to Tyre came through the Nigrid, as one of the most fruitful parts of Arabia is named. It admits of little doubt that the Phœnicians had settlements on some islands in the Persian Gulf, two of which are named Tylus (or Tyrus) and Aradus, whose inhabitants, according to Strabo, (and we might add, Herodotus,) maintained that the Phœnicians derived their origin from them. The reverse, however, is so much more likely to be the truth, that we may assume it at once without hesitation. Like the moderns, the Phœnicians were in the habit of giving old names to new settlements. There is every reason to suppose these to have been the Baharein Islands; and as Tylus produced a species of timber (which from the description must have been the teak-wood) admirably calculated for ship-building, while all the coast of the gulf and the Babylonian states were utterly destitute of large timber, and consequently naval architecture was probably in a low condition there, it is by no means unlikely that there had been a commercial treaty between the Phœnicians and Babylonians, as there was between them and the Israelites when these last got ports in the Arabian Gulf; and that it was at the invitation of the Babylonians that the Phœnicians settled on these islands, where they built ships, in which they navigated the Indian Ocean, perhaps bringing pearls direct from Cape Comorin and cinnamon from Ceylon. A part of these Indian commodities went up the Euphrates to Babylon, whence they were distributed through Persia and Asia Minor; the remainder was conveyed to Phœnicia by the route we have described, and there sold to the neighboring peoples, or exported to the west.

Though it is very slightly mentioned,

there must have existed an active commerce between Phœnicia and Babylon. The caravan route was evidently along the valley of Hollow Syria by Baalbek, and thence to Tadmor or Palmyra. When it is said in the Bible that king Solomon built these cities, the meaning evidently is that he repaired, enlarged and strengthened them;—a frequent sense of the Hebrew word. They must have existed long before his reign.

The eastern branch of the Phœnician trade took its course northwards; "Javan, Tubal and Meshech were thy merchants: they traded the persons of men and vessels of brass in thy markets. They of the house of Togarmah traded in thy fairs with horses, and horsemen and mules." By Javan is meant the Ionians, and Tubal and Meshech have been always understood to be the Tiburini and Moschi, who dwelt on the Euxine and Caucasus, north of Armenia, which last country is Togarmah. From the three first came slaves and wrought copper; and who knows not that Georgia and Circassia are at this very hour famous for the slave trade? Cappadocia and the country south of the Euxine furnished slaves in such abundance formerly, that they were sold at four drachmas a-head; and the Greeks who were settled north of the Euxine purchased abundance of slaves from the Scythians. We understand by Javan in this place chiefly the Melesian colonies (who were Ionians) in the Black Sea, for the prophet always puts together those who dwelt near each other. The whole passage (xxvii. 5—25.) is remarkable for accuracy and for correct knowledge. Copper abounds at the present day in those countries, and the vessels made of it there are in great request. Armenia was renowned for its breed of horses, and there were bred the Nisœan horses, of which the satrap of that province annually sent 20,000 of the foals to the king of Persia. We may observe that by the word which is rendered *horsemen* some eminent critics understand war-horses, or state-horses, that is, these Nisœan horses.

We thus ascertain, on authority not to be disputed, the extent of the Phœnician commerce in the seventh century before our era. A small people, inhabiting a narrow strip of sea-coast, who were obliged to import the greater part of their food from the neighboring countries, had extended their commercial relations over the greater part of the then known world! Their ships visited Spain and the Atlantic on the one side, on the other all the coasts of the Indian Ocean, and their caravans



annually repaired to the Persian and Arabian Gulfs, and to the Black Sea. It is not impossible that mediately or immediately through them the productions of India reached the shores of the Baltic and the interior of Africa, and *vice versa*. And this probably more than 3,000 years ago!

As in commercial dealings nothing is to be had without an equivalent, let theorists talk as they may of balances of trade, the Phœnicians must have had natural productions of their own country, or have been able to add a value to those of others by skill and industry,—in other words, they must either have had raw produce or manufactures to export. The trade in the former could have been very slight, as we only read of their supplying king Solomon with timber for his stately buildings at Jerusalem; in the latter it was very considerable. All the glass, for instance, used in the ancient world, came from Phœnicia, where alone the sand fit for that manufacture was found. For window-glass there could have been no great demand, but for drinking and for looking glasses the demand was probably extensive. Sidon was in this respect the Venice of the old world. Ornaments in gold, silver, ivory, ebony, amber and other metals and substances, must have been manufactured in large quantities by the Phœnicians, who probably supplied all the countries round them with these articles. The prophet Isaiah gives a formidable list of the trinkets and ornaments worn by the haughty dames of Judah in his time; and female luxury could not have been inferior at Damascus and other large towns of Syria. In the Odyssey of Homer we find the Phœnicians visiting the ports of the Greeks with cargoes of female ornaments, and taking in articles of consumption (*βιωτον*), probably wine, oil, and corn, in return. It is not unlikely that the Phœnicians also manufactured the ignoble metals which they imported from other countries. But the great staples of Phœnicia, were the linen, cotton and woollen cloths, to which, from the abundant supply of the *murices* of the very best quality yielded by the sea of their coast, they were enabled to give a splendor and a variety of color which no other people could imitate. The taste for the Tyrian cloths of all kinds prevailed extensively, and we can set no limits to the distance to which they may have been conveyed and exchanged for the natural and artificial productions of other regions.

The Phœnicians were then a manufacturing and a trading people, depending on others for their subsistence, in some

points resembling ourselves, in others more like the Dutch. The prosperity of such a people could not be everlasting, and it is interesting to examine into the causes of their decline.

It is probable that the increase of the wealth and power of Carthage was in some degree prejudicial to the parent state, as the trade of Spain must have fallen in a great measure into the hands of the former. In such case, it is likely that the Phœnicians must have had to pay dearer for its productions than heretofore, and perhaps as Carthage and the other colonies were manufacturers also, the demand for the Phœnician goods decreased. It is also supposed that the Phœnicians must have suffered by the planting of the Grecian colonies on the coast of Asia Minor, as these also manufactured to a great extent, and, it is almost certain, traded directly by means of caravans with Kapsacus on the Euphrates, to which place the goods of Babylon and India were brought up the river. We doubt, however, if they interfered much with the Phœnicians, as their trade took chiefly a northerly direction, extending into Tartary, and perhaps to China. The settlement of the Greeks in Egypt, however, must have been positively injurious to them, as the wine trade of that country, of which they appear previously to have had the monopoly, must have been now in a great measure carried on by the Greeks in their own bottoms; and perhaps this is the true reason of the hostility which the Phœnicians are said to have evinced to the Greeks in the time of the Persian war. It is remarkable enough that in the accounts which we have of the trade of Athens and Corinth no mention is made of any with the Phœnicians. Perhaps their chief commerce was with the colonies in Asia. From the Hebrew prophet it appears that they traded with the Ionians (of Asia) and with the people of the Peloponnesus.

The rivalry above noticed could, however, have but slightly affected the prosperity of the Phœnicians. The real cause of their decline was the commotions that took place in Western Asia, which caused the downfall of so many states; for independent states are always better customers to a manufacturing people than those which are under the yoke of foreigners. While the kingdoms of Israel, Judah, Damascus and others flourished, the demand for the Phœnician manufactures must have been far greater than after they became subject to the monarchs of Babylon and



Persia. Let any one, for example, compare Judah under her kings with Judah after the return from the Captivity. The very circumstance of there being no court must have made a great difference to those who supplied them with luxuries. The conquest and reduction to provinces of Babylonia and Egypt by the Persian monarch, must have greatly affected the Phœnician commerce; but it was the foundation of Alexandria by the Macedonian conqueror that was the ruin of the trade of both Phœnicia and Babylon, just as the discovery of the passage to India by the Cape ruined, in a great measure, Bagdad, Alexandria and Venice—the Tyre of the Middle Ages. From that time the decline of the prosperity of the towns on the coasts of Phœnicia was rapid and irremediable.

From Tyre and Sidon we will now turn westwards, and take a survey of their powerful colony on the coast of Africa. Here the Greek and Latin writers will be our guides, in lieu of the Hebrew prophets, the absence of whose minuteness we shall, however, have some reason to regret.

Military colonies, like those of the Romans and the Russians, were unknown to the Greeks and the Phœnicians of the early ages, and the colonies which they founded were either pure commercial factories on the coasts (or on small islands adjacent to them) of a country, a trade with which they found to be lucrative. Such were the Phœnician colonies on the coast of Spain, those of the Greeks on the north coast of the Euxine, and our own first settlements in Bengal and Coromandel. Others were produced by excess of population, or by civil commotions, in which the worsted party retired and went in quest of new abodes. From these causes derived their origin the Grecian colonies of Italy, Sicily and Asia Minor, and some of the English colonies in North America. The same causes produced the same effects in the large towns of Phœnicia. These, as we have seen, were manufacturing towns, of which, consequently, the population was dense and turbulent, and, to use a figure which is now become a favorite one, it was necessary that the constitution should have some safety-valve to carry off the superabundant political vapor. Happily for the Phœnician towns, their size was such that colonization was an adequate remedy. They appear to have directed the stream first on their own territory, which gradually became covered with manufacturing towns and villages, like the neighborhood of Coventry and Manchester, and then

turned it to the north coast of Africa—the great theatre of their colonization.

Carthage, however, their most powerful settlement, according to a tradition the truth of which we see no reason to doubt, was not founded from commercial or political motives. It owed its origin to the crime of a king of Tyre, who murdered his brother-in-law, a man of consequence and priest of Melcarth, or Hercules, the national God, for his wealth, or on account of the influence which he possessed in the state. A large portion of the inhabitants of Tyre of all ranks determined to remove from a city subject to a ruthless tyrant, and placing Elissa, the widow of the murdered man, at their head, they left the place and sailed for Africa. They landed in the bay in which Tuneta (Tunis) and Utica already lay, and having fixed on a tongue of land which runs out into it, they agreed to pay an annual rent or tribute for it to the Lybians, the original owners of the soil. Here they built a fort which they probably named Betzura, *i. e.* the Castle, but of which the Greeks made Byrsa; and as this word signifies in their language, an *ox-hide*, they invented the well-known tale of the manner in which the Tyrian queen took in the unsuspecting Africans—a tale, by the way, which seems to have gone round the world; for, as has been noticed in a former article,\* Hassan Sabah, the chief of the Assassins, is thus said to have acquired the hill-fort of Alamoot. The Persians say that we got Calcutta in this way; our own tradition avers that it was thus that Hengist and Horsa got a settlement in the Isle of Thanet; and we think we have read somewhere that this was the mode in which one of our colonies in New-England obtained their land of the Indians. It is thus that the legends of one country are transferred to another, or that similar fictions spring up in far distant regions.

It is remarkable that, though Utica and Tunis were so close to Carthage, the one being only five, the other about seven miles from its walls, they always remained independent, Carthage only exercising the hegemony or supremacy. It would seem to have been the Phœnician policy to respect the rights of all independent Phœnician states. As Carthage increased in power, she first sought to free herself from tribute to the Lybians; she then succeeded in making them her subjects, and eventually extended her dominion through the interior eastward as far as the confines of

\* See Vol. I. p. 459.



the Greek state of Cyrene. But ere we trace the extent of her dominion and her commerce, we will stop to take a view of her government and institutions.

The government of Carthage, which claimed the admiration of Aristotle, was one of the wisest and best constituted in all antiquity. The philosopher compares its constitution with those of Crete and Sparta, and gives, as a proof of its goodness, the fact that, down to this time, though it was a state of such extended commerce and with so large a town population, it had never been subject to popular commotions, or afflicted with the scourge of tyranny. In effect, the constitution of Carthage was an aristocracy of birth and hereditary wealth, with a democratic element, subordinate but effective—the very form which is best calculated for permanence. Hence there was a moderation in the Carthaginian policy, an absence of the lust of conquest, and a steadiness in the adherence to plans which had been maturely weighed and adopted, which we should vainly seek in a democracy. Compare, for instance, Athens and Carthage. We are now speaking of this state in its best times; circumstances afterwards compelled it to change its character.

As it was the general practice of antiquity for colonies to retain the constitution of the parent-state, we may suppose that, as the legend of Dido shows, the first constitution of Carthage was a monarchy like that of Phœnicia. History does not inform us how the change was brought about; but we find it afterwards such as Aristotle describes it. The government was in the hands not so much of a hereditary nobility, like the Roman patricians and the Venetian nobili, as of the *optimates*, or families of greatest wealth and influence. From these all the magistrates and public officers were selected, but *they received no salaries*, and they were either chosen directly by the people, or were nominated by the senate and approved of by the people, it is doubtful which; perhaps the expression of Aristotle, that in his time the chief offices in Carthage were purchased, might incline us to think that the former was the mode of election. He says, that in the choice of the magistrates the qualities considered were their wealth, virtue and popularity (*δύμιον*), which he regards as a proof of the constitution being aristocratic, and which we think also proves the power of the people in the elections. Another important privilege which the people possessed was, that whenever the executive and the senate

disagreed on any point, the matter was brought before the people, whose decision was conclusive; and on this occasion every one who pleased could speak and give his opinion on the subject. This last was a privilege, we believe, enjoyed by the people in no other aristocracy of antiquity.

There was no such thing as a free state without a senate known to the ancients. Indeed it is difficult even to conceive a permanent free state without it. The Carthaginian senate resembled those of Rome and Sparta; but we are completely in the dark as to its numbers, and the mode of obtaining admission into it. Various notices, however, conspire to prove that the number of members must have been considerable, and the very nature of an aristocracy proves that the seats in it must have been for life. It is probable that all the *optimates*, as such, were members of it, and that as new families acquired wealth and consideration they got seats in it, perhaps in consequence of having been chosen to fill some of the public offices.

But besides this great senate, there was a smaller body, a kind of committee, selected from it, which perhaps bore to it a relation not unlike what the cabinet council does to the privy council with ourselves. Aristotle, in one place, speaks of a board of one hundred and four persons, which resembled the Ephorate at Sparta, (but was better regulated, as any Spartan might be an Ephor,) while only persons of the greatest worth were eligible at Carthage. Niebuhr sees in these one hundred and four a relation to the weeks of the year, as in the twenty-eight of the Spartan Gerusia, with the two kings, he finds a reference to the number of the days of the month. Hence it might appear that he regarded these one hundred and four as a *Gerusia*, a name which, in fact, is given to them by the accurate Polybius, who expressly distinguishes them from the senate (*σύνκλητος*), as do also Livy and the other writers. But we also read of a magistracy of one hundred men, and a question then arises, were the two boards the same or not?

It is the opinion of Kluge, that the magistracy of the one hundred and of the one hundred and four, were perfectly distinct from each other; and he will not allow that so accurate a writer as the Stagyrite, and one so studious of conciseness, would have spoken in one place of one hundred and four, and in another of only one hundred, if there was not a real



difference. He conceives that the former were a magistracy which had existed for a long time in the state, for trying the various causes, both public and private, which must of necessity have arisen in so commercial and so populous a city as Carthage; the latter he thinks, in conformity with the generality of writers, was instituted at the time when the power and influence of the house of Mago began to be viewed as dangerous to the republic. Their business was to examine into the conduct of the generals on their return from a command, and to punish them if they had done any thing tending to the injury of the state. It was this body which afterwards became, like the Spartan Ephors, the tyrants of the republic. As it is the board of one hundred and four that Aristotle compares with the Ephors, it seems most probable that the one hundred and the one hundred and four were all the same, the real number being one hundred and four, the round hundred being employed for shortness. Both Heeren and Bötticher takes this view of the case, and we feel disposed to regard it as the most correct.

At the head of the state were magistrates named *Suffetes*, i. e. judges, (*Shophetim*, or the judges of Scripture;) but in what manner they were chosen, for how long, and what their number was, are things which unfortunately we can only conjecture. That they were elective, and were taken from the principal families, and that they presided in the senate, are points which admit of no doubt, and as Aristotle compares them with the Spartan kings, and Polybius and others with the Roman consuls, there is every reason to suppose that their number was two, as Nepos expressly asserts. It would seem the more probable opinion that their office was for a longer term than one year,—perhaps we might say for life, as the only difference which Aristotle observes between them and the Spartan kings is, that these last could be chosen out of only two families. The *Suffetes* seem to have been the chief magistrates in all the Phœnician colonies, for Livy speaks of the *Suffetes* of Gades.

The office of *general* was different from that of a *Suffete*, though the two offices were frequently united in the same person. It is a question whether the *Suffete* was like an ordinary general, obliged to give an account of his conduct when in command to the council of one hundred.

The most puzzling part of the Carthaginian government is the Pentarchies, of

which Aristotle, and he only, speaks. According to him, some of the most weighty matters of the state were managed by them, and they filled up their own vacancies, and this is all we know about them. As they are spoken of in the plural number, Heeren thinks they may have been committees of the *Gerusia* for the management of different portions of the affairs which were under the direction of that body. Kluge is of opinion that a pentarchy was a board composed of the five chief officers in the state, which he conjectures to have been the *priest of Melcarth*, the national god, the *quæstor*, the *ensor*, the *boetharch*, or military commander in the town, and a fifth, which he conjectures to have corresponded with the Roman *ædile*. Pentarchies, he says, are spoken of in the plural, as there was one at Carthage and one in each of the tributary towns. This theory is ingenious, but we think that of Heeren much more probable. Bötticher can hardly be said to give an opinion on the subject.

We thus see that, as we have already said, the Carthaginian constitution was one admirably calculated for duration. It was a mingled aristocracy and democracy, with a preponderance of the former, or regulating and conservative element. But forms of government are of little use if not sustained by national character, and one people will bear a degree of liberty of which another is incapable. We much doubt, for instance, if the French could, consistently with their social happiness and prosperity, bear the same quantity of that valuable commodity which we ourselves—but only after a very long course of discipline and training—actually enjoy. Certain we are, that the Athenians could never have stopped at the point at which the Carthaginians did; but the people of Attica were of a light mercurial character, those of Carthage were grave and thoughtful, and not easily led away by vanity and idle visions of unattainable happiness and perfection. Their religion may also, perhaps, be taken as a proof of the difference between their character and that of the Greeks, and their superior fitness for retaining freedom; for we believe that, as far as we have history to guide us, it will be found that where there is not a strong sense of religion in the people at large, their liberty is but of brief endurance.

When we speak of the effect of religion on the Carthaginian people, we have in view the strength of their religious feelings, not the purity of their creed; for their worship was a dark and cruel ser-



vice. Like all colonies, they brought their religion with them from their home in Asia. The notices remaining of it are very scanty, but we are able to collect that, like the Aramæan religion in general, it was chiefly directed to the supposed intelligences of the celestial luminaries and those of the elements. The chief of these was, as it would appear, the Sun-god, Baal or Molec, named by the Greeks Kronus, from some resemblance between him and their ancient deity, Time. The worship of this God, both in Syria and in Carthage, was bloody and inhuman; the infant children of the noblest families were burnt alive under his image, in the presence of their parents, who dared not even shed a tear, lest the sacrifice should prove unpleasing to the grim deity. In times of peace and prosperity, the feelings of nature prevailed, and the infants of slaves were the victims; but when calamity came on the state, it was ascribed to the wrath of the offended god; the noblest children were then yielded for sacrifice by their parents, and on one occasion 200 were offered at once, while 300 persons, who had been guilty of substituting the children of slaves for their own, to make atonement for their offence, flung themselves into the flames. How strong must the religious feeling (call it such, or call it fanaticism,) have been in the minds of such a people! And we must remember that in Carthage there was no sacerdotal caste, as in India, to keep up a fanatic spirit in the minds of the laity.

Ashtaro, or Astarte, the goddess of the moon, and the patroness of increase and production, whom the Greeks identified with their Hera or Juno, and with Aphrodite or Venus, was also adored at Carthage, and perhaps with the same lascivious rites as in Syria.

A principal object of worship in Tyre and in all the colonies, was Melcarth, *i. e.* king of the city, the tutelary deity (as his name denotes) of the town. This deity, who was evidently another form of the Sun-god, the Greeks identified with their hero Hercules, whom most assuredly they in their early ages never regarded as a god of the sun. Perhaps their only reason for doing so was, that the statues of Melcarth were formed to indicate great muscular power and strength, and thus resembled those of their own great slayer of beasts and men.

Of the other Phœnician deities little can be collected. If Bellermin be right in his interpretation of the Punic portions of the *Pœnulus* of Plautus, the Carthaginians

had very strong impressions of the providence of the gods, and of a reward for the virtuous after death. The place of bliss, unlike the Greeks and other peoples, they conceived to be, not in the bosom of the earth, or in western islands, but above, in the celestial regions.

Before we pass to the consideration of the trade of Carthage, we must notice another peculiarity in its constitution observed by Aristotle. He says that the dinners of their societies (*συσσίτια τῶν ἑταίρων*) resembled the *φιδίτια*, or public meals, of the Spartans. Now we know very well what these last were, and it is quite impossible that any thing precisely similar could have existed in such a city as Carthage; for though a body of 9000 Spartans, who live in idleness, their lands being tilled by the Helots, could very well dine together in different public halls every day, the same could not be the case in a commercial city, containing a good deal more than half a million of inhabitants. The philosopher only says that there was a resemblance between the dinners at Carthage and the public meals at Sparta, and if we find a point in which they did agree, it will be sufficient. We may then inquire into the real nature of the institution at Carthage. Now Plutarch (*Symp.* vii. 9) expressly says that the Spartan *Phiditia* were a kind of secret councils and aristocratic synods, and from all we can learn of the societies of Carthage they were of a similar political nature.

Kluge is of opinion that the men of wealth and influence at Carthage, with a view to preventing any one from acquiring an undue influence with the people by largesses or otherwise, used to give public dinners to the inferior citizens in different places, so that their affections might be divided among many, and not be engrossed by any one to the prejudice perhaps of the state. Schlosser thinks that these public dinners were like those among the different guilds in the middle ages, which, by the way, are still kept up in the good city of London. Luden opines that these dinners, somewhat like the Lord Mayor's feast, were given by the Council of One Hundred at the time of their election. Perhaps the most probable opinion is that of Heeren, who conceives these societies at Carthage to have been like our political clubs, in which the leaders of the different parties of the state previously arranged the line of conduct to be pursued in public. Polybius often speaks of the secret deliberations of the great men, and Livy says



that Aristo, whom Hannibal sent to Carthage, first spoke with the Boreas party in the circles\* and at the dinners, and then in the senate. Theodore Metochita, a writer of the middle ages, who had read books no longer existing, remarks that the Carthaginians treated of most public affairs in the night, for which reason, he adds, they held their meetings and councils in the evening and at night-time—all which agrees well with clubs, in which business and festivity were joined, but not at all with a public assembly, which, unlike our parliament, was always in antiquity held by day-light.

Such then was the government, such the political institutions of this great commercial people. Let us now take a view of their trade and their extent of dominion.

It is, we fear, but a vain attempt to fix with accuracy the date of the foundation of any of the cities of antiquity which trace their origin to a period beyond the time when history began to be written in Greece. We therefore place little reliance on the accounts which set the foundation of Carthage in the year 878 B. C. for instance, or 819 or 826, or fifty years after the taking of Troy, that is, 1134 B. C. This is, however, a matter of very little consequence; the nature of things shows that the beginnings of Carthage, like those of all other colonies, must have been small. Its first territory was only the small peninsula on which it stood, and for which a rent was paid to the original owners of the soil. As the population increased, encroachments were gradually made on the adjacent land, and the city, it is probable, soon became sufficiently strong to be able to refuse any farther payment of tribute to the Lybians. These last, it is said, we know not with what truth, were at that time in the nomadic state, and the Tyrian colonists, who had brought with them the love and knowledge of agriculture, for which the Syrians were always distinguished, induced or forced them by degrees to abandon their erratic life, and apply themselves to the cultivation of their fertile soil. The Lybians now became the subjects of their former tributaries, the land was cultivated to a great extent, the annual tribute or rent, which the inhabitants of the city drew from them, augmented and sustained their power, and the numerous colonial towns and villages which were formed all through the country relieved Carthage from the evils of excess of population, and served to keep the original natives in obedience. These Lybian sub-

jects of Carthage always formed a principal part of her armies. The extent of country subject to the Carthaginian power in Africa, great as we may be apt to fancy it, when it was at its greatest height, hardly equalled that of the modern kingdom of Portugal. Eastward, it stretched to the Syrtis and the confines of Cyrene; southward, to Lake Triton and the branches of Atlas; and westward, to the realms of the independent Numidian princes, the allies and sometimes the tributaries of Carthage. The history of the world is ever exhibiting the same phenomena; 3000 years ago a colony came from a distant commercial country and obtained permission to establish a factory on the north coast of Africa, and ended by reducing the people of the country to subjection. In modern times the very same thing has been done on the coasts of India. It may be doubted, however, whether the British will equal the Carthaginian dominion in permanence; it is certain that a chief cause of the fall of Carthage was her alienating the affections of her African subjects by excess of taxation, in consequence of the expensive wars in which the ambition and lust of dominion of some of her leading men engaged her. We should take warning; if once our government is felt to be oppressive in India, our dominion there is gone.

Carthage must have had a large share in the caravan-trade, which has been carried on from time immemorial from the neighborhood of the Syrtes with the interior of Africa. By this trade she procured ivory, gold-dust, and perhaps slaves, though, as far as we recollect, there is no direct mention of negro slaves in the classic writers till about the time of Alexander: we mean as an article of commerce with the Greeks and other people of Europe. But she must have become powerful and wealthy before she could have extended her views so far; and her earliest trade was doubtless the exchange of her own manufactures, or those of Tyre, with the people of the interior, for the natural productions of their soil. It was possibly this trade which first led to her settlement of the colonies, which extended along the coast to the straits of Gades, rather than a view to the commerce of Spain.

Commercial prospects also made the Carthaginians turn their eyes to the islands of the Mediterranean, with which, as we have said above, we see little reason for supposing that the Phœnicians carried on a trade. They probably settled very early on the Balearic islands, (Majorca, Minorca and Yviza,) which produced

\* *Circuitis*. The French call their clubs *cercles*.



wine, oil and fine wool—the great objects of Phœnician trade. They also settled on, and gradually reduced to the condition of a province, the fertile island of Sardinia, an island, of which, as Heeren justly observes, though so near us, we know far less than we do of Owhyhee and Otaheite. They appear, but only in the later period of their history, to have had some settlements of no great importance on the coast of Corsica.

As the power of the Carthaginians increased, they must evidently have contemplated the mastery of the western part of the Mediterranean as essential to their projects of extended dominion, and for this purpose the possession of Sicily must have appeared to them as of the greatest importance. But here they had a more formidable foe to encounter than any they had yet engaged, for it is highly probable that the Greeks were settled before them in that island. Thucydides, who is the chief authority on the subject, reckons the *Φοίνικες* among the peoples who had settled in Sicily, but as that term stood with the Greeks for both the proper Phœnicians and their colonies, it is doubtful which the historian meant. Modern writers tell us without hesitation that the Phœnicians had from the most remote times occupied the coasts and islets round the whole island, but as no traces appear of these Phœnician settlements, and as Thucydides expressly tells us that the settlements of the Carthaginians, such as Motya, Panormus and Solacis, were on the part of the island nearest to Carthage, we think it not unlikely that in Sicily as in Italy the Greeks were the first settlers, and that the Carthaginians, who traded with them for their wine, oil, &c., gradually conceived the plan of coming in for their share of the fertile island, and that thus, instead of having come into the reversion of old Phœnician towns on the coast, they began to settle on the west side of the island, and that those towns were their first plantations. Their efforts to conquer the whole island were the eventful cause of their ruin, and even if they had succeeded, we doubt very much if they could have withstood the might of Rome. We shall presently give our reasons for entertaining this opinion.

Malta and the other small islands in its neighborhood were, it is likely, early colonized by the Phœnicians. They all fell afterwards into the hands of the Carthaginians. Malta was famous for its linen and woollen manufactures, and its people were industrious and opulent.

We now turn to Spain, the Mexico of the old world, in order to trace the connection of the Carthaginians with its inhabitants.

It is not likely that the intercourse of Carthage with Spain was of a very early date, as silver could not have been a very essential article in the commerce with the people of Africa, when the traffic with them first began. The Spanish trade, however, must have from various causes gradually increased, but it was probably for some time not direct with the natives; and the Carthaginians bought what silver and other Spanish productions they required from the people of Gades and other Phœnician settlements in that country. We have already expressed a belief that the natives worked their own mines, and bartered their produce with the foreign merchants. The trade between them and the Carthaginians must have been extensive and direct, when these last had increased in wealth and power. The greatest harmony seems to have existed between the two parties, and Carthage was long wisely content with the privilege of enlisting troops in Spain, without seeking to appropriate any part of the country to herself. In fact, it was not till after the first Punic war, and the loss of Sicily, that the project was conceived of reducing Spain to the condition of a province. The causes of this change in the Carthaginian policy we shall presently show.

The intercourse with Gaul must have been very slight, as the Greek colony of Massalia commanded the Mediterranean coast of that country. It is not unlikely that the Gauls, who served in the Punic armies, were enlisted in Spain, or in Italy. The knowledge of pay being to be had would easily draw them over the Alps or the Pyrenees. We nowhere read of a trade between Gaul and Carthage.

Historians and geographers have long disputed on the subject of the navigation of the Atlantic by the ships of Carthage. Some are content with extending their limits from the south coast of Britain on the north to Cape Bojador on the south: while others give them a direct Baltic trade, conducting their ships to the mouth of the Vistula and the coast of Prussia, nay even to those of the Scandinavian peninsula, and leading them southwards to the river Gambia and to Guinea. It is also maintained that they crossed the Atlantic, and visited the shores of the New World. Here, as elsewhere, truth perhaps lies in the middle. Let us, leaving the American voyage out of the question,



as resting on mere conjecture, devote a few lines to the consideration of their African and European navigation of the Atlantic.

We are told by Pliny and other writers, that at the time when Carthage was at her greatest height of power (about the year 450 B. C. as Lelewel thinks) two fleets were sent out to explore the coasts of Africa and Europe. The one destined for the African expedition was commanded by Hanno, one of the Suffetes of Carthage: it consisted of sixty fifty-oared vessels, having on board 30,000 persons, who were to be placed as colonists on the west-coast of the present empire of Morocco, a country which of course must have been well known to the Carthaginians at that time. Hanno, after settling the colonists, was then to sail southwards, on a voyage of discovery, with as many of the ships as he deemed sufficient.

Hanno proceeded in that direction till want of provisions forced him to return. He drew up an account of his voyage, which was hung up in the temple of Saturn (Moloch,) at Carthage; it was translated by some Greek, and this translation, or an abridgment of it, has come down to us, and may be seen in the *Geographi Minores* of Hudson. It is quite manifest from it, that Hanno sailed a long way along the coast of the Negro country, but where his voyage terminated is a question that will perhaps never be adequately solved. Rennell thinks the utmost limit of it was Sherborough Sound; while Professor Lelewel, who follows Gosselin, calculates that it could not have been beyond Cape Bojador. Heeren agrees with Rennell, and so does Mr. Cooley, and we have no doubt but that they are right; for Herodotus (iv. 196) accurately describes the mode in which the Carthaginians traded for gold with a people on the coast of Africa, which is precisely the manner in which at this very day the caravans from Morocco carry on the *dumb trade* with the people of Guinea for gold-dust and other articles.

It is manifest from Diodorus Siculus that the Carthaginians had discovered the island of Madeira. If they traded to the country south of the Gambia, it is hardly possible that the Fortunate or Canary Islands could have been unknown to them, and the probability of such being the case is heightened by the circumstance of one of these islands bearing the name of *Junonia*, which is evidently a translation of a Punic name derived from Astarte, whom the Greeks and Romans identified with their Hera and Juno.

Imperfect as is our knowledge of the exact extent and circumstances of the voyage of Hanno, we are still more in the dark respecting that of Himilco along the coast of Europe. Pliny merely informs us that he was sent out on a voyage of discovery at the same time with Hanno, and the particulars of the voyage, which are to be found in the geographical poem of Festus Avienus, (who says he wrote from the Punic annals,) have been so confused by his ignorance, or what is not likely, when we consider the air of truth which pervades the narrative of Hanno, so designedly falsified by Himilco or the government, that but little that is certain can be deduced from it. We are told that after passing the Atlantic bay (supposed to be that between Capes Trafalgar and St. Vincent) one came to Cape Cestrymmon, (Cape Finisterre as it is thought,) under which lay a bay of the same name, in which were islands abounding in tin and lead, inhabited by a high-spirited people, industrious and commercial, who used to navigate the seas in boats covered with skins or leather. Two days' sail from these islands was the Holy Island in which the Hibernians dwelt, and the island of the Albions was in the neighborhood. He adds that the people of Tartessus used to trade to the Cestrymmonian islands, whither also resorted the inhabitants of Carthage and her colonies. He says it took Himilco, according to his own account, *four months* to sail to those islands, owing to the want of wind, the sluggishness of the water, the quantity of sea-weed which caught and detained the vessels, the want of depth, and the great number of sea-monsters that swam about and among the ships. The ocean, Himilco said, could not be navigated westwards, as it was shrouded with darkness and devoid of wind. Thus far went the account of the Carthaginian admiral.

These Cestrymmonian islands, are, we may say universally, regarded as the Scilly isles, the Cassiterides, or Tin Islands, of the ancients. It is strange, however, that at the present day there are no traces of tin or lead in these islands, and no vestiges of there ever having been any. Neither, if, as we are told, the Atlantic navigation of the ancients was all along the coast, can we see why the metals should be brought thither for sale from Cornwall, which lies just as near to Ushant, from which the trading vessels must have stretched across the channel. Lelewel considers the Bay of Biscay to be this great Cestrymmonian bay; but the Scilly islands do not lie in that, and no efforts, we apprehend, will make the de-



scription of the cape, bay and islands in Avienus, tally with the real appearance of the west coast of Europe. We doubt not that there is a good deal of exaggeration in the account of the shoals, sea-monsters, and so forth, which impeded the navigation of the Punic commander; though we believe it is considered rather hazardous, even at the present day, to keep close in-shore when sailing in the Bay of Biscay. On the whole, however, we think there can be very little reason to dispute the fact of the south coast of Britain having been visited by Punic merchantmen, but there is no proof whatever of their having gone any farther north. The amber which was conveyed to the Mediterranean was, in all probability, purchased on the coast of Gaul, whither it was brought over land by the Germans; or may it not have been carried thither by sea? for how know we that the Northmen were not at that time as expert navigators as they afterwards were? They certainly did not learn the art of ship-building from the Romans; the peculiar build of their vessels, and the names of them and their different parts not being traceable to any foreign language, would surely indicate the contrary.

We may, we think, assert without hesitation, that at the time that Carthage was most flourishing, she traded *northwards* directly to Britain, and indirectly to the Baltic; *southwards*, to the Gambia by sea, and by caravans far into the interior of Africa; while *eastward* she carried on an active commerce with all parts of the Mediterranean, and through the mother city obtained the productions of India. She may too have purchased Scythian slaves from the Grecian slave-dealers. Her commercial relations would thus have extended over nearly the whole of the known world, and have been only surpassed by those of modern Europe since the discovery of America, and of the passage to the East by the Cape of Good Hope. That the spirit of monopoly was a chief element of the Carthaginian policy is evident from the commercial treaties with Rome, and from the fact of its being the custom to drown the crews of such vessels of other nations as were found sailing in the vicinity of those places, with which she carried on the most lucrative traffic; for no people were ever more perfectly aware of the advantages of excluding competition than the Carthaginians. Heeren is, perhaps, right in assigning this dislike in competition and commercial rivalry as a chief cause of the trade of Carthage not having been

more extensive than it was in the eastern part of the Mediterranean.

The natural consequence of the enjoyment of such a lucrative commerce as Carthage had, was the possession of great wealth by the principal families; and it gives us a favorable idea of the Carthaginian character to find that their favorite mode of applying it was to the cultivation and improvement of the land. Agriculture was nowhere better understood, or practised with more real taste and enjoyment, than in Carthage; and by far the best work which the Romans possessed on the subject (a work the loss of which is much to be regretted) was a translation from the Punic of a work on that subject by Mago, a Carthaginian author of the highest rank. When Agathocles executed the bold project of leading an army to Africa, and landed in the bay in which Carthage lay, his march, as he advanced, was through fields abounding in grass and covered with herds of cattle; vineyards and olive-grounds spread on every side; and the whole region was thickly studded with the country-seats of the wealthy citizens of Carthage and the other towns. It is probable that private luxury was great in a city so well supplied with all the means of enjoyment, but as there was a *censor morum* among the public officers, it is likely that it was a part of the policy of the government to lay a check upon indulgence. It is only in an aristocracy that such could be the case, and in Carthage as in Rome, when the aristocratic principle was enfeebled, luxury, corruption, and their attendant evils, broke in and eventually ruined the state. Such too was the case at Athens and at Florence. We need only (for poets are good authority in such matters) refer to the *clouds* of Aristophanes for proof of the change of manners in the Grecian city, and to the discourse of Cacciaguida, in the *Paradiso* of Dante, for a corresponding description of what had taken place in Tuscany.

Had Carthage imitated the prudent conduct of the mother country, and abstained from all attempts at conquest, it would, perhaps, have been fortunate for her; but her situation was so very different from that of the parent-state, that it was scarcely possible for her to follow the same line of policy, which, after all, was perhaps a matter of necessity rather than of choice with the Phœnicians, possessors of their strip of sea-coast, which had its boundaries set by nature, and whose neighbors, were all too civilized and too powerful for them.



to conceive the idea of reducing them to the condition of subjects. Carthage, on the other hand, lay in a country whose inhabitants were still in a rude state, and she was forced to pay them tribute for the soil on which she stood. Nothing was more natural than that, when she grew wealthy and populous, she should desire to relieve herself from this burden. This must have caused war with her immediate neighbors, in which contest she probably first freed herself from tribute, and then reduced them to subjection. After some time, when they were broken into obedience, she may have employed them as soldiers, have enlisted troops in Spain and Italy, and taken into her pay the light-horse of Numidia, and in that manner have extended, as we know she did, her dominion over a large portion of the north of Africa. In short, substitute Calcutta for Carthage, and we have the whole process of the conversion of a commercial factory into the capital of an empire before our eyes.

Perhaps we should not term it bad policy in the Carthaginians thus to acquire for themselves an extensive dominion in Africa; and their sway, it is likely, was at first advantageous to the nations whom it civilized and improved. But they should have been content with that dominion; there was no necessity for their reducing the islands of the Mediterranean; above all, they should have abstained from attempting the conquest of Sicily, for it was their Sicilian wars that led to their ruin, though they had more than once very nearly achieved the conquest of that fine island. Heeren is of opinion that the Sicilian wars of Carthage were the result of good policy, and that had she sat quietly looking on while the rulers of Syracuse reduced it all beneath their power, the Carthaginian commerce and influence in the Mediterranean would have been at an end. We cannot see this; the Sicilians, let who would be their ruler, would have been glad to have a market for the produce of their soil, and they could have nowhere found such good customers as the Carthaginians. Add to this, that from the natural instability of the Greek character, which showed itself nowhere so strongly as in Sicily, there was very little danger of their establishing a permanent dominion there which could cause Carthage any serious apprehensions for her political existence: her Sicilian wars, besides their immediate bad consequences, ultimately engaged her in hostilities with the formidable city whose destiny it was to be the mistress of the world. Indeed, when we consider

how Rome was constituted, and what was the condition of the rest of the world at that time, it is hardly possible to conceive how Carthage, more than any other state, could have escaped falling under the yoke one time or other, though political wisdom might have deferred the time when a pretext for war should be given to the grasping ambition of the Italian republic.

Carthage carried on her wars with money; her own citizens were not sufficiently numerous to form her armies. She enlisted mercenary troops in Africa, Spain, Gaul and the islands; these had, and could have, no affection for her; and if their pay was delayed they rose in mutiny; she in return lavished their blood with the most reckless extravagance. The enormous expenses which her wars cost her obliged her to tax her African subjects most heavily, requiring them to give to the state even so much as one half of the produce of their land. They therefore had no affection for her; they submitted to or joined an invader, and sometimes rose themselves in insurrection. Farther, by employing such numbers of the Numidian cavalry in her service, she accustomed them to war and discipline, and thus made the power of their princes formidable to herself, as she felt them to be in her last wars with the Romans. But these were not the only evils; her generals, who were always Carthaginians of high rank, (she was too wise to employ *Condottieri*), acquired, in consequence of their protracted commands, a degree of weight and influence in the state which could not but prove highly detrimental to liberty; factions broke out in the city itself; and when we mention the awful word *faction*, it is plain that the ruin of Carthage, like that of every free state in whose history it is to be found, was inevitable. The widely different condition of Rome during the century of conflict between the two hostile republics, must be too familiar to the reader to require us to point it out. We shall only notice that Rome drew her support from the land, and that her citizens were her soldiers; internal discord was at an end, factions had not yet commenced. How then could the result be any other than what it was?

Thus have we endeavored to give as complete a view as was compatible with our limits of the commerce and constitution of the two greatest mercantile states of antiquity. They have now for 2000 years ceased to be numbered among the nations. Tyre, whose "merchants were princes," is, in fulfilment of the word of



prophecy, "a place to spread nets upon;" and as to Carthage, which equalled Paris in population,

"Giace l'alta Cartago, appena i segni  
Dell' alte sue ruine il lido serba;  
Muojono le città, muojono i regni,  
Copre i fasti e le pompe arena ed erba."

ART. X.—*Encyclopédie des Gens du Monde. Repertoire Universel des Sciences, des Lettres, et des Arts; avec des Notices sur les Principales Familles Historiques, et sur les Personnages célèbres, Morts et vivans.* Par une Société de Savans, de Littérateurs et d'Artistes, Français et Etrangers. Tom. I. et II. en 4 parties. A—BAO. Paris, 1833, 1834. Grand-in 8vo.

THE German *Conversations-Lexicon*, which originated the idea of the work now before us, has been by all accounts one of the most successful literary enterprises of modern times. Originally published in 1820 by the famous Leipzig bookseller, Brockhaus,\* the demand for the successive re-impressions of it in all the countries where the German language is understood, has been so great as to keep the presses continually at work and already to carry it to an eighth edition. It has been translated into English in America, with alterations and additional articles, to suit it to that meridian; and that translation, we learn from the work before us, (tom. i. p. 736,) is now in the course of republication in this country. The German publisher's idea seems to have been nothing more than to furnish a useful book of reference to the readers of newspapers and the current literature of the day, which would furnish them with information on the various topics there discussed, and save them the trouble of hunting for it in a variety of sources, some not generally accessible. Accordingly, it is very copious and abundant in its articles of *biography*, especially of *living* and *contemporary* characters, and of *geography*, in its description of places and countries; its articles of science, philosophy, &c. are comparatively meagre.

The popularity of the *Conversations-*

*Lexicon* had led the proprietors of the French *rifaccimento* now before us to contemplate nothing more in the first instance than a mere translation of it, with the omission or substitution of such articles as were not equally well adapted to both countries. In this design, fortunately we think, they did not persevere; they finally determined to produce a Dictionary which should have an originality and features peculiar to itself, and be better adapted to the purposes of the great mass of French readers. They appear to have selected a very competent editor, (M. Schnitzler, the author of an excellent *Statistique de la Russie*,) who appears by the number and variety of his articles to be a host of himself, and have surrounded him with a body of able contributors, who have, by subscribing their initials, assumed a responsibility for their articles, which, in such undertakings in France, seems now to have settled into an established practice. They have been in some degree anticipated in their preparations by another work, appearing at shorter intervals, entitled *Dictionnaire de la Conversation et de la Lecture*, the plan of which, we believe, adheres more closely to, and borrows more largely from, its German parent, than the one before us, in which the translated articles (marked C. L.) form but a very small proportion of the whole.

We took occasion on the appearance of the first part of this *Encyclopédie*, (see No. XXIII. p. 258,) to give our readers a brief sketch of its plan and objects, tone and spirit, along with one article as a specimen. In the present instance we can do little more than reiterate the approbation we have already expressed of its execution, and notice a few of the articles which appear to call for special remark.

The four parts already published, comprising 1600 pages of large 8vo. double columns, go no farther than BAO, the letter A alone occupying 1446 pages, that letter in French including many articles which in German or English would appear under others; for instance, we have *English Language and Literature* under *Anglaises*, *Langue et Littérature*, and *German Language and Literature* under *Allemandes*, *Langue et Littérature*. Both these sketches, the first by M. Spach, and the latter by the editor, are very respectably executed; but in the English there are more typographical errors in the proper names than we could have wished to see. The articles *Arabia* and *Arabian Literature* by M. Reinaud, and *Armenians* by Klapproth, are worthy of the well-

\* We cannot help thinking that the merit of the idea, such as it is, belongs originally to this country, and that in *The Lounger's Common-Place Book*, a work in several volumes, in the Dictionary form, published anonymously about the end of the last century, and which was very popular in its day, will be found the germ of the *Conversations-Lexicon*.



merited reputation of these Orientalists. In the historical and biographical articles, the names of Villemain, Artaud, Guignaud; in the archæological of Champollion-Figeac, Dumersan; in the geographical, of Walkenaer, Depping, Balbi; in those on natural history, of Fred. Cuvier; in the medical, chemical, &c. of Andral, Ratier, Orfila; in the theological, of Bishop Guillon, Labouderie, Matter; in the musical, of Fétis; in the architectural, of Hittorf; in the military, of Gen. Mathieu, Dumas, Col. Koch; and a number of others which we might name, as attached to articles throughout the parts that have already appeared, afford the strongest proof of the pains taken by the proprietors and editor to secure the best assistance in the composition of this useful undertaking. Specimens, after all, afford the best means of judging of the merit of such a work; in application of this principle, and by way of giving an agreeable variety to our pages, we shall select *four* articles, one scientific, giving an account of a new invention, which had not previously come under our notice; and three biographical sketches of individuals who at present fill important stations in the governments of their several countries:—the *English* Chancellor of the Exchequer, the *Prussian* Foreign Minister, and the *Bavarian* President of the Greek Regency.

**"ANATOMY, Artificial.**—Prejudices were long opposed to the study of human anatomy upon the corpse. Dissections of rare occurrence, and drawings more or less faithful, were the only means possessed of acquiring a knowledge of the human body. Physicians were the only persons who devoted themselves to the study, and the progress in it was very limited. In proportion as the physical sciences became the object of more general attention, anatomy was more cultivated, not only by those directly interested in it, but even by persons who might seem at first sight likely to remain strangers to the study. Then it was that, to supply the insufficiency of subjects, as well as to remove the disgust inseparable from dissections, recourse was had to artificial representations. As pictures and engravings could give but an imperfect idea of the form, the situation and the relations of the parts, sculpture was called in aid; but its productions, although more faithful than drawings, still left something to be wished for. Then came modelling in wax, the resemblance produced by which was so perfect, that it was thought impossible to surpass it; the imitation was as exact as possible, as the models were taken from nature, and the illusion was completed by the artifice of color. The cabinets of the School of Medicine and of the Garden of Plants at Paris, and those of Florence and Vienna, attest the perfection which the art attained.

Notwithstanding, wax models have the serious inconvenience of being very dear, as well as easily liable to change; besides which, they require to be very numerous, as each of them is limited to the representation of a single layer of parts.

It is in France that we have succeeded in triumph-

ing over all difficulties, and in making an artificial corpse, upon which a perfect demonstration can be made. The inventor, M. Auzoux, by dint of labor and patience, has succeeded in modelling after nature all the parts of the human body, and assembling them in such a manner that they may be alternately taken to pieces and re-united. To justness of proportions and exactness of relations he has joined the minuteness of the most delicate details. When we see the *mannikin* of M. Auzoux, we can fancy that we have a corpse before our eyes, and that we are present at a real dissection. The skin is taken off; muscles, nerves, blood and lymphatic vessels; every thing appears in its proper place. After examining the superficial layer, you take it off, and are enabled to study in succession at leisure the deep layers; you strip the bones successively of the parts which cover them, and come at last to have nothing but the bare skeleton. When you reach the cavities of the skull, of the chest and of the belly, you recognise the brain, the heart and lungs, the liver, the stomach, the loins, the bladder; you can take up separately every organ, take it to pieces, observe the interior, and understand its mechanism. The eye, that delicate part, opens, like all the others; you may see in it the iris, the pupil, the crystalline, the retina, &c.

But this is not all; after separating all these parts, and learning to know them individually, you can collect them afresh, and recompose of them a whole. This analysis and synthesis may be carried on and repeated as often as you please, until you have a perfect idea of the whole structure as well as of the details. The solidity of these pieces allows them to be handled without danger; besides which, it is easy to repair and even to replace such as may suffer deterioration, because every one is cast in uniform moulds.

By means of this ingenious apparatus, the price of which (3000 francs—or 120*l.* sterling) is moderate, considering the expenses and the numberless difficulties which required to be overcome, before it could be brought to the degree of perfection which it now exhibits, young students have been able to learn anatomy better in six weeks than they could in a course of six months' dissections. In fact, a number of anatomical details require extremely long and difficult preparations, and some even might be mentioned which many persons have been unable to study except upon engravings and artificial pieces. The *mannikin* of M. Auzoux is of immense assistance to the surgeon, who, on the eve of performing a delicate operation, wishes to recall to his memory the situation, the shape and the exact relations of the parts on which he has to use his instrument. Finally, it is of indisputable advantage to painters, sculptors and amateurs who wish to have an exact idea of the structure of the human body, and the action of the different organs of which it is composed.

It is to be hoped that this invention, by removing the disgust attached to the study of anatomy upon the corpse, will contribute powerfully to render the taste for this noble science more popular. With a view to render his work still more complete, M. Auzoux has executed on a large scale those parts whose delicacy seemed to withdraw them from investigation, (the interior of the eye and ear). He is now preparing a series of pieces representing the gravid uterus in its different stages. In short, he has spared no pains in preparing a course of anatomy which shall leave nothing to desire."

**"ALTHORP, Viscount.**—is the eldest son of Earl Spencer, well known as the founder and proprietor of the richest private library in England, and who has also distinguished himself as a statesman and able minister. He was born in 1787, entered early into public life, for which he was previously prepared by an excellent education, and has constantly shown



himself favorable to popular principles. In 1806, while his father was Home Secretary, he was appointed one of the Lords of the Treasury, but did not remain more than a year in office. Since that time he has uniformly attached himself to the opposition in the House of Commons, but with a great degree of moderation and independence. We cannot say that Lord Althorp is an eloquent speaker; his voice possesses little flexibility, and he is deficient in the vigor and facility necessary for a brilliant parliamentary orator; but in discussion he triumphs by the power of his arguments, which are always dictated by a sound judgment, exquisite tact, and true liberality. His tone in debate is grave and dignified, and his views are always marked by the strong interest which he takes in every thing conducive to the welfare and happiness of the people. Add to this, that he possesses a frankness, an amiability, a *bonhomme* in his manners, which never desert him, even during the most violent attacks of his opponents. The deep silence which pervades the house when he begins speaking proves how much importance is attached to his opinion. He contributed by his opposition, to the breaking up of the Wellington administration in 1830, and then entered, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, into the new ministry formed by his friend, Earl Grey. He had at the same time to discharge the functions of *leader* in the House of Commons which he has done hitherto with so much success, that if its support has occasionally failed him in questions of taxation, it returns to him almost immediately afterwards. In spite of Cobbett and his partisans, and the denunciations of the Tory party, England would regard the retirement of Lord Althorp as a real calamity; he is justly regarded as one of the best supports of the Grey ministry, whose popularity has already sustained some shocks."

"ANCILLON, *John Peter Frederic*.—This statesman, distinguished historian, and remarkable philosopher, is the great grandson of David Ancillon, reformed minister at Metz at the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, to whom Bayle, in his Dictionary, has devoted a long article, and who, forced to seek refuge in Germany, settled at Berlin, where he resumed his clerical duties; and where his brother was appointed judge of all the French refugees in the states of Brandenburg.

M. Frederic Ancillon was born at Berlin in 1766, and was indebted to a learned and estimable father for the advantage of a judicious and careful education. To continue the line of ministers of the Gospel who had sprung from his family, the young Ancillon destined himself for the church, and prepared himself for it by deep studies, embracing the most varied branches. He explored the vast field of history in his *ensemble*, and with rare sagacity penetrated the spirit which prevailed at every epoch, attaching the isolated facts to the general view of the development of our race. After finishing his studies at the University, he was settled at Berlin as minister of a French congregation, and as a professor at the Military Academy. In the first capacity he delivered, in 1791, in the presence of Prince Henry of Prussia, a discourse which drew the attention of the court on the young preacher. In 1793 he made a tour in Switzerland, and some years after another through France, in the course of which he gave the reins to that spirit of wise and calm observation which it is so pleasant to recognise in all his writings. After publishing some fragments relative to these two journeys, he began to enter warmly into the literary controversies of the day, and wrote some spirited articles in the journals. His *Mélanges de Littérature et de Philosophie*, which first appeared at Berlin in 1801, was the production of a man who had deeply reflected on the different questions debated among

philosophers, the French as well as those of his own country. Skilful in summing up discussions and pointing out what different opinions have in common, M. Ancillon, who is an eclectic, from the solidity of his acquirements, has done much to exhibit in their true light the various philosophical systems, to point out their weak sides, to signalize their errors, and to facilitate the amalgamation of those which, stripped of their antipathies, appeared mutually to complete each other. He has never founded a school, although his philosophy is really one peculiar to himself; it is enlightened, benevolent, equally removed from temerity as from excessive timidity; above all clear, and opposed to every sort of mysticism. Man is always his object; he never enters but with reluctance upon those metaphysical researches, the instruments of which are so imperfect, and the results so doubtful. Not satisfied with thus revealing to the world his vocation as a philosopher, M. Ancillon took rank among the good historians of his time by his *Tableau des Révolutions du Système Politique de l'Europe depuis le XV. Siècle*, a work printed at different intervals, but which he unfortunately left unfinished—in which the political views are not less striking than the portraits and developments of character, and the style such as would not be disavowed by the best French native authors. *Après* of this universal history of modern times, a commission of the French Institute proclaimed M. Ancillon a worthy heir and successor of Leibnitz, 'proving by his example, that the object of true philosophy is to multiply and not to destroy truths; that it derives its principal force from the alliance of sentiments with principles; and that it is among minds of the higher class that it prefers to seek its first adepts.' This remarkable production also obtained for him the office of *royal historiographer*, with which his grandfather had been formerly invested; and his nomination to be a member of the Royal Academy of Berlin followed close on the heels of its publication. At the same time the king's confidence called him, in 1806, to superintend the education of the Prince Royal and his cousin Frederic William Louis, and he acquitted himself of his functions with equal zeal and talents, to the satisfaction of his sovereign, who appointed him successively councillor of state and knight of the Red Eagle. It was in his capacity of governor of the two princes that he revisited Paris in 1814, where, notwithstanding the political animosity of the day, he met with a very kind reception. At the same time he continued to fulfil his duties as an academician, and offered to the public, from time to time, productions of greater or less extent, either in German or French; for with both of these languages M. Ancillon is equally familiar, and in both he writes with clearness and precision. When the education of the princes was completed, he was attached as councillor of legation to the department of foreign affairs, and took an active part in a great number of diplomatic transactions. He also rendered eminent services to his country as member of the constitution committee, and conciliated to himself more and more the confidence of the government, and the esteem of his colleagues and the public. In 1825 he became director of the political section of the ministry of foreign affairs, and the public gave him the credit of the editorship of the *Staatszeitung* (State Gazette) of Berlin, a semi-official paper. A disciple and declared partisan of Count Bernstorn, he was first the colleague, and in 1831 became the successor, of that nobleman, as secretary of state for foreign affairs, which he has managed in very critical times with a wisdom and moderation the more laudable that it had to encounter very formidable opposition. He possesses the king's entire confidence, and he may at present be regarded as the directing minister of the Prussian cabinet, and one of the main props of



the peace of Europe." (Then follows a list of M. Ancillon's works, eleven in number.)

"**ARMANSPERG, Joseph Louis, Count Von.**—The counts of Armansterg are an ancient family; several of them have distinguished themselves at different epochs by their valor and their military talents. They belong to Old Bavaria, and it was at the estate of Koetzling that the present head of the family was born in 1787. After finishing his studies at Landshut, he entered the civil service in 1808; but in 1813, full of enthusiasm in the cause of German liberty, he joined the Bavarian army, and subsequently filled some important administrative offices. After the peace of Paris, the department of the Vosges, and soon after that of the country between the Rhine and the Moselle, were entrusted to his charge. At the Congress of Vienna he defended, but unsuccessfully, the interests of Bavaria. He subsequently administered, in 1816 and 1817, the circle of the Rhine and that of the Upper Danube; was placed, in 1820, at the head of the superior Court of Accounts; and in 1823 became vice-president of the circle of Regen. As a proprietor in that of the Lower Danube, he was elected a member of the Second Chamber of the States in 1825; he lost the election of president of that chamber by only a few votes; but was elected vice-president, and took part in the deliberations of the assembly. His knowledge, energy, frankness and experience, had acquired him the public esteem, and on King Louis's accession to the throne, that monarch hastened to enrol him among his councillors. He had then an important share in the reorganization of the ministry, and in the reform of the abuses which had crept into the financial department.

On the 1st of January, 1826, he entered the ministry with the portfolio of the interior and the finances; in 1828 he exchanged the first for that of foreign affairs, to which was subsequently added that of the royal household. The people of Bavaria retain a grateful recollection of his administration; it marks the period of liberalism, to which the King of Bavaria was indebted for the popularity which he then enjoyed. Count d'Armansterg encouraged the development of the national institutions, and he labored to establish over the whole of Germany, by the abolition of internal custom-houses, the unity of territory in a commercial view. The re-action which took place in 1831 lost him his post, since which he has been vehemently attacked by the organs of the retrograde party. Meantime, however, the king did not withdraw his confidence from him, and endeavored to sooth his disgrace by naming him to the Bavarian embassy to London. Since 1828 he has been a royal councillor for life, and as such member of the first Chamber of States. He retired to his estates, and remained there during 1832. On the 5th of October of that year, an ordinance appeared, appointing him president of the council of regency for the new king of Greece, then a minor. He accompanied the young monarch in that capacity, and landed with him at Nauplia, on the 6th of February, 1833. In this difficult position he has displayed from the beginning as much activity as firmness and prudence; he has already surmounted grave difficulties, and still struggles, with vigor and talent, against those which the indocility, the reciprocal jealousies, and the long habituation to a state of anarchy of the Hellenic chiefs, have opposed to him."



# MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

No. XXVI.

## FRANCE.

*Les Destinées de la Poésie* is the title of a brochure recently published by M. de la Martine, intended as an introduction to some work, the nature of which is not very clearly stated. Passing over the personal feelings and reveries of the author herein disclosed, and the slight sketches of manners and scenes during his recent travels in the east, we shall speak only of the "Destinies of Poetry," which, in its new career, adapted to a new world, is to be neither lyric, in the usual sense of the word, nor epic, but *reason* in the shape of song. At the moment of the author's writing, he thinks there never were such profound symptoms of a deep spirit of poetry pervading, not only France, but all Europe; and that the poet who shall respond to this feeling, by becoming the poet of the people, and singing in popular strains, their wants, their feelings, and affections—the poet who shall interpret nature to the people, and explain to them in their own language all the goodness, elevation, generosity, patriotism, and pious enthusiasm implanted by God in their hearts—such a one will be the poet demanded by the age, and for whom the people are athirst. Poetry—exclaims the author in a fit of enthusiasm—is the guardian angel of humanity in every age. M. de la Martine's account of his recent tour to the Holy Land, &c. is said to be preparing for publication.

The first and second volumes of M. Capefigue's *History of the Reformation, the League, and the Times of Henry IV.*, have just made their appearance. M. Capefigue now stands forward as the acknowledged author of the *History of the Restoration, and the Fall of the Elder Branch of the Bourbons*, which was reviewed in this journal some time since.

An interesting little volume has recently been published by M. Paulin, Paris, entitled "*Le Romancero Français, Histoire de quelques Anciens Trouvères, et Choix de leurs Chansons.*" These "Ancient Songs of Love and War," originally composed by French Trouveres, which have been buried in oblivion for the last 600 years, are now once more brought to light by the fortunate investigations of this young "employé aux manuscrits" of the Royal Library. The biographical notices and glossarial explanations which he has added, exhibit an intimate acquaintance with the French literature of the middle ages. Another young French antiquarian, M. Francisque Michel, who has already distinguished himself by several publications on similar subjects, is now diligently exploring our national archives for MS. works and documents connected with that literature.

The Polish literary veteran, Lelewel, is now engaged at Paris on an important work on the Coins of the Middle Ages.

The little work of Silvio Pellico, *On the Duties of Man*, has been received with such favor at Paris as to give rise to several French translations. The English one, which has recently appeared, from the practised pen of Mr. Thomas Roscoe, who has prefixed a most interesting biographical sketch of the author, has already met with deserved success. The pure and elevated morality of the work renders it a most excellent present for young men in every country where it has been naturalized.

M. Ambrose Firmin Didot has recently published a complete French translation of *Thucydides*, with the Greek text opposite, and an apparatus of Life, notes, &c. &c. The book is very handsomely printed in 4 vols. 8vo. Great pains have been taken to ensure a correct text and a faithful version. It does much honor to M. Didot. We are returned to the times when celebrated printers were distinguished men of letters.

The French Academy of Science lost in the course of January last two of its members: 1. M. *Labillardière*, the botanist, who accompanied d'Entrecasteaux in his voyage round the world in search of La Perouse, as the naturalist of the expedition. He was in his 78th year: and 2. M. *Hachette*, the geometer, one of the earliest and most distinguished professors of the famous Polytechnic School, in his 64th year.

M. Garat, a member of the French Academy, formerly minister under the National Convention, and afterwards a member of Bonaparte's Senate, died at Ustaritz, in December last, upwards of 80 years of age.

M. Charles Pougens, a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, died at Vauxbuin in December last, in his 79th year. He had been blind ever since the year 1779, but was not prevented by that misfortune from pursuing a course of laborious philological researches and ingenious compositions.

M. Marcel has just published a History of Egypt, from its conquest by the Arabs to that by the French, in an 8vo. vol.

The 5th volume of Professor De Candolle's *Prodromus Plantarum* is now in the press.

The 5th and 6th volumes of the French translation of Colonel Napier's *History of the Peninsular War*, edited by General Dumas, are about to appear.

Two livraisons, or 4 vols. of a *Supplement to the Biographie Universelle* of Michaud, have recently made their appearance. They consist of a *Dictionnaire Mythologique*, complete in 3 vols. and the first volume of the actual *Supplement*, of Lives omitted in the *Biographie*, or persons who have died since its publication.

## GERMANY.

A METRICAL translation into German of the Bhagavad Gita, with grammatical and mythological illustrations, is now in the press, by Rud. Peiper.

Augustus Matthiæ, the author of the well-known Greek Grammar, has announced an *Encyclopædia of Philology*.

Retsch is proceeding with his illustrations of Shakespeare. Romeo and Juliet may be expected shortly.

Another production of his, under the title of "*Fancies*," is about to make its appearance in London.

The second and concluding volume of Sholz's edition of the Greek New Testament, so long and anxiously looked for, is announced as in the press.



A second and much improved edition of Professor Vater's *Index to the Grammatical and Lexicographical Literature of all Nations*, is about to appear.

Mr. Von Hammer's *History of the Turkish Empire* is now completed in 10 vols. 8vo. The history terminates at the peace of Kainardji, in 1774. The 9th and 10th vols. comprise General Indexes, and a variety of catalogues and tables of matters referred to in the course of the work, with the author's reply to the various criticisms which have appeared upon it.

A *Conversations-Lexicon, for Ladies*, has just been commenced, which is proposed to be completed in eight volumes, or thirty-two parts, three of which will be published every two months, and each volume will contain the portrait of some celebrated female. The contents, we are assured, will be especially directed towards the religious and intellectual improvement of the sex, as the brightest ornaments and firmest props of society.

A Hungarian translation of the "Conversations-Lexicon," with additions, is now in progress, and contains original contributions from several distinguished Hungarian noblemen, among whom are Count Mailath, Desewffy and Pelcki, and the Baron Wesseleyni, who formerly resided some time in England, and has contributed an article on English horses.

Dr. A. G. Hoffmann has lately published at Jena a German translation of the *Book of Enoch*, with an Introduction and Commentary. And he proposes to follow it up by similar translations of the apocryphical books of Jewish and Christian antiquity.

A sort of literary congress is about to be held at Berlin, in order to draw up some general regulations, with a view to secure the copyright of authors and booksellers throughout the whole of Germany. A committee of booksellers have already been formed at Leipzig, and protocols have been exchanged between this committee and the Berlin commission.

## HOLLAND.

A work on Serpents is in the press, by Dr. Schlegel of Leyden. An Atlas, containing 21 plates, in 4to. and exhibiting 418 delineations of serpents, will illustrate the text.

M. Siebold, the Dutch traveller in Japan, has commenced the publication of a *Fauna* of that country, in which he is assisted by the celebrated naturalists MM. Temminck, Schlegel, and Hahn. The work will be comprised in 25 livraisons, two of which have appeared, one on the Chelonians, by Messrs. Temminck and Schlegel, and another on the Crustacées, by M. Hahn.

Another Dutch traveller, M. Fischer, is preparing an account of Japan, from the observations made by him during a residence of many years in that remarkable country. Some extracts from the work have already made their appearance in the foreign journals, which lead us to form a very favorable anticipation of the interest of its contents.

## ITALY.

**NECROLOGY**—*Cicognara*. Last year Italy lost two individuals, each of whom had worthily distinguished himself in his respective walk of art. To the names of Raphael Morghen and Cagnola, the one supereminent as an engraver, the other of deserved renown as an architect, is now to be added that of Count Leopold

*Cicognara*, who died at Venice on the 5th of last March. Although not an artist himself, *Cicognara* was a devoted follower and an industrious cultivator of the fine arts. Sufficient of his title to this character would be afforded by his *Storia della Scultura dal suo risorgimento in Italia*, in three volumes folio; for notwithstanding criticism has not been sparing of its censure, it must be allowed to be a work of great interest, and that it supplies extensive information, while it is impossible to praise too highly the unwearied application and industry which the author devoted to his undertaking.

That it may be charged with prolixity in some parts, and meagreness in others, cannot be disputed: still it is valuable, if only as a sequel to the labors of Winckelmann, and for bringing the history of the art in modern times down to the present century. In bringing out this, *Cicognara* at first received some assistance from the government, but this was withdrawn in 1814, and he was therefore compelled to defray the greater portion of the outlay attending it out of his own private fortune. To extricate himself from the embarrassments to which this exposed him, he determined upon disposing of what was to him by far the most precious part of all he had ever possessed, namely, his extensive library of books relating to the fine arts, the formation of which had been his occupation for thirty years, besides costing him vast sums of money and extraordinary diligence and research. Anxious that it should not be again dispersed, but be purchased entire either by some public institution or opulent amateur, he printed a *Catalogo Ragionato* of it, in two large octavo volumes. The different works, amounting altogether to 4800, are classed under forty distinct heads; and valuable bibliographical remarks are appended to nearly each separate work, so that greatly as the circumstances which led to its publication are to be regretted, the catalogue itself is a most desirable acquisition to the literature of the fine arts. After his *History of Sculpture*, however, the production which will secure him the greatest celebrity is his magnificent architectural work in two volumes folio, entitled *Le Fabbriche piu cospicue di Venezia*. These illustrations afford accurate and interesting studies of all the more remarkable specimens of that peculiar style which characterizes the earlier buildings and palaces of the republic, and which gives such a poetically romantic physiognomy to the "City of the Sea." The thus rescuing from total wreck and oblivion the former architectural splendors of Venice, many of which are already far advanced in decay, was not the only circumstance which entitled him to an honorable place among its benefactors, for the zealous discharge of his office as President of the Academy of the Fine Arts there, to which he was appointed by the Emperor Francis, will cause him to be long remembered with grateful regret. During the time he held that post, he exerted himself nobly and unweariedly for the encouragement of art and its professors.

A new and greatly improved edition of the *Vocabolario Della Crusca* is announced for publication at Florence. Among other sources of enlargement and improvement to which the editor has had recourse, are the following: the *Raccolta* of Bergantini, the *Dizionario Universale* of Alberti, the *Spoglio* of Muzio, the *Proposta* of Monti, the *Osservazioni* of Pezzana, and the *Annotazioni* of Parenti.

## RUSSIA.

At the commencement of 1833, the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg possessed 263,647 printed volumes, and 14,632 MSS. In the course of the present year, the emperor has further enlarged it by the gift of 7728 works from the library of Pulawy, thirteen portfolios of MSS. from the ancient Society of the Friends of the Sciences at Warsaw, and 499 cases of books from the library of Warsaw. The cases contain 150,000 volumes of standard works in almost all the living languages.



## SWITZERLAND.

Dr. AGASSIZ, Professor of Natural History at Neuchâtel, has commenced the publication of his *Recherches sur les Poissons Fossiles*, intended as a Supplement to Baron Cuvier's celebrated work on Fossil Bones. It is to consist of twelve livraisons, forming when completed five volumes of text in 4to. and an Atlas of 240 plates in folio. We may refer our readers for the interesting details of the collections which Dr. Agassiz has made or consulted, and the valuable aid which he has derived from other naturalists, to the prospectus of this work, which is stitched up with our present number.

Dr. Agassiz, when he issued his prospectus, could not have been acquainted with the magnificent folio volume, "*Memoirs of Ichthyosauri and Plesiosauri*," (some extraordinary species of British fossil fishes lately discovered) which has been recently published by Mr. Thomas Hawkins, a young and enthusiastic geologist, whose ardent devotion of his time and fortune to scientific pursuits, renders it a duty to notice the valuable contribution which he has made to this interesting department of natural history. The lithographic plates which adorn the book are among the best specimens we have seen of the application of the art to such purposes.

## ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

THE Armenian Institute for the Oriental Languages in Moscow, was founded by the family of Lasarev, in 1816, and is supported by funds from Lombardy and from other sources, amounting in value to nearly a million of roubles. Besides the general objects of the institution, for the education of youth, and bringing forward young men for the civil and military service, the Institute further aims at providing the state with interpreters, in its relations with the various Asiatic states, and educating teachers and clergymen for the Armenian schools and churches in Russia. The course of study embraces the Catechism of the Greek and Armenian confessions; Scripture history, moral philosophy; arithmetic, algebra, geometry and trigonometry; natural history, natural philosophy, ancient and modern history, and particularly the history of Russia, geography and statistics, grammar, rhetoric, and the theory of the fine arts; the Russian, Latin, French, German, Armenian, Turkish, Arabic, and Persian languages. The course of study lasts seven years, and the scholars are divided into four classes.

The Institute has a printing-press for the European and Oriental languages, a library of nearly 5000 vols. a museum of natural history, and is provided with globes, maps, scientific instruments, &c.

The first instance in the annals of Turkish literature of works announced for publication by subscription, appeared in the Turkish State Gazette of October 22d, 1833, and the works thus signalized are three historical, five grammatical, and four poetical. As the historical works are by far the most interesting, we subjoin the titles of them.

I. Lives of the Sultans and Visirs, by Oemansade Ahmed Taib, who died in 1723, with a continuation by three others.

II. Lives of the Muftis, by Suleiman Seadeddin Ben Mohammed, celebrated under the name of Mussakim Efendisade, and written by him in 1744.

III. Lives of the Reis-Effendis, by the Reis Effendi Ahmed Resmi, and with a continuation to 1807, by Suleiman Faik.

The publication of M. Jaubert's Translation of the Geography of Edrisi, commenced in 1828, from a MS. in the King's Library, has been postponed from circumstances independent of the author, but it is hoped that it will not experience much further delay, as the Keeper of the Seals has given the necessary authority for its being proceeded with at the Royal Press. Since M. Jaubert's first attention to the subject, the Royal Library has obtained another MS., which is the more valuable, as it furnishes the means of correcting the proper names of places. This MS. is accompanied with seventy-two Arabic maps, which it is proposed to publish as a supplement to the work.

M. Legrand, a type-founder at Paris, has finished the engraving, in steel, of a set of matrices of Chinese characters, amounting to 2000, which can be augmented afterwards to any extent. The want hitherto felt of such a set of characters has tended greatly to impede the printing of Chinese works in Europe. The desideratum is now supplied, and Orientalists are under great obligations to M. Legrand for his spirit and enterprise.

The Works of Confucius and of Mencius (Koung-Fou-Tseu and Meng-Tseu) are about to appear in Chinese and French, by G. Pauthier, of the Paris Asiatic Society, 2 vols. 8vo. M. Pauthier is also preparing for publication the *Tao Te-King*, or *Book of Reason and of Virtue*, by Lao Tseu, a Chinese philosopher who preceded Confucius.



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THE

# FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. XXVIII.

FOR DECEMBER 1, 1834.

ART. I.—*Friedrich der Grosse. Eine Lebensgeschichte. Von J. D. E. Preuss.* 4 Bände, und Urkundenbuch, 4 Theile. (Frederic the Great. The History of his Life. By J. D. E. Preuss. 4 vols. 8vo, together with four volumes of original documents by way of Appendix.) Berlin, 1832—1834.

THE history of Frederic the Great is deserving of greater attention than it generally receives from the men of this age, on more accounts than one. It is not only as the general and the conqueror, (although in military fame equalled by one only who has ever appeared on the stage of modern Europe,) that history exhibits him as the most prominent figure of this time. Nor can we take much interest in the contemplation of his career, in that point of view in which he most desired admiration—his connection with the literary history of the last century. No subject is now less generally attractive than the quarrels and reconciliations, the mutual flatteries and mutual insults, of the philosophic school of *littérateurs*. The reaction in the public mind has been so complete, that the scepticism of Frederic and Voltaire,—that negative system of criticism, which assumed such proud dictation over all the wisdom of modern and ancient times,—is now even more obsolete than the exploded dogmatical fashion of thinking, against which their warfare was directed. They labored entirely for present fame, and they have had their reward; for posterity has more utterly forgotten them, than the antiquity which they wished to supersede; and has even

ceased to pay them the homage which was really their due for the improvements in society to which their sallies gave origin. But it is the civil government of Frederic,—the mind which planned, and the resources which were applied to the construction of the Prussian monarchy,—of which we have as yet a very confused and imperfect knowledge; while, if the subject is fully considered, we shall find in him the real founder of that peculiar form of moderate autocracy which now prevails over the greater part of Europe. The military monarchy, the most recent of all great systems of policy, and widely differing from the military despotism of an usurper,—this was the creation of Frederic. The foundations of the edifice were laid undoubtedly by many of his predecessors in German states, and especially by his father in Prussia. But he completed by forty years of labor this monument of his genius and of national submission; other sovereigns have done nothing but extend to distant regions the copy of the model which he bequeathed to them.

The task of breaking down the power of inferior nobles was very gradually accomplished by princes of the German empire. In France the old fabric of aristocracy had been demolished much earlier, by the wars of the league and the policy of Richelieu. But the feudal garb was rather laid aside, like the traveller's cloak, through the warmth of court favor, than torn away by main force from the wearer. The French government became a paradise of courtiers and royal favorites; it retained the vices of an aristocratic system



without any of its independent strength; and the power of standing armies, the substitute which modern times have discovered for that strength, was not fully understood even by Louis XIV. in the plenitude of his military glory. But the poverty of German capitals offered none of those means which France had found so efficacious in subduing the pride of the nobles: Saxony alone, of all the realms of the Emperor, emulated the character of the court of Paris in splendor and magnificence. The lesser barons of Germany owed the decline of their authority, about the beginning of the last century, rather to the warlike character of the nation, and the frequent campaigns which rendered standing armies necessary for the protection of wide tracts of open country. As the subordination, the regular constitution, and the numbers of these new armies increased, the gentlemen gradually exchanged the character of their ancestors for that of officers and servants of their sovereign, while that sovereign, from their suzerain and equal, became their general and their master. Frederic William I. the father of Frederic, one of the most eccentric of monarchs,—whom, had he not been one of the most sagacious and successful princes of his time, we should find it difficult not to pronounce a madman,—pursued the one great object of forming his army from predilection as much as from system. The inheritance which Frederic received from him was this magnificent army—a treasure which, however, one campaign sufficed to dissipate; an extensive, but poor, sandy,\* half-cultivated kingdom; two or three fortresses, and as many second-rate cities; a nobility proud and punctilious, but almost wholly devoted to military service; a clergy powerful, pedantic, and somewhat fanatical; an administration conducted on indifferent principles, but orderly and well arranged in detail; a patient, brave, and laborious population.

Out of these materials, the modern kingdom of Prussia—that wonderful machine of state-craft, as a mere machine the most remarkable in existence, on the model of which most European governments are gradually proceeding to reform themselves—was framed by the unwearied energies of one man. Frederic's first prin-

ciple, which he followed even to erroneous results, was to do every thing by the simplest, cheapest, and most compendious method. The end of government—the happiness of the people, but prescribed and regulated happiness—was kept in view with steady, unremitting rectitude. All separate authorities, corporate or individual, which might interpose between the royal person and his subjects, lost one by one their weight and authority, and he became the central mover of everything. The nobles became still more impoverished and dependant than before; their substance was wasted in the expenses of an ill-paid military service, while the laws which forbade the disposal of their lands to roturiers, still propagated from one generation to another their needy multitude. The clergy, gradually more and more discountenanced while ostensibly protected, lost their independent provisions whether enjoyed by Protestant or Catholic, and became pensioned servants to perform a state duty, less for the love of God than for the peace of the people and the security of the king. All the independent authorities, which in ill-governed countries are apt to arise out of the body of the administration, disappeared before a king who was his own minister, and succeeded more nearly in realizing the daring idea of universal surveillance than any other monarch has ever done. The brief forms, quick execution, and unhesitating obedience of the camp, were transferred by degrees into every department of the state; and its presiding spirit devoted himself wholly and without the slightest remission of his vigilance to the performance of his own part. “Si l'on veut que le gouvernement monarchique l'emporte sur le républicain,” says he, in his *Essai sur les Formes du Gouvernement*. “l'arrêt du souverain est prononcé: il doit être actif et intègre.” And to this self-imposed obligation he adhered as an inflexible law. Such an artificial instrument as a government of this nature can hardly continue long in action, unless its general operation is for the immediate benefit of the subject. Accordingly, the system of Frederic was to do all *for* the people, nothing *by* the people; and, while not a single shred of the capricious political liberty of the middle ages was left, civil freedom was secured and extended to a higher degree than before. Mind as well as person was freed from the restrictions of centuries. All the vexatious small persecutions which the zeal of the clergy, and the jealous pride of corporate bodies,

\* “After all the meditation I have bestowed on the subject,” Frederic used to say, when disappointed in his agricultural speculations, “I never yet could discover why God made sand.”



had exercised against individuals, (in Prussia, in the days of her Lutheran orthodoxy, such occurrences as the former were by no means rare,) were put a stop to. The liberty of the press was widely extended, although by no means so far as some modern panegyrists of Frederic seem to suppose. Every complaint was attended to; and heavy as taxation undoubtedly was, (although less so than in later times,) yet little room was left for complaint, where the most rigid economy was applied to every department of the state. A very prominent feature in Frederic's system, which indicated clearly his principles of paternal government, was the encouragement given to agriculture by bounties, by largesses in seasons of public calamity, and by the plantation of colonies in waste land. Many of these enterprises were conducted on most mistaken principles: much was done at great expense by the state, which would have been much better and cheaper done by subjects; and many instances of particular munificence were in fact impositions on the many for the benefit of the few. It is only when contrasted with the financial anarchy prevailing in his time in most European countries, the rapacity of farmers, the ill-filled treasuries and oppressed peasantry, that this part of Frederic's labors stands out in eminent relief.

When the system was fully established—when all authority, ministerial, municipal, and religious, was fully subjected to the central power—when throughout his wide dominions no step could be taken for the public service, or even by individual industry without the cognizance of omnipresent authority—then Frederic's great idea might be said to be complete; and although he to the end of his life continued to superintend his machine in person, it was fit to work without any assistance from the personal character of the monarch. The sovereigns of neighboring states were not long in perceiving the substantial advantages of his institutions. From his time, the form and etiquette which hedged in royalty,—the relics of the grotesque splendor of the middle ages, gradually wore away in the northern continental courts, and were exchanged for the simple but terrible array of a camp. Tight uniforms succeeded the motley costume of Louis XIV. and royalty itself laid aside its trappings to assume a military aspect. Instead of the feudatories and nobles, the priests and the men of learning, who had formed the cortège of sovereigns, generals and aides-de-camp

became their only attendants. The Austrian Emperor Joseph II. and his brother Leopold, who endeavored to frame their personal characteristics as well as their political system upon those of the successful enemy of their mother, were among the principal propagators of this great innovation. The difference was, indeed, very wide between the acute and practical Frederic himself, and these two pre-Benthamite sovereigns, the vain followers of theories of which the ultimate tendency was wholly misunderstood by themselves. Even Frederic, although from motives of policy he complimented and flattered his youthful imitator, saw the foible of his character, and drew his portrait, as well as that of many similar philosophers, in a single sentence, "*Il veut finir avant que de commencer.*" His wild schemes of improvement were cut short, as might be expected, by the insubordination excited among all classes of his subjects. Yet Joseph deserves, equally with Frederic, the praise of good intention; there never lived a prince who was more thoroughly impressed with a sense of his duty towards his subjects; and, powerless as he was to produce substantial reform, he acted no small part in the great work of hewing down the old monarchies of Europe into the military shape.

The French revolution, by leaving to princes no safety but in the sword, increased the tendency towards this species of centralization: although the catastrophe of Prussia, after the battle of Jena, proved at the same time how weak it is against the attack of a foreign enemy, who, by striking one decisive blow at the centre of the machine, can paralyze all its distant and subordinate parts. Finally, the years which have passed since the fall of Napoleon have been spent in consolidating and strengthening these new fabrics of temperate despotism. Everything has gradually been made, like the processes in manufactures, simpler, cheaper, and more expeditious. Forms and delays of every sort are slowly disappearing, even, as far as possible, in the last strongholds of the law. Formerly, Englishmen, and even Frenchmen, used to turn into ridicule the antiquated ceremony of the German courts; now, our own is almost the only European palace which maintains the ceremonial of past times, and citizen-kings in outward deportment rule from Petersburg to Naples. The landed aristocracy are melting away in most countries under the pressure of low prices and political insignificance, and



their place is supplied by the Bureaucratic. Compulsory enrolment, which first began in Prussia, has superseded voluntary recruiting in all great armies but our own: the children of whole kingdoms are marshalled moreover, like an army, for the purpose of compulsory education, and taught by the state, whose soldiers they are, from their birth. Constitutional forms, eagerly desired only twenty years since, praised and even promised by kings and ministers, are losing importance in the public mind of most countries; as reformers begin to despair of fixing the universal medium, once so confidently hoped for, between despotism and democracy. In those regions in which such constitutions exist, they seem to continue only by sufferance, in presence of the great fourth estate of the standing army, which at once protects and overawes them. All is equalizing; but it is the equality of civil, not of political freedom, which is now spreading itself over the central regions of Europe. Perhaps those who anticipate the triumph of republicanism are less correct in their views, at least for a time, than those who imagine that the recent struggles to establish free governments in the west—the struggles of democratic aspirations in countries where democratic principle is extinct—will probably end, and that speedily, in producing this more commendous constitution; and few cool reasoners will doubt that institutions such as those of Prussia would cause greater immediate benefit to a country like Spain, than an English government of ten-pound householders. The chambers in France—the noblesse in Russia and Hungary—are perhaps the only bodies which now oppose a feeble resistance to the spread of the military monarchy—the *euthanasia* of all the old continental constitutions; possibly of our own.

Few princes have been more repeatedly made the subjects of discussion, in histories, biographies, memoirs, and anecdotes, than Frederic of Prussia. His outward aspect and peculiarities, his mode of life in the camp and the city, are known to every one; perhaps there are few historical characters with which we fancy ourselves more familiar, or the mention of which calls up more vividly the shadow of one who seems present to our imagination like an old and intimate acquaintance. And yet, beyond his cocked hat and military boots, his brilliant eye, his quick step and bent figure, his polished address contrasted with the habitual expression of sarcasm conveyed both in face and lan-

guage, we are in truth sadly wanting in guides to conduct us to a more intimate knowledge of the man. Voltaire's alternate satirical and complimentary descriptions, and Thiebault's lively but incorrect reminiscences, are the authorities from which we derive most of our ideas respecting him. All who have touched the difficult subject of his character in modern times have contented themselves with adopting the wholesale language of his admirers or his detractors; according to one class, he was the father of his people, according to the other, an ambitious and heartless despot. In our own country, the recent work of the late Lord Dover has added nothing to our previous stock of information; nor has that elegant writer (of whom it would be both invidious and unjust to speak with disrespect,) attempted to pour-tray those peculiar shades of his disposition which render it so interesting a study. His work is little more than a concise panegyrical narrative. The work now before us certainly does not err on the side of conciseness; but its vapid, indiscriminating style of eulogy, and the ill-connected and tedious details into which it diverges, render it no great addition to our store of historical knowledge. The author's object appears to be a laborious vindication of the whole of the actions of a forty-years' reign, private and public, with scarcely those exceptions which common decency and morality imperiously demand. The rights of the house of Brandenburg over Silesia are argued again, after the sword had decided the law-suit ninety years ago against ordinary reason and justice, with all the zeal of an advocate. The scandalous partition of Poland is vindicated on similar grounds of special pleading. All the errors of Frederic's system against the most obvious principles of political economy are eulogized with the most unconscious gravity. In his private life he is pictured as almost faultless,—temperate, gentle, considerate, and peaceful; even the question "Was Frederic irreligious or not?" is answered in the negative, after sixty pages of examination into his sayings and writings. We do not deny the author the praise of having made very extensive and various collections, and of having given a far more complete narrative of many important occurrences than any which had previously appeared; but when a work of such high pretensions, executed with so great a want of those qualities of impartiality and discernment which render history valuable, comes under our inspection, we are tempt-



ed to regret that so many valuable original materials as are here accumulated should have fallen into the hands of a writer so little qualified to do justice to them. The existence of so minute and authentic a work, as to facts, may deter from the task other men capable of really performing that labor which the memory of Frederic of Prussia still demands from modern Europe, which, in its present forms of government and modes of thinking, may almost date its origin from his reign.

The original materials, however, with which this work is enriched, are chiefly calculated to enhance its value in Prussia; as they refer in great part to persons and things not generally interesting out of its limits. The volumes of correspondence between Frederic and his generals and ministers contain little, as far as we have examined them, beyond brief orders and notices respecting details of administration. Among those from which we have derived the greatest share of amusement, are the letters which passed between Frederic and his father, and other documents, throwing fresh light on the extraordinary domestic history of the court of Prussia under the father of its future hero; all tending to confirm those sketches of the Margravine of Bareith, of which the authority has sometimes been questioned, on account of the marvellous display contained in them of the interior of a royal mansion.

No small portion of Frederic's character was formed, beyond doubt, by the Spartan education which he received. His father, who, in the bitterness of his heart, lamented over the fondness which his degenerate son exhibited for literature and amusement, little foresaw the gradual effect which his discipline, harsh and paternal as it was, was in the end destined to produce. In minds of weak temperament, where the passions are too strong for the judgment, great early severity is apt to drive the object of it into the wildest self-gratification, as soon as the immediate check on his appetites is removed. But on spirits of stronger frame it produces a very different effect. Habits of order and endurance are gradually acquired under that extremity of constraint from which the soul revolts while it undergoes it; and Frederic, to whom the brutal manners and boorish simplicity of his father and his father's friends were so displeasing in youth, must have looked back in later life on the sufferings of his early years as the source of much which dis-

tinguished his manhood. By those means, his fiery and enthusiastic temper was bent to seek in labor the vent for its energies which it might otherwise have found in luxury or in vice; patient perseverance, and that elasticity of hope under reverses, which bore up so bravely against the vicissitudes of his after life, were first learnt by him in the palace of Potsdam and the castle of Custrin.

The early education of the prince was conducted according to directions minutely prescribed by Frederic William to Duhau and his son's other preceptors; for the king was most anxious to bring him up to his own model of excellence, in a religious as well as social point of view, although his pedantry and prejudices rendered him a very unfit guardian over the mind of susceptible youth. The collections of our author contain draughts in the king's hand of the manner in which every day was to be employed by the boy; the hours of rising, praying, coffee, hair powder, and boots, are all minutely noted. History and divinity formed nearly the only matter of instruction; and reading and repetition of the Bible and Noltienus's Catechism, together with some psalm-singing, are the exercises which he enjoins in the latter branch of education. A little later, a slight knowledge of French and Italian was added to these elementary studies; but Frederic's familiarity with the former language was acquired by habit in later days. The language of his father-land was hardly insisted on at all. Greek and Latin were almost wholly omitted.

"Frederic himself was in the habit of relating that he had in his earliest youth a Latin teacher; that his father one day came in while this teacher was making him translate the Golden Bull; and that the king, on hearing some bad Latin phrases, said to the linguist, 'Was machst du, Schurke, da mit meinem Sohne?' 'Ihre Majestät, ich explicire dem Prinzen *aurum bullam*.' The king lifted his cane and said, 'Ich will dich, Schurke, *aurum bullam*!'—drove him out of the room, and thus put an end to the Latin studies. Perhaps Duhau afterwards made him occupy himself a little with Latin; but his progress appears never to have been more than moderate. Nevertheless, Frederic was fond of employing Latin phrases, right or wrong, in speaking and writing:—*festina lente—dominus vobiscum—slectamus genus—vale ac fave—non plus ultra—stante pede morire—tot verbas tot spondera—lapsus calami—de gustibus non est disputandum—beati possidentes—beatus pauperes spiritus*.... in a letter to Duhau, 12th Jan. 1738. Je me contente de dire avec Lucrèce, 'Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.' "—Vol. i. p. 24.

We must add that orthography seems to have been wholly omitted in the prince's education. Neither in French nor German could he write a sentence without committing the most extraordinary blun-



ders. Some of Voltaire's letters (whose own spelling—so licentious was the fashion of these times—would disgrace a Parisian grisette of the present day) contain amusing corrections of his royal correspondent's odes and epistles. Frederic's style, too, was never polished: in French, notwithstanding all his assiduity, he never attained full facility of expressing himself, his diction being always hard, cramped, and somewhat ostentatious; while his German writing is the most extraordinary mixture of colloquial barbarisms, with French and Latin words and idioms.

On the more important topic of religion, Frederic William, with the best intentions, was the most unfortunate of all directors to a genius like that of Frederic. His Christianity was a stern system of doctrinal orthodoxy, without one grain of charity or toleration. Yet the mixture of dignity with simplicity which characterizes his instructions on this subject is not uninteresting.

"Especially my son must be rightly brought to a true love and fear of God, as the foundation and only pillar of our temporal and eternal welfare; and, on the contrary, all mischievous errors and sects which conduce to utter corruption, as Atheist, Arian, Socinian, or whatever other names they may be called by, must be altogether avoided, and must not even be spoken of in his presence, as a poison which may easily stain, seduce, and win over tender minds; and with respect to the Catholic religion, being one which may reasonably be enumerated with these, it must be endeavored, as far as possible, to make it odious to him, and to impress well upon him its groundlessness and absurdity; on the other hand, he should be led to the true Christian religion which especially consists herein, that Christ died for all men, as the only consolation of life; and he must be well-informed of the Almighty power and attributes of God, that at all times a holy fear and reverence of God may abide in him; for this is the only means to hold the sovereign power, freed from all human restraint and impediment, within the bounds of duty."

It is a pity that so serious and kingly a monitor had not better means of fulfilling his intentions within his reach. But the Lutheran divines, from whom Frederic was taught to seek the first rudiments of faith, were narrow-minded and polemical pedants. While they vowed absolute hatred to the Catholic religion, they set up the name of Luther as an idol of more than papal veneration. They reduced the system of Christianity to a sort of scholastic jargon. Those, on the other hand, who endeavored, as far as they might with safety, to preach more intelligible doctrine to the people, were too apt to keep the leading truths of their faith out of sight, and to reduce it to a mere system of morality: from which the inquirer obviously

turned to natural religion, as a simpler way of arriving at the same results.

The whole of the prince's remaining time, as far as the king could control it, was to be devoted to the one engrossing pursuit—the endless reviews and manœuvres, at which he considered it the chief part of a monarch's ordinary duties to assist; and which soon excited in the mind of his pupil a disgust that seemed insurmountable, although in after years, when the pageant became connected with the substance of military achievements, they became his principal delight. It was about the seventeenth year of Frederic's age, that the differences between him and his father began first to assume a serious character. Poetry, music, all the relaxations which began to attract the mind of the former, were hateful to the old monarch, whose dissatisfaction was usually expressed after a fashion less courtly than energetic. To one letter of exculpation from his son, he replied in the following extraordinary tirade, which we cannot attempt to translate, its force consisting as much in the manner as the matter. It would be worth while to compare this curious specimen of the style-royal in domestic quarrels with the soft and diplomatic tone of a similar correspondence between a king and an heir-apparent within our own recollection.

"Sein eigensinniger, böser Kopf, der nit seinen Vater liebet, dann wann man nun alles thut, absonderlich seinen Vater liebet, so thut man, was er haben will, nit wenn er dabei steht, sondern wenn er nit alles sieht. Zum andern weiss Er wohl, dass ich keinen efeminirten Kerl leiden kann, der keine menschliche Inclinationen hat, der sich schämt, nit reiten noch schiessen kann, und dabei mal-propre an seinem Leibe, seine Haare wie ein Narr sich frisiret und nit verschneidet, und ich alles dieses repremandiret, aber alles umsonst, und keine Besserung in nits ist. Zum andern hoffärtig, recht baurenstolz ist, mit keinem Menschen spricht, als mit welche, und nit popular und affabel ist, und mit dem Gesichte Grimmassen macht als wenn er ein Narr ware, und in nits meinen Willen thut, als mit der Force angehalten; nits aus Liebe und er alles dazu nit Lust hat, als seinem eigenem Kopf folgen, sonsten alles nits nütze ist. Dieses ist die Antwort. FRIEDRICH WILHELM."—vol. i. p. 27.

What were the immediate effects of this paternal admonition does not appear; but the father, who could not see in the effeminate youth whom he despised the future hero of his age, continued his severe and vexatious system of restraint. The tragedy to which his extravagance finally led; the desertion, recapture, and imprisonment of Frederic; the sufferings of his friends; the death of the nearest and dearest of them by



a cold-blooded judicial murder,\* made an impression of bitterness on the mind of the prince which continued throughout his subsequent life. From that time, the chief peculiarities of his nature seem to take their origin. He was indeed partially reconciled to his father, and became even a favorite. He had greater freedom, and more leisure to return to his beloved occupations, while he maintained a decent attendance to the duties of his regiment. Even the accusations of irreligion, by which his enemies sought to prejudice the king against him, did not prevail; although Frederic William, too deeply convinced of the ill success of his Christian, but misdirected endeavors, exclaimed to his confidential intimates, "L'Athéisme sera un jour sur le trône;" he abandoned all attempts at exercising compulsion over the mind of his heir.

"You know," says Frederic, in a letter to Suhm (1737), "that irreligion is the last resource of calumniators, and that all it means is, that there is nothing more to say. The king fell into a passion; I kept myself cool: my regiment did wonders, and their success in exercising, a little meal strewn on the soldiers' heads—men more than six feet high, and, many recruits—have proved stronger reasons than those of my assailants. All is now quiet, and no more is now said about religion, about Walden, about my persecutors, or about my regiment either."—vol. i. p. 112.

But although the latter years of his father's life passed over more tranquilly for Frederic, it is impossible not to perceive, that the bent of his mind throughout his future life was fixed by the unmerited ill-treatment of his youthful days. In the midst of all the vanities of his early letters to Voltaire—of his compliments, and his ill-concealed desire of flattery in return, his social propensities, and the gay retirement of Rheinsberg, which seemed to pre-  
sage a reign of unambitious peace—we discern sometimes that tone of deep and concentrated sarcasm, that distrust of mankind in general, together with the resolute and fierce self-confidence, which seemed, as it were, to make Frederic in his youth two distinct men—the one day kind, complying, easy and vain; the next impetuous, scornful, braving all opposition, and alienating by his harsh, contemptuous manner those whom it was most his policy to conciliate; inasmuch that Voltaire's energetic verses, antithetical as they are, seem scarcely an exaggerated description:

"Assemblage éclatant de qualités contraires,  
Ecrasant les mortels, et les nommant ses frères :

\* Not, however, in Frederic's presence: the story of Cati's execution, with the circumstances related by Voltaire, is fully disproved in the first volume of this history.

Misanthrope et farouche avec un air humain,  
Souvent impétueux, et quelquefois trop fin :  
Modeste avec orgueil, colère avec faiblesse,  
Pétri de passions, et cherchant la sagesse :  
Dangereux politique et dangereux auteur,  
Mon patron, mon disciple, et mon persécuteur."

This quality of misanthropy is in fact, look at it which way we will, one of the most prevailing characteristics of Frederic's temper and conduct. Lord Byron says of a greater man than Frederic in the extent of his sphere of action, but a far inferior one in almost all besides, that "the great error of his life was his constant obtrusion on mankind of his want of all community of feeling with them." But it was far more the propensity and the error of Frederic than of Napoleon, "like stern Diogenes to mock at men." The emperor undoubtedly, in his fits of passion and caprice, gave way freely to the vulgar humor of insulting those about him, and too often and openly expressed the contempt which the conduct of particular individuals excited in his mind. But, in general, he possessed in a high degree the art of attaching to his person those who shared his dangers and elevation, and, until his mind was altered by excess of greatness, was rather remarkable for the ready sympathy with which he entered into the feelings of his dependents. Few princes have enjoyed so many and such warm tokens of affection from their immediate attendants; and this, notwithstanding the radical selfishness which formed the basis of his character. Frederic was the very reverse of all this. Unchangeable in all things, he was in nothing more so than the fixed, unalterable contempt in which he held mankind, their opinions feelings, and prejudices. How such contempt was reconcilable with the vanity which made him court the suffrages even of the men he despised the most, and prefer the affected eulogies of some French writers, of whose worthlessness he was thoroughly convinced, to the utmost glory he had acquired in arms and government, is one of those contradictions which so often baffle us in endeavoring to estimate the character of a man of genius. This contempt he dealt out as liberally to individuals as to the world in general. Sarcasm was the element of his existence. He disliked solitude, and loved conversation, chiefly from this unbounded propensity to wit and satire. His recorded sayings are more pointed, more concisely terrible in their sarcastic power, than those of any *philosophe* of his day. If Voltaire possessed greater variety of fancy, his royal ally had the advantage of greater depth and concentration. He could



not restrain this inclination, at the expense not only of alienating personal friends, but of creating public enemies. Louis XV. and Elizabeth hated him less from political causes, than on account of the torrent of epigram with which he overwhelmed them and their governments, and the encouragement which he gave the literary men of all Europe to adopt a similar tone. Those who were admitted to his personal intimacy were never safe from his attacks; and must have acquired at last a sort of impenetrability to insult, from the constant fire of jokes to which they were exposed. There was no gaiety of heart in the humor of Frederic. Every one could see that he felt what he uttered, and that the iambic of the hour was but a casual eruption from that unfathomable reservoir of contempt which he nourished towards the whole species of his fellow-creatures. It is possible that we may find, in this unamiable part of his character, the reason why a monarch, whose general system of government was founded on the purest principles both of reason and benevolence, never seems to have felt or perceived the terrible severity of his military discipline, the misery which it occasioned among those subjected to it, and the profligacy which was produced among the people, by the conversion of the whole kingdom into a vast garrison. It was the father of Frederic who commenced this most inhuman tyranny; his son continued it, chiefly through absolute necessity; for he looked on his kingdom like the vessel of an Algerine corsair, making its way among the flags of the nations it had robbed, simply by the terror which it had inspired, and the vigilant daring of its crew. But it may be feared also, that the barbarities which disgraced his military system accorded but too well with the dark view which he had deliberately taken of human nature. At a review of his troops, previous to his first campaign, he asked the marshal who stood by him, what were the reflections which the spectacle excited in his mind? The marshal made some reply about the fine condition of the troops, and the precision of their manœuvres. "As for me," said Frederic, "what I think of this is: here are sixty thousand men, each strong and active, and better armed than either of us; all of them our implacable enemies, and having just cause to hate us and yet they tremble before us, who ought to tremble before them; such is the power of discipline and subordination."

From the same peculiar views and feel-

ings, we find that little cordial intimacy existed between Frederic and the chief generals of his reign. Except in the actual field of battle, there was no mutual familiarity and confidence between the soldiers and their great leader. It was the loyalty of the troops to the Prussian monarchy and to the glory of the great captain, far more than their attachment to his person, which caused them to enact such miracles under his command; and this was more especially the case with their officers. Ill paid as they were, their situation was rendered far from enviable by the incessant jealousy with which they were watched; and it could not have added much to their zeal in the service to find, as they did in almost every instance, that they were looked on by their sovereign in no other light than as mere instruments, to be constructed and worked in the cheapest and most effective manner. The same disagreeable circumstances were shared, in a still greater degree, by his civil servants. Frederic's dislike to marriage among those on whom he chiefly relied, is one of the most remarkable traits in his administrative economy. Undoubtedly he justified it to himself by common principles of policy: but we may be permitted to doubt, whether a deeper feeling of jealousy did not prompt his aversion from matrimony in others. This is one, out of many points, in which a little fancy will enable the searcher of resemblances to detect much similarity, difference of sex apart, between Frederic and our own Elizabeth—each of them princes who, in long and glorious reigns of forty years, were incessantly employed in active watchfulness against foreign or internal enemies. A sovereign who had voluntarily rejected all that constitutes the pride and happiness of domestic life might be in heart an envious spectator of such felicity in others. This is a point in the King of Prussia's character, which we should have little inclination to touch, were it not for the light which it throws on some of the most important passages in his life and principles of his action. Our author, indeed, in his usual style of exhibiting one view only of a question, recapitulates the idle stories of Frederic's early gallantries with a triumphant emphasis: but he should remember, before he refers to the Margravine of Bareith as an authority beyond exception, that her testimony, if taken to its full extent, will leave no very favorable impression of the habits and character of her beloved brother. Frederic was willing to permit any excess, provided it were conducted with proper



military gravity, rather than encourage his soldiers to form more lasting connections: a most serious injury to the morality of a country where the army comprised nearly a fifth of the men in the prime of life. In the first battalion of Guards, which contained very few married men, the captains had the power of granting licenses called "*Liebstenscheine*," which empowered a private to engage a fair companion for the duration of his quarters. The captain was bound to see that the parties entering into such an engagement were able to provide for its consequences; and the dissolution of these singular unions, which the captain had also power to authorize, was, it was said, by no means common. The famous Bareith regiment of dragoons, which the king particularly favored, contained, when it took the field for the Bavarian war in 1778, not a single married officer out of its seventy-four. A large proportion of Frederic's most trusted servants, both civil and military, either remained bachelors, or married very late in life. Occasionally, indeed, his humor relaxed, and he not only consented to the marriage of some of his favorites, but exercised the royal pen in composing French epithalamia on the occasion. But both in refusing and according this privilege, Frederic, as our author allows, acted capriciously and despotically. His conduct towards his immediate dependants was, indeed, until late in life, when his manner and disposition softened, little worthy of a mind in many respects so great. "He punished his domestics with hard words, with blows of the fist and cane, with imprisonment and dismissal, or enrolment as common soldiers." A curious illustration of the jealousy and suspicion with which his ever-watchful eye observed the conduct of those about him, is to be found in the situation of his four cabinet councillors or secretaries. These men were the depositaries of the secrets of his reign: they were in constant confidential communication with him: their salary amounted to forty thousand francs a year, a very large sum under such a government as his. Yet nothing was more dreaded than an appointment to one of these places. Whoever accepted it (and no one dared refuse it) was thenceforward a slave for life. Power he had none, for the king was absolute master in his own house. He was doomed to live a hermit in the midst of society, under almost incessant labor, subject not only to the unsleeping eye of the king, but to the most refined system of espionage on the part of his attendants; for Frederic, like many other

sovereigns, imagined that his only security lay in making every member of his household a spy upon the rest.

Among the papers contained in the Appendix to the history before us, is a collection of Frederic's hasty answers, written mostly in pencil on the margin of petitions and representations transmitted to him from third parties by his secretaries. They illustrate the severity of his temper, and the ready sarcasm which flashed through his mind. They are written in the king's own peculiar German, of which both the orthography and the diction are utterly unlike any other language. Applications for money are usually answered in the phrase, "I have not a farthing," "*Ich kann keinen Groschen geben*." "There is nothing in the chest to-day, but we will look and see what comes in to-morrow." Requests for preferment or leave of absence on the part of officers are often replied to by some tart remembrance of their conduct on particular occasions in the war, or presence at some scenes of Prussian defeat. A proprietor of wine-cellars in Berlin, who asks for compensation on account of damage incurred from the Russians, is told that "he might as well ask for compensation on account of the deluge, when his cellars were under water." The whole collection shows his utter regardlessness of the pride and sensibility of those around him; for these answers would undoubtedly reach, in one way or another, the ears of those on whose behalf they were given.

It is, therefore, no subject of wonder that the principal generals of Frederic's army, and the heroes of his campaigns, seem to have shared little of his personal intimacy, and to have appeared at court rather in the fulfilment of an onerous duty than for their own gratification. Some, indeed, of the best esteemed among them fell early: Keith, Schwerin, and Winterfeld, the greatest favorite of all. But Ziethen, although treated with high respect, was never familiar with his sovereign. Seidlitz, the Bayard of Prussia, who had formed the Prussian cavalry, and won for his master the hardest of all his victories at Lissa and at Zorndorf, was treated with marked neglect. Many also, after a long and honorable service, fell into disgrace when their presence of mind failed them, or their force was actually inadequate to the service demanded, in defending themselves against enormous odds in the Seven Years' War.

The king appears in a very different light among the associates of his own choice.



His literary companions, indeed, were often selected more with a view to their value as purveyors of the world's good opinion, or to their agreeable qualities in conversation, than to any affection subsisting between them and their patron; who sometimes condescended to such humble familiarity with them, only to treat them the next instant with hauteur or sarcasm. His connection with Voltaire does little credit to either party. From their first personal intercourse, each of these acute and vigorous observers saw and knew the other; each feared the power and despised the weaknesses of his ally; and the difference in their subsequent language, when speaking to and speaking of each other, during twenty years of correspondence, exhibits the most ludicrous duplicity; it is like the double dialogue in a comedy of Molière.\* But amongst his own circle he exhibited not merely the talents of a companion of the first order, but also much friendly and generous feeling. His friendship with D'Argens, which lasted without interruption through so large a portion of his life; with the two noble brothers of the family of Keith, and with other intimates whose names have passed down to posterity along with his own, far surpassed the degree of affection and confidence usually allotted to princes. There is no more pleasing trait in his history than the return of the aged Lord Marischal, after all his wanderings through the world, quitting alike his home in Scotland and his "beloved sun" of Valencia, to pass the last years of his protracted career under the roof of Sans-Souci, in the cloister of "Notre Abbé, l'homme au monde le plus aisé à vivre." As long as his advanced age would permit him, he was a constant guest at the table of the king; when this became impossible, Frederic, as the youngest of the two, used to spend his hours of relaxation in visits to his old Scottish friend. Nor would it be just, even in this slight attempt to appreciate the king's character, to pass over his conduct toward his own family, which, with the exception of the one unfortunate instance of severity which deprived him, first of the services,

and then of the life, of his too sensitive brother, the Prince Royal, was for the most part highly considerate and affectionate. There was a softness of heart about Frederic, wherever his love was once fixed, which seemed almost to compensate for the harsh external covering which he generally turned to the world about him. His attachment to his sisters was peculiarly strong; of all the domestic charities, this perhaps is one which usually survives the longest in harsh and rugged dispositions. In the midst of the severest calamities which beset him in the Seven Years' War, when his life was a constant struggle to provide resources to maintain his very existence with honor, and suicide was almost a daily subject of contemplation with him, the death of his favorite among them was felt with more acuteness than all the distresses of his unparalleled situation.

Frederic was not, as he has been often represented, cruel by disposition. The utmost that can be charged against him in this respect is the carelessness to human suffering, whether mental or corporeal, which was produced by the intense eagerness with which particular objects were pursued by his ardent imagination. No monarch ever treated with more ready forgiveness personal offences against himself. Yet his annals contain some terrible instances of his severity, where some strong impulse of his mind, whether public or private, was interfered with. The unpardoned offences of Trenck, and of his own unfortunate brother, remain as stains upon his general character for clemency: and it is with shuddering that we read of some of the excesses to which his desperation prompted him during the Seven Years' war—of Catholic priests put to death, on the most vague accusations of encouraging the soldiers whom they confessed to desertion—of a Russian officer broken on the wheel, when taken in an unsuccessful attempt to liberate himself and his fellow prisoners from the casemates of Custrin. But the reckless and sarcastic language of Frederic, and his pride in showing his want of sympathy with human kind, made him liable to accusations which the general character of his actions would by no means justify.

It was the consciousness of the proud and haughty manner in which his contempt for men and their judgments had been so often conveyed, which rendered doubly bitter to him the thought of defeat and submission. He could not bear to appear humiliated and disarmed in the eyes of that world which he had so often

\* The plain-spoken English resident, Mitchell, could not at all understand the coquetry of the king and the bel-esprit. "When that prince," says he, "writes as a wit and to a wit, he is capable of great indiscretions. But what surprises me still more is, that whenever Voltaire's name is mentioned, his Prussian majesty never fails to give him the epithets he may deserve, which are the worst heart and the greatest rascal now living; and yet with all this he continues to correspond with him." Quoted by Preuss from Ellis's *Original Letters*, vol. iv. p. 419.



braved in the time of triumph. Such feelings added double vigor to the resolution with which he withstood all the extremities of the Seven Years' war. The project of suicide was not with him as with Napoleon, a wish formed in moments of despair, and abandoned through weakness: there is abundant evidence that he was resolved, throughout, to adhere to this as the last resource, but not until every possible means of overcoming destiny had been tried without success. The original "Instruction to General Fink," which he wrote after the battle of Cunnersdorf, and which is published by our author, proves very remarkably the composure with which he had prepared to perform the last service to the state, and the dignified confidence with which he commends a desperate task to his chosen lieutenant.\*

It was in the field and the cabinet, not either in the brilliant réunions of Sans-Souci or in literary labor, that Frederic's true greatness was to be found. Valor, industry, and unrivalled sagacity, these are the qualities which all allow him: but few have done him the justice which he really deserves, or have appreciated that strong and pervading sense of duty which alone

could have directed all these to their great results. Most have judged the man superficially no less than the statesman, and have concluded, because his main object seemed to be the consolidation of his own power, that this power was valued for its own sake only, and not as a means of creating happiness around him. Yet, little as the pursuit of such an ultimate end seems to agree with the unamiable parts of Frederic's character, he must indeed be a sceptic as to human virtue who can deny, that such was the object of the uniform and unrelenting toil of so many painful years. Like other men, Frederic allowed his ambition to overcome his better judgment: yet even when most in error, he was in heart striving for what he had persuaded himself to believe good. It is this which adds splendor to the dignity and ennobles even the weaknesses of his character. The close economy which has been so often made the subject of ridicule was in fact the most important of duties to Frederic, as by no other means could he execute the vast projects which, with such narrow resources, he succeeded in accomplishing. And many of the principles of his government, which it has been the fashion to attribute purely to his love of power, to prejudice, or to wilfulness, were in all probability justified in his mind as parts of a system founded on the strongest grounds of policy. Thus, the contradictions which have been so often pointed out between his words and actions on the subjects of public opinion, of the equality of ranks, of literature and education, are easily explained with reference to his own interpretation of the peculiar condition of himself and his kingdom.

Although, for example, Frederic's encouragement of public opinion was far greater than prevailed in most neighboring countries, we should be much mistaken if we were to measure it by the license enjoyed under our modern constitutional governments. It is true that very unlimited freedom was allowed to religious and philosophical discussion: although a censorship of the press existed in Prussia throughout his reign, yet its powers were controlled by the liberal predilections of the monarch himself. He would indeed have strangely contradicted his own character, had he prohibited in his subjects what he so extensively encouraged throughout Europe in general,—the freedom of criticism and ridicule against ancient opinions. As to his own religious views, which have been the subject of so much discussion, they are hardly

\* It runs thus in the original German: "Der General Fink krigt eine schwere Commission, die unglückliche Armée, so ich ihm übergebe, ist nicht mehr im Stande mit die Russen zu schlagen, Hadek wirdt nach Berlin eillen, villeicht Laudon auch, gehet der General Fink diesse beyde nach so kommen die Russen ihm in Rücken, bleibet er an der Oder stehen, so krigt er den Hadek diss seit, indessen so glaube das wen Laudon nach Berlin wollte solchen könnte, er unterwegs attaquieren und schlagen: solches wahr es guht gehet gibt dem Unglück einen anstand und hält die sachen auf. Zeit gewonnen ist sehr viel bei diesen desperater Umstände. Die Zeitunge aus Torgau und Dresden wirdt ihm Cöper mein Segretar geben; er mus meinen Bruder, den ich Generalissimus bei der Armée declariret, von allen berichten. Dieses Unglück ganz wiederherzustellen gehet nicht an, indessen was mein Bruder befehlen wirdt das mus geschehen; an meine Neven mus die Armée schwehren. Dieses ist der einzige Raht den ich bei denen unglücklichen umständen im Stande zu geben bin, heitte ich noch Resourcen so wehre ich darbei geblieben. FRIEDRICH."

[General Fink has a hard commission; the unfortunate army which I make over to him is no longer in condition to fight the Russians: Haddick will hurry on to Berlin, and perhaps Laudohn also. If General Fink goes after these two, the Russians will come behind him; if he makes a stand at the Oder, he will be exposed to Haddick on this side: in the mean time I think that if Laudohn marches on Berlin, he might attack and beat him. If this goes well, it will check our ill luck, and hold things together; time gained is a great thing in these desperate circumstances. My secretary, Cöper, will give the general the newspapers from Torgau and Dresden: he must inform of every thing my brother, whom I have declared generalissimo of the army. To repair this misfortune entirely is impossible, but what my brother orders must be done. The army must take the oaths to my nephew. This is the only advice which I am in a condition to give under these unfortunate circumstances. Had I any resources left I should have remained.

FREDERIC.]



worth the pains which have been expended in elucidating them. He was far too wise to be an Atheist, as his enemies represented him, and far too politic to avow such opinions, had he entertained them. But it is surely too well known to need argument, that all revelation was equally and utterly discarded by his judgment. That he was thoroughly penetrated with a strong and most scrupulous sense of his duty to his subjects and to human kind, is sufficient to establish the excellence of his character as a legislator, whatever were the sanctions of the code of right and wrong which his own imagination had established. Beyond this moral conviction, there is no reason to call him in any sense a believer. He had, as it is somewhere expressed by himself, "no conception of an immortal soul." His dislike to the Catholic religion, on which our author seems to lay considerable stress, was merely a political aversion, owing to his personal experience in the affairs of Silesia, which made him believe that no vassal of the Romish church could be a faithful subject of the House of Brandenburg; his own title of king having remained throughout his life unrecognised by the Pope, and the banners of Austria having been blessed, like those of a crusading power, in the Seven Year's War. Hence, although allowing the fullest toleration to the communicants of that belief, he did not willingly employ Catholics in offices of great trust and authority. But the appellation of the Protestant King, with which his English allies were pleased to compliment him, must have caused no small amusement in the circle of Sans-Souci.

But whatever may have been the license allowed by Frederic to the philosophic writers of the French school, those who have praised him as a supporter of the liberty of the press in public discussion have very much mistaken the facts of his history as well as the principles of his policy. Pasquinades, which only touched himself in person, he treated with very philosophical disdain: considering them, like Oliver Cromwell, mere "paper pellets," serving as safe discharges of the ill humor which might otherwise have vented itself in a more violent manner.\* But he

seldom allowed the press to overstep the distinction which he had made in his own mind between satirical attacks on himself, and unauthorized interference with his policy. No critique on public affairs was allowed to appear, without having passed under the eye of the censor. The journalists found on his accession the degree of liberty which they had previously enjoyed rather curtailed than extended. Spener's Gazette, the principal Berlin newspaper at that time, was forced to change its motto of "Truth and Freedom" for the more courtly phrase "With Royal Permission." And if, in the subsequent course of his reign, the vigilance which he usually exercised, was occasionally somewhat relaxed, those who wish to ascertain his real sentiments on this important topic will perhaps find them best expressed in the matured decisions of his later years.

"As to the freedom of the press," he says to D'Alembert in a letter of 1772, "and the libels which are its inevitable consequence, I confess that so far as I know mankind, with which I have busied myself for a tolerably long time, I am nearly convinced that preventive restrictions are advisable, as such freedom is always misused: and that books must therefore be subjected to a censorship, not severe but efficient, in order to repress every thing which may endanger the common security and welfare of society, which cannot be made with impunity subjects of attack."—vol. iii. p. 253.

Probably there never existed a mind less impregnated with prejudice in matters of government than that of Frederic: and his judgment on such questions as these, whatever may be the value to be set on it, can rarely be impeached by referring it to the influence of royal partialities and passions. His conduct with respect to the nobility of his kingdom has frequently been cited as a weakness: and our author seems to mention it as affording a striking contrast to the philosophical disdain with which he affected to treat

a crowd assembled round the place where one of these prints was exhibited: he immediately rode up, and desired the tradesman to "hang it lower, that the people might not break their necks with staring at it." He was recognised, and saluted immediately with the loudest applause. Another less known anecdote is reported by our author (vol. iii. p. 276) from the Memoirs of Chodowiecki, the engraver. This artist had published, in the Berlin Almanac for 1771, twelve engravings on subjects from Don Quixote, and the head of Joseph the Second on the frontispiece. The wits of Berlin having made some remarks on the coincidence, Frederic, in order to avoid the umbrage which might have been given to the sensitive young emperor, desired the academy to look out for some still more satirical devices for the following year, and to place the king's own head on the title page. Chodowiecki accordingly selected twelve scenes out of the Orlando Furioso.

\* Heffener's story of the caricature is well known. At the time when Frederic was issuing some very oppressive edicts in support of his coffee monopoly, a humorous print represented him as sitting on the ground with a coffee mill between his hands and grinding away with much perseverance. As the king was riding through the streets of Berlin, he perceived



the adventitious advantage of birth. "Every one," he says in the *History of his own Time*, "who distinguishes himself through talents and virtues, is a nobleman; and in this sense he may be looked on as a Melchisedec, who has neither father nor mother." "Les talens sont distribués par la nature, sans égard aux généalogies"—"Les vertus, les talens ont-ils besoin d'ayeux." All these fine phrases seem rather misplaced in the mouth of a prince, in whose service it was hardly possible for the highest merit to rise to military or even civil distinction, without the accident of noble birth. Yet the investigator of Frederic's history will be apt to conclude that it was a deep and well-considered policy, with reference to the object which he had in view, which induced him to adopt the severe rule of exclusion against plebeian officers. He himself gives a part of the reason, but not the whole reason, which probably actuated him, in the appendix to one of his regulations, dated 1779.

"It is more necessary than is generally believed to maintain this vigilance in the choice of officers, since the noblesse commonly possesses principles of honor. It cannot be denied, that we sometimes find desert and talent in men of no birth: but these are exceptions, and when they occur, it is advisable to retain such officers. But in general no resource remains for the nobility, except to distinguish themselves by the sword. If a gentleman loses his honor, he finds no refuge even in his father's house: whilst a roturier, when he has committed a disgraceful action, takes up again, without blushing, the trade of his father, and does not think himself any farther dishonored."

It is to be remembered, in reading this passage, and the commentary upon it which his conduct furnished, that the constant labor of Frederic was to supply the pressing exigencies of his service at as cheap a rate as possible. Without some stimulus to exertion, it was in vain to expect a body of officers, fitted to perform the overwhelming tasks which his gigantic projects imposed upon them. He had not, like the French republic or the Emperor, enormous prizes to hold out as the reward of successful valor: no soldier could enrich himself during his hard-fought campaigns in needy provinces: no fortunes were made in the service of Frederic by the inferior officers, no titles and appanages could reward the merit of his generals. Hence he had none of those splendid incentives to action, by the possession of which a skillful leader can draw from the ranks all the superior powers and energies which they contain; and although Frederic well knew that there were among his plebeian countrymen

thousands of hearts burning for distinction and fame, or glowing with national ardor, he was too keen and too unfavorable an observer of human nature to conceive that such motives as these could ensure him a regular supply of men, calculated to meet the extremities of desperate service to which he had to expose them. The only principles on which he could rely to supply the place of such incentives, was that chivalrous point of honor, which the fashionable writers of his time, and none more than the king himself, had affected to despise and to ridicule. And this was only with certainty to be relied upon in that class in which the habits of education and family pride had confirmed it. By adhering to the choice of men of noble birth, he secured the supply of a particular caste, devoted to his service in the field, and rendered absolutely dependent on him by their general poverty, no less than by their loyalty; for the system of entails, and the prohibition which was still strictly enforced against the purchase of military fiefs by roturiers,\* had reduced them generally to a very destitute condition.

Accordingly, the king applied himself to continue his army, as he had found it, officered almost entirely by men of noble birth: but the sanguinary battles of the Seven Years' war carried off by hundreds the well-born youth of his regiments, and it became absolutely necessary to supply their place from elsewhere. Promotions soon became general: a tolerable education, and merit in the service, raised numbers of common soldiers from the ranks: while the colleges and gymnasia of the country supplied almost the whole of their young élèves, sons of clergymen, merchants, and tradesmen, to fill the place of the nobility who had fallen. It appeared therefore a most harsh and severe measure when the king, in remodelling his army after the peace of Hubertsburg, dismissed all roturier officers from his service: when these gallant men, who had won the battles of their country, were "marched out" almost without exception, and left to poverty and despair. As the country did not supply noblemen enough to officer the army even on its reduced scale, they were sought after in foreign countries, and engaged from Saxony, Mecklenburg, and the rest of the empire,

\* The permission to contract sales of this description, which Frederic had rarely allowed as a matter of special favor, was generally accorded without inquiry by his successor. But the law of 9th October, 1809, first rendered such transactions generally legal.



to the exclusion of his actual companions in arms, whose only deficiency was the want of the prefix before their names. But Frederic's inflexible policy admitted no deviation on the score of feeling or gratitude. In after years the increasing liberalism of the time effected but a slight alteration in his obstinate adherence to original views. In the instructions for the troops at the commencement of the war of the Bavarian succession (1779), the direction is given that "All officers, who distinguish themselves, shall be advanced a step for every gallant action which they perform: if under-officers distinguish themselves, they may thus obtain a patent of nobility and become officers: and in the same manner privates may raise themselves to the rank of under-officers."

In civil institutions, Frederic was rather less averse from the employment of plebeian talents. Yet only one roturier reached the rank of minister without receiving a patent of nobility; this was Frederic Gottlieb Michaelis.\* Misalliances, and the mixture of gentle and common blood, were at all times peculiarly displeasing to him; and he made a point of affording pensions to the female members of poor noble families, or placing them in foundations destined for young ladies of rank. So earnestly did Frederic labor to maintain a demarcation which the advancing footstep of time was about to obliterate for ever!

Education, one of the elements of social prosperity which Prussia is now most justly proud of enjoying, is not so much indebted to the hero of her monarchy as is generally supposed. Even his panegyrist Preuss is forced to confess that "Frederic did less for the schools and universities than might have been expected from him, the great friend of cultivation and science. All this province of government indicated no great and searching ameliorations, which had become so extensively necessary. Many wholesome regulations were published, but the means were wanting to carry them into execution." In fact, the strict economy of Frederic prevented him from putting into practice various schemes, which attested nevertheless the interest he took in national enlightenment. But besides the enormous expense of his military establishment, it was in taking care, as our

author expresses it, of the body of the state—in planting colonies, draining, cultivating, building, and unsuccessful commercial experiments—that the money saved by such rigid carefulness was chiefly expended. A few details from the work before us will illustrate his parsimonious endeavors to further the mental improvement of his subjects. In 1830, the Prussian government expended 480,000 dollars on the six principal universities. Until 1799, thirteen years after Frederic's death, Halle, then the principal of them, received only 18,000. Many edicts and ordinances appeared for re-establishing and multiplying the land-schools, (those of primary education,) but the difficulty of finding salaries for the new school-masters, for whose maintenance the king could only be induced now and then to appropriate some small surplus which happened to be in hand after supplying some more favorite speculation, generally prevented their fulfilment. But a still more objectionable economy was that which began to be practised in the latter years of his reign, on the suggestion of Von Brenkenhoff—the establishment of invalid soldiers and inferior officers as masters of elementary schools. The normal schools, or seminaries for teachers, owe their origin, however, to the reign of Frederic: the first was founded in 1750 at Berlin, and two others were added during his reign. Prussia now possesses fifty-eight. Nor was the direct interference of the king and his government with the mode of instruction adopted in his dominions very important: it did not extend beyond the suggestion of a few books and subjects of study, nor was any general system of education promulgated under those auspices. Upon the whole, therefore, Prussia is beholden to her great monarch in this important branch of her civilization, for little beyond those qualities which his example imparted to every part of his administration. The love of order, the sense of duty, the habit of frugality and moderation, these old republican virtues were the inheritance left by an absolute prince to his subjects: qualities which he carried to a higher degree than any sovereign who has ever claimed the respect of his people, and which have founded amidst modern luxury a government and a nation of almost Spartan simplicity.

Many a writer has expressed wonder and regret at the partiality uniformly expressed by Frederic for the authors of France over those of his native country—many have lamented the neglected muse

\* It is remarkable, however, that Frederic always chose his *Kammer-rathe*—his clerks, as he was in the habit of calling them—out of the rank of citizens, and never ennobled any of them. About 350 patents of nobility, and titles of baron, count and prince, were granted in his reign.



of Germany, or boasted with Schiller her independence of princely patrons, when

„ . . . von Deutschland's grösstem Sohne,  
Von des grossen Friedrich's Throne,  
Ging sie schutzlos, ungeehrt.”

But few have endeavored to explain Frederic's continued want of sympathy with the genius of his native land on the ground of policy. Frederic wished to surround himself with learned men: his vanity and his taste alike prompted him to enjoy their flattery: nor was he insensible to the benefit which he derived from the association of his name with that of the powerful class of philosophers who commanded public opinion in Europe. But to excite a national spirit on behalf of literature and the arts, would have been to raise up a power against himself: for he must have well known that his system of beneficent but vigilant despotism would have found no very lenient critics among writers depending, not on himself, but on their fellow countrymen, for support and for fame. There was, it is to be feared, a constant sense of insecurity in Frederic's enjoyment of his popularity among his subjects: the barbarities of his military system kept alive a strong spirit of disaffection in the lower class, ready at any moment to burst forth: and had he done as his panegyrists would have had him, and created a German literature among the people, his own creature would probably have been the first to turn against his authority.

Such are a few of the prominent traits in the public and personal history of the great Frederic, which these volumes tend to elucidate. It would be difficult to find a nobler subject of study, either from the high elevation of that royal genius above the ranks of ordinary men, or from the great interests which have been involved in the reforms introduced by him into European systems. His reign is one great drama, in which the unity of action and plan is carried from the beginning to the end. Never was a mind less susceptible of change. Circumstances altered, and generations passed away, while he sat on the throne; but his principles remained as steadfast as if the wax which received his first ideas had become converted at once into solid marble. In his life, we find nothing of over caution or timidity taught by adverse circumstances: no imagination exalted and perverted by success. Allowing only for the physical decay of the body, he was the same man in his last years of peace and security, as

when in the first ardor of youth, he threw down the gauntlet to the power of Austria. His opinions, as well as sentiments, underwent not the shadow of turning. Religion gains nothing by the misrepresentations of those who would persuade us that all her great enemies have been fearful, dubious and repentant in their last hours. He left the society of men as he had sojourned among them, neither sharing in their hopes, their fears, their belief, or their devotion. Only those who were about him observed that when his bodily energies diminished, he was rather less fond of leading the conversation to those topics of metaphysics and religion which had once formed the common subject of his supper-table discussions: that he was less bitter in his sarcasms against Christianity and its professors, and more disposed to let the world take its own way in believing as well as acting. But they perceived no other alteration. He resisted the approaches of death as those of an enemy, step by step, not yielding an inch until nature failed, and performing every usual duty until actual weakness forced him to relinquish it. He even adopted, according to his biographers, some of the tricks said to have been resorted to by certain of the Roman emperors, (as they were by Cardinal Richelieu,) for concealing the advance of decay. But all this was done through no weak fear of death, but from firm determination to act his self-imposed part to the very end. Thus he descended from the lonely position which he had so long occupied, the solitary mark of European admiration, among the sensual or imbecile princes who professed to make him their model: his memory became enshrined with those of the heroes of antiquity, who never received into their hallowed circle a spirit more impressed with the stamp of their primitive vigor; the century of Frederic, an act of the great European drama, closed, and the curtain fell to rise again over a new and extended scene, occupied by actors hitherto unknown, fraught with weightier interests and greater revolutions.

Einst rief dem Könige der Brennen  
Das Schicksal ernst und tröstlich zu:  
Es wird kein Sohn nach Dir sich nennen,  
Doch dein Jahrhundert heisst wie Du.

- ART. II.—1. *Indiana*, par G. Sand. 4me. édit. 2 tom. 8vo. Paris, 1834.  
2. *Valentine*, par G. Sand. 3me. édit, 2 tom. 8vo. Paris, 1834.



3. *Lelia*, par G. Sand. 2 tom. 8vo. Paris, 1832.
4. *Rose et Blanche*, par J. Sand. 2 tom. 8vo. Paris, 1833.
5. *Le Secrétaire Intime*, par G. Sand. 2 tom. 8vo. Paris, 1834.
6. *Jacques*, par George Sand. 2 tom. 8vo. Paris, 1834.

THE string of novels above enumerated, taken in combination with their author, constitute a moral phenomenon, perhaps not one of the least remarkable of these our phenomenon-teeming days. The points co-operating to the construction of this phenomenon are of course multifarious. One is, the inconceivable discrepancy, and that of an unwonted kind, between the earlier and later productions of one and the same author. The first two works, but especially the first, of the *soi-disant* George Sand, were so replete with talent and with knowledge of human nature, so boldly conceived and so brilliantly executed,—were written in a style so animated, so graphically delightful, displayed portraits hit off with such admirable power and spirit,—even if not always wrought out in the conduct of the story in perfect keeping with the original sketch,—as we have rarely seen surpassed. Gladly did we hail them, as harbingers of the rising of a new and radiant, if not perfectly salutiferous star, above the literary horizon. The succeeding works published under the same name, far from showing the improved mastery of the art usually acquired by practice, are, as though the mine had been thus quickly exhausted, so immeasurably inferior to their predecessors in everything, (except, perhaps, boldness of conception, which now sometimes increases from originality to extravagance,) that but for their similarity of tone and temper, we should hardly know how to credit their fraternal relationship. If we are indeed to believe that George Sand is one individual, and not two or more individuals,—we look not upon the J. once substituted for the G. as any argument, because, to say nothing of public opinion, *Lelia*, to which we chiefly allude, bears the G.—we cannot suggest, for the unriddling of the mystery, a better key than the remark of a shrewd and witty friend of our own youth, who was wont to say, “It is when a man has got a bad name that he may go to sleep, since nothing he can do will ever change it; when he has a good one, he must labor like a horse to keep it.” Of a surety George

Sand agrees not with our friend, but having deserved and gained a high—a very high—literary reputation, fancies he may go to sleep, and fearlessly publish the somnambulist effusions of his repose.

The second point is, that even those novels which we rank highest in the scale, *Indiana* and *Valentine*, although not actually immoral, certainly not licentious, are often so daring in situation and in graphic delineation, are so generally deficient in refined delicacy, in glowing love of, and delight in, virtue, that we should hesitate about recommending even these to our fair and youthful readers. It may be thought that in the present state of French literature, at least in the departments of the drama and of prose fiction, this want of delicacy and of moral sense rather detracts from than enhances the singularity we have ascribed to the productions before us; but the reader will possibly abandon that opinion when informed of our third point, to wit, that George Sand is only a *pseudonyme*, and that the real author of them is a lady, and a lady (as we have been informed, but cannot vouch) of unblemished character, whose name is Madame Dudevant.

The astonishment created by the discovery of the sex and individuality of the writer augments an hundred, nay, a million-fold, as we peruse the subsequent writings of the same highly, but perversely endowed authoress, who, in *Lelia*, seems almost ignorant, and quite reckless, of the difference between right and wrong. The most favorable hypothesis we can frame respecting our disguised lady is, that having been harshly treated by society, and especially unfortunate in the conjugal relation, she has been exasperated into the determined hostility to both, which, despite her protestations to the contrary, her publications exhibit, and in the irritation of unhappiness has lost the sensitive pudicity of her sex.

But we cannot expect our readers to go along with us in these generalities. To enable them to do so, we must enter into particulars, and we believe the only way of unfolding our phenomenon will be to give short sketches of, and an extract or two from, all these tales. But in order to give the authoress fair play, we will begin with extracts from the prefaces. In that to *Indiana* she says—

“The narrator hopes that after hearing his tale to the end, few auditors will deny the *morality* which results from his facts, and there, as in all that is human, is triumphant. As he finished it, he felt his



conscience clear, and judged that the legal code which here upon earth must regulate the throbbing of man's bosom, ought in fairness to acquit him. He flatters himself that he has related without rancor the paltry miseries of society, has described without too much passion the passions of humanity. . . .

'Perhaps you will do him justice if you allow that he has shown you the being who strives to get rid of a legitimate curb very wretched, the heart that revolts against the decrees of fate very desolate. If he has not assigned the fairest part to the one of his personages who represents *law*, if he has shown under a still less lively aspect him who represents *opinion*, you will see a third who represents *illusion*, and who cruelly mocks and disappoints the vain hopes, the wild enterprises of passion. In short, you will see, that if he has not strewed roses on the ground where the law pens the wills of men, like the appetites of sheep, he has thrown nettles upon the path that leads from it.

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'Indiana is woman, the feeble being commissioned to represent the *passions oppressed*, or, if you like it better, *repressed by the laws*; here is will struggling with necessity; here is love dashing his blind brow against all the obstacles of civilization. But the serpent wears and breaks his teeth in striving to gnaw a file; the soul exhausts its energies in wrestling with the positive of life.'

Against this statement, we must be allowed to set a sort of aphoristic exclamation in *Valentine*, which, not being assigned to any personage in the novel, must be taken as expressing the writer's own opinion.

'Poor woman, poor society, where the heart can find no genuine enjoyment, save in the forgetfulness of all duty, of all reason!'

But on the other hand, in the preface to *Le Secrétaire Intime*, Madame Dudevant has again vindicated or explained her views, and from this vindication or explanation, likewise, we are bound in justice to offer extracts.

'The author deems it his duty to declare, that he never meant to draw up an indictment against society, against the institutions by which it is governed, against humanity itself, as has been recently asserted. Intentions of this sort would ill become him; neither his talent, nor his will, nor yet his hopes, deserve so serious an impeachment. He well knows that the majority value highly institutions which they find convenient, and thank God, pride and folly have not yet bewildered him so far, as to induce the belief that a word of his could overthrow what exists. . . .

'*Indiana* and *Valentine* are not then a satire against marriage, but pictures true or false (that the reader must decide) of the moral sufferings inflicted upon a delicate and pure soul by imperious brutality and by polished egotism. As marriage and love may very well exist independently of these two conditions, the poetical truth of the picture has nothing to do with the institutions and the passions that serve to frame it.'

This last sentence seems to refer to the *Secrétaire Intime* itself, of which hereafter. We now turn to the earlier novels; and as *Indiana* is that in which the ticklish situations are managed with the nearest

approach to delicacy, and is in every respect our favorite, we shall devote our principal attention to it.

*Indiana* is the story of a marriage, unhappy from difference of age, station, opinions, feelings, disposition, in short, every thing in which contrariety is most inimical to happiness in the intimate association of wedlock. The husband is a surly half-pay veteran of the imperial army, low-born, uneducated, violent, jealous, and infirm; the wife, a noble Creole of Spanish race, lovely and good, with all the unregulated sensibility, or shall we say susceptibility? of tropical climates. She deems that she does her duty fully to the disagreeable partner of her life and master of her destiny, by personal fidelity and coldly implicit obedience, without an effort either to care for him, or to soothe and soften him into an object of, at least, respect and kindness. She, *Indiana*, falls in love with a hero, whom, as a somewhat novel character, we must let the authoress herself paint. Her portrait of him displays that intermixture of general satirical touches in which she excels.

'M. Raymon de Ramière was neither a coxcomb nor a libertine. . . . He was a man of principle, when he reasoned with himself. But impetuous passions often hurried him out of his systems. Then he was no longer capable of reflection, or he avoided summoning himself to the bar of his own conscience; he committed faults, unknown as it were, to himself, and the man of yesterday exerted himself to deceive the man of to-morrow. . . . Raymon had the art of being often guilty without making himself hated, often capricious without being offensive. He occasionally succeeded in obtaining the pity of those who had most cause for being angry with him.

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'Raymon was an exception from the rule, that he who speaks eloquently of his love is little in love. He expressed his passion skilfully, and felt it fervently. Only it was not his passion that made him eloquent, it was his eloquence that fired his passion. He took a fancy to a woman; he became eloquent to seduce her, and, whilst seducing, became desperately enamored of her. . . . Raymon had committed for love what are called follies.\* He had run away with a young lady of condition (and still is a bachelor); he had compromised women of high rank; he had fought two or three celebrated duels; he had betrayed the disorder of his heart, the delirium of his thoughts, to a whole rout, a whole theatre. A man who does all this without fear of being laughed at or execrated, and who succeeds in escaping both,† is thenceforth invulnerable; he may risk every thing, hope every thing.

\* \* \*

'Raymon possessed inconceivable power over all that surrounded him, for with all his faults, he was a

\* Not crimes observe. Is that illustrative of the state of Parisian society?

† Being laughed at, perhaps; if he escaped their curses, his loves must have been of a kind not to require very artful seduction.



superior man in society. . . . He was one of the men who have held most empire, most influence over your thoughts, whatever may be your opinion now. You have devoured his political pamphlets, and often have you been hurried away, whilst reading the newspapers of those days, by the irresistible charm of his style, by the graces of his courteous, his worldly argumentation.

'I speak to you of an era already far distant from us, who no longer reckon by centuries, or even by reigns, but by ministers. I speak to you of the Martignac year. . . .

'Placed by his birth and fortune amongst the partisans of absolute royalty, Raymon sacrificed to the young ideas of his day by a devoted attachment to the Charter. At least he thought he did so, and labored to prove it. But conventions that have fallen into desuetude are subject to various interpretations, and this was already the case with Louis XVIII's *Charte*, as with the Gospel of Christ. . . . Raymon, like other inexperienced heads, fancied it still possible to be a conscientious journalist. Error! At a season when deference to the voice of reason is only pretended, in order the more effectually to stifle it. Free from political passions, Raymon believed he was disinterested, and deceived himself; for society, as then organized, was to him favorable and advantageous; it could not be deranged without lessening the sum of his enjoyments, and that perfect quietude of situation, which extends to the thoughts, is a wonderful teacher of moderation.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Preserved by his fortune from the necessity of writing for bread, Raymon used his pen from inclination, and (as he said and believed) from duty. His rare power of refuting positive truth by sheer talent rendered him invaluable to the ministry,—whom he served better by his impartial resistance, than did its creatures by their blind devotion,—and yet more precious to a young and elegant world, willing to abjure the ridicule of obsolete privileges, but not to lose their existing advantages.'

The manner of this new-fashioned, liberalized Lovelace's passion for poor Indiana may be easily imagined, even without the information given upon one occasion.

'He had two days good, which he thus allotted. The remainder of the closing day to affect, the morrow to persuade, his intended victim, and the following day to his triumph.'

The reader is accordingly held in constant dread of seeing the impassioned and confiding Creole fall a victim to the seducer's arts and eloquence. She is saved, sometimes by fainting fits produced by extraordinary nervous sensibility, but generally, as well in reputation as in fact, by the intervention of her cousin, Sir Ralph Brown, who, first introduced as a caricature of all the faults and dullness ascribed by continental writers to Englishmen, proves in the end to be the very *prosopopeia* of heroic self-immolating virtue. Passionately in love with Indiana, even from her infancy, he has uniformly sacrificed his feelings to his duties, and quietly suffers himself, after Indiana's ill-assorted

marriage, to be considered as a cold egoist, lest her sympathy for his real agonies should inflame his passion to such an ungovernable, unconcealable pitch, as, by arousing her husband's jealousy, should prevent his incessant care of her.

To return to Raymon and Indiana. We shall give the scene that really decides her fate, as, of its kind the most possible, from greater delicacy,—or must we say less indelicacy?—to translate. But some preliminary statements will be requisite. During an indispensable absence of Delmare, Indiana's husband, the vigilant guardianship of Sir Ralph foils and irritates Raymon's passion. The lover secretly gives Indiana a letter complaining of her apparent mistrust, and urging a thousand sophistical reasons why she should admit him at night to her chamber, where his respect will be inviolate and inviolable. She answers;

"Who, I fear thee, Raymon! Oh no! not now. I know too well how thou lovest me; my belief in thy love is too intoxicating. Come then. Neither do I fear myself; did I love thee less, I might, perhaps, be less calm, but I love thee as thou thyself dreamest not. Go away early to prevent Ralph's distrust. Return at midnight; you know the park and the house: here is the key of the postern gate; fasten it after you."

Such perfect confidence almost subdues the libertine, but further proofs of Sir Ralph's suspicions dissipate his good intentions, and he arrives, determined not to lose the opportunity. Meanwhile Sir Ralph, after Raymon's departure, seeks to warn Indiana, without mortifying her by showing his knowledge of her imprudence. For this purpose he reveals to her his conviction, that Raymon, prior to his acquaintance with herself, had seduced her foster-sister and attendant, Noun, and afterwards, by his desertion, driven the wretched girl to suicide. Indiana, who had once surprised Raymon with Noun in her own chamber, but supposed he came for herself and had bribed Noun to admit him, now resolves to ascertain the truth. She receives her lover more gravely than usual.

'Raymon, surprised at this reception, ascribed it to some chaste scruple, some delicate reserve of youthful womanhood. He fell at her feet, saying,

"My best beloved, can you then fear me?"

'But he immediately observed that Madame Delmare held something in her hand, which she seemed, with a playful affectation of gravity, to spread out before him. He stooped, and saw a mass of black hair, of unequal lengths, cut off hastily, as it seemed, and which Indiana was smoothing in her hands.

"Do you recognise this?" she asked, fixing upon him her translucent eyes, that omitted a penetrating greenish brightness.



'Raymon hesitated; he looked at the handkerchief that dressed her head, and thought he understood.

"Naughty child!" said he, taking the tresses from her. "Why cut them off? They were so beautiful, and I so loved them."

"You asked me yesterday," said she with a strange smile, "if I would sacrifice them to you."

"Oh, Indiana!" exclaimed Raymon, "well thou knowest that henceforward thou must to me be still more beautiful. Give, give; I will not regret the absence from thy forehead of those tresses I daily admired, but which I may now daily kiss and caress unquestioned—give them to me that they may never quit me more."

'But as he took them, as he collected in his hand that profusion of locks, some of which hung down to the floor, Raymon felt in them a something harsh and dry, which he had never observed in the glossy bands upon Indiana's brow. He experienced a nervous shiver as he felt them cold and heavy, as though long cut, as he perceived that they had lost their perfumed moisture, their vital warmth. . . .

"This is not *your* hair," said he, as he untied the silk handkerchief that concealed Madame Delmare's tresses.

"They were uninjured, and fell in all their luxuriance about her shoulders. But she, with a gesture of repulse, and still showing the cut hair, said,

"Know you not these locks? Have you never admired, never caressed them? Has one wet night" (Noun had drowned herself, and his way this night had led him past the spot where the body was found) "robbed them of all their perfume? Have you not one recollection, one tear, for her who wore this ring?"

'Raymon sank upon a chair, and Noun's hair dropped from his hand. So many painful emotions overpowered him. He was a bilious man, whose blood circulated rapidly, whose nerves were singularly excitable. He shivered from head to foot, and fell in a swoon upon the floor.

'When he recovered, Madame Delmare was on her knees by his side, bathing him in her tears, and imploring his forgiveness. But Raymon no longer loved her.

"You have wounded me dreadfully," said he; "wounded me to a degree that you cannot heal. You can never restore my confidence in your heart; you have shown me how full of revenge and cruelty it is. Poor Noun! Unfortunate girl! It was against her I sinned, not against you! . . . And it is you who upraid me with her death!—you, whom I have loved so passionately as to forget her, as to brave these agonies of remorse!—you, who on the faith of a kiss, have made me cross that river, that bridge, alone, with terror by my side, pursued by the infernal illusion of my crime! And when you discover how deliriously I love you, you strike your woman's nails into my heart, to seek there a little remnant of blood that may stream for you." . . .

'Madame Delmare made no reply. Motionless, pale, her hair dishevelled, her lips violet, her eyes glazed, she awakened Raymon's pity. Taking her hand, he said,

"And yet, so blind is my love for thee that I can still forget—against my will I feel I can—the past and the present, both the crime that blights my life, and the atrocity thou hast just perpetrated. Love me, and I forgive thee."

'Do you understand? Raymon offered Indiana his compassion, and she was happy to accept it! . . .

'Madame Delmare's despair rekindled desire together with pride in her lover's heart. When he saw her so fearful of losing his love, so humble before him, so resigned to receive his laws for the future, and his justification of the past, he recollected the purpose for which he had deceived Sir Ralph's watch-

fulness; he felt the advantage of his position. . . . He waited till Indiana's heart was broken by her own sobs—till she had anticipated the horrors of desertion—till her distracting terrors had exhausted her strength. Then, when he saw her exhausted, expiring at his feet, awaiting her death in a word, he violently caught her in his arms and clasped her to his breast. She yielded like an infant; she gave up her lips to him unresistingly; she was almost dead.

'But suddenly starting, as from a dream, she broke from his burning caresses, fled to the end of the room occupied by the picture of Sir Ralph, and as if placing herself under the protection of that grave personage, with his pure brow, his calm lips, she pressed herself against the portrait, palpitating, bewildered, full of strange terrors. Raymon thought she was afraid of herself and was his.

'Authoritatively he snatched her from her asylum, and told her that he had come determined to keep his promises, but that her cruelty had released him from his oaths.'

The struggle, which we beg to be excused translating, continues, and at length Indiana seems about to be subdued by the common-place reproach, at which Raymon almost sneers whilst uttering it, of want of love. But now

'A short dry knock at her door stopped the blood in her arteries. Raymon and she remained motionless, not daring to breathe.

'Then a paper was slid under the door—it was a leaf of a pocket-book, upon which these words were almost illegibly pencilled.

"Your husband is here. RALPH."

"Well then," said Raymon, enthusiastically catching her in his arms, "since death environs us, be mine! Be thy last word one of love; my last breath happiness!"

"This moment of terror and courage," she replied, "might have been the happiest of my life; but you have spoiled it."

'Wheels were heard in the farm yard; the castle bell was pulled by a rude and impatient hand.

"I know that ring," said Indiana, coldly attentive; "Ralph never spoke false. But you have time to fly. Go."

Raymon now perforce obeys, and scarcely has he passed the postern by which he had entered, when

'Sir Ralph presented himself, and accosted him as coldly as if they had met at a rout, said,

"Be pleased to give me that key; should it be sought, there is no harm in its being found in my hands."

'Raymon would have preferred the most deadly insult to this ironical generosity. He said,

"I am not the man to forget a real service, but I am the man to avenge an affront, to punish treachery."

'Sir Ralph, without any change of tone or countenance, rejoined—"I desire not your gratitude, and shall quietly await your revenge. But this is not the moment for conversation; there is your road; think of Madame Delmare." And he disappeared.'

Indiana now writes a letter to Raymon, ending thus:—

'Not to be more beloved than Noun! Oh if I thought it! Yet she was more beautiful, far more



beautiful, than me? Why then prefer me? You must needs have loved me otherwise, and better. This is what I wanted to say. Will you renounce the wish of being my lover in the way you were hers? If you will, I can still esteem you, can believe in your remorse, your sincerity, your love. If not, think no more of me; you will never see me again. I may die of it, but I had rather die than stoop to be merely your mistress. L.

This pride offends Raymon, and he resolves to humble it by making her his mistress. He accordingly, professing submission, pursues her with all the arts of the most consummate seducer; and she at length agrees to elope from her husband, when he, Delmare, shall embark for the Isle of Bourbon. The moment arrives.

"One morning, on coming home from a ball, Raymon found Madame Delmare in his chamber. She had come at midnight; during five long hours she had been waiting his return. . . .

"I was waiting for you," said she, mildly. "During the days that you have not come to me, things have occurred that you must know, and I left my home last night to impart them to you."

"Incredible imprudence!" exclaimed Raymon, shutting the door. "And my servants, who know that you are here! for they told me so."

"I did not conceal myself," said she coolly; "and as to the word you use, I think it ill chosen."

"I said imprudence, I should have said madness."

"I, for my part, should have said courage; but no matter; listen."

She now tells him that M. Delmare sets out in three days for Bordeaux, there to embark for the Isle of Bourbon; and, what might not have been anticipated from the manner of the preceding dialogue, that she has eloped, and is come to live with him. Raymon is by no means delighted with the prospect.

"The crisis was urgent. . . . One more effort of imagination, thought Raymon to himself—one more love scene. And starting up with vivacity, he exclaimed—

"Never! Never will I accept such sacrifices! When I told thee I would, Indiana, it was boasting, or rather it was self-calumny; for a poltroon only would deliberately dishonor the woman he loves. Thou, in thy ignorance of life, hast not appreciated the importance of the step; and I, in my despair at the prospect of losing thee, would not reflect."

"Reflection has speedily returned to you!" said she withdrawing her hand, which he sought to take.

"Indiana," he resumed, "see you not that you impose dishonor upon me, reserving the heroism for yourself, and that you condemn me because I would remain worthy of your love? Couldst thou still love me, say, simple and ignorant woman, were I to sacrifice thy life to my pleasure, thy reputation to my interests?"

"You contradict yourself," rejoined Indiana. "If by remaining with you I make you happy, what should you fear from opinion? Do you care more for it than for me?"

"Not on my own account do I care for it, Indiana!"

"On mine then? I foresaw your scruples, and to free you from all remorse, I have taken the active

part. I did not wait for you to snatch me from my home; I did not even consult you previously to quitting it for ever. That decisive step is taken, and your conscience cannot reproach you with it. At this moment, Raymon, I am dishonored. In your absence I counted upon that clock the hours that consummated my disgrace, and now, although the dawning day finds my brow as pure as it was yesterday, in public opinion I am a lost woman."

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A sudden thought shot through Raymon's brain. The moment was come to conquer this woman's pride, or it never would come. She had just offered him every sacrifice that he did not desire, and there she stood before him, in haughty confidence that she ran no dangers beyond those she had foreseen. Raymon saw the mode of freeing himself from her importunate devotion, or of profiting by it. He was too much Delmare's friend to rob him of his wife; he ought to content himself with seducing her.

"Thou art right, my Indiana!" he exclaimed with fervor. "Thou recall'st me! to myself, thou awakenest my transports, which the idea of thy perils, the fear of injuring thee, had frozen. . . . Let him come then to tear thee from my raptures—the stupid husband who locks thee up, and goes to sleep upon his gross violence. Henceforth thou art no longer his; thou art my beloved, my companion, my mistress!"

"Whilst so speaking, Raymon gradually heated himself, as was his wont, in pleading his passions. The situation was striking, was romantic; it offered dangers that seasoned it with all the effect of a fashionable drama. . . . He acted passion so as to deceive himself, and, shame to the silly woman! she gave herself up in delight to these illusive demonstrations—she felt happy, radiant with joy and hope—she forgave every thing—she was almost on the point of granting every thing."

"But Raymon lost himself by his precipitation. . . . The clock struck seven. It is time to make an end, thought he; I must get her quietly home before Delmare comes here. He became more urgent and less tender. . . . Indiana was recalled to herself; she repulsed the attacks of cold egotistical vice."

Raymon now gets into a pet, and drinks a large glass of water.

"It calmed his delirium and cooled his love. He looked ironically at Indiana, and said—"Come, Madame, it is time to go home."

"A ray of light dawned upon Indiana, and revealed to her Raymon's soul."

Indiana now falls into a state of stupefaction that alarms Raymon, who seeks his mother's assistance. The old lady soothes the wretched young woman, and recalls her to herself. But Indiana insists upon going home alone, and on foot.

"In vain Madame de Ramière trembled to see her, thus weakened and disordered, undertake so long a walk."

"I have strength enough," she replied. "A word of Raymon's has given it me."

As was to be expected, she loses her way, and, absorbed in melancholy reverie, wanders along the banks of the Seine, beyond the limits of Paris.

"Insensibly she found herself on the brink of the water, which drove masses of ice to her feet, breaking



them with a dry, cold sound against the stones that protected the banks. This greenish, murmuring water exercised an attractive force over Indiana's senses. One accustoms oneself to dreadful ideas; once fairly admitted, one comes to take pleasure in them. The example of Noun's suicide had so long solaced Indiana's hours of despair, that suicide had gradually become to her mind voluptuously alluring. A single idea, that of religion, had withheld her from yielding to it. But at this moment no consistent thought swayed her exhausted brain. She scarcely knew that there was a God, scarcely recollected that Raymon existed, and walked on, nearer and nearer to the river, obedient to the instinct of misfortune, to the magnetism of suffering.

When she felt the piercing cold of the water that now bathed her feet, she awoke as from somnambulism, and looking around, saw Paris far behind her, the Seine flying from beneath her feet, hurrying along the white reflection of the houses, the grayish blue of the sky. This continuous movement of the water, and the immobility of the ground, became confused in her disordered perceptions, and she thought that the water slept, that the earth fled. At this moment of vertigo she leant against a wall, and stooped, as fascinated, towards what seemed a solid mass. . . . . But the barking of a dog that frolicked around her, distracted her attention, delaying for an instant the accomplishment of her purpose. And now a man, who, guided by the dog's voice, was hurrying forward, seized her by the waist, dragged her away, and laid her down upon the fragments of a deserted boat. She looked him in the face, but knew him not. He knelt beside her, wrapped her in his cloak, took her hands in his own to warm them, and called upon her name. But her brain was too feeble to make an effort; for eight-and-forty hours she had forgotten to eat.

When some degree of warmth circulated through her benumbed limbs, she saw Ralph on his knees before her, holding her hands, watching her eyes for a gleam of sense.

"Did you meet Noun?" she asked; and bewildered by a degree of *monomania*, added, "I saw her go this way," pointing to the river, "and wanted to follow her; but she went too fast and I had not power to walk! 'Twas like a night-mare!"

Even after this bitter lesson, an artfully pathetic letter, written by Raymon when, after his mother's death, a fit of sickness made him feel the want of a fond woman's cares, induces Indiana to fly from her husband and her cousin, secretly quit the Isle of Bourbon, and recross the Atlantic, to give herself up to him. Luckily, in the interval, he had recovered, forgotten his letter, and married a high-spirited heiress, who drives Indiana out of her house within a very few and safe minutes from her entering it. Again Sir Ralph, who had immediately followed her back to France, is her guardian angel; but he fails in all his endeavors to recover her from the torpor of despair into which she has now sunk. At length, considering her case as hopeless, he proposes to her that they should return to the Isle of Bourbon, (Delmare was dead,) and there commit suicide together. To this sociable *felo-de-se* scheme she gladly assents, and again they traverse the Atlantic. But before leaping arm in

arm from the brow of a rock into the foaming cataract, which they have selected as the scene of their self-slaughter, Sir Ralph wishes that his heart should at last be better known to Indiana, and tells her the whole story of his love, his sufferings, his self-immolation, if not to her happiness, yet to the mitigation of the evils that oppressed her. The result may be anticipated. They do not kill themselves; but whether they marry, or dispense with a ceremony which, whatever she may be pleased to aver, Madame Dudevant assuredly does not patronise, is not clearly stated.

*Valentine* is the next best of these novels, and though, in our opinion, inferior to *Indiana*, not much so. Its object, (begging the authoress's pardon,) we cannot help believing to be an attack upon the existing institutions of society, as well as the delineation of the follies and prejudices of the divers classes of society, including the vices of the higher grades; for the writer's own prepossessions are all manifestly democratic, and she paints her old *Marquise*, Valentine's grandmother, such as we can fancy none but the female partners of the Regent Orleans's orgies, or the associates of Madame du Barri in the *petits appartements* of Louis XV.—and to have been one even of these last would make her *very* old,—for without disputing the immorality of the French nobility prior to the revolution, we must observe that the high polish of their manners sufficed to insure general external decorum. And yet, to our conservative eyes, even these sketches establish the necessity, or at least the advantage, of a clear and marked distinction of ranks.

Valentine de Raimbault herself is the gentlest, purest, calmest of high-born maidens; she is affianced to an elegant and courtly diplomatist, the Comte de Lansac, whom she really likes, and believes that she loves as warmly as her nature is capable of loving; and she seems altogether as happily secured as may be against the dangers that we have seen besetting the path of poor Indiana. Moreover, she has a warning example in an elder sister, Louise, who having, several years before the opening of the tale, fallen a victim to the arts of man, has been turned out of doors, with the living proof of her shame, whilst her noble seducer was shot by her father in a duel. Louise is now secreted in a farm house upon the Raimbault estate, the mistress of which had been her nurse; and the secret intercourse between the two fondly attached sisters involves Valentine



in an intimacy with Benedict Lhery, the farmer's over-educated nephew, whence springs all the mischief, and indeed all the story. Benedict, who is spoiled for a farmer, without being fitted for a learned profession, or made quite a gentleman, is the betrothed bridegroom of his equally over-educated cousin Athénaïs; but regardless of her passionate attachment to him, his fastidiousness only sees and disdains in her the follies and affectations engendered by an unsuitable education, and some weeks before our introduction to the parties, he had fallen in love with Louise, and been coldly rejected by her, notwithstanding that she ardently returned his passion. Her motive is neither pride of rank, nor humility of repentance—of this last sentiment the author seems to have no idea—but respect for his engagement to Athénaïs, and for the wishes of her own kind hosts, the Lherys.

We will give the first meeting of Valentine and Benedict, as a specimen of Madame Dudevant's powers, in a different style from the disagreeable and difficult scenes that we had to translate, as we best could, in *Indiana*. It is May-day, and the village festival assembles the neighborhood of all ranks upon the green. Old Lhery takes the arm of his nephew, who is newly returned from college, to present him to his landlady, the Dowager Comtesse de Raimbault, a rich plebeian, whose wealth has bought back the Raimbault estates and castle, (confiscated during the revolution,) which she has now visited to celebrate her daughter's marriage in feudal style.

"Valentine was seated upon the turf between her mother, the Comtesse de Raimbault and her grandmother, the Marquise de Raimbault. Benedict knew none of these three ladies, but he had heard so much of them at the farm, that he was prepared for the icy, disdainful notice of the one, and the familiar, chatty reception of the other of the elder ladies. It seemed as if the old *Marquise* sought by her talkative fussiness to compensate her daughter-in-law's contemptuous silence. But even this affectation of popularity was stamped with the habitual tone of feudal protection.

"What, is that Benedict?" she exclaimed. "Is that the poppet that I have seen at his mother's breast? Good morrow, my lad. I am delighted to see thee so tall, and so well dressed. Thou art so like thy mother that it is awful. Well, but dost' know that we are old acquaintance? Thou art the godson of my poor son, the General, who fell at Waterloo. 'Twas I gave thee thy first frock, but thou dostn't remember much of that. How long i'st ago? Thou must be eighteen."

"I am two and twenty, Madam," returned Benedict.

"The deuce you are!" exclaimed the *Marquise*. "How time flies! I thought thee about the age of my granddaughter. . . . Valentine, speak to Benedict, 'tis the nephew of our good Lhery, the intend-

ed of thy little playfellow, Athénaïs—Speak to him, child."

The democratically haughty Benedict is exasperated by this pompous affability.

"He had fixed a bold and mocking gaze upon Valentine. . . . But the expression of that beautiful face was so sweet and serene, the sound of that voice so pure and so soothing, that the young man dropped his eyes and blushed like a girl.

"Ah Sir," said she, "what I can say to you most sincerely, is, that I love Athénaïs like a sister. Pray bring her to me, I have been long seeking without finding her, and would fain embrace her."

"Benedict bowed profoundly, and soon returned with his cousin. Athénaïs now walked about the *fête* arm in arm with the noble daughter of the Counts of Raimbault; and although she affected to take this as a matter of course, as Valentine really did, she could not disguise the triumph of her proud joy, as she met the women who envied, and strove to run her down.

"The fiddle now gave the signal for the *Bourrée* (a provincial dance), Athénaïs was engaged to dance it with one of the youths who had waylaid her, and she requested Mademoiselle de Raimbault to be her *vis-a-vis*.

"I must wait till I am asked," Valentine answered with a smile.

"Well then, Benedict," exclaimed Athénaïs eagerly, "go and ask Mademoiselle."

"The intimidated Benedict consulted Valentine's eyes. In their soft and candid expression he read the wish to accept his offer, and took a step towards her. But the *Comtesse* suddenly touched her arm, saying loud enough to be heard by Benedict:

"My child, I forbid your dancing *la bourrée* with any one but M. de Lansac."

"Benedict now first observed a very handsome young man, upon whose arm the *Comtesse* leant; and he recollected the name of Mademoiselle de Raimbault's intended. He understood the mother's motive. At a certain *trill* of the fiddle, executed before beginning *la bourrée*, every gentleman, by immemorial custom, salutes his partner. The Comte de Lansac, too well bred to allow himself such a liberty in public, compromised matters with the laws of Berry, by respectfully kissing Valentine's hand.

"He then tried a few steps, but finding it impossible to catch the measure of this dance, which no stranger ever could dance well, he stopped and said to Valentine—

"I have now done my part, and at your mother's command installed you here; but my awkwardness must not spoil your pleasure. You had a partner waiting you; allow me to resign my claim to him." And turning to Benedict, he added, in a tone of exquisite politeness, "Will you, sir, kindly be my substitute? You will acquit yourself far better than me." . . .

"The Countess was satisfied with the diplomatic manner in which her intended son-in-law had arranged the affair. But suddenly the fiddler, facetious and waggish as are all genuine artists, interrupted the air of the dance, and with a malicious affectation, repeated the imperative *trill*. The new dancer is bound to salute his partner. Benedict turns pale, and is out of countenance, Daddy Lhery, frightened at the anger that he sees in the eyes of the Countess, springs to the musician and implores him to go on with the dance. The village Orpheus will listen to nothing; triumphant amidst peals of laughter and of *bravos*, he persists in not resuming the air until the indispensable form is gone through. The other dancers grow impatient. Madame de Raimbault is about to take away her daughter. But M. de Lansac, a courtier and a man of sense, feeling the ridicule of the scene, again addresses Benedict:



"Come, sir, must I again authorize you to enforce a right, of which I dared not avail myself? You spare me nothing of your triumph."

"Benedict pressed his quivering lips to the velvet cheek of the young Countess. A sudden sensation of pride and joy animated him for an instant, but he observed that Valentine, amidst her blushes, was laughing heartily at the incident; and he recollected that when M. de Lansac kissed her hand, she had likewise blushed, but had not laughed."

That very evening Benedict becomes the agent in the stolen interviews between the two noble sisters; and, notwithstanding the fair promise of the blush unalloyed by a laugh, he and Valentine presently fall head over ears in love with each other. Both are, however, conscious of the insuperable obstacles that sever them; and although Benedict refuses to fulfil his engagement with Athénaïs, Valentine so far fulfils hers with M. de Lansac, as to go through the marriage ceremony: but she excludes him from the bridal chamber upon a plea of illness, and puts herself to sleep with a good dose of opium. Meanwhile, Benedict, a pair of loaded pistols in his pocket, has concealed himself in this same bridal chamber, with the benevolent intention of preserving unsullied the virgin purity of his beloved, by blowing out either the bridegroom's brains or hers, and then his own. Of the nocturnal scene that ensues suffice it to say, that the lover, in point of fact, respects the purity he had come to guard; but despairing of being able to guard it much longer, upon going away before daylight he executes so much of his original purpose as to blow out his own brains. He does the job imperfectly, however, and recovers. But Valentine is made really ill by the shock of the first report; and ill M. de Lansac leaves her, thus avoiding the inconvenience of taking a wife with him upon his diplomatic mission to Petersburg.

Fifteen months of platonic love follow, guarded by the vigilance of poor Louise, who, though distracted with jealousy, carefully watches over her darling sister. At the end of this time M. de Lansac returns unexpectedly from Russia; but it is the importunity of creditors, not love for the wife whose fortune is to satisfy them, that brings him back. Without offering to penetrate into her maiden bower, he desires Valentine to sign papers that enable him to sell her estates, shows her that he is aware of her connection with Benedict and believes it to be criminal, repulses her attempts at confession, refuses her request to save her from danger by taking her away with him, and departs. And now the virtue of the lovers is

at length exhausted. Madame Dudevant says:—

"It was a fatal moment, that, sooner or later, must arrive. There is too much temerity in hoping to subdue passion at the age of twenty, and amidst daily interviews. . . ."

"When the moment of repentance came, it was terrible. Then bitterly did Benedict lament a happiness that cost him so dear. His fault was visited with the severest punishment that could have been inflicted upon him; he saw Valentine weep, and pine away in sorrow."

But time is not given to see what would have come of this repentance. Valentine is expelled from the home of her fathers by her base husband's creditors, and seeks shelter at the farm, which Benedict had ceased to inhabit, since his rejection of his cousin's hand. There Athénaïs, who had consoled herself and married, gives up her own room to Valentine, whom Benedict privately visits, to discuss and arrange their future plans, M. de Lansac having, meanwhile, obligingly got himself shot in a duel. The husband of Athénaïs, who had been absent, coming home at night, sees a man in his wife's room, and shoots him as he goes away. Valentine dies of despair, the remorseful murderer drinks himself to death, the wealthy Lherys purchase the Raimbault domains and *chateau*, and the pretty, young and widowed Athénaïs marries the illegitimate son of Louise.

Of the third of this series of novels, *Lelia*, we shall speak much more briefly. It is decidedly the worst, and we strongly suspect that few readers who chanced to begin their acquaintance with the set by its perusal, would think of opening another of them. To give such an analysis of *Lelia* as we have given of *Valentine* is impossible, since much of the detail of the story is such as respect for our readers and ourselves must prevent our even alluding to. Like *Valentine*, it is an attack upon the existing laws of society, and to say the truth, though for the reasons above intimated we cannot explain, its satire seems to be directed nearly as much against those of nature. But we will endeavor, by a few brief words concerning the story and its characters, to give the reader some idea of the nature of this most extraordinary production of a woman, not belonging to the Harriette Wilson class, and to show that its popularity in France, and all this lady's writings are, we are assured, highly popular, is no wise owing to the usual arts and address of a story teller.



A very young, pure, and enthusiastic poet is in love with a mysterious beauty, *Lelia*, a compound of romance, *ultra*-German transcendentalism, and the coldest irony. She, who has had one regular intrigue, and been somewhat disgusted therewith, returns his passion *platonically*, tricks him into mistaking a courtesan (her sister) for herself, and laughs at him for being so duped into illusory happiness. Hereupon our pure enthusiast, in rage, revenge, mortification, and despair, plunges headlong into an *ultra*-extravagance of debauchery, of which he is about to die, when he prevents the catastrophe by suicide. The female character presented to us as the most amiable in disposition, the most consistent and rational in conduct, is the aforesaid courtesan; and the male preacher and pattern of virtue is a gentleman who, after running a career of wild libertinism and yet wilder gambling, has committed forgery, been convicted, branded, and sent to the galleys, where he has duly served his time, and learned philosophy and morality. We must add, though the remark be far inferior in importance to the preceding, that the poet, the ex-galley slave, and *Lelia* herself, are all so mystically metaphysical in their conversations and reasonings, as actually to bewilder a plain English intellect, and make us despair of finding anything at once decent and intelligible to extract.

But perhaps that obtuseness of perception, which the French deem indigenous to our foggy isle (*isle brumeuse*), may have given us a false view of *Lelia*; and by good luck we have the means of enabling the reader to balance our opinion against the fair author's own. In the already cited preface to *Le Secrétaire Intime*, after the justification of *Indiana* and *Valentine* that has been given, she goes on to speak of *Lelia*:

'But may not poesy overstep the bounds of these peaceable felicities, these persevering credulities? (To wit, those of women who go on loving and trusting again and again.) Is she not entitled to take for the subject of her studies those sad exceptions, who, upon being undeceived, pass from disappointment to despair, from despair to doubt, from doubt to irony, from irony to pity, and from pity to a serene impassive resignation—a religious diddain of all that is not God or Thought?

\* \* \*

'Sensual happiness, pleasure heedless of yesterday and to-morrow, the triumph of the body over the soul, may appear to Irony herself, with all her pride and self-sufficiency, a subject rather of regret than of compassion. The silent and lonely insulation of thought wrapped up in itself may give serenity, but not happiness. In presence of those joys to which

she cannot condescend, Reason may be permitted to grieve over the desert atmosphere in which she has taken refuge. There is nothing in this resigned sadness like the apology of libertinism. The wise man may envy the courtesan without ceasing to be wise. Plato may be jealous of Aspasia, without prizing less highly the lessons of Socrates.

'That Doubt, born of Disappointment, should unreservedly admire Passion sanctified by trial and pain—should kneel to the man who has traversed vice and its attendant tortures, in order to rise laboriously to the serenity of courage and of lucid conceptions,—is that a subject of scandal? . . .

'If these three tales' (*Indiana*, *Valentine*, and *Lelia*), 'are to all thinking minds what they are to himself, the author cannot divine how a portraiture of domestic morals that had seemed correct, how a detail of the internal conflicts of a woman long hesitating between duty and passion, that had been thought true to nature, can suddenly lose all the merit attributed to them, because Thought, after having exposed Brutality and Egotism, takes a fancy to attack Enthusiasm.'

*Lelia* was speedily followed by *Rose et Blanche*, in every respect a less objectionable work, and less inferior to *Indiana*, but another assault upon the existing state of the world, and amongst other parts thereof, upon that beautiful Christian institution which might well reconcile the philanthropic mind to all that is censurable in the Roman Catholic faith—we mean that of *les Soeurs de la Charité* (the Sisters of Charity). Madame Dudevant does not, indeed, deny the merits of these unclostered *locomotive* nuns, their services to suffering humanity, or the superiority of their disinterested pious zeal, over the mercenary cares of paid hospital servants; but she strips them altogether of the poetic charm with which the imagination loves to invest a delicate, highly educated, highly born and affluent woman, overcoming the disgust of habitual refinement, the innate repugnance of the senses, in order to devote her whole existence to a sad ministering to "all those ills that flesh is heir to." She presents us in her *Soeur de la Charité* with an excellent but coarse-*issima* sick nurse, rigidly chaste, but deriding and despising every species of delicacy and sensibility, as defects that must unfit their luckless possessor for the discharge of her duties to male patients, and even suffering her tongue to echo the oaths, slang, and almost the more offensive expressions, to which her attendance upon such patients has inured her ear.

The story is this. *Rose* is a young strolling actress, born, almost upon the stage, of the most profligate of affectionate mothers, and brought up behind the scenes. From innate purity she resists her mother's exhortations and commands to eke out the scanty earnings of her honest art by the ampler gains of that infamous traf-



fic, which, in France at least, is too often combined with the profession of a public performer. At length her mother's reproaches and filial duty wring from her a loathing obedience, when the depth and dignity of her despair constrain the young profligate to whom she is sold to respect her innocence. This is a bold, we think a fine conception, and from the pen of a Scott, we can fancy such an incident as beautiful and sublime as it is overpowering. But we regret to say, that in the hands of the present writer, this scene, so difficult to manage, is not as well executed as conceived, nor yet touched with the nice delicacy requisite to allow of our extracting it. The conquered libertine places Rose first with his devotee sister, then in a convent for education, and she resolves to love her deliverer hopelessly and eternally. Her former profession being discovered, she is expelled the convent, returns to the stage, and acquires a high character alike for virtue and for talent. Here she captivates her original protector, Horace Cazalés, and they are upon the point of marriage: but the Cazalés family successfully labor to prevent so disreputable an alliance, and succeed in estranging him from the actress.

Meanwhile, Blanche is a novice in the Parisian convent, where Rose was a boarder, and a romantic friendship has sprung up between the two young girls. Blanche falls in love with the drawing-master, another libertine, who returns her passion but not ardently enough to think of encumbering himself with a portionless wife. Chance throws in her way, amongst his drawings, a paper, written by his bosom friend, Horace Cazalés, confessing his having, two or three years since, taken a shameless advantage of the imbecility of a poor idiot girl, Denise Lazare, bequeathed to his care by her dying father, to whom he, Horace, owed the preservation of his life, and stating that he had subsequently placed her in a convent at Bordeaux. This paper strangely disorders Blanche, whose recollections of anything prior to a recent violent nervous illness are quite indistinct. She shows the paper to her confessor, and reveals her confused recollections and fears; but he argues against them as nervous delusions, and the preparations for her taking the veil proceed. We will extract the scene of her profession, as again in a different style from those we have already given.

'Upon this day the church, its inlaid floor waxed like that of a *salon*, and resplendent as a mirror, was dressed out with flowers, as for the gayest of festi-

vals. The walls were tapestried with garlands, the pavement of the choir was strewn with rose-leaves, the vaulted roof impregnated with incense. The great silver chandeliers, the golden angles of the tabernacle and of the cross, the *rosettes* of the gothic frame-work, glittered with light and sunshine; and the metal flowers heaped upon the shrines, rendered the altar radiant with the splendor reflected from their brilliant surfaces. The organ poured out floods of its own full and vibratory harmony; the bell rebounded with joyous cadences in its Italian belfry; the metallic and penetrating voices of young maidens floated dyingly away, from arcade to arcade, amidst the clouds of incense and of melody. Whilst gazing upon the chapel thus dazzling, whilst breathing such perfumes, whilst inhaling the inebriating mystic humidity that seized the soul at the foot of the columns, whilst plunging in the ecstasy which thrilled every fibre, deluged every recess of that soul, it might have been difficult to guess that a poor girl in the vigor of her age, in the first bloom of her beauty, was about to be affianced to eternal seclusion. . . .

'The clergy invited to the ceremony adorned the choir with the luxury of their wealth, with the splendor of their glory. . . . The galleries were thronged with the numerous friends of the community, as an author fills the pit of the theatre with friends to applaud his piece; the back of the chapel was occupied by the nuns in long black mantels; the pupils and boarders filled the middle portion, separated by gratings from the other two; and the crowd that had been unable to make way into the galleries, pressed into that part of the church whence profane eyes could not pierce the veil that divided them from the nuns.

'But at a given signal, after the customary chaunts and a short address from the confessor, the Abbé P——, the black curtain glided back upon its rods, and the whole chapter of the Augustine nuns was seen, ranged in a semicircle of stalls. Alone, kneeling before a praying desk, the novice, richly attired, enveloped in a white Indian shawl and a silver lama veil, awaited her parents, represented, according to custom, by two kindly disposed individuals. The Abbé Causcalmon, with his dignified demeanor and venerable countenance, was invariably commissioned to play the father. He arose gravely, went forward, and offered his hand to a tall *Sœur de Charité*, (sister Olympie, who had brought Blanche from a Bordeaux convent to this,) who knelt amongst the spectators, and together crossing the nave of the church, they approached the novice. The worthy Abbé, accustomed to such solemnities, moved with due deliberation. Not so sister Olympie, whose presence Blanche had solicited, and who, impatient of an idle ceremony, dragged the Abbé by the arm, and, to his great discomposure hurried him forwards. . . . But despite her air of hurry, sister Olympie was in tears. She loved not the cloistered life, could not comprehend its use, and pitied those who were dedicated to it. . . .

'The father and mother, each taking a hand of the novice, again crossed the nave, and led her to the high altar, where Monseigneur the archbishop of V—— awaited her, seated in a magnificent arm chair, and turning his back upon the *Holy of Holies*, before which knelt the multitude.

'Attired as for a bridal day, radiant in diamonds, satin, lace, and flowers, the novice, trembling like a leaf beaten by the winds, advanced with difficulty to a cushion placed at *Monsigneur's* feet. The rich dress, taken from the convent treasury only for such occasions, heightened the elegance of her lofty stature, now timidly bent, and the dazzling whiteness of her bare arms and shoulders. Her heart throbbed under the belt of pearls, and when sister Olympie awkwardly threw back the veil which had concealed



that lovely face from all eyes, she seemed a beautiful alabaster virgin from the chisel of Canova. A murmur of admiration, regret, and pity, arose from the throng that pressed forward to look upon her.

"My dear daughter," said the archbishop, "what do you ask?"

"The father and mother answered, "We present our beloved daughter to the minister of the Lord, that she, now the betrothed of Christ, may become his bride."

"It is well," returned the prelate, "let her approach, and may the Lord give ear to her prayers!"

"The novice arose.

"You are affianced to the Lord, my dear daughter."

"Yes, father," answered sister Blanche, so softly and timidly, that scarce could the sound of her voice be heard.

"Since when?"

"More than three years."

"Have you reached the age at which you can dispose of yourself?"

"I am upwards of twenty-one years old."

"What is your name, my dear sister?"

"Sister Blanche."

"That is your conventual name; but your name amongst men?"

"Blanche.—I never knew."

"Denise Lazare," said sister Olympie, in audible accents.

"The effect of this name seemed magical upon several persons near the altar. The Abbé P——, who stood upon its steps, uttered an exclamation of surprise, and hastened towards the novice with a vivacity not belonging to his age. Sister Blanche shuddered as though a red-hot iron had touched her; and her pale face was crimsoned. She half arose, as if to protest against sister Olympie's sentence. But suddenly, casting her bewildered eyes around, she grasped the Abbé P——'s arm, and clinging to it with all her strength she stretched out her other hand towards a man, lividly pale, who had detached himself from the crowd, and stood before her, motionless, his hair on end, his lips blue. Then, collecting all the courage inspired by terror and distraction,

"'Tis he, 'tis he!" she exclaimed, seeking to hide herself under the folds of her confessor's white official robe, and fell senseless upon the richly flowered carpet of the altar.

"The pale man, in whom the reader will have recognised Horace Cazalés, had stood petrified from the moment the novice's veil was removed. But when she recognised him, when she had blasted him with her dreadful gaze, he sprang towards her, and would have followed sister Olympie, who, in her robust arms, was carrying Blanche off towards the choir, had not the Abbé P——, with his air of blended mildness and severity, seized him by the coat.

"No scandal, sir," said he to Horace in an under tone. "I know every thing. I will have the honor of waiting upon you in the course of the day; withdraw."

Horace Cazalés is now persuaded by his devout sister, that it is his duty, forgetting the actress Rose, to marry his former victim; as is Blanche by a young ascetic Jesuit confessor, substituted for the unmanageably rational Jesuit, Abbé P——, that it is her's to efface her unconscious pollution by the Church's sanction, and to save her polluter's soul by accepting his hand. She dies of agitation and suffering upon the evening of her wedding-day, and Rose again forsakes the

theatre to take the veil in the convent—the superior who had expelled her being changed,—where she had known and loved Blanche.

The reader will have observed that there is much to dislike as well as to like in *Rose et Blanche*. It is less animated and interesting in its progress than *Indiana* and *Valentine*; but what we feel most disposed to censure is, that Rose, who, surrounded by vice, had conceived and loved virtue as something poetically beautiful and heroic, finds it so dull, so prosaically common-place in the devotee's *chateau*, and in the convent, during her first residence there, that we cannot help fearing she should repent her resistance to her mother's will. Nor is this irksome feeling relieved by representations of her self-satisfaction in her own good conduct, during her second theatrical career. Then we see her first engrossed by her love for Horace, and willing to sacrifice to him her hardly earned reputation, nay, in her secret heart, even her long high-prized virtue, and afterwards broken-hearted by his desertion, and the death of Blanche. Has our authoress no suspicion of the secret and proud self-enjoyment of arduous virtue?

The next of our authoress's publications is a collection of tales, to which the longest, *Le Secrétaire Intime*, gives its name: and, as the shorter tales are merely so many, not very interesting, versions of the authoress's favorite theses, to wit, virtue without absolute chastity, and the difficulty to the heart of woman of loving a second time after the disappointment of its first affections, to the *Secrétaire Intime* we shall confine our attention; the rather that we here find, what we suspect to be George Sand's or Madame Dudevant's *beau idéal* of wedded life.

This is the story of a young Frenchman (Count St. Julien,) of a noble but decayed family, austere educated by a conscientious Catholic priest, who runs away from his father's dilapidated *ci-devant chateau* in disgust upon learning that his mother had, in the days of her youth, been frail. On the road he falls in with a beautiful Italian princess, in a rather theatrical *costume*, but the actual reigning sovereign of dominions, some few miles square, in Friuli; he pleases her fancy, and is engaged as her confidential secretary. Princess Quintilia Cavalcanti immediately becomes to her new secretary an object of admiration, curiosity, perplexity and suspicion. She is incomparably beautiful, intellectual,



zealous in her sovereign duties, and learned, and almost equally giddy, coquettish and frivolous; whilst her frank good humor too often degenerates into a sort of hail-fellow-well-met manner, into masculine coarseness, for—*horresco referens*, but the truth must be told—the beautiful princess smokes! St. Julien is immediately assailed with reports of her licentiousness and cruelty. A French traveller boasts of having had a *bal d'opera* intrigue with her at Paris. A story is current at her court of a certain Max, the illegitimate son of a German prince, and her first love, who had unaccountably disappeared after a public quarrel with her, and was believed to be buried in a certain pavilion, further notorious as the usual scene of her assignations. An equerry intimates that he has been a favored lover, and owes his life, as a discarded one, solely to his extreme discretion; and a page, whom the princess persists in treating as a child, and admitting to the familiarity of a child, incessantly rallies St. Julien upon his stupidity and dullness, in not uniting the post of favorite to that of confidential secretary. A thousand accidents confirm these degrading ideas of Quintilia, which are contradicted only by want of actual evidence, and by her apparent tranquil consciousness of self-approbation. The unhappy secretary meanwhile is madly in love with his princess, utterly at a loss whether to think her the first of created beings, or another Catherine II. of Russia, jealous of every body, and thoroughly miserable. At length he hazards a declaration of his passion which is received with irony, and followed by a confession of his uncertainties about her character. Some days afterwards, the princess sends for him, desires him to turn his love into friendship, and, to prove her value for this last sentiment from him, gives him an explanation, which, however, explains nothing, except, perhaps, some of the writer's peculiar notions. The passage that seems to bear this interpretation is as follows:—

‘Do not take me for a virtuous woman, Julien. I know not what virtue is; I believe in it as I do in Providence, without defining or comprehending it. I know not what it is to struggle against oneself; I never had occasion to do so; I never subjected myself to principles; I have never felt a want of them; I never was hurried further than I chose to go; I have fully indulged all my fancies, and never found myself in danger. A man who feels in his soul no shameful wound requiring concealment may drink to intoxication, and lay bare to view all the recesses of his conscience. A woman who does not love vice need not fear it; she may traverse its mire without a single stain upon her gown;\* she may touch the

foulness of soul of others, as the sister of charity touches the leprosy in the hospital. She has the privilege of toleration and pardon: if she does not use it she must be wicked. To be chaste and wicked is to be cold, to be chaste and kind is to be good. I never thought this difficult for well governed minds.’

We will add an extract or two, exhibiting princess Quintilia as she appears to St. Julien and the reader. She has been for months shut up in her cabinet with her secretary, studying the philosophy of government, preparing codes of law, maturing projects for promoting the happiness of her subjects.

‘Six months had passed thus. One evening the work was finished; the princess had been more serious and thoughtful than usual; she wrote with her own hand a last page in the register that Julien had offered her. While she wrote, Ginetta, (a favorite waiting maid,) who had stolen softly into the room, waited anxiously, her quick eye glancing interrogatively, now at the door where Julien perceived the skirt of Galeotto (the page), now at the darkened and knitted brow of the princess. The princess laid down her pen absently, buried her head in her hands, took the pen up again, played a moment with a lock of her hair that had broken loose, started, wrote a few figures, signed the register, closed and pushed it away. Then rising, she turned to Ginetta, and stuck the pen amidst her black locks. The chambermaid uttered a cry of joy. “Have you done at last, madam?” she exclaimed. “Will that beautiful hand quit the pen to resume the sceptre and the fan? . . . May I toss to the winds the ugly pen that you have placed in my hair, and that feels as heavy as lead?” “Make an *auto-da-fé* of it an thou wilt,” answered Quintilia; “I work no more this year.”’

She now, to the mortification of St. Julien, gives herself up to mirth with Ginetta and Galeotto, and devotes her attention as exclusively to inventing dresses for a fancy ball, as she had previously done to legislation and political economy.

‘The ball was magnificent. Thanks to one of the princess's most whimsical devices, the whole court represented an immense collection of butterflies and other insects. Variegated tight dresses fitted close to the shape; great wings of different materials, adjusted by invisible wires, were unfolded behind the shoulders, or along the back; and no one could sufficiently admire the correctness of the tints and shades, the cut and position of the wings; even the countenance of each insect was imitated by the head-dress of the personifier. . . .

‘The princess herself had regulated the choice and the distribution of the costumes. She had consulted twenty naturalists, and turned over every entomological work in her library, to obtain a degree of perfection, capable of maddening with delight all professors of natural history. . . .

‘The apartments were hung and carpeted with flowers, and amongst garlands of roses, silken ladders were hidden, fixed to the walls or hanging from the roof. The boldest insects climbed up these fragile supports, and displayed themselves and their wings below the ceiling or between the pillars, . . . Quintilia, surrounded by professions of love and

and hose, than for woman in her flowing robes.—Petticoats are apt to get sadly draggled in the mire.

\* This seems rather easier for man in his doublet



adoration, gave herself up to the pleasure of being admired, with a youthfulness of intoxication that distracted St. Julien.

The favorite librarian, a profound naturalist, now affects to take a red scarabeus or *criocère* for the ghost of a scarabeus that he had philosophically slain; the princess is amusing herself with the scene, which seems ending in a joyous recognition, when the *Abbate* Scipione, who acts as master of the ceremonies, leads her aside to the balcony, where St. Julien is lurking angry and unseen, to tell her that the red scarabeus is masked contrary to order, and that nobody knows who he is. She indignantly orders him to be turned out, after telling his name.

"Sir," said the *abbate* to the *criocère*, with an arrogance assumed for the first time in his life, "who are you? Her highness insists upon knowing."

"The stranger whispered his name to the master of the ceremonies, but he was not affected by it as the librarian had been. "I do not know you," said he, "and as you are not invited, I am commanded to show you out."

"First tell the princess my name," rejoined the stranger, "and if she then commands me to withdraw . . ."

"Rosenheim!" exclaimed the princess violently, "did I hear aright? Speak louder. Or, no! no! rather speak lower,—Rosenheim?"

"Rosenheim," repeated the *abbate*, ready to faint.

"But the princess, instead of crushing him with her anger, sprang with a loud cry of joy to his neck, and forcibly embraced him, ejaculating the while: "Ah! *Pabbate!* my dear *abbate!*"

This mysteriously introduced Rosenheim proves in the end to be the murdered Max himself, who is privately married to Quintilia, and prefers injuring her reputation by stolen interviews, to appearing openly as her husband. And this we apprehend to be Madame Dudevant's notion of conjugal felicity; an opinion strongly corroborated by an observation of the old librarian, the confidant of Max and Quintilia, who is commissioned to reveal the state of affairs to St. Julien, prior to his final dismissal from the court; a fate which he had justly brought upon himself by a mad attempt upon the princess's person, as well as by his impertinent prying into her secrets. The librarian ends his explanation with these words:—

"This union continues so beautiful and so pure, that it proves the excellence of those laws of *Lycargus* which obliged husbands to visit their wives with all the precautions employed by lovers, to avoid detection."

The last novel upon our list has made its appearance since our remarks upon the preceding ones were written; the space which these have already occupied warns us to be brief in what we have to

say of this new production of our prolific authoress. In powerful writing and vigorous portraiture, *Jacques* bears more resemblance to *Indiana* and *Valentine*, than to its three immediate predecessors; and one reason of this may be, that the object of it is the same with those two remarkable productions. Decidedly, Madame Dudevant is so much more at home in her delineations of matrimonial miseries, (of which in fact *Jacques* is but a third picture,) than in any other field, that she would well deserve to be called the *Anti-matrimonial Novelist*, if such a title implied any enviable distinction. Notwithstanding the repeated disclaimers which we have seen she has made of the imputed (fairly enough, we think) tendency of her works, she has in this new one put the following declaration into the mouth of the hero, which must be received, we suppose, as a proof that her own sentiments on the subject remain unaltered.

"I have not changed my opinion, I have not become reconciled to society, and marriage I still look upon as one of its most odious institutions. I doubt not that it will be abolished, if mankind make any progress towards justice and reason; a more humane and not less sacred tie will replace it, and secure the existence of the children who shall be born to one man and one woman, without enchainning for ever the liberty of either. But men are too coarse (*Grossiers*) and women too cowardly (*lâches*) to demand a law more noble than the law of iron which rules them; to beings without conscience and without virtue, heavy chains are necessary. In this age it is impossible to realize the ameliorations which a few generous spirits dream of; these spirits forget that they are a century in advance of their contemporaries, and that before the law can be changed, man himself must be changed."

His actions, however, are not in unison with his professions; he marries—and is punished accordingly.

In the present instance, the authoress has illustrated the impossibility of constant love, and wedded happiness, by the fate of a union, the counterpart of which is certainly not of frequent occurrence in actual life. The husband, *Jacques*, is a man, who, having lived through the tempest of Napoleon's triumphs and fate, and had some score of impassioned intrigues in as many years, becomes, at the age of thirty-five, tired of active life and turns philosopher, and fancies it happiness to lie on the sofa and smoke hour after hour by the side of his wife; and the lady is a pretty, ignorant, romantic school-girl of seventeen, who has nothing upon earth with which to occupy her solitude except her love and admiration of her silent, smoking husband. *Jacques* himself is, we must confess, a personage the prototype of whom we never



had the good luck to meet with, or hear of. Men there are still, we doubt not, even in these degenerate days, who can drink a whole company under the table, and walk steadily away. But that a boy of fifteen, the first time he pollutes his lips with tobacco or alcohol, should smoke and swill brandy, at the discretion of a whole regiment, without perceptible effect upon head, stomach, or nerves, is a physiological phenomenon as startling, as his laming, in a previously determined manner, a professed duellist, the very first time he wields a sabre. One who begins so is not to be judged by common rules; wherefore we have not a word to say upon the probability of his committing suicide, to enable his faithless wife to marry her paramour. The character of this personage, the fickle, impetuous, selfish Octave, is true to nature; as is, we fear, the passion he inspires in the tender heart of the sweet but silly heroine, Fernande. Many of the minor characters are admirable sketches. The rough veterans of the Imperial army are hit off with a spirited, a masculine hand.

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ART. III.—*L'Italie et l'Europe*, par J. C. Beltrami. Paris. 1834. 8vo.

HERE is another pamphlet on Italian politics, which tempts us to return to that subject sooner than we had intended. The author, Signor Beltrami, is the traveller who some years since published an account of his Journey to the Sources of the Mississippi. He labors to prove in his present publication, that Europe is under the greatest obligations to Italy, as the mother of sciences, literature and the arts,—that Europe has made a very ungrateful return to her benefactress, in allowing her territory to be divided and kept in subjection by foreigners, and that in order to clear off the long-standing score of obligation, the nations of Europe, and France in particular, ought now to interfere, for the purpose, we presume, (for this is not clearly stated,) either of making the Austrians evacuate the Italian provinces which they possess, or of obtaining free institutions for the other Italian states, or for both these purposes together. The author dedicates his pamphlet to the king of the French, who, he says, will acquire immortal glory by protecting liberty and order united, and by the salutary influence he

will thus exercise over the whole European family, from the German ocean to the mouths of the Volga, &c. And because France has taken a part in settling the question of the succession in Spain and Portugal, Italy, Mr. Beltrami says,—Italy, the *mater ulma* of liberty and civilization,—Italy, which has given to Louis-Philippe an incomparable consort and a most amiable family, &c., cannot but expect a return of restoration (*sic in libro*).—pp. 6—8. Mr. Beltrami then enters into an elaborate recapitulation of all the discoveries, improvements and other benefits which Italy has conferred upon Europe, in answer, it seems, to some tirade of the French press derogatory to the character of his country.

We will not discuss any item of the claims Mr. Beltrami puts forth in behalf of his native land; we have ourselves been ever ready to render justice to the talents and merits of the Italians, as many of our pages can testify. We have taken their part against the rash judgments and absurd dogmatism of travellers, as well as against the exaggerations of political partisans, whether foreign or native, who would represent the whole of Italy as sunk into utter degradation, as a country unfit for rational beings to live in, as a land, in short, of the dead, or at best of slaves. All such sweeping judgments passed upon twenty millions of people, in a high state of civilization, subject to seven or eight different governments, between which there are many shades of diversity in the principles and practice of administration, as well as in the local institutions, we look upon as utterly worthless, disgraceful only to the utterers. To compare the condition of the Italian states under the restored governments with that of either Spain or Portugal under Ferdinand and Miguel, would be a mere stretch of rhetorical figure, as any unbiassed observer who has lived in both the Peninsulas can aver.

The Foreign Quarterly has no party object to favor, no political bias to indulge; it reviews works on political questions concerning foreign countries, upon the same grounds as it reviews works on literature and the sciences, that is to say, with reference to the merits of the works themselves, and to the logical and moral justness of the principles maintained in them. In a late number, (xxvi. p. 340,) we had occasion to notice two works on Italy, one an organ of the ultra-liberal or republican party, and the other by a writer whom we think we may style a friend to constitutional principles, though not an



advocate of revolutions. Without adopting all the conclusions of this last writer, we stated his arguments, and we observed of him that he seemed successfully to combat several assertions, and to expose several fallacies of the ultra-liberals, and that there was much in his book that deserved a calm attention. By inviting discussion on the present condition of Italy, and on the best and most practicable means of improving that condition, we think that Count Dal Pozzo has rendered a service to his country. Discussion is the only means of arriving at truth, even although each of the parties debating should be wrong in some of its positions or inferences. Until M. Dal Pozzo's book appeared, we must say we had read nothing in the shape of a dispassionate attempt to elucidate the very intricate subject of Italian politics. Now and then, it is true, we have found admissions in several writers of unexceptionable character, Italian and foreign,\* which confirmed us in our belief that the evils of the restoration in Italy had been much exaggerated, and that the course of material and moral improvement had by no means been stopped since that epoch. The worst features of Napoleon's military despotism have disappeared, whilst several of his improvements in the judicial and economical branches of his administration have remained. In speaking of the progress of a country, we must judge by comparison. We hear a great deal about the *kingdom* of Italy, but few people seem to notice that this kingdom was not in extent or population more than one third of Italy. It comprised Lombardy and Venice, Modena, the Legations, and the Marches. Another full third, the lion's share, was incorporated with the French empire, which thereby stretched its frontiers to the north of the Po as far as Vercelli, and to the south of that river to beyond Parma, and again extended beyond the Apennines down to Terracina. Piedmont, Genoa, Tuscany, Parma and Rome, with about six millions of people, were transformed into French departments. The remaining third constituted the kingdom of Naples, which retained its old frontiers, and an outward show of nationality under one of Napo-

leon's prefect-kings. Such were the unity and nationality of Italy under Napoleon; one third of the country was merged into France, and the other two-thirds were governed by his lieutenants. These two latter kingdoms however (Italy and Naples) had at least each a native administration, a central government and a native army; they figured as distinct nations, though politically dependent on France. These advantages Naples has retained by the restoration, and in a greater degree than before; for, certainly, whatever influence Austria may be thought to exercise over that kingdom, it cannot be seriously asserted to have assumed the character of barefaced direct dictation which Napoleon once exercised over the same country. Naples by the restoration has also been re-united to the important island of Sicily. Under the name of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, it now figures as the first in population and resources among the second rate powers of Europe, immediately after Prussia and Spain.

The kingdom of Italy, on the contrary, was considerably diminished by the change, having lost Modena and the northern Papal provinces, in consequence of which its present extent and population, under the name of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, are not more than two thirds of what they formerly were. It has lost much of its outward splendor, for the Austrian viceregal court and administration are less pompous and more parsimonious than the former; it may also be said to have lost its fine army, as the actual Italian regiments, ten in number, are not kept together in one body, but are doing duty separately in other parts of the Austrian monarchy. Its dependence upon Vienna in civil matters is also greater and more direct than it was formerly on the cabinet of Napoleon. But has the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom lost likewise in its industry, in its judicial and economical administration, in its system of instruction, in its internal prosperity? All these offer points for a comparison, which we should like to see fairly instituted and grounded upon authenticated facts. Looking to the statistical journals, we see many signs of material prosperity in Lombardy. If we examine the works that come from the presses of Milan and other cities of the same state, we see evidence of mental progress, and often a freedom of sentiment which we should look for in vain in the works published under Napoleon. The public, and especially the elementary, instruction appears to be fast spreading. On

\* Among the foreign writers who have spoken without passion or prejudice of the past and present condition of Italy, we may mention Valéry, Maltebrun in his *Annales des Voyages*, Tournon, Artaud and Walsh. Of Italian authorities we may quote Caniti, Botta, Coracini, Bestolotti, Laugier, Coppi (*Annali d'Italia fino al 1819*), Francesco Forti, and articles in the *Antologia*, the *Progresso*, the *Annali Civili* of the two Sicilies, &c.



the liberal side, we have seen vague and often inconsistent assertions of individual cases of hardship which look like exceptions, a great deal of ridicule cast upon the alleged stupidity or blundering of some of the Austrian functionaries, and much invective and declamation. The Austrian code of laws is by some represented as far inferior to the French: other authorities, by no means partial to Austria, give a different judgment on it. "The Austrian code," says one of these,\* "civil, criminal and ecclesiastical, is the best on the continent, and superior by far to the boasted code of Napoleon. It was begun by Joseph II. and has been continued down to the present time; it bears the name of *Codex Francisci I.*" The Austrian penal code is very mild, some say too mild, *except always in what regards political offences.* But with regard to these, Napoleon's code, and still more his practice, were also far from mild. It is true that the awe inspired by his power, the total subjection to which he had reduced the people's minds, and the hopelessness of resistance, made conspiracies and revolts very scarce in his time; still there are instances of dreadful severity against several who were rash enough to make the attempt. Without going back to the atrocities of the first revolutionary invasion, to the massacres of Pavia, Binasco, Lugo, Arezzo, Terracina, &c. we may mention the fate of the commune of Crespino on the Lower Po in 1806, and the military executions at Mantua in 1810, for political offences. Napoleon's state prisons, whether in France or Italy, were far from empty, as the records of Fenestrelle,† Chateau d'If, Compiano, Ham, Vincennes, Joux, &c. can prove.

With regard to those fine and extensive Italian provinces which were violently incorporated with the French empire, they have by the restoration recovered their old nationality; the restored governments, whatever their deficiencies may be, are Italian, the rulers and the ruled are countrymen, they speak the same language, understand each other's manners and habits; the money raised by taxes is spent in the country; the offices are filled by natives.

\* "Austria as it is," London, 1827. See also Mr. Russel's *Tour in Germany*, a very candid writer. His sketch of the Emperor Francis and of the Imperial family, as distinct from the Aulic Council or Cabinet, we would recommend to those who may feel curiosity on the subject.

† Of the numerous state prisoners confined at Fenestrelle, Cardinal Pacca gives a list in his *Memoirs*. They were men of various conditions, ecclesiastics and laymen, from various parts of Italy, besides Spaniards. See *Foreign Quarterly Review*, No. XXI. p. 68.

The young men are no longer snatched from their families and their pursuits, and sent by thousands every year to a foreign depot, or a foreign camp beyond the Alps, never to return, and after a few years, perhaps months, of a life of hardship and privations, to die a miserable death by the hand of a Spanish guerrilla, or in the swamps of Poland, or the snows of Russia, in order that the dynasty of an upstart might become "the oldest in Europe." Captain Laugier, in his spirited *Letter to the authors of the Ephemerides Militaires de France*, published in 1819, calculated from the lists of the conscription, that not less than 100,000 Italians, natives of Piedmont, Genoa, Parma, Tuscany and Rome, (which number was constantly kept up by fresh conscriptions,) were serving scattered in the ranks of the French army from 1808 to 1814, independently of the army of the "kingdom of Italy," amounting to 80,000 men, and of the contingent of the kingdom of Naples. The 100,000 men, however, above mentioned, were considered as Frenchmen, and drafted into French regiments; and they had not even the satisfaction of being commanded by Italian officers, or of having their deeds commemorated in the bulletins as Italian soldiers. These are facts which it is well to remind people of who talk about Italian independence in those days.

Of the Italian states which have been restored to nationality, the dominions of the king of Sardinia constitute the most important.\* With four millions of people, an active, spirited and industrious race; a country rich in native productions; with a fine army, a large tract of sea coast, which rears up 40,000 of the best seamen in the Mediterranean,† possessing one of the finest islands in that sea, the Sardinian monarchy holds a respectable rank among the second rate powers of Europe. Its flag navigates all the seas in perfect se-

\* Rome, Tuscany and Parma are the others. Of Rome this journal has spoken at length in No. XXI. With regard to Tuscany, we do not think we can refer those who wish to have a correct idea of its actual social and civil state, to better information than that contained in an article in the *Journal of Education*, No. 3. They will find there that the people of Tuscany are in fact happy, as far as that word can apply to a whole population. Of Parma we hear little, but that little is not of a kind to make us believe that the government of Maria Louisa is harsh or oppressive.

† Genoa and its Riviera have now 5000 merchant vessels, and about 40,000 seamen inscribed on the maritime lists. The arrivals in the port of Genoa in the year 1832 were 2857, of which 2283 were under the native flag, and out of these, 427 from the Black Sea, 100 from Egypt and the Levant, 607 from ports of the Atlantic, and 41 from America. The exports were sixty millions, and the imports seventy-two millions of francs.



curity. Its subjects have a national name of which they need not be ashamed. The Piedmontese, it is well known, have a strong spirit of nationality. Their neighbors and fellow subjects, the Genoese, sprung from the same Ligurian stock, are thriving in their maritime commerce far more than at any other period of their history. They have not the monopoly of the Levant, as they had in the 13th century, but they still carry on a great part of that trade, and they have besides a fast growing commerce with South America. What was the trade of Genoa under Napoleon? and what was the trade of the Genoese republic before Napoleon, when the Barbary corsairs carried off its vessels in sight of its very coast?

An intelligent young traveller, who visited the Sardinian states in the course of last year, gives us the following plain unsophisticated account of the condition and spirit of the population.

After speaking of the restoration in Piedmont, in 1814, which, although attended by no violent reaction or persecution of any sort, replaced things as they had been before the French occupation of 1798, and by virtue of which the superior ranks in the army, in the administration, and in the law, have been filled almost exclusively by the nobility, which is very numerous in that country, he adds:—

"The clergy, however, retain considerable influence, the throne is supported by the altar, and as the spirit of the population is generally religious, this support is not here as illusory as it has proved elsewhere. Among the other classes there is no doubt a vague discontent, which, however, does not go so far as to favor revolt, and this has been proved by the fact, that the masses have nowise joined in the attempts at military revolution which have taken place of late years. Recent examples have also proved that the French propagandists will find no support here from the mass of the people. Most of the inhabitants of Piedmont are proprietors, and therefore attached to material order. They have not forgotten our invasion; they can appreciate the just value of liberty brought in at the point of foreign bayonets; and they are also aware that constitutions transplanted from one country to another seldom take root. I have conversed here with several enlightened liberals, men who are enabled by their social position to form a correct idea of the opinions of the generality of their countrymen; they have all assured me that they expect no good either from a French intervention, or from a revolution, but that they hope much from time, and the impulse of general causes. These liberals, whom I call *progressive*, in order to distinguish them from such as are merely *revolutionary*, are numerous in Piedmont, and they have many partisans in the ranks of the nobility. The only part of the French system which they regret is the equality before the law, established by the Code Napoleon. To be impartial, however, we must allow, that abuses are not in this country so numerous, or so crying as one might suppose from the arbitrary power the government is possessed of. Whether it be a natural moderation on the part of

its princes, or that they have feared to inflame opinion by doing all that they could do, it is certain that their dominion has been far from oppressive; far from being so worrying as the Austrian dominion is in Lombardy. Turin enjoys a liberty *de facto*, of which Milan exhibits not a shadow. Many monstrous prerogatives which belong to the king remain unemployed, as a weapon which is never taken out of the scabbard."—*Voyage en Suisse, en Lombardie, et en Piémont*, par le Comte Theobald Walsh,\* vol. ii. pp. 102—104.

The administration is orderly and economical, the court is regular and even exemplary in its habits, and there is none of that lavish expenditure, and that profligacy which have disgraced other absolute courts. There is an old saying in Piedmont, that the House of Savoy has never produced a tyrant.

"The bitterness of the invectives" (observes Count Walsh) "which are daily poured out against these poor despots, some of whom are personally the best people in the world, reminds me of a certain traveller, who, in noticing some African animal, speaks of it as 'very ferocious, for it defends itself against the hunters who want to kill it.' . . . . . The troops are well fed and well clothed; they manœuvre well, and soldiers as well as officers have a true military bearing and appearance. Charles Albert pays much attention to the army. . . . . The spirit of the officers, who are mostly nobles, is in favor of the government. In the last conspiracy (1833) very few of them were implicated. The privates, who are taken chiefly from the rural population, have no settled opinions, and in any case are not hostile to the government; but among the non-commissioned officers there exists a leaven of discontent, which has repeatedly risen into fermentation. Most of these men belonging to the class of citizens; they have received some education, they see themselves debarred from promotion, and they know there was a time when it was not so. This explains the part the army took in the revolt of 1820. The object of that revolt was to drive the Austrians beyond the Alps, and to unite Northern Italy under a native constitutional sceptre."

The union of Lombardy with Piedmont is an old and cherished project of the Piedmontese. This accounts for several superior officers and noblemen attached to their king having at first joined in the movement. Victor Emmanuel, however, did not approve of the plot.

"The conception of the plan was grand and patriotic, but supposing it to have been executable, the plan was not yet sufficiently mature, and the populations had not had time to become associated with it. The sudden explosion of the Neapolitan revolution obliged the Piedmontese conspirators to precipitate theirs before they had collected all their means. The result was a mere military insurrection, insulated amidst the masses, and unable to cope with the superior forces of Austria. A great number of young men of the first families in the country were at the head of the conspiracy; the motives of most of them were pure and disinterested, as I have heard acknowledged by honorable men who had fought in the opposite ranks."—*Ib.* vol. ii. pp. 108—109.

\* This book we shall probably notice more fully hereafter.



No doubt, the idea of a North-Italian kingdom, extending from the Alps to the Apennines, having Milan and Turin for its capitals, and Genoa and Venice for its seaports, with a population of between nine and ten millions, and extending over one of the most fertile regions in Europe,—such a kingdom is a splendid vision, and, supposing the Austrians out of the question, might be realized without any great obstacles from localities, or from the various populations themselves. There is no natural frontier between Piedmont and Lombardy: the same great river waters both, and receives its affluents from both the Alps and Apennines; and Parma, Modena, and the Legations are natural parts of the same region. The idea of such a union is much more plausible than the startling one of melting down all the Italian populations, even unto Calabria and Sicily, into one great state, and that state a republic! Why, it would require a stern unbending despotism of a quarter of a century at least in order to amalgamate Neapolitans and Sicilians with the Milanese; Romans and Tuscans with the Piedmontese. The great cities of the south are interested against such a scheme. The climate, the localities, the character of the populations, are too essentially different. Naples has been for eight hundred years a kingdom by itself; its boundaries have never varied; during the two hundred years it was subject to the crown of Spain it suffered greatly, but its national character remained; the habits, manners, feelings, local institutions, are based upon its entity as a distinct country. With seven millions and a half of inhabitants, a splendid capital, which ranks the third in Europe, a soil rich in all the productions of the south, and an immense line of coast, the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, placed between Europe and Africa and on the threshold of the Levant, has within itself all the elements of prosperity, and a distinct political orbit assigned to it by nature itself. This, however, should not exclude a federal bond between it and the rest of the Peninsula.

Analogous reasons militate against the amalgamation of Tuscany and Rome with either Naples or North Italy, but there exists not the same repulsive force between Tuscany and Rome; they were both once in the boundaries of Italia proper, as far as the Rubicon.

Ever since the close of the middle ages, the political tendency of Italy has been to form great divisions: numbers of diminutive principalities and republics have grad-

ually disappeared, by being incorporated with their neighbors. Out of these amalgamations, the Sardinian monarchy, Lombardy, Tuscany, and the Papal State have been formed. The same progressive course would point to the ultimate formation of three great Italian states, North, Centre, and South. Each of these three divisions contains within itself sufficient elements of greatness, both material and moral; each has its own historical associations, and its own peculiar character, physical and moral, while the parts composing each have sufficient homogeneity. These are mere speculations concerning events still buried in the womb of futurity, but if people will speculate upon such things, they ought at least to reason according to probabilities, according to natural causes and effects and historical experience; they would thus produce a new idea of something satisfactory and plausible, to which the attention of men might turn itself in time.

Our notice of M. Dal Pozzo's work, and "the celebrity (which it seems) we have thereby imparted to it," have impelled into the lists with him a volunteer champion of the liberal cause on this side of the Channel, to whose productions we should have felt disposed to pay greater attention, had the author's facts, his arguments, or his eloquence (which last is eminently of the invective kind) been at all upon a par with his skill in calling names, in which he has attained a proficiency only to be ascribed to native talent or long practice. For the vituperation which he has bestowed upon ourselves we readily forgive him, seeing that the motives for it exist so completely in his own imagination. Of him we shall only say in return, that we believe him to be a sincere, however intemperate, partisan.

The object of this pamphlet\* is directly opposed to that of Count Dal Pozzo's book, and in entire conformity with the spirit and maxims of *La Giovine Italia*, to the editor of which it is dedicated; it is almost superfluous therefore to say, that the author preaches to his countrymen eternal war with Austria—that he advocates the union of all Italy under one government—and that government a republic. Of his

\* "Strictures on the Publication of Count Dal Pozzo . . . . with some Remarks on the Foreign Quarterly Review. By P. A." London, 1834. The author describes himself as an Italian—twenty-five years absent from his native country, during twenty of which he has been constantly resident in England: circumstances sufficient of themselves to deprive his testimony—if he had any to give, which he has not—of all weight whatever.



style of reasoning an extract or two will enable our readers to judge.

After saying that "a republican government must rest on the basis of genuine virtue, of which the annals of the world do not offer a single specimen," p. 72, after expressing his dread of a financial and commercial aristocracy, and his reverence for the aristocracy of rank in England; after abusing in good set terms the people of the Stock Exchange, and showing a liberal contempt for "bakers, stationers, cheesemongers, *et hoc genus omne*, who have laid out part of their rapidly gotten fortunes, not in assisting charitable institutions and founding new ones, not in improving the city of London, but in obtaining a title (!)" the writer decides that republican institutions are not suited to England, and, *à fortiori*, still less suited "to the volatile French nation, where the unquenchable thirst for sensual pleasures—the *esprit de bagatelle* which presides over all their most serious pursuits, and their (the French) conscientious suberviency to the tenets of Rome (!) form the counterpart of the sobriety, firmness of purpose, simplicity of manner, and stern morality of genuine republicanism."—p. 79. And all these requisites, which are wanting in the French and English, are, it would seem, met with in Italy, among the abstemious, platonic, self-denying, primitive populations of Milan, Venice, Turin, Florence, Genoa, Bologna, Rome, Naples, Palermo, &c.—among the ascetic loungers of the Corso or Toledo, the disinterested frequenters of the Porto Franco or Piazza Banchi of Genoa, or the Via Grande at Leghorn. There is no taste whatever for sensual pleasures in those places; no desire of making money; no personal ambition, *ambizione di primeggiare*, which poor Bossi has pointed out as a characteristic of the Italians, time out of memory; no luxury, no epicurism: a Spartan-like simplicity pervades the land. This is the inference we must draw, as our author concludes that a republic, the qualifications for which he has just stated, "appears to him the most suitable of all governments for the Italians."—p. 81.

But we had forgotten another qualification for this republican government: "No religion at present exists in Italy, (so at least this Italian asserts,) a consequence of the too long prevalence of a sanguinary sect; but there exists in the minds of the Italians a sincere, nay, an impatient desire, to adopt Christianity as it came from the mouth of its divine founder." Does he really mean that the masses of the va-

rious people of Italy, the agricultural populations, the industrious classes in the cities, the inhabitants of the Apennines, or the seafaring people of the coasts, does he mean that they are ready to abjure catholicism and turn evangelicals? And this same writer had said above, that the French are conscientiously subservient to the tenets of Rome! Verily, he seems to know the one of the two nations as intimately as the other. His motto is *delen-da est Roma!* and he thus addresses his countrymen:—

"Swear an eternal, uncompromising hatred to the Church of Rome, the only source of all the evils which for centuries past have desolated your fine illustrious country. . . . Be convinced—that liberty and papistry are irreconcilable enemies. . . . Do not grant your oppressors any other peace than the peace of the grave. Our swords are our plenipotentiaries, our hatred to tyranny our counsellor, the spirit of the age our ally, revenge our leader, our historical character the trustee of our hopes, Providence our supreme guide. The struggle may be long, the events of various vicissitudes, the decimations of our citizens immense, but Greece, Spain, and Portugal have bled profusely, and their veins are now filled with a renovated and vigorous blood."—p. 62.

Now these are precisely the sentiments, this is the political enthusiasm, some would call it fanaticism, which we have said we doubted, as we still doubt, whether they would find an echo in the breasts of one thousandth part of the people in Italy. We even doubt whether any very considerable number of Italian liberals would assent to such sentiments and views. It is now well understood, that the *exaltados* of Spain in 1822-3 did not represent the feelings of the Spanish people. Our position as writers in an English journal places us far from the heated atmosphere of foreign political clubs and coteries, and makes it our duty to tell our readers that which we, after mature investigation, believe to be the truth; this requires us to listen to the reports of the different parties, without relying implicitly upon any of them; to compare conflicting statements, weigh authorities, discard exaggerations, and discriminate between authenticated facts and vague surmises. This we have endeavored till now conscientiously to do with regard to the various political questions which we have had occasion to discuss. On the subject of Italy we have stated our *opinion*; our *wishes* are out of the question in such a case. We think that all arguments concerning that country which are based upon the position that Italy is but one nation—which it never has been—and ought to have but one government, must lead to vague and unprofitable discussion. It is



judging of things in *esse*, from an assumption of things in *posse*. One might as well judge of Prussia, Saxony, Hanover, Hesse, and Würtemberg, all in the lump. That because Italy is not united, all its governments must be bad, is not self-evident proposition; neither is it by any means clear that, because its governments are bad, supposing them to be so, the union of all its provinces under one rule is the only remedy for its misgovernment. At all events, it is necessary to prove, first, that all its governments are bad, and this can only be done by examining them separately, and with respect to the wants and wishes of their respective populations; and secondly, that the condition of each would be improved by melting them all into one, a thing we very much question. Some people affect to look with disdain upon such small states as Tuscany, Rome, Sardinia, and Naples, as if they could not support an honorable and independent political existence. And yet Holland has not so many inhabitants as the Papal state; Denmark has not one third more population than Tuscany; Portugal and Sweden are neither of them so populous as the Sardinian monarchy, and not one half so populous as the kingdom of the Two Sicilies; and yet Sweden, Portugal, Denmark and Holland have all maintained their independence for ages, and acted a not inglorious part in history. We think that the Italian States might be very happy and prosperous as separate states: we think that some of them are now as happy and prosperous as most other countries in Europe, and that they ought to avoid above all to endanger their national existence by meddling with foreign powers, or giving them a pretence for interfering in their affairs. M. Dal Pozzo hints, and only hints, at the possibility of Central Italy forming one kingdom with Lombardy, under the crown of Austria; we did not support such a speculation in our former article, nor do we at present. It is a mere *projet*, which we think neither practicable nor advantageous. But that which Dal Pozzo chiefly insisted upon, is, that the actual Italian subjects of Austria, the people of Lombardy and Venice, might have added to their material comforts, had they for the last twenty years met their government in a spirit of cordiality and frankness, instead of ineffectually plotting and conspiring against it. We see no chance at present of Austria being compelled to give up Lombardy, nor do we conceive that the Italians of other states feel under any positive obligation to wage a "war to

the knife" in order to compel her to do so. It appears to us that any threat or attack of this kind would only afford, as it has already afforded three times, a pretence to Austria for interfering in the internal politics of the other states. But our business is to correct statistical fallacies, rather than to speculate upon future political contingencies.

As a sequel to his late production, and also to show his readiness to hear the other side of the question, M. Dal Pozzo has, we see, recently published a prospectus, offering a prize of a gold medal of a thousand francs value for "the best treatise either *for* or *against* his late work, or which may point out the best and most practicable means of securing the happiness of the Italians." The treatises must be written either in Italian, French, or English, and delivered before the end of March next at his house, No. 1, Rue St. Croix d'Antin, Paris. The decision upon the merits of the essays will be entrusted to some academy or literary society, or to a jury of five or seven members of unexceptionable character and reputation. We suspect the author of the English pamphlet we have just noticed will not have much chance of obtaining the prize. In the notes accompanying this prospectus, M. Dal Pozzo refutes several attacks of the liberals, and complains of their intolerance. One of his former friends wrote to him, "that he had not read his work, because the title alone was enough for him to condemn it," and at the same time reproached him with "having trampled upon the most sacred sentiments of the Italians, with having insulted justice and truth, &c." M. Dal Pozzo must know that his is not the first book that has been condemned without being read. Some of the French journals have, it seems, judged his production upon similar grounds. Another friend writes to him from Milan, that a great difference of opinion prevails about his book; that those who judge without passion find much truth and sound sense in it, but that it will have no effect, because the advice which Count Dal Pozzo gives to the Austrian government will not be adopted, as the Aulic Councilors follow their old state maxims, and are opposed to all innovation. "French writers," continues M. Dal Pozzo's correspondent, "call the Aulic Council *vermoulu*, 'worm-eaten,' but this worm-eaten council still maintains itself, whilst other cabinets and administrations spring up and fall like the insects of a summer's day, which example, probably, induces our



Aulic Councillors to persevere in the same path they have always trodden." Count Dal Pozzo exposes also a perversion of the text of the famous Austrian Catechism, which has gone the round of the liberal journals. He quotes the words of the text in their proper order, which modify considerably the servile meaning that has been ascribed to them.

ART. IV.—1. *Eloge de M. le Baron Cuvier*. Par C. L. Laurillard, Conservateur du Cabinet d'Anatomie au Museum d'Histoire Naturelle de Paris. 1833. 8vo.

2. *Notice Historique sur les Ouvrages de M. le Baron Cuvier*. Par G. L. Duvernoy, D. M. P. &c. &c. 1833. 8vo.

3. *Eloge du Baron Cuvier*. Par M. E. Pariset, Secrétaire Perpétuel de l'Académie Royale de Médecine. 1833. 8vo.

4. *Mémoires sur le Baron Georges Cuvier, publiés en Anglais* par Mistress Lee, *et en Français* par M. Théodore Lacordaire. 1833. 8vo.

No private death within our recollection occasioned a more deep, general, and permanent concern than that of the eminent person to record the particulars of whose life the above works have been written. For a time after it occurred, a feeling was left in men's minds as if the very course of natural science must be arrested by it; and vain as such a feeling must be—for the course of science can never wholly depend upon any individual, however wonderfully endowed—it not unnaturally arose out of the impression which so capacious an intellect as that of Cuvier made on the age in which its manifestation was permitted.

A long cessation of the rude excitements incidental to a state of war has left men more open to such impressions, and to the true glories of science an undisputed claim. Our enthusiasm now waits on the merits of the improvers of knowledge, and the fact speaks well for the age of which it embodies the character. To follow with eagerness the unavoidable devastations and outrages of conquest, to peruse with savage wonder the daily reports of all that legal carnage and unrestrained physical force can effect upon mankind, is no longer the accustomed occupation of a large part of the thinking world. After a

quarter of a century of military glory, nations have leisure to ask to what end their triumphs have led, and what increase of happiness, what social blessings, have been purchased by so much bloodshed. The conquests which now excite our interest are those achieved in the fields of science, where victory scatters flowers and fruits—is not followed by exactions and sorrows that wring comfort from human hearts, but by happiness and pure delights. The force of which we now contemplate the prodigious effects, is that of the instructed mind of man. We applaud, whilst he lives, the philosopher who reads the heavens and the earth; and we grieve for him when death removes him from the world he improved. We weave the brightest wreath and costliest crown for those who benefit their fellow-creatures, and the fresh leaves adorn their memory unspotted by cruelty and crime.

Certainly, of all those of whom enlightened nations have had to mourn the loss in this age, none was more deserving of their attachment, none did more for them, none performed his duty upon earth more efficiently and with more marked effects, none more advanced the thoughts of the philosophers of his time, or left the influence of his labors more visible on the labors commencing when his own were ending, than Cuvier. He not only lives in his works; but his spirit is yet with us: even in death he is in the front of those who are advancing, and his very remains lead them on to the rich rewards of new discovery.

The journals of science and of literature throughout all Europe have shown the anxiety of different classes of writers to do justice to his greatness. His various acquirements, equally vast and minute; his multiplied labors; his elevated views; his private virtues, have furnished to each admirer so many topics of just eulogy. The naturalist, the moralist, the orator, the statesman, have each acknowledged the sympathy which binds them all to a man in whom every variety of merit seemed to be united, and whose eloquence equally adorned and enforced the philosophy of science and of life. His attached friends, and the pupils who revered and loved him, have felt that the contemplation of such a character charmed and elevated their own, and have lingered over reminiscences, before which all that was mean, or indolent, or unintellectual, fled away. The publications before us are but a few of the offerings laid upon his tomb, but they are sincere and precious. M.



Laurillard, the Conservator of the Cabinet of Anatomy in the Museum of Natural History of Paris, was a co-operator with Cuvier in several of his most important investigations, drew many of the figures which illustrate his works, and is entrusted with the publication of some of his manuscripts. M. Duvernoy is the professor of natural history at Strasburg, and deems no means so powerful to excite a noble enthusiasm in his pupils as that of setting before them Cuvier's example. M. Pariset is a distinguished physician of Paris, who has often been honored with important public commissions, and whose attainments and eloquence render him a proper organ for the expression of admiration and gratitude on the part of a profession to which the labors of the naturalist had presented many valuable facts and opened great generalizations. Mrs. Lee's book, already well known in our own language, is the record of an accomplished friend, who, exhibiting in her appreciation of the writings and public services of Cuvier, a delicacy, a discrimination, an extent of information, and a modesty, most honorable to her sex, has also painted him as he was in private life, and in the bosom of his family, amidst the tranquil occupations of his study, or when sustaining as became him the domestic griefs which in his later years overshadowed him; and she has done this with a fidelity and a pathos to which we think the sympathy and tears of many readers must have borne an unsuspicious testimony.

From these publications might be collected ample biographical materials, which would be read with much interest; but these, for the most part, have already been laid before the English reader. Their perusal has, however, reminded us of Cuvier's claims to be commemorated, not only by those who love science, but by all to whom intellectual excellence, or even the pleasures of an elevated literature, afford any gratification. When death has put a period to the efforts of exalted individuals, exposed even by that exaltation to some misrepresentation, we may reflect, not without profit, on their earliest efforts, on their maturer performances, and on the hopes and thoughts which animated them until death extinguished all that mortal efforts can reach, or left the least perishable results to be transferred to successive minds for slow and complete development. We shall only mention such particulars of Cuvier's life as cannot be separated from a view of his intellectual progress. He was a native of Montbéliard, then the chief town of a principality belonging to the

dukes of Würtemberg. His parents were not in easy circumstances, his father being a half-pay officer, who, after forty years' service, was unable to afford to his son more than the common advantages of provincial school education. At fifty years of age he had married a young and accomplished woman, who became the mother of George Cuvier, and by whom his early years were guarded with affectionate and judicious care. Her more than parental solicitude for his mental improvement justifies us in adding the instance of Cuvier to the many examples of distinguished men who, perhaps, owed a considerable share of their greatness to the attainments and character of a mother of superior understanding. History presents us with numerous instances of this nature, and they seem the more curious when contrasted with an equally well established fact, that the children of very eminent men have seldom been distinguished for ability, and have frequently proved either feeble in mind, or of precocious talents and a fragile and unending frame. In many families rendered illustrious by one great name, the father and grandfather of the distinguished member of the family were men of good understanding, without being brilliant; but after the great man, the line has immediately and sensibly declined. The physiological hypothesis may be, that the offspring of men devoted to the pursuit of fame in arduous paths, are necessarily of imperfect organization; or that there is some law which, permitting an ascending scale of intellect to render families eminent in a generation, checks the vain aspirations after perpetuity of influence, by withdrawing the gift when it has reached a certain elevation, leaving the proud edifice of their fame, which once they flattered themselves would reach the heavens, a mere unfinished monument. However this may be, Cuvier's mother was worthy to bear such a son. She watched over his infirm infancy with the tenderest care, and she saw and directed the development of his wonderful faculties. "The joys of parents," says Bacon, "are secret;" and great, although it may have been unexpressed and inexpressible, must have been the joy of such a mother watching such a son. He was singularly diligent and thoughtful, and when no more than ten years old was not only a delighted reader of Buffon, but faithfully copied all the plates, and colored them according to the descriptions which he read. Accustomed as we are to speak of Cuvier as the great interpreter of the animated parts



of nature, it is a pleasure to read that his affection for this admirable parent was cherished by him to the latest period of his life, and that nothing gave the great philosopher and harassed minister more delight than when some friendly hand had placed in his apartment the flowers which his mother had taught him in his youthful days to love.

An injustice done to his boyish merits caused him to abandon Tübingen, the first place selected for his education, and the church, to which he was then destined. With happier auspices he was sent to the Académie Caroline, under the more especial patronage of Charles, Prince of Würtemberg. This prince, after wasting some years in a vain imitation of the extravagances of Louis IV., devoted much of his time and attention to the promotion of education, and founded the above-mentioned academy at Stuttgard, which, although commonly called the military school, and placed under a kind of military regulation, was in reality a school of public functionaries and statesmen. The young Cuvier's various talents, or rather his vast capacity, which had already become perceptible, were diligently exercised in a wide range of studies, including every subject connected with social and political economy; and to these it was doubtless owing that in after life, when he entered upon so many and such diversified public duties, he was found to be well acquainted with all that he undertook. The pupils of the academy, instructed in every branch of knowledge that was especially useful to men destined to govern or direct the affairs of communities, became in many instances the ministers of the various courts of Germany, and even of that of Russia. Cuvier had acquired an equal knowledge of state affairs; but at Stuttgard, as before and ever after, his chief attention was given to natural history. He read the best authors, collected specimens, and drew and colored insects, birds and plants, in his hours of recreation.

Yet he was again to be the sport of accident. Injustice had alienated him from Tübingen, and the limited circumstances of his family made it necessary for him to remove from Stuttgard before he could be appointed to any public situation. In these circumstances he took what appeared to his companions the desperate resolution of becoming a tutor in a private family (that of the Count d'Héricy) in Normandy.

But as injustice could not prevent the development of his talents, so neither could any combination of unfavorable cir-

cumstances condemn them to indolence or obscurity. As a poor tutor in a retired part of Normandy, at the age of twenty-one, he laid the foundations of that fame which was to fill the ear of the world. The residence of the family, of which he had the charge of the only son, was not distant from the sea, and the study of marine animals became a part of his occupation. Even then he was enabled to make the fossil remains found in the neighborhood, no longer mere objects of wonder, eloquently instructive, revealing something of the ancient history of the mysterious earth. He compared the living species of sea-animals with those found in digging the earth; and the dissection of a species of cuttle-fish led him to study the anatomy of molluscous animals. Whilst making diligent records of knowledge for his own use, he was actually rectifying the mistakes or oversights of naturalists of the highest name, and reducing the classification of the lower forms of animals heretofore in confusion, to lucid orders.

We can only pretend to trace the leading events which favored the development of M. Cuvier's talents, and would refrain, with whatever difficulty, from encroaching on the task of his biographer, to whose pages we must refer the reader for innumerable particulars highly deserving of perusal and reflection. Among the relaxations of his situation, M. Cuvier, thus devoting some years to tranquil study, whilst all France was agitated with intestine commotions, gave some of his attention to a society established at that period at Fécamp, not for political discussions, but for the encouragement of agriculture.

About the same time, at the end of 1794, the venerable author of the articles on Agriculture in the *Encyclopédie Méthodique*, desirous to escape the tyranny which persecuted him, took upon himself the duties of physician-in-chief of the hospital at Fécamp, according to M. Pariset; but by Mrs. Lee's account, those of a regimental surgeon, to avoid the discovery of his obnoxious title of Abbé. Hearing that a society was formed in the place for the promotion of his favorite science, he attended one of its meetings, and took a part in the discussions. Cuvier recognised the opinions and expressions which he had read in the *Encyclopédie*, and at the termination of the sitting, advancing to the new speaker, took his hand and saluted him as M. l'Abbé Tessier. The alarm of M. Tessier was considerable, but uncalled for, for in Cuvier he had found a generous admirer and a friend. Becoming ac-



quainted with the various acquirements of his new acquaintance, and with his performances, M. Tessier wrote concerning him to the celebrated Jussieu in the warmest terms of admiration, "At the sight of this young man," he said, "I experienced the delight of the philosopher who was thrown on an unknown shore, and saw traced there the figures of geometry. M. Cuvier is as a violet which was concealed among common herbs. He knows much; he draws figures for your work. I have begged him to give botanical lectures this summer; he has agreed to do so, and I congratulate the students of your hospital that he consents, for he demonstrates with much method and clearness. I doubt your finding a more able person for comparative anatomy. It is a pearl worthy of being gathered by you. I contributed to draw M. Delambre from his retreat; help me to draw M. Cuvier from his; he is made for science and the world."

These warm and kind expressions, very honorable to M. Tessier's feelings, not less so to his discrimination, and amply justified by the event. The immediate results were the transmission of some of M. Cuvier's papers to Paris, and his adoption, as a corresponding member, into the Society of Natural History of that city. Thus, observes M. Pariset, before visiting the capital, Cuvier belonged to it by the ties of knowledge and of friendship.

In a few months afterwards, being then twenty-six years of age, Cuvier removed to Paris, and soon became the colleague of M. Mertrud in the newly created chair of comparative anatomy at the Jardin des Plantes, which locality was from that time his home, and the spot in which he advanced to immortal celebrity. It was in the few months' interval which passed between his arrival at Paris and the obtaining of this appointment that he read several papers to the Philomathic and Natural History Societies on the anatomy of the mollusca, of insects, and of zoophytes; papers which caused him at once to be ranked with the most distinguished naturalists, and led to his obtaining the appointments to which he subsequently did so much honor. These papers were but the commencement of a long and brilliant career, created solely by his genius and industry.

"When his first writings made their appearance," says M. Laurillard, "probably no naturalist conceived that zoology could still give lustre to any name. It seemed, in fact, as if Linneus, by his precise and easy method, and Buffon, by his animated descriptions, his bold views, and the conjunction, before unknown, of science with eloquence, had ex-

hausted the subject: but to the man of genius nature is an exhaustless source of study and meditation. By applying the principles of the natural method to the classification of animals, M. Cuvier ran a zoological career not less brilliant and extensive than that of those two great men.

"Up to his day comparative anatomy, although it had occupied the attention of Camper, of Blumenbach, Hunter, Daubenton, and Vicq d'Azyr, had been little more than an object of curiosity, or of dissertations of more or less ingenuity. M. Cuvier contrived to make it a science which became in his hands the basis of natural history, and the abundant source of physiological truths.

"The labors of Saussure, of Deluc, of Pallas, and of Werner, seemed to have carried geology to its great perfection as it could attain: M. Cuvier, by the discovery of a species of monuments which living nature had left in the interior of the globe, created a new order of ideas in this science, of which the fertile results have changed the character of its philosophy."

—Eloge, p. 6.

M. Cuvier's contributions to natural history in this early period of his Parisian life, remarkable as they were as proofs of industry, were so much more so as indications of profound sagacity, that the most accredited systems tottered to their base. Even that of Linnæus was found to be incorrect in its first classes, and utterly erroneous in that of insects and worms, when tried by the test of the natural method, already applied by Jussieu to the science of botany.

On looking back at the career of men who have risen by successive performances to the highest distinction, the obstacles against which those performances were achieved are so faintly seen amidst the splendor which they produced, that part of the lesson is lost to subsequent aspirers, who, feeling the pressure of difficulties of all kinds, and seeing the temple of fame shining afar off, on a steep all but inaccessible, forget, or do not know, that those whose names adorn that temple once felt all that now harrasses their minds, or clouds the prospect before them. Many professed lovers of natural history resign themselves to inactivity, because they live in the country, and have no coadjutors, or no collections, or few, to resort to. Such persons should remember how much Cuvier accomplished in Normandy; that he became acquainted with all the fishes of that coast, and all the shells, in years of early obscurity, and without pecuniary resources; that a collection having been fortunately made by a resident of Fécamp, every specimen it contained was carefully drawn by him; and that these were in reality the foundations of all that has since given imperishable lustre to his name. Great as was the reputation which Cuvier lived to enjoy, no characteristic of him is more striking than his early and high dis-



tion; for it is evident that before he left the retirement of Normandy, he had already taken a very extensive view of the animal creation; and had read, with the eye of one destined to be the master of that science, the works of all the greatest naturalists. His letters, written from that retreat, exhibit the first outlines of great designs; and before he became personally known to the philosophers at Paris, he had arrived at those profound views which first guided his classification of the lowest classes of animals, to the exclusion of the most prevalent systems of the day. Thus when he appeared in Paris, it was but to be everywhere heard with delight and conviction, and honored with applause and appointments. In the midst of these triumphs, however, his frame was frail and sickly, the exertion of lecturing wearied him, and everything led to the apprehension that his brilliant course would be prematurely concluded. At the same time, the state of his circumstances was far from satisfactory. He had no private fortune, and the government of France was so unsettled, that the stipend attached to his appointments, and on which he and his aged father depended for support, was not regularly paid. "Do not imagine," he says, in one of his letters to his friend Hermann of Strasburg, who had congratulated him on the advantages he enjoyed in Paris, "that Paris is so much favored. Twelve months' arrears are due to the Jardin des Plantes and to all the national establishments of instruction of Paris, as well as of Strasburg; and if we envy the elephants, it is not because they are better paid than us, but because, if they live, like us, upon credit, they at least know nothing about it, and escape the chagrin it occasions us. You know they say of the French that they sing when they have no money. We savans, who are not musicians, apply ourselves to science instead of singing, and it comes to the same thing. Believe me, my dear friend, this French philosophy is worth as much as that of Wolff, or even that of Kant; and you are even better able to profit by it than we are, as you can still buy fine books, and even artificial anatomical models, which are in this way articles of luxury." The allusion in the latter part of this extract is to the acquisition by the University of Strasburg of the work of Poli, entitled *Testacea utriusque Siciliae*, accompanied by illustrative models in wax, of which he adds there was at that time only one copy in all Paris. It is doubly useful to quote these instances

of the difficulties which beset even the brilliant path on which Cuvier entered from the moment he reached Paris; for his manner of noticing some of them, and perhaps the worst, shows that if he were not insensible to their pressure, he knew where to find their most certain alleviation.

Natural history may be said to be altogether a science of modern creation. The great name of Aristotle stands almost by itself among the Greeks in this department, and even the spectacle of the rare animals of Asia and Africa, which graced the gorgeous conquests of Rome, failed in exciting the Roman philosophers to the study of their forms and nature. Pliny, alone, made, with little success, the ambitious attempt to classify animals, as well as the other productions of nature. A long interval in the history of man is to be passed over, before, arriving at the age of Redi, of Swammerdam, of Lister, of Willughby, and of Ray, we see natural history taking the form of a system. Linnaeus, when yet a young man, conceived the bold design of arranging anew all natural productions. His genius was equally profound and exact; he advanced to his great task with the devout feelings which should always accompany and elevate those who presume to interpret the works of nature, and he pursued his exalted studies, unshaken by the numerous and even malignant invectives which were directed against him. Availing himself largely of the labors of the celebrated men whose names we have just mentioned, in his hands natural history assumed more of the form of a regular science. His enthusiastic pupils carried the fame, and something of the spirit of their master, throughout Europe, and numerous institutions arose for the promotion of the science, of which he had made them the zealous cultivators.

Buffon, his brilliant cotemporary, lent to science the rare attractions of a lively fancy, which sought to clothe its images in expressions so eloquent and so felicitous, that not even the superior exactness of his successors or rivals was proof against their power to move and to enchant. Without the minute correctness of Linnaeus, his mind embraced wider, perhaps sublimer generalities; whilst the defects associated with this cast of his mind were supplied by the laborious accuracy of his coadjutor, Daubenton.

Not pretending to enumerate every intervening laborer in the same track, which many celebrated names now began to il-



lumine, it may be strictly said, that the general arrangement of natural objects by these two great men was the one commonly followed when Cuvier first appeared in Paris, and that the silent labors which preceded that appearance had already prepared the way for an improved classification, so philosophical and just as to be at once and universally adopted.

It had happened (we believe we may use that expression) that the attention of Cuvier, when in Normandy, had been directed precisely to those parts of zoology which the inquiries of preceding zoologists had left the most imperfectly investigated—the mollusca, vermes, and zoophytes. All these were included in one class by Linnæus, the class of *vermes*, consisting of five orders, the intestina, mollusca, testacea, zoophyta, and infusoria. This arrangement, dependent chiefly on that which had been the basis of Ray's classification, the differences in the respiratory and circulating systems, was materially modified by Cuvier, who based his distinctions of animals principally on their properties of sensation and motion, the most marked attributes of animals. He was the first to show the intimate and general relations subsisting between the respiratory function, the motive powers, the forms of the skeleton and muscles, and the sensations and digestion; relations comprehending the totality or *entirety* of their properties, and leading to a true natural method of arrangement. Seeing that systems founded on any single organ, or on the most conspicuous varieties of external form, were insufficient to the arrangement of animals, according to their degrees of affinity, he applied to zoology principles analogous to those of the natural method, then recently introduced into botany, and which consisted in the distribution of the facts of a science into propositions so graduated and subordinate in their generalities, that their totality was the expression of the real relations of the objects. Thus proceeding, he established, as it were, the subordination of the respiratory and circulating systems, with all the properties implied by their amplification in different orders of animals, to the nervous system, in which the primary character of each living creature is written. These views had caused him, at the period of life, of which we are now speaking, and in the very beginning of his career, to remove the mollusca from the class of vermes, where Linnæus had placed them, to the head of the animals destitute of vertebrae,

to which place their superior organization entitled them. Observation subsequently taught him, that certain species of the mollusca which had been indiscriminately denominated white-blooded, had red blood, and a circulating system; he collected them into a distinct class, the *annelides*; still correctly included, in conformity to his general view, among the invertebrated animals, although previously both incorrectly classified and designated. The best proof of the correctness of the principle of M. Cuvier's classification is, that in the progress of his observations it became confirmed by a wider application, and the principle of the masterly arrangement of his great work on the Animal Kingdom. The *Tableau Élémentaire* announced the principles kept in view in the *Règne Animal*, and their further elucidation in his projected work entitled *Grande Anatomie Comparée*, (for which all the previous labors of his life were but a preparation,) was only prevented by his death. He caught an early glimpse of a great truth which illumined all his inquiries, and throughout all his researches he ever kept it in sight.

His discovery of the red blood of the leech, and the other animals which he grouped in the class *annelides*, was made in 1796; and in the year following he read his celebrated memoir on the nutrition of insects, in which he showed the manner in which respiration was carried on by tracheæ, and absorption by imbibition, a necessary consequence of their want of circulation, which memoir led to the subsequent separation of these from the other articulated animals.

Whilst he was advancing, by these contributions to knowledge, to the fame of a great naturalist, it may be observed, that he evinced no wish to throw into ungrateful obscurity the great reputations which his own was eventually to transcend. In proceeding to treat of any of the great subjects which occupied him, his first care seems ever to have been to set before the reader the merits of his predecessors: he shows what they performed, and how far all who succeeded were indebted to them. Throughout each of his works his frequent acknowledgments of the aid derived from the observations of others, show the candor of a great mind, zealous for truth, and truth alone.

The epoch of his removal to Paris was precisely that in which the arts and sciences, and social order, were beginning to be re-established after the convulsions of



the revolution; and although the military prowess of France for many years afterwards continued to occupy the thoughts of the population of that country, yet institutions arose favorable to science, and the cradle of great philosophers. The National Institute, one of the noblest societies of Europe, in which three of the previously existing academies were merged, was founded in 1796; M. Cuvier was one of the original members, and for more than thirty years held, among the great men who assembled in it, no undistinguished rank. His appointment in the Jardin des Plantes had now fixed him in the midst of those objects to which his life would have been devoted by inclination; and from the day of his appointment to the day of his death, his labors were devoted to forming and completing the collections of which it can now boast, and which, when considered with regard to their arrangement, as well as extent, may be pronounced unrivalled. Of the innumerable travellers who have walked through the museums of the Jardin des Plantes, during the last twenty years, the number of those prepared by previous studies to appreciate the treasures there thrown open to them, has not been, perhaps, very great in proportion to the mass; but those who have, with something like a systematic observation, traced the objects contained in those fifteen rooms, and have examined the specimens in the anatomical department, according to their arrangement, and with reference to physiology, are alone enabled to form some estimate of the life and labors of Cuvier. The view of these specimens, opened to the gaze of travellers after the peace of 1814, broke up the slumber of many old institutions; caused the venerable dust to disappear from among neglected specimens in almost forgotten cases in other countries; and gave origin to many new societies, now contributing to spread a love of natural history through all ranks of the people. Nor should it be forgotten, by those who despair of emulating such a collection, that the museum of comparative anatomy, when Cuvier first undertook its superintendence, consisted of but a few skeletons, tied up like so many faggots, and put away in obscure places; on which foundation he soon so far advanced the collection, that its further enlargement was carried on without opposition.

Many circumstances favored the rapid increase of the specimens. Wherever enterprise or the love of glory led the warriors of France, it was their pride to

collect whatever might enrich the growing collections of their beloved Paris; and, under the directions of Cuvier, the numerous contributions thus received were arranged according to the system which his eloquent lectures explained. By labors which knew little intermission, and with the help of these daily increasing stores, he was enabled, observes M. Laurillard, to lay the foundations of comparative anatomy; to make the discovery of ancient zoology, and to introduce a reform throughout the whole series of the animal kingdom: a reform commenced in the outline of his lectures at the central school of the Pantheon, and finally completed in his great work entitled *Règne Animal*.

"In these works, setting out from these principles, (now, thanks to his perseverance and to the influence which his ideas have acquired, generally known) that the natural history of a being is a knowledge of all its relations, of all the properties of that being, and that the whole of its organization should serve to assign it a place in a methodical arrangement; he concluded that anatomy and physiology should form the basis of zoology, and that the most general and constant fact in the organization should determine its grand divisions, and the least general and most variable facts, the secondary divisions. He thus established a subordination of characters which ought to be, and alone can be, the principle of a natural method; that is to say, of such a method of arrangement of beings that the place occupied by each of them gives a general idea of its organization and of the relations which connect it with all the others; a method which he regarded as science itself reduced to its most simple expression.

"Thus examining the modifications of the organs of circulation, respiration, and the sensations throughout the animal kingdom, instead of the six classes of Linnæus, namely, quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, fishes, insects, and worms, M. Cuvier established four great types,—vertebrated animals, molluscous animals, articulated animals, and radiated animals, which he calls *embranchemens*, and divides into classes of nearly equal value with those long established among the vertebrated animals.

"This was very much to raise the importance of the inferior classes; but already, since the time of Linnæus, it had become understood that neither size nor utility should enter into the computation in scientific distributions; and the justness of the reasons by which M. Cuvier supported his views caused them to be generally adopted. Hardly a murmur was heard in favor of the old classifications. We have, indeed, so little knowledge of the views of the Author of Nature, that the animals which appear to us to be of small importance with relation to ourselves, are perhaps as necessary to the general plan of the Creator as those which we place at the top of the scale of beings."—Laurillard, p. 12.

Cuvier had not been more than four years at the Jardin des Plantes before he commenced his *Lectures on Comparative Anatomy*, a work which had become indispensable to his numerous pupils; and in the course of five more years that invaluable work was brought to a conclusion. These lectures were delivered from



notes, and with a persuasive eloquence quite unrivalled. His skill in delineating forms was so great, and the representations thus rapidly produced from memory were so exact, that it seemed to his pupils as if, instead of drawing, he had called the objects into an actual existence. It was with the assistance of M. Duméril and M. Duvernoy that these admirable lessons assumed the more durable form of a published work; and it was whilst preparing these lectures, in which, instead of considering the anatomy of each animal separately, every organ of the whole series of animals is examined in succession, that he devoted himself also to the formation of that museum of comparative anatomy which remains amongst the noblest monuments to his memory. The method of following each organ through all the series of animals, in order to deduce a general theory of their functions, evidently prepared him, and more especially in the contemplation of the vertebrated animals, for the discovery of an order of facts illustrative of the theory of the earth, upon which he threw, as is well known, at a subsequent period, so brilliant a light. By this route he attained to that impressive conclusion, not reached by previous naturalists whose attention had been directed to fossil bones, that these remains of animals belonged to extinct races, differing from those which now exist; and his researches further led to establish the fact, before unsuspected, that the differences between fossil and existing animals increase with the age of the strata in which they are discovered; and that these differences constitute a kind of chronological table of the different earths. Every geological student knows with what interest that study has been invested by these discoveries, to which indeed it owes much of its present popularity.

The fossils found in the most ancient layers had previously attracted attention, and served to feed the fancies of speculative observers with vague theories of their origin; but the fossils of later origin, which were the most likely to dissipate some of the obscurity attending the more ancient deposits, had attracted inadequate notice. It was only by the combination of mineralogical observation and the sciences relating to organic structures that the successive eras of the earth were made more clearly apparent. Surveyed with these helps, the most superficial strata became the most instructive; and they have been subsequently rendered familiar to us, not only by the labors of Cuvier and

Brongniart, but especially by the accurate and interesting descriptions of Professor Buckland, who has done more than any other geologist in this country to render this branch of study generally interesting. The diluvial deposits of mud and clayey sand, mixed with round flints, transported from other countries, and filled with fossil remains of large land animals, for the most part unknown, or foreign to the countries in which they are found—these vast deposits which cover so many plains, and fill the bottoms of caverns and clefts of rocks, deposits which took place when the hippopotamus, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the horse, the ox, and the deer were the prey, even in our climate and soil of England, of the hyena and the tiger—have been carefully distinguished from the alluvial deposits: containing the remains of animals common to the country in which they are found; and are now regarded as the most convincing proofs of an immense and ancient inundation. The alternate fresh and salt water formations between this diluvium and the chalk have been accurately discriminated; and more particularly the great fresh water deposit, the gypsum, in the neighborhood of Paris, in which, besides complete skeletons of many species of birds, entire genera of land animals have been discovered which have been found nowhere else; and which, as well as the trunks of palm trees and other productions of a tropical climate, with the bed which envelopes them, repose on a marine formation no less productive of shells, chiefly of unknown species. Bones of reptiles lie beneath this marine layer of crocodiles and tortoises: but the mammiferous remains do not occur, and at the era of this layer did not exist, at least in that situation. Beneath this last freshwater formation lies the chalk. But it is above this chalk formation, and between it and the era of the general deluge, that the explanation of the earth's history has been sought and found. Far beneath the chalk have been found, and chiefly in England, the remains of gigantic reptiles, crocodiles, pterodactyls, the ichthyosaurus, the plesiosaurus, the megalosaurus, and others of the lizard tribe, the remains of an ancient era equally distinct. Lower than these are laid the vast deposits of former vegetables, coal retaining the impressions of palms and ferns, which show that even at those depths there once was dry land and vegetation, although no bones of quadrupeds are found there; whilst lower still, the naturalist traces the first forms of existence, the crustaceous animals, zoophytes



and mollusca of a world yet almost inert and lifeless.

This department of inquiry is one in which Cuvier reaped an undisputed fame. A long line of distinguished naturalists, down to our own Hunter, had prepared the way for his arrangement of the individuals of the animal kingdom; and his claim to the highest honors as a systematic naturalist may be and has been disputed; but the particular mode of surveying the composition or structure of the subjects of that extensive kingdom, the persevering research pursued in conformity to that mode, and its application to the fossil remains which had before been little more than objects of marvel, opened a new and rare volume to the reader of nature—a book sealed until his time—hieroglyphics solemn and instructive, but illegible until he surveyed them.

Before Cuvier, naturalists would seem to have been deterred from the attempt to classify the fossil bones of quadrupeds by the extreme difficulty attending it. The remains of other forms of animals, and the remains of vegetables, were less incomplete and less repulsive; and it was seen and acknowledged that they belonged to species either now unknown, or unknown in the regions of the earth in which the fossils occurred. So much concerning them Leibnitz had established; and this knowledge was by Buffon wrought into sublime but premature conjectures. Cuvier advanced to the subject more calmly, well aware of all its bearings, and of their importance, but only therefore so much the more impressed with the necessity of making every step in the investigation of it secure before advancing farther.

From the imperfect fragments of fossil quadrupeds he thus elicited striking testimony of the early changes of the earth's surface, and materials for the history of its first and darkest periods: those periods concerning which even great philosophers had been content before with the wildest speculations. The large deposits of marine fossils, with which observers were previously familiar, did but prove that the surfaces whereon they were found were once the bed of the sea, which tranquilly allowed their accumulation. The discovery of a fossil quadruped in any layer proved the more important circumstance, that that layer must once have been the surface of a firm land, and indicated more and greater changes than a mere retiring and subsidence of waters. Cuvier addressed himself to the arduous task of arranging and describing, or rather of interpreting these quadruped

remains, always less perfect than the marine fossils, presenting faint traces of the original forms to which they belonged, and, even when most complete, being still nothing more than the osseous portion of the structure of animals of which the characters were in other respects as varied as are those of the species now living. Attaching himself to one great principle, the natural relation of forms in organized beings, he conceived that by careful examination each fragment might be made to indicate the whole to which it belonged, and with the system of which it would always be found to have a correspondence. If, he reasoned, the intestinal structure of an animal is prepared for the digestion of flesh, and that recently killed, its jaws must be so constructed as to devour, and its claws so formed as to seize and tear it, and its teeth to cut and divide it: all its structures must be adapted to pursuing and catching its prey, and its perceptive organs must be fitted to discerning that prey afar off. Such must be the general character of carnivorous animals. As the general characters are connected with these general arrangements, so also for the particular characters by which their subdivisions are distinguished, there will still be found suitable arrangements; and the class, the order, the genus, and even the species may thus be determined, although the observer has never seen the animal entire. A jaw of a certain force must have a suitable articulation and a sufficiently large temporal muscle, indicated by the hollow formed in the bone for its reception, and by the convexity of the strong zygomatic arch. An animal which carries off its prey must have strong muscles to raise the head, and the form of the vertebrae or of the muscles attached to them, and of the occiput, must correspond with the intention. Similar reasonings were extended by him to the structure of the teeth, of the claws, of the extremities, of the foot or hoof. The foot-mark became an indication of the structure of the teeth of the unknown animal, of its jaw, its vertebrae, and its general form and frame.

It would be difficult to point out a more beautiful or more successful application of the principles of scientific observation. The results were proportionable to the excellence of the method. Its correctness, from a sense of which Cuvier never allowed the seductions of imagination or the love of mere system to lead him astray, was first and frequently tried on portions of known animals, and afterwards applied



to fossil bones, and in both with a success so remarkable as to appear to justify the term infallible, which, cautious and philosophical as he was, he felt himself warranted in applying to it. His associates of the Institute heard, we are told by M. Pariset, with surprise and doubt the first enumeration of some of these results, and their credulity sometimes only gave way to the accidental discovery of some quadruped, of which Cuvier had adventured the description on the basis of a few fragments.

His extensive, we might perhaps say his universal, acquaintance with the diversities of animal structure actually existing, would have given to the merest conjectures of Cuvier concerning the remains of extinct animals a great degree of weight; but he was not of a disposition to be satisfied with conjectures. He applied to these reliques of an unknown era of the globe the same faculty of close attention, the same industrious research, the same severe comparison, which he had already exercised on the perfect forms of animal existence presented to the senses, and thus assigned to each dim remnant its place in frames no longer seen in perfection, and to each frame or structure, thus rebuilt, its place in nature and its habitation. Thus he became the great antiquary of the earth. He learnt the characters of that obscure time when first this planet became the abode of locomotive organizations; and established an order of facts bearing a date anterior to that of the history of man, and far before the half hidden ages of those ancient empires which have themselves become as much the domain of fable as of history. From the burial of many centuries he called up the forms of things unknown, and made them familiar to the men of the present time, who for once were constrained to admit the evidence of one to whom might almost be applied the designation of the "witness of the deluge."

The results of the investigations instituted by M. Cuvier were twofold. The description of one hundred and sixty-eight fossil vertebrated animals, forming fifty genera, of which fifteen were new, comprehending animals belonging to every order with the exception of the quadruped, was the addition thus made to zoology. What light was also thrown on geology during these researches is briefly and well stated by M. Laurillard:—

"The strata called primitive, on which all the others repose, containing no remains of life, teach us by that circumstance that life has not always existed on our planet. Whether it was that the temperature of the globe was too elevated to permit it, or that the

materials necessary to the support of organic existence were not yet prepared, there was a time when physical forces alone acted on the land and on the sea, in which all the wonders of organization were subsequently developed.

"All organized existences were not created at the same time: vegetables seem to have preceded animals; molluscous animals and fishes appeared before reptiles; and reptiles before the mammalia.

"The species which formed the ancient animal population have been destroyed and replaced by others; and the actual animal population is perhaps the fourth series.

"Geology at length possesses a guide to the obscure labyrinths which it is obliged to tread, and a new method of determining the nature of strata, often established with difficulty by chemical analysis or the order of superposition.

"Besides the general facts which naturally flow from these discoveries, which M. Cuvier discusses with the logical power and intelligence which were characteristic of him, in the Preliminary Discourse of his work, science soon obtained results positively important. For almost as soon as geology had found this guide, it became demonstrated that the stratified layers of the globe's crust were divisible into two classes, one formed by fresh water, and the other in the waters of the sea. This distinction, which could only be effectively made by geology, led to the demonstration of a fact not less curious; namely, that several parts of our earth have been alternately covered by the sea and by fresh water."—p. 20.

In the prosecution of the inquiries which led to these conclusions, now, we believe, generally admitted by philosophers; M. Cuvier was indefatigable. No personal labor or sacrifice was spared. Of the large collection of fossil remains, crowded into one of the rooms in the Museum of the Garden of Plants, many were presented to him, but many were bought, and at no small expense, and placed by him in the public collection without reserve. Surrounded by these collections, he deciphered their characters, and that the sceptical might in all countries satisfy themselves of the correctness of his descriptions and his views, he caused casts of the principal specimens to be made and sent to the different European Museums, from which similar representations of rare specimens were received in exchange.

Whoever, yet a student, burns with the noble desire of emulating such services to science, should carefully peruse the details which M. Cuvier gives in the course of his works of the means by which he achieved them. The care with which he traced every fact, the progress of his ideas from suggestion to conviction, the perseverance, the candor, the modesty of the great inquirer will present the most useful lessons. If the quarries of Montmartre, with their fossil treasures, seem to have been made for him, the diligence with which he explored them affords an example which all may follow in proportion to the opportunities they possess; and still



was no more than he already, with no mean reward of scientific truths, practised on the solitary shores of Normandy. His senses, naturally accurate and faithful in the highest degree, and his judgment, equally calm and profound, had yet been exercised with perseverance on many natural objects before he attained that perspicuity and power of combination which enabled him to construe the smallest traces of animal organization, embedded in blocks of gypsum, and rescued from the destructive operations of the workmen, into the full outline of animals, which his genius thus almost brought back out of the oblivion of ages into freshness and life.

To any one who indulges his solitary thoughts with the hope of enriching any part of the wide domain of natural history, an object eminently worthy of rational and contemplative beings, we would recommend the diligent perusal of the introductory essay of the great work in which the fossil remains are described; known to the English reader as a *Discourse on the Revolutions of the Globe*. Cuvier is there beheld, if we may so say, advancing to his great task with a full consciousness of its extent, and of the additions which would be made by future inquirers even to his own discoveries; but at the same time with the confidence of one who enters on a region which, although obscure and encumbered, he has carefully prepared himself to explore. He designs, from the first, to show the relation between the history of the fossil bones of terrestrial animals, and the theory of the earth; to expose the principles by which the character of those bones was decided; to show how far the species of the animals to which they belonged differ from existing species; to ascertain the influences of time and climate; and thus to demonstrate that the differences must have been connected with extraordinary events as their causes. On these observations he builds up a new system of the ancient earth, not the offspring of fancy, but the result of philosophical induction from facts carefully established; and which will bear the test of comparison with all the civil and religious records of man.

From remarks made on phenomena common to all localities, but described by him with singular clearness and grace, he leads the reader to the view of the most stupendous movements which the earth has undergone. He shows that these changes must have been numerous and sudden; that some took place before there

were living beings on the globe we inhabit, and some after it was inhabited. By an examination of the causes now in operation effecting changes in the earth's surface, he went far to show that none of these could have produced such changes as the structure of the earth proves it to have undergone. Briefly reviewing previous theories, he points out the great error of them all; the omission of some facts, the assumption of others, and the consequent fallacy of the conclusions. Doing no injustice to the great geologists who had already surveyed the mineral character of the earth with such admirable care, as Saussure and Werner, the first of whom had studied it among the sublime illustrations of the primitive and secondary layers afforded by the Alps; and the latter in the oldest mines, where were less confusedly written the laws relating to the succession of layers; he points out that neither of them had determined the fossil organic remains in each variety of layer with sufficient exactness; whilst the naturalist, who had paid more attention to the remains and described many of them, had neglected for the most part to consider the general laws which regulated their position; and the relation of certain fossils to certain layers.

To accomplish this, indeed, required a combination of kinds of knowledge not often possessed by one individual; a power of comprehending almost infinite details; and of taking the most enlarged survey of their relations; the observation of a naturalist in the widest acceptation, and the profound meditation of a mind of the most philosophical order.

After explaining the importance of fossils in relation to geology; and of the fossil bones of quadrupeds in particular, the application of which to the subject we have already noticed, he enters with much learning on an inquiry respecting the probable existence of species on the earth at this time, resembling those of which we possess the fossil remains; and leaves the reader in no degree of doubt that all the large animals of the old continent which are now known were known to the ancients; and that those which, although described by the ancients, the moderns have never met with, were fabulous. Proving that all the great animals of the old world soon became known not only to the people of the interior, but to the inhabitants of the coasts; he puts aside the expectation that the recesses of the vast continent of the new world contain very large species yet to be discovered, resembling, for instance, the



megatherium or the mastodon. If, therefore, he observes, it be proved that the fossil remains of the great species of quadrupeds are not similar to any species now living, it is not to be said that the species resembling them are yet hidden in deserts, but must lead to the admission that this diversity arises from some great general cause worthy to be studied.

We have in the previous part of this article mentioned some of the results of the method of inquiry followed by Cuvier; the discovery of many new species, several of which belonged to new genera. Of the new species, about a fourth were oviparous quadrupeds, the others mammiferous, and more than half belonging to non-ruminating hoofed animals. But that which Cuvier himself considered of much more importance, as throwing light on the theory of the earth, was to ascertain the layers in which particular species were found, so as to reach the general laws of their position. For the details which show these laws clearly and convincingly, the reader must be referred to the work on which we have dwelt with so much pleasure, and which must always be referred to with a new delight.

The curiosity of readers, whatever may be their pursuits, who look into treatises relating to the vestiges of the antediluvian world, is ever naturally directed to inquiries respecting the existence of any remains of their own species. Knowing, from the sacred records, that man existed on the earth before the great deluge, the inquirers have reluctantly believed that among the numerous fossil remains discovered in different parts of the earth, no bone of man has ever yet been found; that no human remains have ever met the eye of the fossil geologist. It neither lessens the difficulty of the explanation, nor consoles the vanity of man, to know that the same deficiency exists as regards the bones of the monkey tribe; that the whole tribe of the quadrumanous animals, as well as the single bimanous animal, are excluded from the antiquity implied by the fossil remains of so many animal forms.

That portion of Cuvier's preliminary discourse on fossil remains which relates to this particular inquiry is not the least convincing proof of the author's philosophical method of investigating an obscure subject. It is evident that he first satisfied himself that no human remains had ever occurred in any regular stratum; and that those which had been asserted to be such, as the famous *Homo Diluvii Testis* of Haerlem, and the skeletons dis-

covered at Guadaloupe, were either, as in the first instance, the remains of an animal, or, as in the second, occurred in the recent depositions in the clefts of rocks, or in the soil of caverns, with no pretensions to an antediluvian date! But not content with this negative evidence, he applied himself to collect evidence of a different nature! The question may be said to be one of extreme interest; for it points to the successive stages of that mighty work recorded by Moses, and to that time, to us inconceivable, when "there was not a man to till the ground," and man was formed out of the dust, and the breath of life was breathed into his nostrils, and he became a living soul. We have no intention of straining any points to show how far philosophy agrees with the Mosaic record; but no student of modern geology can fail to perceive certain striking coincidences between the order in which the fossil remains occur and the recorded order of the creation. It was not, we presume, the intention of Moses to teach all at once that natural science the gradual acquirement of which is a constant source of human industry. But as the earliest traditions of man were scanty, and likely to be lost as human evidence, it does appear as if Moses had taken pains to preserve them. His narrative is remarkable for a force and sublimity of expression worthy of the singularity and greatness of his subject. Where he is fully understood, can it be said that geology contradicts him? does not rather the progress of that science throw unexpected elucidation on his record, and encourage the belief that when we know more, we shall read those primary annals of the globe in a more enlightened spirit? As it is, they certainly seem to speak of the earth's antiquity compared to the age of man; of man's infancy compared to the age of the earth on which he was from the first destined to live. Geology speaks the same language. The primitive layers attest the earth's first desolation. The transition lime-stone renders up the remains of the lowest forms of existence, of species now unknown save in those buried strata; the chalk and clay offer their fishes, their reptiles and their quadrupeds, the beings of a former order of things, all of which have disappeared from life. No fossil remains present perfect analogies with living species; but the actual type is gradually approached in the layers of least antiquity. But still, among the fossil remains no vestige of man or his works



appears. Again and again the workmen Montmartre announced the remains of man; but, submitted to the inspection of Cuvier, the pretended wonder vanished, and the true relation of the fossil in dispute was established with some lower species. All the evidence to be derived from an inspection of the structure of the earth, and the oldest written records, concur to prove that there was a time when, although this globe revolved as now it does, and day and night succeeded each other, the light of the morning roused no man to life, to pleasure, or to toil, and the light declined at eve with no human eye to regard it, and no human heart to be affected by it.

"There wanted yet the master-work, the end  
Of all yet done; a creature who, not prone  
And brute as other creatures, but endued  
With sanctity of reason, might erect  
His stature, and upright with front serene  
Govern the rest, self-knowing; and from thence  
Magnanimous to correspond with heaven."

Either man did not exist before several of the revolutions undergone by the globe, or his bones lie yet unburied at the bottom of the present seas; for the revolutions which have laid open the strata in which former revolutions had enveloped fossil bones, strata exposed in Europe, in Asia, and in America, have never yet disclosed a fossil bone of man. Yet that man existed before that great catastrophe of which traditions exist in every part of the earth, we know from such universal traditions, and from the oldest record possessed by man. This record, Cuvier observes, bears the date of about 3300 years before our own time, and it places the deluge twenty centuries before its own date, or about 5400 years since. No tradition accords man an antiquity greater than that to which our antediluvian records lay claim; and it is only after the time of that great event that we perceive men collected into societies, and observe the birth of arts and of sciences. Of none of the nations of the West can the chronology be carried farther back than 3000 years. The nations of the north of Europe have no annals which extend higher than the period of their conversion to Christianity. The histories of Spain, of Gaul, of Britain, almost begin with the time when the Romans overran those countries. The Greeks were unacquainted with the art of writing until taught by the Phenicians, about thirty-three centuries ago, and their previous history, doubtful as it is, does not ascend more than three centuries higher. The largest credit given to the records of Western Asia will not give them a date

older than forty centuries. Herodotus, the earliest extant profane writer, with the exception of the poets, lived but two thousand three hundred years ago, and the earlier historians whom he consulted were only one hundred years old. Homer was but five hundred years before Herodotus. The claims to a much higher antiquity on the part of some nations, as of the Hindoos, rest on authority of the least credible kind, and are contradicted by the most authentic of their own records. The astronomical monuments of the ancients, when critically examined, do not attest the very remote dates by some assigned to them.

To probable evidence of this kind drawn from civil history, in the collecting of which Cuvier displayed great erudition, and in estimating it great sagacity, he added some of a kind drawn from the calculation of the periods of certain natural changes actually known to be going on upon the earth's surface. Marking the heights of the beds of rivers above the surrounding country, as of the Rhine in Holland, and the Po and Arno in Italy, and the Loire in France, and the deposits at their mouths; changes effected by the progress of sands, as in the bay of Biscay, where the sand advances annually sixty feet, and must reach Bordeaux in about two thousand years: and again in parts of Egypt, once fertile, but now buried in sands brought by the winds from the sterile lands of Lybia, and which have already entombed temples and cities, even since the conquest of the country by the Mahometans, leaving the monumental tops of mosques and minarets still visible; the formation of bogs and other alluvial changes, including what are called slips, or the falling of *débris* from the face of hills and rocks, of which Professor Jamieson adds the illustration, when translating this portion of the work, of the Salisbury crags near Edinburgh, of which the vertical face is not yet hidden by the annually increasing mass which falls from it to the base: all these and many other circumstances are adduced as so many proofs of the probable date of the last great revolution, and, consequently, of man's recent existence upon the earth; a conclusion according with those which are perhaps considered by geologists as the least uncertain of any to which their science has yet conducted them. Everywhere, and however interrogated, observes Cuvier, nature speaks the same language, and tells us by natural traditions, by man's actual state, by his intellectual development, and by all the tes-



timony of her works, that the present state of things did not commence at a remote period. He agrees, he says, with the opinion of MM. Deluc and Dolomieu, that if there be anything determined in geology, it is, that the surface of this globe was subjected to a great and sudden revolution, not longer ago than five or six thousand years; that by this catastrophe was caused the disappearance of countries formerly the abode of man, and of species of animals now known to us; that the bottom of the sea of that time was left dry, and upon it were formed the countries now inhabited; and that since that epoch the few of the human race who were spared have spread themselves over the world, and formed societies. But he also believes that the countries now inhabited, and which that great catastrophe left dry, had been at some former period inhabited land, the abode, at least, of land animals, which were destroyed by some previous deluge; and that they had even suffered two or three such visitations, which destroyed as many orders of animals.

Throughout the various discussions incidental to the great investigation to which the essay on the revolutions of the globe is devoted, we cannot but admire the unalterable patience and rare sagacity with which so many facts, collected from natural observation, or gathered from the stores of ancient and modern learning, or discovered by modern science, are compared together. M. Pariset justly observes, that neither the grandeur of the subject, nor the dazzling novelty of many of the phenomena elicited in its pursuit, led the severely philosophic mind of Cuvier into unguarded hypotheses. Everywhere we remark the simplicity of a great historian of nature; the tone, not of a prophet, or of one inspired to treat of a mighty theme, but of one who knows how elevated is that theme, and yet hears, and dispassionately balances, and unaffectedly relates all that his study and long meditation have taught him. His mind is raised and excited by the great views that break upon him as he advances, but never discomposed; he knows the value and the greatness of the truths he discovers, but beyond them he sees other truths, to him and to his age denied, yet to be won by the research of those who shall begin where he, obedient to the laws which limit the range of the most powerful among mortal minds, knows that he must leave off. So strongly is this philosophical character imprinted on all that Cuvier has written, that the mere perusal of his writings seems for a time to withdraw the

mind from less worthy pursuits, or the wandering course of unsettled studies, to a holy retirement, wherein some sage interprets the laws of the Great Creator, by pointing to his works, unregarded before, or not understood.

"The book," says M. Laurillard, "which contains these profound researches, became, like his Comparative Anatomy, his Animal Kingdom, and his Anatomy of Molluscous Animals, classical from the moment when it appeared, and will, we think, remain so, as long as man shall seek enjoyment in the study of nature, and meditate on the questions to which such a study shall give rise. It will always remain a model of criticism and rigorous analysis, and a perfect example of that talent which consists in saying in a few words all that is necessary to be known; an art of compression or of summing up, which only exists combined with extensive knowledge, and which M. Cuvier always shows that he possesses in a very high degree. There is nothing listless in his works; there are no digressions beyond the limits of his subject; and yet there is nothing of dryness, and there are no omissions. We have seen young naturalists reading his Anatomy of the Molluscous Animals with unfeigned pleasure, and also the osteological descriptions in his Researches concerning Fossil Bones; and we have known students recur to what he says of human anatomy in his *Anatomie Comparée*, for clearer explanations than they could find in the books of the schools. In short, if we survey all his writings, we everywhere find the unflinching marks of true science, profundity, clearness, and precision. His first lecture on Comparative Anatomy presents all that is known concerning organization, all physiology: his introduction to the Animal Kingdom offers the clearest analysis of its zoological distributions, and all that it is possible to say of arrangements; and, lastly, the Preliminary Discourse on Fossil Bones exposes with admirable exactness the principles of the harmony of forms, and all the theories respecting the formation and revolutions of the globe; and includes a complete summary of the historical documents on which are rested the claims of different nations to a high antiquity."—p. 22.

It should not be forgotten, that in the prolonged task of interpreting and delineating the fossil bones, M. Cuvier had two most able assistants, and that one of them was M. Laurillard; the other was M. Rousseau, whose son at present holds an important office in the anatomical school of Paris. M. Laurillard does not speak of himself, and his merits need no eulogy of ours; they are sufficiently attested by the confidence which Cuvier placed in him, even to the day of his death, when he was charged with the publication of the Catalogue of the Museum of Comparative Anatomy, and of the drawings illustrative of it, executed by Cuvier or by himself; a publication for which all anatomists will look with impatience. This was part of the elaborate preparation for the great work on the Anatomy of Animals, on which Cuvier was occupied up to the hour of his fatal illness, to which he considered all his previous works but intro-



ductory, and the interruption of which was one of his latest objects of regret.

There was, perhaps, no finished undertaking of his laborious life, to which Cuvier himself attached more importance than his Researches into the fossil remains. It began with his discrimination of fossil and living elephants in 1796, and was never afterwards quite absent from his mind; whether in his study or on his journeys, he directed his observations to these remains, until he obtained a key to the perusal of the impressive story which they revealed; he spared no labor and no expense in this pursuit; he rejoiced over every new load of fragments brought from Montmartre to the Museum; he copied many with his own hand, and, at a time when to avoid expense was necessary to him, he had once determined also to engrave them all himself, and among the engravings of the third volume of the last edition some of these valuable plates are to be found. These, M. Duvernoy informs us, which to most readers would seem additionally valuable, are marked CV.

And at the close of all his labor, he thus expresses himself:—

"I have no doubt that in a few years the work which I now terminate, and to which I have devoted so much labor, will be but a trifling sketch, a first view (*un premier coup d'œil*) thrown over these immense creations of the ancient time."

So, indeed, it may be. In the eternal chain of human discoveries, the researches of the most gifted minds do but form links, which lead on to other links to which they did not themselves attain, and to be prolonged through all the future ages of the present species. Already has it been made at least probable that a new reading may be given to the theory, the history and chronology even of the primary strata of the earth, and much that is superimposed on them, or which they have broken through. The history of animal life may yet have been restricted within too narrow bounds of time. It may be that, as regards time, "the confines of the universe lie beyond the reach of human ken;" and that, "to assume that the evidence of the beginning or end of so vast a scheme lies within the reach of our philosophical inquiries, or even of our speculations, appears to be inconsistent with a just estimate of the relations which subsist between the finite powers of man and the attributes of an Infinite and Eternal Being."\* Yet, by the exercise of faculties evidently intended for such inquiries among others,

man has attained to a few facts which appear certain; and whatever development the unwritten history of the globe may subsequently undergo from geological research, posterity will never forget its obligations to Cuvier, who translated so much of the obscure language in which many of the secrets of the early earth were hidden, and so many are perhaps yet to be discovered.

The conclusion of his work on Fossil Remains was but the prelude for the commencement of his great work on Fishes, of which the copious account given in a recent number of this journal (vol. xiii. p. 355) dispenses with our saying more in this place.

The four works to which our preceding observations have been confined, namely, his Comparative Anatomy, his work on Fossil Remains, his Animal Kingdom, and his Natural History of Fishes, are of such extent, and required such research, that any one of them would have conferred upon its author a very high rank among natural philosophers; yet these formed but a small part of the wonderful labors of Cuvier. His writings are, indeed, so numerous, and the subjects of them so various; they are many of them so intimately connected with his history, and were so entirely called forth by the offices he had undertaken in the state of which he was a subject, as well as in the republic of science, that his biographer has been satisfied to give an accurate list of them, with their dates; and the enumeration of titles alone extends to several pages. We can but mention a few of them. One, to which he attached much importance, and to which he had devoted many days and nights, was his Anatomy of the Mollusca, published in 1817, which contained many new and interesting facts respecting a neglected class of animals, to which he had assigned a higher place than former naturalists. This work was illustrated by fine engravings, after his own drawings. He unravelled the structure of these animals in water, displayed their delicate parts, and fixed them by means of pins on pieces of wax; a method which has, we believe, greatly facilitated the examination of such minute subjects. Of this work it was his intention to publish a new and enlarged edition.

Among the subjects which at different times occupied his attention was that of the organ of voice in singing birds. The introduction of this subject at the Institute was attended by a curious illustration of the propriety of investigating it. Physiologists, Cuvier observed, were not agreed con-

\* Lyell's Principles of Geology.



cerning the mechanism of the human voice, which some compared to a wind instrument, and others to a stringed instrument. This observation was not allowed to pass uncontradicted. A celebrated anatomist, who was present, declared that it was a mistake to consider the question undecided, for it was generally agreed that the human voice was a wind instrument. Another anatomist immediately exclaimed that this was quite erroneous, for the organ of voice was a stringed instrument, and thus, much to the amusement of the audience, confirmed M. Cuvier's first assertion.

His Memoir on the Nutrition of Insects we have already mentioned among his early productions. In it he established their claim to separate classification, and explained the real object of the singular disposition of their respiratory organs, as well as their peculiar mode of nutrition; showing that the nutritive molecules, separated by the alimentary canal, are exposed immediately to the action of the atmospheric air, which penetrates to them by means of canals or tracheæ, ramified through all their parts, and are thus rendered fit for the support of existence. The observation of these arrangements very probably suggested, as M. Duvernoy remarks, those ideas of the relations of the circulation and respiration, and of the quantity of respiration in the different classes of animals, ever in direct proportion to their muscular force, and the quantity of movement of which they are capable in a given time—ideas which prepared the foundation for his general arrangement of animals. Certain it is that he always attached a high importance to the minute anatomy of insects; to which, when on one occasion an ardent but inexperienced student of anatomy came to him to announce a supposed anatomical discovery, he referred the young inquirer, as at once the best preparatory exercise and test of his exactness. The test, it is added, proved satisfactory, convincing the too hasty student that his first conclusion, and his consequent discovery, were but pleasing delusions.

That in addition to the philosophical researches which we have enumerated, Cuvier should have found time to be a most laborious public functionary, and in more than one department, would scarcely be deemed credible, if he had not left indisputable proofs of it, and of various kinds. Yet nothing indicates that by undertaking so much, any thing was neglected. Follow him where we may, we trace him by works worthy of his genius and his

accomplishments. His duties as one of the Secretaries of the Institute, were in themselves arduous and difficult, demanding extensive knowledge, which he showed that he possessed, whilst he threw over it all the attractions of language and manner. In addition to the ordinary routine of the weekly sittings, of which the two secretaries kept exact minutes, an annual account of the proceedings, including succinct notices of innumerable scientific communications, was a part of their duty at the great annual meeting, when also were pronounced those admirable *Eloges Historiques* of the most distinguished deceased members of the Institute, both native and foreign, in which he displayed a most varied acquaintance with science, and a noble and touching eloquence. He also partook of the ordinary duties of the section to which he belonged, particularly of that of reporting concerning papers presented by authors, a task demanding not only great knowledge, but a correct and impartial judgment. In the performance of this task, his power of conveying the peculiar views of the different writers with clearness and order was so remarkable, that the authors not unfrequently acknowledged how much they were indebted to him; while in the justice of his observations, even on subjects involving some of his own opinions, he evinced the dignified modesty and rectitude of a great mind. During the consulate, Napoleon was elected President of the Institute, and was thus brought into frequent communication with Cuvier, whose powers so acute an observer of men's capabilities could not fail to appreciate. He appears to have honored him with his entire confidence, of which the result was, not unfrequently, some additional duty imposed upon him by one accustomed to find individuals ready to obey every command.

"All my labors," says Cuvier, in a letter written to M. Duvernoy in 1808, "are almost arrested by a work which the emperor has required of the class, and which has been assigned to me, for the most part, as secretary: it is a history of the march and progress of the human mind since 1789. You will easily judge how complicated the business is as regards the natural sciences; and although I have already finished nearly a volume on the subject, I am far from being at the end of it: but this history is so rich, and so abundant in fine discoveries, that I have become interested in it as I proceeded, and perform my labor with pleasure. I trust that it will be a striking piece of literary and philosophical history. Above all, I endeavor to point to the true views by which ulterior researches should be directed."

The work here referred to he afterwards continued and completed up to the year 1826, under the title of the *History of the Progress of the Natural Sciences, from*



1789 to the present time; and in that shape it forms an invaluable addition to the immortal labors of Buffon. His annual reports, read before the institute, beginning with 1812 and continued up to the time of his death, comprehending an analysis of the labors of its Physical Class (subsequently denominated the Academy of Sciences), contain a clear exposition of the progress of physical science, and the discoveries made in it by the members of that illustrious body, and by learned foreigners, who were in correspondence with it. These analyses embrace meteorology and general physics; chemistry and physics properly so called; mineralogy and geology; vegetable physiology and botany; anatomy and physiology; zoology; travels connected with the advancement of the natural sciences; medicine and surgery; the veterinary art, and agriculture.

The *Eloges* alone would furnish subject-matter for extended remarks. Singularly eloquent, but composed in a style remote from the inflated models of the agitated period which had just passed away, each of these discourses contains simple and elegant details, yet most instructive and even profound, of the labors of the individual of which each is commemorative.

Of his public lectures we have hardly spoken; yet they demanded, no less than his other undertakings, the exercise of all his acquirements, and of the rare qualities with which he was endowed as a teacher. Whether lecturing at the Pantheon on the Elements of Natural History, at the Jardin des Plantes on Comparative Anatomy, at the College of France on the History of Natural Philosophy, or at the Lyceum or Athénée on subjects selected for a cultivated audience, accustomed to the eloquent literature of Laharp, he was never superficial and never tedious. His vast comprehension seemed for the time to be communicated to his hearers, and he led them, without fatigue, to the most elevated views.

"His Lectures on Comparative Anatomy, at the Jardin des Plantes, attracted a most numerous auditory to the immense amphitheatre. Every ear was attentive to catch the oracles which he pronounced concerning organization and its laws. The mind was captivated by the wonders which he related, with that strong sonorous voice, which penetrated in all directions to the extremities of that large lecture-room. His easy elocution, expressing what a just and rapid conception had discovered, and with equal simplicity and clearness, shed intelligence over minds of every description; and numerous preparations from the Museum, exhibited to the hearers, rendered his oral demonstrations additionally luminous. These means of conveying instruction were wonderfully multiplied by sketches which he drew

with inconceivable rapidity, and as it were without any interruption of his discourse; a term which would seem to have been created to express the character of his lectures, which were indeed connected discourses, although delivered extemporaneously, from brief notes. His ideas were unfolded in perfect order, without the slightest hesitation, or the least repetition: the proper word was always employed, without formal effort, or any other design than that of instructing. But the wonders of organization, so well displayed by his genius, gave an interest to his instructions, and excited an enthusiasm, which still reanimates one who, more than thirty years ago, had the happiness to hear them, and who would vainly wish to make those partakers of it, who have been deprived of such an advantage."—*Duvernoy*, p. 73.

His lectures at the College were no less attractive; and the last which he delivered there, only the day before he felt the first symptoms of the fatal malady which put a period to his life within the same week, was a Review of the Progress of Science, from the first formation of Societies, a subject which he treated in a manner so masterly and with so much sublimity, as to impress his hearers at once with the idea that they heard a second interpreter of God's creation, and with the solemn and affecting idea that they were listening to him for the last time. We do but employ the language of others, and if it appears exaggerated, the cause is to be found in the deep effect unquestionably produced by this last grand discourse, concerning which all the testimony is the same.

A life of thought and toil had made its impression on Cuvier, although his constitution was apparently robust in his latter years. He had also been subjected to one of those trials, which more than years or toils advance men into the woes of age. His only daughter, young, beautiful, and highly accomplished, worthy, in short, of her father, and most affectionately beloved by him, died of consumption within a short period of her marriage. It is a sad and oftentimes repeated story in human experience.—"O triste plane, acerbumque funus! ô morte ipsa mortis tempus indignius! Jam destinata erat egregio juveni, jam electus nuptiarum dies, jam nos vocati. Quod gaudium, quo mœrore mutatum est!" Such were the terms in which it was deplored two thousand years ago; and still such griefs fall heavily upon the human heart, even though sustained by the highest philosophy and resignation. The blow had been severely felt, and perhaps Cuvier never wholly recovered from its effects. His spirits, his manner, his general appearance might show something of it, and it is so natural to be quicksighted to danger threatening those whom we reverence or love, that slight signs, and circumstances



hardly capable of expression, might awaken fears on which the fatal event, so immediately supervening, seemed to follow as on intimations almost prophetic.

In addition to all that occupied the life of Cuvier as a philosopher, an anatomist, a professor, and an author, he was early named to public appointments connected with popular education; and perhaps no individual in Europe entertained on this subject views at once so just and profound. In 1802 he was named by the emperor one of the six inspectors-general of the Lyceums, and in 1808 he became counsellor of the Imperial University: in 1809 and 1810 he was charged with the organization of academies for the states of Italy, then united to the French empire. It is difficult to reconcile the idea of unmitigated tyranny which many writers have so carefully associated with the name of Napoleon, with the provision for popular education indicated by the selection of Cuvier for this duty. In 1811 he was sent on a mission of inquiry concerning the state of public instruction in Holland and in Lower Germany; and in 1813, although a Protestant, on a similar mission to the states of the Church; with the design also of modelling the establishments of public instruction according to the system of the university of France. It was whilst on this journey of inspection that the emperor named him to the office of *maître des requêtes* in the council of state. During the various tours which these duties occasioned, M. Cuvier neglected no opportunity of increasing his knowledge of natural history and of fossil remains. His delicate and difficult duties as regarded the seminaries of public education were performed with as much feeling as judgment. He constantly strove to preserve what was valuable even in faulty institutions, and he felt the veneration of a great mind for places which great names had rendered sacred.

"Who," said he, in one of his Reports, speaking of the universities of Tuscany, "who would have the courage to interfere hastily with institutions founded and sustained by so many great men? And when we reflect that the teaching of civil law was established in Tuscany by Irnerius and Bartholius; that medicine has possessed there a Vidijs, a Columbus, a Fallopius, a Mercurialis, and a Redi; that Galileo there demonstrated physical science; that Michelius and Cesalpinus there taught botany; that from those schools proceeded Dante, Petrarca, Machiavelli, and Guicciardini; and that their great artists, statesmen, and even princes, were as conversant with literature as their scholars by profession; are we not rather inclined to respect than to criticise, and ought we not above all things fear to propose a rash reform?"

Talents so eminent as those of Cuvier,

united with so much dignity of character and so much experience, were indispensable to France under all the successive changes of government which happened during his lifetime. The Consulate, the Imperial Government, the Restoration, the Monarchy of July, did but anew direct public attention to the civil services of a man whose attainments and whose sagacity were for all time. Subservient only to good and great designs, worthy of his exalted intellect, he was a favorite of the consul, of the emperor, of the restored sovereigns, and of him whom the people elected; and yet independent; for what could governments or kings do for Cuvier? Undistracted by all the changes that befel his country, he was ever occupied with her best interests; ever laboriously endeavoring to diffuse that mental and moral preparation without which he well knew the political rights she so urgently sought would prove the reverse of blessings. Accustomed to reflect on the great preparations by which Providence has preceded all important events in nature, he conceived that the moral world should imitate and conform to what was written in the natural world; and well knowing that all man's title to consideration depends on his moral and intellectual culture, he was not deluded by any of the specious theories or imposing names by which so many well-wishers to mankind were deceived.

After the restoration of the Bourbons, M. Cuvier was consulted regarding the direction of the University; and it was thought that some remains of prejudices, which the lessons of exile had not removed from the royal mind, alone prevented his being appointed to the office of Grand Master. He was, however, appointed president of the commission of public instruction; and when the office of grand-master was revived, Cuvier retained the influential post of chancellor. The dignity of counsellor of state, which Napoleon had intended to confer upon him, was bestowed upon him by Louis XVIII., and he was thus called upon to take a considerable share in the internal administration of the country, as president of the committee of the interior, an office which involved him in endless details of domestic administration. At this period of his life it is more than probable that Cuvier derived some advantage from the education he had received at Stuttgard, which was that of one destined for public duties. Like other official persons, he was often exposed to misrepresentation and sometimes to obloquy; but those apart from the political coteries



of Paris will have little difficulty in believing that he continued in his ministerial offices to be as distinguished for his love of order and of justice, for sagacious views, industry, and pure intentions, as he had uniformly been acknowledged to be in affairs of science. Himself a Protestant, one of the most important of the functions imposed upon him was that of superintending the affairs of the non-catholic sects of France; and it is said that he meditated some religious modifications which would have proved of the utmost importance to his country. In 1832, he was created a peer of France by Louis Philippe, and he occasionally spoke in the Chamber of Peers, and with much effect. But concerning his life as a public man we must refer the reader to the various accounts of him published since his death.

A desire to know something of the private habits of men eminently distinguished is natural to readers of almost every description, and arises out of a better feeling than mere curiosity concerning particulars in no way connected with our own feelings or pursuits. To whatever elevation a human intellect attains, its relationship to human intellects of inferior power is established by too many circumstances to admit of denial; and the humblest class of readers, as respects intellectual capacity, are comforted, as all the superior natures are encouraged, by tracing some lineaments of a common family likeness. In such recognitions, minds of the lowest order find relief from an insupportable sense of inferiority, whilst those that aspire more highly are led by them to believe attainments possible for which they might otherwise think the necessary struggles and sacrifices too great. Doubtless all cherish a secret hope of detecting in the biography of eminent persons some golden secret of their greatness, either in their modes of study or of labor; and are interested more deeply than they love to confess, in tracing the manner in which great intellects have been kept in exercise; and by what relaxations, by what peculiarities even of toil or of leisure, they were marked from the crowd of aimless and undistinguished men. The wonder caused by what they found time to perform carries something with it that is humiliating: we think that we have less time than other men, and that they were more favored by fortune or accident than by an organization of which the questionable superiority must be admitted.

The private life of Cuvier encourages none of these agreeable kinds of self-delusion. His vast and diversified undertak-

ings prove that he possessed a brain of the most perfect organization, as much as its ample development, and the depth of its convolutions, and the absolute weight of its cerebral lobes. His habits of life show that his superiority to other men arose from the most diligent employment of his mind, at every possible interval that could be taken from public business, from social duties, and from needful rest. But so limited was the time that he could thus absolutely command, that we see beyond dispute that no mere plodding industry could have effected what he performed, and that the rapidity of his mental operations was no less wonderful than their power. We must let M. Duvernoy describe the minute traits of one whom he most intimately knew. We quote his Notice rather than the more ample account of Mrs. Lee, because no English reader should omit the perusal of one of the most elegant, judicious, and affecting pieces of biography that ever proceeded from a female pen.

"If I have entered into some details of his administrative career," says M. Duvernoy, "and for an instant gone aside from my principal object, that of showing you the man of genius laboring for the advancement of science, it has been that you should know him thoroughly, and that every moment of his life has had its useful employment; and that time was his treasure, of which he lost not the smallest part. I wished to place before you a striking example of the exertion with which existence must be filled by those whose constant desire it is to neglect none of these duties, however numerous such duties may be.

"To be more convinced of this, let us follow Cuvier for a little while into private life, into his family, where he was seen to so much advantage, and where his constant activity, his extreme facility of composition, his prodigious memory, the universality of his acquirements, his exquisite judgment, the lively interest of his conversation, still more elevated this extraordinary man in the eyes of those who had the happiness to approach him.

"He was never found without occupation; he never allowed any repose to his mind while awake; the only relaxation that he permitted to it was that arising from a change of the objects on which it was exerted. During his frequent drives through the city, or his longer journeys, he read and even wrote in his carriage, which was fitted up with a lamp, so that he might write as if in his study. No author ever composed so many original works at a smaller expense of time.

"He rose between eight and nine in the morning, studied half an hour or an hour before breakfast, during which meal he looked over two or three newspapers, without, however, being inattentive to the conversation of those around him. He then received such persons as desired to speak with him, and went out at the latest at eleven o'clock, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, to the Council of State, or on Wednesdays and Fridays to the University. On Monday, the day on which the sittings at the Institute are held, his morning was prolonged to twelve or one o'clock. From these different meetings he commonly returned to dinner; but if he returned so as to have only a quarter of an hour to spare, he availed himself of it to resume some composition, in-



terrputed since the night before, on some scientific subject. This facility of study, and of directing all the power of his attention from one quarter of an hour to another, to very diverse subjects, was one of the circumstances in the great qualities of his mind which I most admired.

"He dined between six and seven; and if he did not leave home in the evening, he immediately afterwards withdrew to his study to occupy himself there until ten or eleven; from eleven to twelve he had some literary or historical work read to him.

"Thus M. Cuvier had no day but Sunday in which he could pursue one occupation during the whole day; and it is impossible to say how many books, memorials, reports, and historical notices he wrote on a day which is for so many persons a day of idleness or dissipation, and which he had more particularly consecrated to the task of revealing to the world the wonders of the creation."—p. 86.

This is an extraordinary, and, we doubt not, a faithful picture, and which, although it leaves us impressed with an idea of that ceaseless mental toil which Napoleon said he made him his master of requests in part to relieve him from, is far from explaining the marvellous abundance and extent of Cuvier's performances. One lesson, however, may be learnt from it by many who affect to deplore their unavoidable abstinence from intellectual delights, and who are merely suffering the evils that arise from neglecting the expense of small portions of time. The habit of being never idle, of being undisturbed by interruptions, of returning to unfinished labors as if no interruptions had occurred, if to be acquired by those who do not possess it, is shown to be so valuable as to deserve the strongest efforts of the mind for its attainment.

We close these biographical notices with regret. Of their interesting contents, much remains to reward the reader, for we have chiefly sought to exhibit Cuvier as a man of science. But it is impossible to reflect on the character of so accomplished a person, one so intellectually and morally gifted, without being drawn away from his immortal works to himself, from the philosopher and statesman to the man and the father. To have seen and known Cuvier is what no one who ever had that privilege can wish to forget. We saw him not long after that cruel domestic affliction which deprived him of a daughter worthy of her name, and beneath which even his mighty heart had well nigh broken. His house was for a long time closed to the brilliant assemblies of the learned and the scientific who used thither to resort, and there to show of what the highest minds are capable in social communion.

At the time of which we speak, the stranger who was to be presented to him, in his spacious dwelling in the Jardin des

Plantes, was led to the highest story, which appeared to be entirely devoted to books and study, and through several rooms, all fitted up as so many libraries, in some of which secretaries or amanuenses were writing, with books and engravings before them, and probably employed on some portions of the great work on fishes, which was then in progress. At length the study of Cuvier was reached, and the illustrious occupier was found deeply engaged among his papers; dressed in a gray dressing-gown and cap, and having an air of plain good sense and gravity, strongly enough contrasted with the vivacity of address of some of his brother savans of that time. He seemed to have the art or the habit of directing the conversation to circumstances most interesting to the individual who visited him, and to his English visitors he generally made it apparent that he was well acquainted with the constitution of our places of education, and with most of our countrymen distinguished for scientific acquirements. His manner was composed, without any approach to moroseness. His expression was mild and penetrating; the tone of his voice was very pleasing, at once firm and gentle; and there was an air of sincerity in every thing he said, which was particularly gratifying. In the afternoon of the same day it might happen that those who had been honored with such an interview, saw him again at the Institute in his capacity of secretary. Cuvier would then be dressed as became his station in society, and his cap being thrown aside, left his very striking features and his noble head unconcealed. Mrs. Lee's Memoir has prefixed to it an admirable likeness of him; so admirable, indeed, that it can hardly be looked at by those who knew him without a kind of expectation of hearing again that voice of eloquence and wisdom which can be heard no more. The *Gallery of Portraits* also contains a likeness of Cuvier, of which every admirer of him should possess himself of a copy. M. Duvernoy's work contains a profile, which shows something of the classical beauty, but little of the expression of the original. M. Pariset has been unfortunate in not obtaining something more ornamental to his *Eloge* than a kind of caricature; and the same wretched engraving disfigures the French translation of Mrs. Lee's most delightful book; whereas her own book, in English, is adorned with an engraving which at least makes intelligible that memorable expression of Madame Cuvier, when surveying



Mr. Pickersgill's generous present of her husband's picture, painted by the artist's own master-hand:—"It is he; it is his noble, pure, and elevated mind, often melancholy, but always benevolent and calm, like real goodness. It is the great man passing over this earth, and knowing that there is something beyond." To us this single exclamation conveys no inconsiderable eulogy of one whom it proves to have been, what unfortunately so few of the wives of literary or scientific men have been, a helpmate to her husband, and worthy of the warmest praise showered upon her by his admiring friends.

Cuvier's demeanor at the Institute was, perhaps, somewhat stately, not always without a slight admixture of impatience; sometimes, indeed, accounted for by the frivolities occasionally mixed up with the proceedings even of the most scientific assemblies, when they consist of numerous members; but sometimes a little too repressive, or to a foreigner appearing so, of the lively and intelligent sallies of young members who were yet not quite undistinguished. His tones, on such occasions, commanded immediate attention; and a few simple words from him seemed at once to settle points about to be vivaciously disputed; whilst his manner was very dignified, and that of one who strove, not without success, to repress a constitutional irritability; an irritability, compatible, it must be remembered, with such patient attention to minute details as few were capable of.

But a few years have gone by, and all this has passed away! and Cuvier, and many of the great men who then surrounded him, like the emperor who once presided in that hall of science, have been removed like so many unreal and shadowy things; leaving their works for our contemplation, to be viewed apart from the radiance of false glory which was once shed over them, and judged by the simple standard of the good they effected.

To civilize large portions of mankind; to "lead the mind of man to its noble destination, a knowledge of the truth; to spread sound and wholesome ideas among the lowest classes of the people; to draw human beings from the empire of prejudices and passions; to make reason the arbitrator and supreme guide of public opinion," which are "the essential objects of science,"—we use the glowing words of Cuvier himself—*these* are, indeed, objects which, if they can only be fully effected by governments, can be promoted by men of science, and confer a true lustre

upon all who seek them. Occupied with such grand objects, Cuvier passed his life in study and exertion, and he was still occupied in them when paralysis laid its iron hand upon him, leaving for a few days his noble mind untouched, and then, without violence, extinguishing his mortal life. With the same calmness with which he had been accustomed to reflect on the plan and decrees of Providence in the regulation of all nature, did he resign himself to the inevitable laws which regulate the duration of the immortal portion of man in a mortal frame.

It is when we pause, after dwelling on the close of the earthly existence of such a mind, that the solemn but consoling belief visits us, that such activity has not all ceased, that such manifestations of the soul cannot all die. We follow with our feeble imagination the spirit departed into some higher sphere, where it receives further amplifications of perception and reason, that it may behold yet more of the vast design which it was even here occupied in contemplating, in interpreting; and to find a confirmation of the elevated faith which here it cherished, that every thing was created for good.

Some feelings of sorrow we must be affected by, some natural tears we shed, to see all that is best and brightest in what we call life so transient, and but the dream of a shadow, or a vapor. We may wish that a few more years had been accorded to Cuvier. But we should rather recall what his life had already permitted him to accomplish. He had not reached the years enumerated by the Psalmist, but his labors had been those of a century. Looking back to his vast achievements in the natural history of the earth and its creatures, wherein, if he began much, he had the rare happiness of living to bring almost every thing which he touched into order, if not to perfection; viewing his qualities of sagacity and enlarged benevolence in the high station of a minister of state, especially entrusted with the advancement of the national mind; remembering the eloquence with which, in his undying *Eloges*, he conferred popularity, immortality, on much individual intellect and virtue; and seeing with what unstained purity he walked in private life;—what is there that could be desired more for Cuvier? A reputation more exalted than that of conquerors; a fame more extended than that of princes; the power of doing good, actively employed; a continual reference of the works which he studied to the great Creator, whom in his



lowliest works he acknowledged; a life of patient and well directed inquiry; these, although but human glories, may irradiate the soul when the body's life is gone. To him, as to every industrious student, death might seem to come in the midst of inquiries unfinished, and undertakings incomplete. To others, considering what he perfected, and what he was intending, it more justly seems as if he were removed when his capacious mind had performed its allotted office in this world, and was aspiring, not presumptuously, but with high and searching thought, to explain that unity, and greatness, and perfection of nature, of which, although he pointed to it, none can feel a perfect comprehension in this state of existence. His latest thoughts were those which we may conceive to be continued after death. He had caught glimpses, only revealed to such minds, of some great scheme, which it is just possible that, if life had been permitted to him, he might have been able to convey a faint apprehension of to others. There is something sublime in this participation of a mortal mind in the knowledge of higher powers, not, as in the infancy of the world, by vain, forbidden, and impious attempts of disastrous consequence; not as in the visions of mythology, for the purpose of deciding some idle question connected with physical enjoyments; but to raise and purify man's thoughts, and to teach him his true position and his duties.

To do justice to the scientific merits of Cuvier, each of his great works should have been subjected to analysis. The view of them all, comprehending, as they do, forty years of his life, suggests too many general reflections: yet even such a survey may induce some readers to turn to his works, which are, perhaps, less known in England than they deserve to be, and others, attracted by his great example, to make some efforts to imitate it.

human race, of civilization, of literature, and of the arts, always excites a deep sympathy in the bosom of Europeans; we regard its mighty monuments as we should the tombs of our fathers, and receive accounts of its stereotyped customs as descriptions of the habits of our ancestors." This feeling is considerably strengthened by the association of Arabian Tales with the fondest reminiscences of early youth. Dear, delightful Scheherazade! who is there that loves not to recal the hours of stolen pleasure, devoted to the stories with which, during a thousand and one nights, thou didst delay the stroke of fate, and change the stern resolve of the cruel Schahriar? The days are gone when we gave full credence to the marvels of Aladdin's lamp and ring, when the voyages of Sinbad appeared as authentic as those of Ross and Parry; but we must confess, notwithstanding the hazard of incurring all the ridicule of this utilitarian age, that we still love to revel in these wild and wondrous scenes of oriental imagination,

"The weary soul they seem to soothe,  
And, redolent of joy and youth,  
To breathe a second spring."

The translator of these tales, the Chevalier Marcel, was director of the French printing-office, established in Cairo when the French took possession of Egypt. He formed there a close intimacy with the Sheikh Al Mohdi, secretary to the divan at Cairo, and received from him the manuscript collection of tales, of which the translation is before us. Before entering on any examination of their merits, we must turn our attention to the translator's interesting biographical sketch of the author, who acted no humble part in the several revolutions that seem now likely to work out the moral regeneration of Egypt.

Al Mohdi was a Copt and Christian by birth; these degenerate relics of the ancient people of the Pharaohs, like the Byzantine Greeks, rendered themselves useful and almost indispensable to their Mohammedan masters by their financial and diplomatic skill; they had the monopoly of all the administrative details of the government, and the possession of some lucrative arts, which in some degree compensated them for the civil and military degradation to which they were subjected by their conquerors. It is a singular fact, that the Copts have preserved from time immemorial, exclusively, the secret of hatching chickens by artificial heat. The Turkish and Arabian proprietors of the ovens are obliged to have re-

ART. V.—1. *Contes Arabes du Cheikh al Mohdi*. Traduits par J. J. Marcel. Paris. 1834. 8vo.

2. *Les Aventures de Kámrúp*. Traduites de l'Hindústáni par M. Garcin de Tassy. (Printed for the Oriental Translation Committee.) Paris. 1834. 8vo.

"THE gorgeous East," says an intelligent traveller, "the mother-country of the



course to Coptic servants, and every attempt that they have made to break the monopoly has completely failed.

Al Modhi's father was named Abifanius Fadl-Allah, a singular mixture of Greek and Arabic, not unusual in the names of those who are descended from the subjects of the Ptolemies and the Fatemite khalifs: Abifanius is simply the Greek *Επιφανιος* (Illustrious), and Fadl-Allah signifies in Arabic "divine virtue."

Abifanius held the office of secretary to Sulimán Kashef, the friend and companion of the celebrated Ali Bey; when his son had attained the age of thirteen years, Sulimán wished to have him enrolled amongst his Mamelukes, but Al Mohdi had little taste for the hardships of a military life, and entreated his patron to aid him in literary and scientific pursuits, so that he might become qualified for a civil office. Sulimán consented, and procured him admission to the celebrated Mussulman academy established at Cairo, in the *Jami-al-azhar*, or "illustrious mosque," but which travellers more usually call "the mosque of flowers." His admission to this mosque was of course purchased by a change of his religion; but the boy had never the bad feelings of a renegade, and, during his entire life, the remembrance of the better creed he had left saved him from imbibing the bigotry and intolerance of Islamism.

During thirteen years Al Mohdi devoted himself diligently to study, and we find in his writings traces of his acquirements in European science and literature, as well as an intimate acquaintance with the poets and historians of the east. From his father he learned the routine of financial and diplomatic arrangements, and the hereditary secret of the Coptic race, while his acquirements in theology and Mohammedan law were so celebrated, that at an unusually early age he was dignified with the title of sheikh, and regarded as a high authority in matters of casuistry.

When Al Mohdi had attained his twenty-sixth year, Ali Bey had become the leading man of Egypt; Sulimán recommended the young sheikh to his notice, and Ali, a shrewd judge of talent, in a short time made him one of his secretaries. During the troubled but glorious career of Ali Bey, who, with inferior means and far less available opportunities, commenced reforms as extensive and perhaps more prudent than those that Mehemet Ali has effected, Al Mohdi faithfully supported his cause, seeking no reward in prosperity, making no attempt to escape in adversity.

When Ali Bey fell by the treachery of those whom he trusted, Al Mohdi became an exile in Syria; but after the lapse of two years he was recalled by Ismael Bey and restored to his former office. By consummate prudence he managed to continue neutral during the fierce contests that preceded the French invasion, and when Cairo was taken, the general voice of the citizens pointed out Al Mohdi as the person best suited to direct the administration of Cairo; Napoleon, with his usual wisdom, immediately ratified his appointment. M. Marcel soon became an especial favorite with the sheikh, but he tells us that the progress of his friendship was greatly accelerated by some bottles of excellent brandy, for which the sheikh, notwithstanding the prohibitions of the Koran, had a strong *penchant*. We were amused by a conversation between him and his translator on this delicate subject.

"M. My worthy sheikh, has not your prophet, on whom be peace and benediction, forbidden expressly, in the Koran, the use of wine to the faithful?"

"S. No: look to the book."

"M. Here it is, read this passage in the second Surat. 'They will ask thee concerning wine and lots. Answer, in both there is great sin.'"

"S. Continue the verse—'and also some things of use unto men.'"

"M. I will, in my turn, read on, 'but their sinfulness is greater than their use.' Turn also to the fifth Surat; 'O true believers! surely wine and lots and images are devouring arrows, are an abomination of the work of Satan, therefore avoid them, that ye may prosper. Satan seeketh to sow dissension and hatred among you by means of wine and lots, and to divert you from remembering God, and from prayer.'"

"S. Very well: but I never gamble, and in taking a cheerful glass with you, I feel that the bonds of our friendship are tightened—one glass more? Here's to your health, and the continuance of our friendship!"

"M. Thank you, but you have not answered me respecting the prohibition of wine."

"S. This is not wine; a small glass more."

"M. Here it is. It is not wine, but it comes from it; besides all the commentators and all the traditions join in prohibiting Mussulmans the use of strong liquors that intoxicate."

"S. Oh! this does not intoxicate me. One little glass more."

The chevalier was fairly beaten, and left the sheikh master of the field.

But the wisdom and liberality of Al Mohdi were more conspicuous on another occasion, when the French general, either through carelessness or ignorance, had outraged the religious prejudices of the leading Mussulmans in Cairo. The general-in-chief invited to a splendid banquet the principal officers of his staff and the most eminent citizens. In the midst of

\* Sale's Koran, vol. i. p. 37.

† Ib. vol. i. p. 39.



the feast, the servants placed before each of the guests a glass of excellent white wine;

"Soon murmurs were heard, by degrees the whispers became louder, surprise and discontent were displayed in every countenance.

"It is wine," said one.

"Wine!" shouted another, "Wine to Mussulman sheikhs! and in public!"

"It is an insult," said a third, "artful means devised by vengeance to lower us in public estimation!"

"Let us depart," exclaimed a sheikh, more exasperated than the rest, "and proclaim to our fellow citizens the insult that has been offered to us, and through us to our religion and our holy prophet!"

"The sheikh Al Mohdi had not lost any of these symptoms of irritation, and of those still more dangerous proposals, whose consequences were likely to prove deplorable in a city recently pacified, where a brand thrown at random might kindle a vast conflagration.

"He had seen all and heard all, without seeming to pay the least attention, apparently plunged in that apathetic reverie, in which the Orientals are so fond of indulging. Suddenly he seemed to awake, and with a tone of surprise demanded, 'What is the matter?—what troubles you?'

"They explained to him the subject of the general discontent, 'They have offered us wine to drink!' 'Perhaps it is not wine,' said the sheikh, calmly taking up his glass and looking at it; 'assuredly it is not wine; wine is never of this color.' The angry passions began to subside, and it was obvious that the minds of the Mussulmans would take the direction given them by their able chief, whose learning and orthodoxy were well known. After a short pause, he lifted the glass and swallowed its contents, saying, 'Let us see what it really is;,' then with a true epicurean smack of the lips, 'It is wine, my brethren, but it is delicious, and if it be a sin for me or for you to drink it, may the holy prophet cause the sin to fall on the Franks.' He demanded a second glass, the sheikhs followed his example, and drank, exclaiming, 'Be the sin on them! be the sin on them!' Discord fled from the table, harmony reigned in its stead, the festivity of the evening suffered no further interruption, and there was no insurrection in the city."

Like most of the Orientals, Al Mohdi was fond of punning upon names; Bonaparte he called *Bonna Bakht* (the edifice of fortune); Kleber, *Kalah-ber* (the fortress of the country); and Menou, *Men-hu* (what kind is he?). After the departure of the French, the sheikh was continued in his situation, and so universally was he respected, that when the Albanians broke out into insurrection and attacked the Frank quarter of Cairo, in July, 1804, the women and children found a safe asylum in his house, which even these licentious mercenaries dared not violate. He subsequently took an active part in the elevation of Mehemet Ali to the government, and was appointed chief of the sect of Shafai, one of the four orthodox sects of Islam. Mehemet Ali, however, finding that Al Mohdi opposed some of his projects, treated him with coldness, in conse-

quence of which he retired into private life, and died in the bosom of his family, at the advanced age of seventy-nine years, A. D. 1815.

The tales which Al Mohdi collected are divided into two unequal portions, the second being about double the length of the first; both are connected by the history of Abd-er-rahman al-Iskanderani (the Alexandrian), who is the Scheherazade of the work. The first portion, whimsically entitled by the author "The Present of an Unmarried Awakener, for the amusement of him who loves slumber and sleep," was translated and published some years ago under the title of the "Ten unfortunate evenings of Abd-er-rahman-al-Iskanderani." Its success induced M. Marcel to revise and improve it, and to add the second and more interesting portion, called "Conversations in the Moristan, or Revelations of the Lunatic Asylum at Cairo."

The plot of the main story is more ingenious but less romantic than that of Scheherazade and Schahriar. Abd-er-rahman being left in possession of a large fortune by his father, a wealthy merchant of Alexandria, devotes himself intensely to study, and makes a proficiency which he fondly deems unparalleled. Desirous that others should profit by his learning, he prepares narratives to read to his friends. Ten times he adventures as a story-teller; on each occasion his auditors are put to sleep, and some dread misfortune is brought on the hapless author's head. The tenth evening brings him to beggary, and consigns him to the Moristan, or Lunatic Asylum of Cairo.

On the first occasion, Abd-er-rahman began by assembling his slaves and reading to them a *resumé* of history, which, sooth to say, is not wholly destitute of soporific qualities. Before he had concluded they had all fallen asleep, leaving the doors and gates unfastened. The naib or chief of police, discovering this negligence as he went his rounds, ordered his attendants to nail up the doors, and inflicted a very heavy fine on Abd-er-rahman, for thus affording temptation to robbers.

The unfortunate story-teller consoled himself by reflecting on the proverbial stupidity of slaves; he resolved to assemble a more enlightened auditory, and for this purpose invited his friends and acquaintances to a magnificent entertainment. After they had feasted on the richest dainties, Abd-er-rahman produced his manuscript, and read a very interesting narrative, showing the necessity of men reposing all their trust in God. But, alas!



his auditors fell asleep once more; on looking round, however, he discovered four who had escaped the general somnolency, and he complimented them highly on their taste and love of learning. They, in return, expressed so deep an interest in his narrative, that they wished to see the historical authorities on which it was founded. The delighted author went to seek them in his study; they were not easily found, and he was consequently absent for some time. When he returned, the four attentive guests had disappeared, and along with them had vanished all Abd-er-rahman's rich service of plate, with the exception of one salver, on which Al Harramí, the notorious robber, had written some lines thanking Abd-er-rahman for his entertainment.

The next morning Abd-er-rahman went to lodge his complaint before the aga of the Janissaries, taking with him the salver on which the robber had written his complimentary letter. He found the aga mounted on horseback, surrounded by a crowd of suitors, to whose complaints he could give but distracted attention. Abd-er-rahman stated his case and exhibited the salver; the aga heard little and comprehended less of the complainant's statement, but demanded that the salver should be handed to him for closer inspection. No sooner had he seen the robber's letter than he furiously accused Abd-er-rahman of being an accomplice of the gang, and without hearing his explanation, ordered him to be bastinadoed. The orders were instantly obeyed, while the surrounding multitude loudly cheered the prompt justice of their magistrate. Nor was this all: Abd-er-rahman was sentenced to pay a very heavy fine to prevent further proceedings before a superior tribunal.

The next audience to which Abd-er-rahman recited was composed of his relatives, whom he had assembled to celebrate his reconciliation with a cousin, who had been reduced to distress by a career of vice and profligacy in a distant land, but who represented his poverty as the result of inevitable misfortunes. Abd-er-rahman believed the tale, and by a romantic excess of generosity, lent him a large sum of money in private, while publicly he affected to entertain suspicions of his character. The third tale produced the same effects as the preceding, but the sleep was not immediately attended with any fatal result. However, such soon appeared; Abd-er-rahman had placed the bond given him by his cousin in the leaves of the book from which he read to his guests, whence it was easily

abstracted by the fraudulent debtor, who laughed the unfortunate story-teller to scorn, when he went to seek for payment. A law-suit followed. Abd-er-rahman's case, of course, completely failed, and he had not only to pay all the costs, but a very heavy fine for having brought a false accusation before the tribunal; he had also to endure the bastinado a second time for perjury.

A bright idea now seized Abd-er-rahman; he resolved no longer to lead a single life, but to obey the recommendations of the Koran, and take a wife. We spare our readers an enumeration of the learned arguments by which he fortified his resolution; one, however, deserves to be noticed.

"Amongst the details of the interesting picture which my imagination formed of wedded joys—a husband in the arms of a beloved wife—a father surrounded by prattling children—I cannot venture to deny that there glided in, almost unconsciously, the image of a father and husband reading his histories to his wife and children—reading when he pleased, without fearing refusal or interruption: it seemed an audience ready prepared, always at hand, always attentive; and I was surprised that I had never thought of it before."

The lady whom he chose was of illustrious birth; she was the daughter of a *she-rif*, or descendant of the prophet; and though still young, she was the widow of another *she-rif*, to whom she had been contracted in infancy. The nuptials were celebrated with great magnificence; but unfortunately, to enliven the marriage feast, Abd-er-rahman told a story, pointing out the folly of family pride, and the hazard of marrying ladies of noble birth. All went to sleep except the brother of the bride, and he, believing that the tale was told to insult his family, drew his sword, rushed upon Abd-er-rahman, and before he could make any preparations for defence, smote off his ear. The tumult awoke the guests, a tremendous uproar ensued, the police interfered, Abd-er-rahman fainted from loss of blood, and on his recovery found himself in prison. As the case related to *she-rifs*, it came under the cognizance of the *nakib-al-ashraf*, or chief of the illustrious descendants of the prophet: he of course decided in favor of his relatives, and the unfortunate story-teller was not liberated until he had paid a very heavy fine.

Abd-er-rahman, however, found some consolation in the affection of Fatima, his noble spouse. She declared herself so anxious to make some compensation for the wrongs he had suffered from her relatives, that he ventured to request she would



listen to one of his stories. Fatima long resisted, but was finally persuaded, and her husband inflicted upon her a narrative of greater extent than any he had yet ventured to relate. Of course she fell asleep; her gown swept over a chafing-dish which was placed in the room; it took fire; the flames communicated to the tapestry; and before the conflagration could be extinguished, Abd-er-rahman's mansion and furniture were consumed, and he was severely fined for negligence that endangered the safety of the city.

Fatima escaped with life, but no persuasions could induce her to become a listener a second time. Abd-er-rahman, therefore, resolved to take another wife, and he chose an old maid named Alima. Two wives in one house naturally disagreed; Alima especially was jealous of the least attention shown to Fatima, and in order to cure her, Abd-er-rahman resolved to tell a story. Great was his delight when Alima not only expressed a willingness to hear it, but declared that she would remain standing all the time, in order to resist the drowsiness which had overcome his former auditors. But alas! before the tale was finished she fell down and broke both her arm and leg. The physician summoned to attend her displayed so little skill, that Abd-er-rahman refused to pay him: the case was brought before the *ulemas*, or doctors of civil law, to which respectable body the physician belonged, and Abd-er-rahman had to pay, not only the bill, but very heavy damages for having spoken disrespectfully of the learned professions.

"Though the ass may make a pilgrimage to Mecca, yet an ass he will come back," says a proverb quoted by our inveterate story-teller to excuse his perseverance. Abd-er-rahman took a third wife, a beautiful young girl called Lûlû, or "the pearl," in consequence of her charms, but which was changed into Zeinab, "the ornament of her father," from the fame she brought her family. But Zeinab was an idiot, and Abd-er-rahman searched among his histories for one that might awaken her ideas. He took the precaution of placing some slaves in the apartment, and to banish the danger of sleep, permitted them to interrupt him by questions and comments. Zeinab's questions were so absurd and childish that her husband soon ceased to answer them, and she and her slaves were quickly asleep. A terrific crash in the kitchen disturbed the party; Abd-er-rahman had delayed supper to the conclusion of his lecture; a strange dog, guided by the scent of the meat, found a

way into the house, and tumbled down the plates as he made a spring at a tempting shoulder of mutton. The slaves hastened to punish the intruder, but the dog fled with his prey, and escaped into one of the city sewers. The noise attracted the notice of the police; some doubt was felt respecting the excuse assigned for the riot, the sewer was opened, and in it was found, to the horror of all true believers, a leg of pork, which the dog had probably stolen from some infidel's kitchen. Such a crime could not go unpunished; Abd-er-rahman was brought before the great council of the *ulemas* for the crime of having swine's flesh dressed in his mansion; the evidence was deemed conclusive before a tribunal already prejudiced against him; he had once more to endure the *bastinado* and pay a heavy fine.

A fourth wife, named Zahara, was taken by the inveterate story-teller, and the very second day after his marriage he read to her a new narrative. Zahara fell so fast asleep that she could not be awakened, and as the tale recited to her had been one of *diablerie*, the slaves reported that their master had bewitched his spouse. Abd-er-rahman was thrown into prison, and before he was liberated had to undergo the torture several times. Zahara had, however, only counterfeited this supernatural slumber to have an opportunity of escaping with her gallant. When this was made known to the judges, they acquitted Abd-er-rahman, and he was allowed to return home without paying any fine.

He next purchased some slaves for his harem, believing that he could command more attention from them than from his wives. One evening he assembled them in a kiosk, or summer-house, which he had erected in his garden, and having trimmed his lamp and produced his manuscript, threatened them with the severest punishment if they dared to fall asleep. When he concluded, he found that all his auditors but one had stolen away, and she was buried in slumber. By a sudden angry movement Abd-er-rahman overthrew the table and lamp; the awakened slave fled with the speed of lightning; and Abd-er-rahman, pursuing her in the darkness, tumbled into a reservoir, which, luckily for him, was only half full of water. It was, however, so deep that he could not get out, and so far from the house that his cries could not be heard. There he remained until the muezzin ascended a neighboring minaret to proclaim the hour of morning prayer, when his cries attract-



ed the notice of this pious functionary. Abd-er-rahman was extricated, but was attacked by a severe fever, which almost brought him to the grave. Scarcely had he recovered, when he was summoned to appear before the priests of the mosque to answer for the crime of interrupting the muezzin's holy proclamation. The chief móllah, however, treated him leniently, sentencing him only to bestow a large sum in alms, as an atonement for his impiety.

Abd-er-rahman was now at his wit's end; but he resolved to make a final effort, and to have the tale read by his slave, in order to determine whether the matter or manner of his recitals had most share in producing his former calamities. A splendid banquet was prepared, a large company assembled, the feast was concluded, the reading commenced, and Abd-er-rahman was the first to fall asleep. When he awoke, he found himself alone with the reader; he went to search the house for his guests, and received ocular demonstrations that he was plundered by his slaves, and dishonored by his wives. Transported with rage, he attempted to take immediate vengeance, aided by some domestics that still remained faithful; a terrible scene of confusion ensued, the police rushed in to learn the cause, and the guilty parties with one accord proclaimed that Abd-er-rahman was insane. His violent behavior when brought before the magistrates gave credibility to the accusation, and he was sent to the Moristán, or Lunatic Asylum of Cairo. Here he continued ten years. When he was at length permitted to quit it, he found his house in ruins, his wives married to others, and all his property destroyed. Thenceforward he became a strolling story-teller, and gained a miserable livelihood by reciting his narratives to caravans of pilgrims.

The second portion of the work contains an account of what Abd-er-rahman heard and saw in the Moristán. He bore his lot with patience, and soon acquired the favor of his keepers. They soon permitted him to walk in the courts, along with some of the inmates whose mildness of demeanor justified such indulgence. Here he became acquainted with three persons who had, like himself, lost their ears and been lamed. After a short time he discovered that the resemblance was still more perfect, for each of them retained his senses. They were, however, worse disfigured than our hero, and he could not avoid expressing a desire to learn the cause of their calamities. It was agreed

that each should relate his history. Abd-er-rahman soon after, with other supposed lunatics, came to listen to these narratives, and amongst the latter, he found his perfidious cousin, and his faithless wife, Zahara. The number of narrators was thus increased, and we should be sorry that any one of them withheld his history. As a specimen of these "Revelations of the Moristán," we shall extract, with some curtailments, the history of Rafif, the squinting astrologer of Alexandria, both because it illustrates the customs and superstitions of the east more vividly than any other, and because it introduces us to Jezzar Pacha, one of our "Ancient allies," who, assisted by Sir Sidney Smith, beat off Napoleon from Acte, and thus materially aided in frustrating the French expedition to Egypt. Rafif excited the attention of his auditors by declaring that he came to the Moristán in consequence of a quarrel with the sun, moon and stars. Such a preface appeared to Abd-er-rahman an evidence of insanity, but seeing that the rest of the audience heard it unmoved, he took courage and invited Rafif to go on with his history.

"I am a native of Smyrna: the circumstances of my infancy have left such a feeble impression on my memory that I can with difficulty recall them. Moreover I remember perfectly, that from my earliest infancy the first object that struck my view was a piece of red cloth, suspended from my little turban, which hung over my forehead in the shape of a tongue, falling so exactly between my eyes that the pupils were constantly directed towards it by an involuntary attraction. My mother, full of tender fears, had used this means as an efficacious talisman to ward off the danger of the *evil eye*, which might be turned upon me. I did not lay aside this amulet until I was nine years old, when, being admitted into the congregation of the faithful, I had acquired a right to the protection of our holy prophet, and the *evil eye* could no longer injure one of whom our divine religion was the parent and guardian.

"My father was secretary to the kadi of Smyrna. He designed me to be his successor, when age and education had qualified me for the place. He was especially anxious to instruct me in jurisprudence, and no sooner was I able to read than he placed in my hands the works of the most celebrated Mohammedan lawyers. I had no taste for the study thus recommended to me, and I confess that I preferred the sports of my youthful companions to dry studies on law and equity. Whenever I could make my escape, I went to sport with my comrades, sometimes in the fields, sometimes in the gardens that surround the city.

"Detained all day in court by his professional avocations, my father was ignorant of my constant truancy; and my mother, who loved me with all the mistaken fondness shown to an only child, was careful to conceal my faults. In our meetings, each of my companions had a nick-name; they called me, I know not why, *the squinter*, and I have been so accustomed to the title that I have kept it to this day.

"I had reached my sixteenth year without trou-



bling myself much about the future, when all my father's hopes were suddenly overthrown—the kadi, his protector, was disgraced, all his property confiscated by the Divan of Constantinople, and he was forced to resign his dignity to a successor sent from the capital. The new dignitary, though a Turk by birth, showed some regard for his predecessor, and seeing that the confiscation of his property had deprived him of all resources, he generously offered him the post which my father had hitherto occupied.

"The old kadi was but too happy to accept an offer which came so luckily to extricate him from his difficulties; and my father becoming the chief victim of these double reverses of fortune, was so deeply grieved, that in eight days I followed him to the tomb. My mother, who had been ailing long before, did not long survive her husband, and I suddenly found myself an orphan, with no prospect but the deepest misery.

"I knew nothing; I had no means of procuring the necessities of life; my former comrades were too young to give me any assistance; I had only some distant relations, who cruelly refused me even a lodging. One of them, more compassionate than the rest, was pleased at least to give me some advice; he counselled me to address the new kadi, implore his pity, and solicit the lowest place in his household, the meanest occupation that could afford me the means of subsistence.

"I hastened to follow this advice; want, which I now felt bitterly, permitted neither hesitation nor delay. I ran to the kadi's door, I solicited and obtained permission to appear in his presence. I found him seated on cushions in a corner of a large saloon, and in the opposite corner was the old kadi discharging the duties which were once performed by my father. The physiognomy of my future protector appeared favorable, and seemed to promise a happy result. I made my request, which I deemed it right to accompany with the most extravagant eulogiums, declaring him the most illustrious of all kadis, past, present and future, the only man on earth capable of filling such an exalted office, eclipsing the glory of all his predecessors, and depriving his successors for ever of all hope of displaying similar merit.

"During my harangue, the expression of his countenance totally changed; by degrees his brow darkened, his eyes sparkled, and finally his voice was raised against me with all the fury of the most violent indignation. He fiercely reproached me with having been sent by his enemies to insult him at his own tribunal, asserting that my praises were addressed to the old kadi, towards whom he declared that my looks were constantly directed, though, as I have already said, he sat at a distance on the opposite side of the room.\* He would not listen to any apology or explanation, and the only result of my audience was to be forcibly ejected from the mansion, where I hoped to find a refuge, with orders to quit the city immediately, and never to return.

"In the course of the same evening the old kadi, who, as it seems, had made a similar mistake, sent secretly to thank me for the courage with which I had maintained his superiority over his successor, and displayed his gratitude by sending me some provisions and a small sum of money, adding that he would secure me a passage on board a vessel which was to sail the following morning.

"I had lost by some unforeseen error the protection I had sought, and I did not conceive it necessary, by confessing the truth, to reject the unexpected patronage which by the same error I had involunta-

rily procured. In fact, my design was, by praising the new kadi and exalting him far above his predecessor, to take vengeance for my father and myself at the same time, whose modest place he had usurped; and assuredly I was far from imagining that he would mistake this part of my address for flattery. But by some inexplicable fatality my designs were frustrated; my praise was mistaken for reproach—my reproach for praise.

"I made inquiries about the ship to which I had been recommended; she lay at the entrance of the harbor, and I instantly went on board. The captain had received notice of my coming, and employed me as his attendant during the trip. Our voyage was not long; our destination was Iskanderun (Alexandretta,) and in five days we reached that Syrian port without encountering any danger. I was engaged, as I have said, by the captain only for the trip. As soon as he had cast anchor, he informed me that he had taken me on board only out of complaisance to the old kadi, and directed me to seek a new master in the town which we had just reached. As I had no luggage, my disembarkation was easily effected; during the rest of the day I wandered through the streets and bazaars of Iskanderun; no one spoke to me, and I did not dare to address any body.

"When evening came, I sat down sorrowfully at the end of the long pier which forms the harbor, reflecting on my sorrowful position; not knowing where I could procure shelter for the night, whose shades were thickening around me, nor food for my empty stomach, which was manifesting its uneasiness by audible grumbings. My glances were mechanically turned to my left over the long promontory which, extending into the sea, closed the gulph on that side and hid from view the summits of the lofty mountains of Kribrus (Cyprus.) All at once I saw near me a tall, stiff, and meagre figure, which seemed to me a real ghost. This being, whose approach I had not observed, and whose presence froze me with horror, had two piercing eyes, a countenance of cadaverous paleness; his bones seemed ready to burst through a skin as dry as parchment; his brows were thick and beetling, and a long white beard hung in wild disorder below his chest; he wore a dark colored robe, and his motions were as precise and regular as if they had been the result of machinery. His eyes were fixed on the starry heavens, and he directed his view successively to different stars, using instruments of curious construction, the like of which I had never seen.

"I felt assured that this strange being was a magician, practising some of his diabolical arts, and I expected that the evil genii would immediately assemble around him in obedience to his necromantic spells. Fear kept me motionless; I kept my eyes fixed upon him, attentively watching his movements; they were all new to me, and I expected momentarily to become their victim. My danger appeared to increase when I saw this mysterious and awful being lower his looks to me, and his glance met mine.

"After some moments of mutual and silent observation, during which drops of cold perspiration streamed from my forehead, he addressed me in a hoarse voice, whose tones however were not at all menacing. 'Friend,' said he, 'I see with pleasure that you share my tastes and pursuits; during the half hour, I perceive that your looks have been directed towards that brilliant sky which extends its splendid canopy over the summit of Mount Taurus, and now your eyes, directed to the zenith, seem anxious to penetrate through the group of nebulous stars directly over our heads. Tell me, which is the constellation that has thus engaged your attention?'

"Reassured by hearing a human voice from this

\*The reader must remember that Rafif squinted.



frightful body, which I had taken for some supernatural being that haunted this solitary place, I was about to reply, but he did not give me time. 'You may,' he continued, 'bless your fate and the constellations that protect you: I am the celebrated Abd-al-nejûm (servant of the stars,) whose high acquirements in astronomy have procured him the surname *al Feleky* (the Celestial) . . . . Perceiving you just now with your eyes fixed on the starry heaven, I easily divined that you were impelled by some insurmountable impulse to my favorite study. I immediately observed with care the aspect of the heavens, I have found it favorable to you, and it has enjoined me to cultivate your taste for such exalted knowledge. Come then with confidence my son; Abd-al-nejûm will in your company penetrate the palace of science; come with me, my house shall be your residence and your academy.'

"The astronomer then took me by the hand. Delighted by such an unexpected invitation, I permitted him to lead me in silence, dreading that too speedy an explanation might lead him to change his benevolent purpose. We passed through several narrow streets in the meanest quarter of the town, and after several turnings stopped before a small house, whose appearance was far from sumptuous. Abd-al-nejûm opened the door himself; a circumstance which convinced me that he had neither slaves nor servants. Taking me again by the hand, he led me in the dark to a confined spot, where he desired me to sit down. Having lighted an old lamp, he turned to examine his new guest. He appeared surprised at the poverty of my dress, which the darkness had hitherto prevented him from noticing; his tone immediately changed, his kind proffers gave place to stern and imperious questions. Not being able to avoid a reply, I related without disguise the circumstances that had brought me to the place where he found me; and where my glances were vaguely directed over the surface of the western waters, instead of being elevated, as he supposed, to the brilliant sky of the east. I testified my gratitude for the kind offers he had made, but did not conceal that food was with me a more pressing want than lessons in astronomical science. . . . Abd-al-nejûm sat down on a wretched mat, which was almost the only article of furniture in his room, and resting his head upon his hands, seemed lost in thought. At length he proposed to take me into his service, on condition that I should ask no wages, but be content with bed and board, promising that if I proved faithful he would make me his heir.

"I lived with him very miserably for twelve years; when I asked him for instructions, he said that nature herself had forbidden me to become an astronomer. Every day he repeated that the stars promised him great wealth and length of life; but nevertheless, I found him one morning dead in his bed, and conformably to his promises I was his sole heir. The inheritance however was only some few articles of furniture, and his mathematical instruments. The owner of the house soon gave me notice to quit; I made a little money by the sale of the furniture, and carefully preserving the astronomical instruments of my deceased master, I sought another lodging.

"I obtained it in the house of an old woman who lodged in the suburbs, to whom I had sold some pieces of paper covered with figures, on which my master had written his scientific calculations, which she purchased as talismans, to increase the fertility of her pigeons and keep them from vermin. I had no difficulty in persuading her that I had inherited the knowledge as well as the instruments of my old master; and her neighbors of both sexes flocked to obtain the aid of my astrological talents. All my master's old papers on which he had scribbled figures were successively sold as talismans.

"Finding this new trade very successful, I resolved, like Abd-al-nejûm, to draw horoscopes, and predict future events from the stars. I had picked up from his conversation the names of some of the constellations, but I did not know what was their position in the sky; however, I hoped that I would easily acquire this knowledge by making use of the instrument. In vain I tried in every way to imitate what I had so often seen my master do; but somehow or other I could never distinctly see through the telescope the stars that my master saw, or perhaps only pretended to see. I have always thought that he designedly injured the instruments before his death, for fear lest the fame of my science might eclipse his own. . . . My reputation increased every day, and unfortunately for me it extended too far. My fame reached the governor of the city. He was about to become a father, and summoned me to draw the horoscope of the unborn child. I went boldly, pretended to make some observations, drew some whimsical figures, made some idle calculations, and unhesitatingly declared that he would soon be the father of a boy. I did not know that my new employer had brought at a great expense another astronomer from Antakych (Antioch). He was posted in another part of the house, and announced that the child would be a girl. They brought us together, that we might compare our different horoscopes. I could make nothing of my adversary's scheme; he easily demonstrated that mine was composed only of figures drawn at random, calculations either absurd or insignificant, and marks that had no connection or relation. For want of good argument, I overwhelmed my adversary with reproaches, and he retorted as well as he could. From words we were about to come to blows, when we received a piece of news which put an end to our quarrel. The women who had been summoned to attend the lady announced that she was not pregnant, but dropsical."

Rafif then relates, that being banished as an imposter, he fled to Syria, where he fell in with a band of robbers, who carried him bound to Acre, and set him at liberty on condition of his remaining in the city and presenting himself every evening at the great fountain which supplies the town with water. He obtained admission to the house of a Jew, by promising him an amulet that would protect him from the tyranny of the pacha, deservedly call Jezzar (the butcher). The Jew's daughter, who unfortunately was but

"A sign-post likeness of the human race,  
That is, at once resemblance and disgrace,"

fell in love with the astrologer; but he rejected her advances on the plea that the stars prohibited their union. She accepted the excuse, and continued her kindness. During a fortnight Rafif presented himself regularly at the fountain, but the weather continuing cloudy, his services were not required. At length, one fine evening, he met at the rendezvous the captain of the robbers by whom he had been seized, and we shall now let him continue the recital of his adventures.

"'Here you come,' said a voice which I knew too well; 'I was waiting for you. If you have not your



astronomical instruments, run and get them; and take care that you do not keep me long waiting.' Terrified and confounded, I hastened to execute his orders with all expedition, and speedily returned. 'Follow me,' said he; 'do not tremble thus; fear nothing; no evil will befall you, unless you bring it on your own head. Above all things, keep perfectly silent until you reach your destination.' Then, without any further explanation, he began to walk towards one of the corners of the enclosure. I followed my mute guide without saying a word, endeavoring to persuade myself into reliance on the promise he had made.

"We soon reached a low and shabby-looking portal; it was opened without noise at a scarcely perceptible signal, and I was handed over by my guide to two other conductors as silent as himself. These new personages, who seemed to me either slaves or domestics, gave me in charge to two others in a second chamber; they again resigned me to a new pair in a third room, and thus I was transferred from the hands of one pair to those of the next, until I reached the presence of their master.

"I have said *from the hands*, but this is an inaccurate expression; not one of those whom I encountered in my passage had retained possession of his entire person. One had lost a hand, another a foot; this had been deprived of an eye, the next wanted a nose or ears. Among them there was not one complete man; they were rather 'the ruins of humanity'—ruins more or less mutilated and disfigured. No where could there be found such a collection of the halt and maimed; it seemed that a person in full possession of his limbs was incompatible with the arrangements of this extraordinary mansion. 'Great God!' thought I with a shudder, 'am I doomed to wear the livery of this miserable band?'

"These involuntary reflections were cut short by my admission into the last room. It was badly lighted by a single lamp, and the corners were shrouded in almost total darkness; the furniture was mean and scanty; but when I glanced around I beheld the glitter of scymetars, daggers and swords, and through the shade along the walls I saw about twelve soldiers perfectly motionless, standing in frightful silence. At the extremity of the room, in the corner farthest from the door, there was seated on a miserable carpet, supported by filthy and torn cushions, a man already old, of haughty and ferocious aspect. His eyes were sunk in his head, but light flashed from them through the thick and shaggy brows by which they were covered, like the glare of the hyena thirsting for carnage. His savage appearance, and his brows rigidly contracted, announced the violent passions of a merciless heart. His beard was in disorder, his turban of coarse stuff badly arranged, his dress soiled and worn. In his girdle there was a large dagger and two enormous pistols; before him lay a naked sabre, and several other instruments of destruction. He smoked from a pipe of common clay, whose stem was a simple reed. In the midst of the clouds of smoke that surrounded him, I seemed to see some fantastic spectre, and I thought for a moment that Eblis stood before me in his proper person. His eyes at length were fixed on me; a shudder of mortal terror shook my limbs; I discovered that I was in the presence of the cruel Pacha of Acre, the terrible Jezzar. . . . I then comprehended perfectly the cause of all the mutilations I had met since my entrance into his palace; I was in the lion's den. . . .

"Jezzar looked at me for some time in silence, without changing his position. Then raising his voice, and softening a little the tiger-like ferocity of his countenance, 'You are an astronomer,' said he; 'I have need of you.'

"These few words banished my fear, and restored

my courage. I knew that these men, so cruel and irritable towards their dependents, often exhibit despicable weakness to those whom they deem necessary to them, and on whom they depend in turn.

"The pacha immediately rose, and ordered me to accompany him to one of the terraces of his palace. When we reached it, he pointed out a brilliant star of ruddy aspect, with whose name I am unacquainted, but which was on my right. 'There is my star,' said he; 'observe it, and tell me what it predicts.'

"I turned my instrument to the specified star, but soon the pacha asserted that my looks were turned to the side opposite that which he indicated, and that I was observing a star on the left, different from his. Twice he warned me, twice I assured him that he was mistaken, and even dared to add, 'I know what I see, and I would know it though I saw it not.' Scarcely had I spoken, when my third warning was a terrible blow of his scymetar, which deprived me of that part of my arm you see wanting."

Rafif fell to the ground senseless. The servants of the pacha finding him in this condition, believed him dead, and threw him into the street. Luckily he was found by his Jewish host, who took him home and bound up his wounds. When he was sufficiently recovered to tell his story, the Jew expressed his astonishment at the mercy with which he had been treated, assuring him that he was the only person to whom Jezzar had ever vouchsafed two warnings. In spite of all the entreaties of the Jew, Rafif resolved to leave Acre; and well was it for him that he did so, as he learned shortly afterwards that the pacha had seized the Jew, and condemned him to the horrible death of impalement. Rafif came to Cairo, and soon obtained large sums by the sale of amulets and talismans. Intoxicated by success, he believed that he had some how or other become really learned, and presented himself to be publicly examined in astronomy by the body of the ulemas. His blunders were so very extraordinary, and his blustering efforts to hide his ignorance so ludicrous, that the whole assembly believed him insane, and he was consigned to the Moristân.

Among the narratives that follow the history of Rafif is one that seems designed as a parody on the story of Aladdin. It is more ingenious than the Four Facardins of Count Hamilton, because it never degenerates into caricature, and because the adventures, though very whimsical, follow each other in natural order. The outline of the tale may be told in a few words. Morad, a young Egyptian, becomes possessed of a talismanic ring, that ensures him the gratification of all his wishes; the genii, however, thus subjected to his sway, are malignant beings, who execute his behests literally, and thus place him constantly in the midst of dangers



and difficulties. He wishes to be removed from the desert to his uncle's house, and is plumped down in the midst of a dinner given to the household; of course he is soundly cudgelled for the destruction of the feast; he desires to be placed in the midst of Bagdad, and immediately finds himself swimming for his life in the Tigris: he sees the pacha's magnificence, and desires to share in it; the slaves, directed by a mysterious power, bring him viands, but scarcely has he had time to taste them, when the pacha's guards, appear to chastise the slaves and the intruder; he wishes to be removed to a place of safety, and is placed in the lowest dungeon of the city prison, with some wretches about to be impaled; he desires to be rescued from the horrors of an impending execution, and is hurried to the centre of India, where he narrowly escapes martyrdom from some superstitious Fakirs. After many similar adventures, Morad at length wishes to be in his own country, and is placed, bound hand and foot, on the summit of one of the pyramids; he then wishes to be restored to his father, and is rolled down the pyramid to his father, who was below searching for hidden treasure. His wounds and bruises throw him into a dangerous disease, which is followed by mental alienation, and he is consigned to the Moristán.

The specimens we have given of the *New Arabian Tales* show that they differ essentially from our old acquaintances, approaching more nearly to the European style of romance; but the second work which we have placed at the head of this article is almost a repetition of Scheherazade's narratives, and goes far to establish the Indian origin of "The Thousand and One Nights." The distinct and clear testimony of Massoudi, one of the most enlightened Arabian writers, ought indeed long since to have settled this question; he states that the *Thousand and One Nights* and the *Voyages of Sinbad*, of which he speaks as separate works, were translated from the Persian, that is, the Pehlvi, in the reign of the Khaliph Al Mansúr, consequently about thirty years before the age of Haroun-al-Raschid, who is now the hero of so many of the tales. The additional stories published some years ago by Von Hammer and Trebutiën confirm Massoudi's account. Those that are of a purely Saracenic origin can easily be distinguished from those that have been derived from a more imaginative people; even the change made in the catastrophe, which Trebutiën regards as a restoration

of the original narrative, is a humorous turn quite inconsistent with the gorgeous fancy that dictated these wondrous fictions. In Trebutiën's edition, Schahriar, so far from pardoning Scheherazade for her skill in story-telling, declares that he will have her put to death by torture for having talked so much nonsense, and only spares her life because he finds she has become a mother. Every reader must feel that this jest is an impertinence, utterly repugnant to the general character of the work.

"The Adventures of Kámrúp," translated from the *Hindoostanee* by Garcin de Tassy, are manifestly derived from the same original as the *Voyages of Sinbad*; for "the moving accidents by flood and field," recorded in both, are in many instances perfectly identical. We trust that this will attract the notice of some Sanscrit scholars in India, and stimulate them to inquire after the original work from which both have been taken. A translation from a Persian abridgment of the *Hindoostanee* poem was published by Colonel Franklin some years ago, under the name of "The Loves of Camarupa and Camalata," and a comparison of this with Garcin de Tassy's work leads us to believe that Sinbad's narratives, delightful as they are, have been shorn of much of their lustre in their passage through Persian and Arabic. Kámrúp is sadly ill-treated by the Persian compiler, several of the most interesting details being omitted and others sadly distorted; but especially the historical and geographical allusions with which the *Hindoostanee* poem abounds have been wholly neglected by the translators. Still, "the Loves of Camarupa and Camalata" may be read with pleasure,—

"For sunshine, broken in the rill,  
Though turned aside, is sunshine still."

The suspicion that Sinbad's translator may have omitted much that was excellent has frequently crossed our minds, for Sinbad's voyages are manifestly not designed to be received as mere romances. Hole, in his admirable dissertation on them, has shown that many of the most extravagant fictions they contain were received in Europe as authentic facts during the middle ages, and that the wildest of the narratives may be paralleled in the veracious pages of Sir John Mandeville. The *Tales of the Sheikh Al Mohdi*, and the *Adventures of Kámrúp*, taken together, supply us with a sequel and commentary to the *Arabian Nights*, deeply interesting to all who love imaginative



lore. The former enables us to determine the nature of the frame-work in which the Arabians set the gems derived from more fanciful climes. The latter enables us to estimate the nature and value of the treasures before they were placed in the hands of foreign artists.

Al Mohdi's Tales are valuable for other considerations; they reveal to us the present state and feelings of the Moslem inhabitants of Egypt, and show us the effect produced upon them by European intercourse. Traces of liberal sentiment and of a tolerant spirit are to be found in his collection, and fanaticism is only noticed to be condemned. There can be nothing more delightful than this appearance of dawning liberality in the lands that seemed for ever doomed to the darkness of bigotry.

Notes have been added to both these works by their respective translators; those of M. Marcel convey much curious and valuable information respecting eastern habits and customs; but we regret to say that M. Garcin de Tassy has given a mere philological commentary on the original text of Kámrúp, which he intends to publish on some future occasion. This arrangement seems every way objectionable: mere European scholars find a large portion of the book useless, and the future Hindoostanee student must purchase the translation as well as the original, if he desires to derive any advantage from the commentary.

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ART. VI.—1. *Miscellaneous Works of William Marsden, Esq., F. R. S. &c.—On the Polynesian or East Insular Languages.* London. 1834. 4to.

2. *A Vocabulary of the English, Bugis and Malay Languages, containing about 2000 words.* Singapore: printed at the Mission Press. 1833.

3. *Abrégé de Géographie, rédigé sur un nouveau plan, d'après les derniers traités de paix et les découvertes les plus récentes.* Par Adrien Balbi. Article, *Description de l'Océanie.* Paris. 1833. 8vo.

4. *Verhandelingen van het Bataviasche Genootschap van Kunsten en Wetenschappen.* 13<sup>e</sup> Deel. Te Batavia, ter Lands-Drukkery. 1832. *Idem*, 14<sup>e</sup> Deel, 1833. 4to.

5. *Malaiseische Spraakkunst*, door den Hr. W. Marsden, in 1812, te London fedrukt; *en nit het Engelsch vertaald* door C. P. J. Elout.—*Grammaire de la Langue Malaie*, par M. W. Marsden; publiée à Londres en 1812; *et traduite de l'Anglais* par C. P. J. Elout. A Harlem, chez Jean Enschedé et Fils. 1824. 4to.

6. *Voyage autour du Monde, par les mers de l'Inde et de la Chine, exécuté sur la corvette de l'état La Favorite, pendant les années 1830, 1831 et 1832, sous le commandement de M. Laplace, capitaine de frégate.* Publié par ordre de M. le Vice-Amiral Comte de Rigny, Ministre de la Marine et des Colonies. Paris: Imprimerie Royale. 1833-4. 2 tom. grand 8vo.

WE propose to furnish the reader, as far as this can be done within the brief limits of an article, with a rapid view of those curious and extensive countries which the continental geographers, justly considering as wholly separate and distinct from the old divisions or quarters of the globe, have with some propriety designated as a new division or quarter, under the name of Oceania. It is not our object at present to describe the colonies or conquests of European nations within the region in question, (which may form the subject of a future article), but to confine ourselves to what relates to its natural productions, and more particularly to the native races which inhabit it, their affiliations, and their languages. The countries included under that denomination have within the last twenty years, and as they well merited, attracted a considerable share of European notice: before proceeding to give our own sketch, we shall shortly refer to the acquisitions to our knowledge of them which have been effected by the studies and labors of contemporaries, English, French, Dutch and Germans.

Of our countrymen, the first in merit, as in time, is Mr. William Marsden, whose most recent work stands at the head of our article. The reader will not be displeased if we give him an outline of the valuable and laborious life of this gentleman, which, indeed, had we room to go into it, would at the same time, be the history of the discoveries which have been made regarding the Polynesian people, their languages and literature, for more than half a century back. Mr. Marsden, by birth a native of Ireland, proceeded to



Bencoolen in the civil service of the East India Company, in the year 1771, and there, during a residence of about nine years, laid the foundation of his extensive knowledge of the Malays, the most noted nation of the Eastern Archipelago. He returned to England at the close of the year 1779, and three years thereafter, published "The History of Sumatra," the first accurate, faithful, philosophical and detailed view of the Polynesian nations which had yet been given to the European public, founded on a comprehensive knowledge of the people he described, and on a critical acquaintance with their language and institutions. His work has reached a third edition, the last, much improved and enlarged, published in 1811; and it has been translated into the French and German languages. It gained for Mr. Marsden the high station among literary men to which he was so well entitled, and which his future labors sustained and improved. Through the discriminating friendship, we believe, of the late Earl Spencer, Mr. Marsden was in due course appointed Assistant Secretary to the Admiralty, and became Chief Secretary to the Board in 1803, under the vigorous and economical administration of Earl St. Vincent. In 1807 he retired from office with the usual pension of his rank, 1,500*l.* a year, which two years ago he voluntarily and patriotically relinquished. The journals of the day described it as "a good example, which would not be imitated;" and they predicted correctly, for, with exceptions minute and few, he has had no followers.

After an interruption of many years, Mr. Marsden, as soon as emancipated from the toils of office, renewed his Polynesian studies, and, as an earnest of his success, published, in 1811, his Grammar and Dictionary of the Malayan Language. This work, published thirty-two years after quitting India, is clear, accurate and comprehensive, and considering that it was composed without any native assistance, and with no aid from living contemporaries, affords a singular proof of what a clear head, a sound judgment, and intense diligence are capable of effecting. The author, at an advanced age, but in sound health, is at the present moment, as we understand, preparing a second and enlarged edition of the Dictionary. Both have been translated into the Dutch and French languages, and the Dictionary, with some additions, has been republished at Batavia as an *original* work, by a Dutch author, who proclaims by this act that he possesses neither

the candor nor the diligence of Mr. Marsden. Besides the works now described, Mr. Marsden published, in 1818, a translation of the celebrated "Travels of Marco Polo," with notes at least as valuable as the original work itself; and in 1823 and 1825 appeared his "Numismata Orientalia Illustrata," a description of oriental coins, ancient and modern. He has also contributed many valuable papers, chiefly on oriental literature and science, to the Transactions of the Royal Society, of the Asiatic Society of Calcutta, and of the Society of Antiquaries.

Mr. Marsden, at an interval of many years, was imitated and followed by Sir Stamford Raffles in his "History of Java," and by Mr. Crawford in his "History of the Indian Archipelago;" and these authors, again, have been followed, and, at least in practical acquaintance with the languages of the Eastern Islands, surpassed, by several of the English missionaries. Among these, the most remarkable progress has been made by Mr. Thomsen, an English Missionary, but by birth we believe a Dane. One of his publications is at the head of our article, (No. 2,) and we shall have occasion to refer to it as we proceed. Mr. Thomsen has made himself thoroughly acquainted with the language and literature of the Malays, and also with those of the Bugis, the third, if not the second, nation in rank and numbers in the Eastern Archipelago, and in point of commercial activity and general enterprise, by far the first. At the new and prosperous settlement of Singapore, he has established a printing-press, where works are published in the Chinese, Siamese and Bugis characters, the two last being the first attempts of the kind ever made; and what is better, they are successful ones. Mr. Thomsen is understood to have engaged to translate, for the Oriental Translation Society, some original works from the language of the last named people, the Bugis, or principal nation of Celebes.

The Dutch, who, in reference to the science and philology of the East, had been half asleep for the century which preceded the termination of the war of the French revolution, have been actively and successfully engaged in researches into the natural history and philology of the Eastern Islands, ever since the re-occupation of their colonies in 1816. The Baron Vander Capellan, the first governor of the Dutch possessions after their restoration, bestowed a most enlightened, active and successful patronage on the studies of natural history, antiquities and languages.



Among the most successful cultivators of philology may be named Mr. Elout, a military officer, and the son of the commissioner-general and minister of state of the same name, himself an active, intelligent, and spirited public officer. M. Elout is the translator of the Grammar and Dictionary of Mr. Marsden into the French and Dutch languages. The same gentleman is the author of a Grammar of the Javanese language, the copious and rather difficult dialect of five millions of an industrious, docile and amiable people.

The French, since the return of peace, although having no possessions in the Eastern Islands, have applied, with their usual activity, intelligence and industry, to inquiries into the arts, manners, languages and geography of the distant nations and tribes which inhabit them. Since the restoration, four voyages of discovery, embracing the countries under review, have been undertaken by the French government, under the respective commands of Captains de Freycinet, Duperrey, Dumont-Durville, and Laplace, all of which have contributed to extend the sphere of our hydrographic and geographical knowledge, and made large contributions to the science of natural history; but they have effected little, as might be expected from casual visitors, in improving our acquaintance with the human races inhabiting these countries. In Paris, among other branches of oriental study, the languages of the remote islands of the Eastern Archipelago have not been forgotten; and we find a zealous Parisian philologist, M. Jacquet, directing his attention with success and ingenuity, even to so obscure a subject as the alphabet of the Philippine Islands, now almost obsolete, being superseded by the Roman, through the activity of the Catholic missionaries. M. Adrien Balbi, the author of the "*Abrégé de Géographie*," published last year, although an Italian by birth, must be mentioned as a French writer, since he publishes his work in Paris, and in the French language. M. Balbi's work is the completest Abridgment of Geography extant, but our business is with that portion of it only which regards Polynesia and Australia; in so far as this is concerned, we have great pleasure in expressing it as our opinion, that, while it is a spirited, well-arranged and laborious compilation, it affords, with the exception of the *India Gazetteer* of the late Mr. Walter Hamilton, which is less comprehensive, the only general view of the countries in question that can be relied upon.

The Germans, who have applied to the

study of other branches of eastern learning with a success and assiduity not easily imitated, even by nations more auspiciously circumstanced for following such pursuits, have not forgotten the study of the arts, languages and literature of the Oceanic nations. The most successful student of them is the celebrated Baron William Humboldt, the elder brother of the illustrious philosopher and traveller. The distinguished diplomatist and the liberal minister of state is, with the characteristic diligence of his countrymen, laboriously prosecuting his researches into the Polynesian languages, and the wide scope of his design comprehends the innumerable tongues which begin with Madagascar, near the eastern coast of Africa, and end with Easter Island, not very distant from the western coast of South America. From his pen the public may shortly expect an ingenious, a learned, and a philosophical treatise on the affiliation of the languages in question.

The geographical region or quarter which has been designated Oceania, or *Océanie* in French, extends from about the 95th degree of east to the 110th degree of west longitude, and from the 25th of north to the 50th of south latitude. Within these limits, stretching ten thousand miles in every direction, we have a vast ocean, with a profusion of islands scattered over it, one of them rather a continent than an island; five or six more, each equal in magnitude to almost any in the world; and one peninsula of great size. The great mass of the land lies between the 95th and the 106th degree of east longitude. Beyond the tropics, we have about two-thirds of Australia and the whole of New Zealand. All the rest of this region is strictly tropical, and by far the larger portion of it lies within ten degrees of each side of the equator. The total superficies of the land has been estimated at 3,100,000 geographical square miles, making this division of the globe therefore larger than Europe, although greatly smaller than Asia, Africa or America. A more distinct notion, however, will be conveyed to the reader by giving the superficies of a few of the principal countries composing it, as follows:—

	Square Miles.
Australia . . . . .	1,496,000
Malayan Peninsula . . . . .	48,000
Sumatra . . . . .	130,000
Borneo . . . . .	212,500
Java . . . . .	50,000
Celebes . . . . .	55,000



	Square Miles.
New Guinea . . . .	213,300
Mindanao . . . .	25,000
Luconia . . . .	30,000
New Zealand . . . .	150,000
	<hr/>
	2,410,400

Besides these, nearly 100,000 square miles may be added for many considerable islands, varying in size from 1000 to 9000 square miles; so that the total area, exclusive of a vast multitude of isles and islets, which not only cannot be measured, but cannot even be counted, will be upwards of two millions and a half of square miles. Here are countries, then, greater in extent than China and Hindostan put together. Australia itself is more extensive than the Chinese empire; Borneo three times the size of Great Britain; Sumatra larger than Great Britain and Ireland put together; while Luconia, the principal of the Philippines, is equal in size to the last named island.

M. Balbi, in his geographical description of Oceania, has, with considerable success, classed it into three great divisions, viz. Malaisia, Australia, and Polynesia; and each of these he has described by groups and archipelagoes, selecting generally a principal island to distinguish the name of each, as the Group of Sumatra, the Group of Celebes, &c. Of these there are no less than forty-five, necessarily of very unequal magnitude and importance.

The geological formation of lands so extensive, so scattered, and so widely spread, is, of course, exceedingly various; but the primitive, and trap or volcanic formations prevail. To the first belong the Malayan peninsula, Borneo and Celebes. In those where granite is the principal rock, gold abounds; while the Malayan peninsula, with some islands adjacent to it, contains, besides that metal, the richest and most extensive tin formation in the world. The basaltic, or volcanic formation embraces the whole chain of islands from Java to Sumbawa inclusive, and comprehends most of the islands lying between Celebes and Papua, famous for the production of the clove and nutmeg. The basaltic islands are remarkably deficient in metals, but are more than compensated for it, in the majority of cases, by an incomparable fertility of soil. Of the mixed primitive and volcanic formations are composed the island of Sumatra, and the principal islands of the Philippine group. In these gold is found, but less abundantly than in the countries of purely primitive formation; but they are

at the same time of a soil more fertile. Australia, as might be expected from so extensive a country, comprises almost every variety of geological formation, primitive, secondary and volcanic. It abounds in mineral coal, which is also to be found in Sumatra, Java, and some of the smaller islands. The diamond is found in Borneo only. Copper is found, but not wrought, in Sumatra, Luconia and Timor. Lead is found in Luconia; and perhaps the most abundant ore of antimony in the world, and which now supplies the European market, is found in Borneo. Compared with other countries, iron may be considered as scantily produced everywhere, but particularly in the volcanic islands. Enough has never been produced for the consumption of the inhabitants, and this metal is, therefore, largely imported.

Even in Australia, contrary to what might be expected, there are no rivers of long course, or of great magnitude; and the smaller islands are of course deficient in them. Number, however, in some degree, makes up for the want of size. The high mountains of those within the torrid zone pour down a perennial and abundant supply of water, and there are no countries in the world consequently less subject to drought than these.

No region more abounds in mountains. The highest are found on Sumatra, Java, and some of the islands immediately to the eastward of the latter. These are of an elevation varying from ten to fifteen thousand feet. A great many of them are volcanoes, of which Java is thought to count not less than fifteen, Luconia four, and Sumatra five. The eruptions of some of these, even in our times, have altered the very face of the lands in which they exist, and been accompanied by a vast destruction of life and property.

With the exception of New Zealand and the larger portion of Australia, which enjoy a temperate climate, the rest of Oceania is in the torrid zone; but the climate is tempered by a rich covering of vegetation, frequent and abundant rain, and the insular character of the whole region. A portion of Australia alone is within the region of variable winds; the rest within the influence of the trade-winds, or monsoons. From Sumatra to New Guinea, and even thirty degrees further east, although more uncertain, the latter extend. To the north of the equator, the wind blows half the year from the south-west, and half the year from the north-east, uninterruptedly; and to the south of the equator, half of the year from



the north-west, and the remainder of the year from the south-east. In these tropical regions the season of continual rain generally does not exceed three months. Here the distinctions of summer and winter, of spring and autumn, and the changes in the vegetable creation, by no means however very distinct, alone proclaim a change of season.

Of the varied vegetable productions of these countries it would be in vain to attempt even the barest outline. The greater portion of the country is, down to the present day, unaltered by the industry of man, and as it came from the hand of nature, covered with primeval forests of rich foliage, with very trifling exceptions, in one uniform and perpetual verdure. The useful vegetable products of these islands, indigenous or exotic, are numerous and various. Some of the chief indigenous plants of the greatest utility, are rice, a variety of palms, but chiefly the cocoa-nut, the sugar-cane, the clove, the nutmeg; and among fruits, several cucurbitaceous plants, the shaddock, the banana, the delicate mangosteen, perhaps the most exquisite of known fruits, and the durian, unquestionably the most rich and luscious. Among exotics, but long and thoroughly naturalized, may be named many pulses, maize, cotton, pepper, coffee, tobacco, the mango, and the pine-apple.

Animal life is nearly as vigorous and varied as the vegetable itself. In the tropical portion of Oceania the greater animals are confined to the greater islands. The elephant, of the same species as the common Asiatic, is known only on the Peninsula, Sumatra, and a small portion of the north-east part of Borneo. Two species of rhinoceros, distinct from those of Africa and Asia, are confined to the Malayan peninsula, Sumatra, Borneo and Java; and the two first named afford the tapir, an animal of the same family, and long supposed to be peculiar to the American continent. The tiger is never found in these countries in any small island, even when that island is in the immediate vicinity of a large one abounding with it. This animal, and many others of the feline tribe, abound in all the large islands to the westward, but seem to disappear as we advance to the eastward. In the forests of the great islands also are to be found the wild ox and buffalo, the originals of those that have been domesticated. Deer are found chiefly in the great islands, and these of many varieties, differing in size from considerably smaller than an ordinary rabbit, up to that of the elk. The

hog is nearly universal, and as abundant as it is widely spread. When we get into the Moluccas and approach the shores of New Guinea, we find a remarkable species of this animal, to all appearance equally partaking of the hog and the deer, and fairly called by the natives the Babi-rusa, or hog-deer, of which this is the literal interpretation. The number and variety of the monkey tribe, all, or almost all, differing in species from the same family in Europe, Asia, Africa and America, is prodigious; and they are almost as widely disseminated as they are various and numerous. The Oroung-outan, or man of the forests, so called by the natives themselves, seems confined to Borneo and Sumatra. Notwithstanding a certain resemblance to the human form, this is one of the dullest and least intelligent of the race. The feathered tribe becomes the more remarkable as we proceed eastward. Here they are of singular forms, and their plumage is of resplendent beauty. It is here we find the most remarkable of the parrot family, the loursis, and the cockatoos, names that are slight corruptions of native terms. Here are to be found the whole family of the birds of paradise, and the magnificent crown-pigeon, nearly equal in size to the American turkey. Here also the kangaroo begins first to present itself. In the narrow and temperate seas of this region it may be expected that fish should abound, and this is found to be the case, particularly where extensive banks exist, as the Straits of Malacca, a kind of Mediterranean Sea; the northern coast of Java; the shallow bays which indent Celebes, and the group of the Philippines. A few of these fish are not inferior in flavor to the best of the northern seas. Seals do not present themselves till we get beyond the tropics; and whales are comparatively rare within the equatorial region. The cod, the herring, and the salmon, so familiar to Europeans, are unknown. The abundance of fish, and the facility of taking them, has rendered the fisher, instead of the hunter state, the prevailing condition of most of the rude tribes.

To the sketch now drawn, the zoology of the South Sea Islands, and especially of Australia, offers well known exceptions. Animal life is there comparatively scanty in amount, and the few which exist, although singular for their forms, are for the most part mean and low in the scale of beings, as compared to the lower animals of the longer known portions of the globe.



We come now, however, to the most important part of our subject, and that which, conformably to its importance, it is our intention to treat most in detail, namely, man himself, or the inhabitants of the regions which we have sketched. M. Balbi, who has furnished a table of the population, makes it amount to 20,300,000, being at the rate of  $6\frac{1}{2}$  to the square mile; this, he observes, makes it twice as populous as America, and nearly as much so as Africa, but only one-fourth part as populous as Asia, and one-tenth part as Europe. We are disposed, however, to consider this estimate as greatly beyond the mark. The English population of Australia, and of our settlements in the straits of Malacca, together with that of Java, and of the Spanish portion of the Philippines, are all that have been ascertained by actual enumeration. The population of the British possessions is at the utmost 150,000; that of Java six millions; and that of the Spanish possessions nearly as M. Balbi has given it, or 2,640,000. This makes in all 8,790,000, or under nine millions. The countries thus stated are by far the most populous; Java gives a ratio of 120 to the square mile; and Luconia, which has a million and a half of inhabitants, gives near 50. These are the only countries that in reality have a considerable population,—from whence, then, are to come the eleven millions and a half, wanting to complete M. Balbi's number? The only other countries of considerable extent which are tolerably populous are Sumatra and Celebes: as the greater part of these are still covered with forests, if we reckon them as being equal in ratio to one half of that of Luconia, they will give us an addition of 4,625,000, which will raise the whole to 13,415,000. Borneo is, with the exception of a patch here and there at the mouth of a navigable river, either in a state of nature, or sprinkled with a population of savages, less numerous than the apes in their own forests. The Malayan Peninsula, and the great island of Mindanao, are pretty nearly in the same predicament. A few of the smaller islands, as those of the Lubeck group, Amboyna, and Ternate, are tolerably well peopled. If we give, in short, a million and a half to the whole of which we have not attempted a separate estimate, we shall make the total population of this region amount to fifteen millions, which is unquestionably its utmost extent, and there will be a necessity for curtailing M. Balbi's estimate by at least five millions.

The native inhabitants of Oceania con-

sist of two, indeed most probably of three, distinct races of men. The first and most important of these, both in numbers and civilization, is a yellow or brown complexioned race, with long lank hair, scanty beards, high cheek bones, large mouths, and short noses, with wide nostrils. In their persons they are squat, somewhat robust, and deficient in agility. Their general stature is greatly less than that of Europeans, and also much below that of the Chinese, of most of the Hindoo nations, the Turks of Asia, and the Persians. They are even shorter than the Birmans and Siamese, whom they most resemble. This race constitutes the entire native population of Sumatra, Java, Borneo, Celebes, and the greater number of the South Sea Islands, and forms the great mass of the population of the Malayan peninsula, the Philippine islands, the Moluccas, &c.

The second race are Negroes, and Mr. Marsden very properly adopts for them the name of *Negritos*, or little negroes. Although negroes, however, they are a totally different race from any of the negroes of Africa. They have thick lips, flat noses, a sooty complexion, and wool-like hair. In their persons they are smaller and slenderer than the yellow race, and upon the whole are among the most diminutive, puny, and ill-favored of the human species. They present themselves for the first time, (unless we except the inhabitants of the Andaman islands, in the Gulf of Bengal, which seem to be precisely the same people,) in a few scattered families or tribes in the mountains of the Malay peninsula. In Sumatra, Java, Borneo, and Celebes, they are not ascertained to exist, although this has been sometimes vaguely asserted to be the case. They appear for the first time, in considerable numbers, in the Philippine group, as wandering savages in the mountains of the principal islands, and constituting the entire population of some of the smaller. In the great island of New Guinea, they appear to constitute the mass of the population, such as it is, and here for the first time they are seen with some approach to civilization. The same race constitutes the population of almost all the islands from New Guinea to the Feejees inclusive, extending over fifty degrees of longitude. The yellow complexioned race, then, once more appears, and occupies all the islands to the east, north, and south, except New Holland and Van Diemen's Land, which are peopled by the *Negritos*.

The third race has been considered as the result of the admixture of the yellow



and negrito races. But for making this assumption, there appears no justifiable ground. In this race, the lips are thick, the hair not woolly or lank, but crisp and curled, and the complexion darker than that of the first, but less intense than in the second race. In strength and stature they seem equal to the first. These present themselves, for the first time, as we proceed eastward, in the island of Ende; we have them again in Timor and the neighboring islands, and they constitute the entire inhabitants of Tanna, New Caledonia, and the Feejee group.

The existence of these three distinct races of men, inhabiting one and the same country, is a strange and singular phenomenon. It is as if the European, the African, and the Hindoo races were huddled together, and inhabiting the same countries of Europe, the strongest driving the weakest into the mountains, or into remote and inaccessible quarters.

There is a wide difference in the degrees of civilization attained by the different tribes and nations of the vast region which we are describing. Some of them cannot count above four, and others have made a respectable progress in all the useful arts of life. Those who have attained the highest degree of civilization may, not unfavorably, be compared to the continental nations of Asia of the second rank, such as the Birmans and the people of Siam, Lao, and Camboja, whom indeed they greatly resemble in person, manners, and acquirements. They have made advances far beyond what had been attained by the most polished nations of America before the Spanish discovery. The nations which have acquired this extent of civilization are the Malays, Rejangs, Achinese, Lampongs, and (although occasionally acting the cannibal,) the Battas of Sumatra, the Javanese and Sundas of Java; the Bugis and Macasars of Celebes, and the four principal nations of the Philippine islands. Some minor tribes may indeed with safety be added, as the people of Bally, Lomboek, Suluk, Ternate, and Mindanao. Among these nations there are *four* that stand pre-eminent, viz. the Malays, the Javanese, the Bugis, and the inhabitants of Luconia in the Philippines.

The following brief view of the acquirements of these people will corroborate the assertion which we have made respecting their advance in civilization. Their agriculture is equal to that of any people of continental Asia, the Chinese alone excepted; but for some share of this they are perhaps considerably indebted to

a favorable soil and climate. From time immemorial they have tamed and used most of the animals which are used by the nations of Asia and Europe, and are fitted for the peculiarity of their climate, such as the horse, the ox, the buffalo, the dog, the hog, the cat, and the ordinary descriptions of domestic poultry. They have long cultivated the cotton plant, and weave and dye cotton fabrics with considerable skill. They have for ages been in possession of the useful and precious metals, and used money in their commerce. They have possessed the art of writing for a great many ages, and this art apparently sprang up among themselves, for there arose among them, as will afterwards be shown, no less than seven distinct alphabets; all of which, to appearance, are original and unborrowed. They possess a calendar, or divide time systematically, so as to regulate with considerable accuracy the common transactions of life. Their political institutions go a great way towards preserving order, and securing life and property, and their religion, for the most part, does not appear to have been accompanied by any bloody or cruel rites. Wherever the culture of grain is understood, and it is so among all the principal nations, civilization has most advanced. Where the people live on the produce of the sago-palm, and bread fruit, they have made less progress, and are found universally ignorant of the use of letters. Where fish is the chief subsistence, they are in a still lower state; and they are always savage when they live upon the casual produce of the forests, honey, wild-roots, and game.

The minor nations are in a very different state of society. A few of the yellow colored race apply to some extent to agricultural pursuits; but the greater number lead a wandering life, living on the casual produce of the forests, rivers, or sea-coasts. Some are cannibals, and most of the tribes live in a state of perpetual warfare with each other; one of their strongest passions being that of hunting for the skulls of their enemies, which they pile up in their dwellings from generation to generation, as honorable trophies and heir-looms. With the exception of a few of the Negritos of New Guinea, who appear to have made some small progress in the arts, this race will be found more abject, miserable, and mischievous, than the lowest of the yellow race.

What is the origin of these different races? From whence did they migrate, if they emigrated at all, or are they indige-



nous? Is the language spoken by these different races one and the same primitive tongue, originally spoken by one nation, and split into many dialects by the dispersion of its members? or, is each of the multitude of tongues now spoken, itself the distinct language of an original tribe? These are questions as curious as they are difficult of solution, and in the usual absence of historical records on such subjects, can only be answered, if, indeed, answered at all, by a critical examination of language. This has been attempted by the late Dr. Leyden, by Mr. Crawford in his *History of the Indian Archipelago*, and more fully and carefully by Mr. Marsden in the publication under review. Upon this interesting question we propose entering at some length, and therefore must intreat the reader's attention for a few pages.

Civilization seems to us to have sprung up at particular favored spots of our globe, and to have been distributed by the race with which it originated, with more or less of its language, to a greater or a smaller distance, according to its own power, and as circumstances were more or less favorable to its propagation. A good climate, a productive soil, and a situation free from woods and marshes, so as to admit of ready culture to a rude people, appear to be circumstances indispensably necessary to the origin of such civilization; and when they were united, the appearance of a man of talent as a leader would be alone necessary to the commencement of the work. The circumstances necessary to the spread and propagation of civilization from such a focus, would consist in facility of intercourse, but above all, in identity of race. Examples we think are abundant. In this manner the Chinese type of civilization, which has spread itself to Japan on one side, and to Cochin-China on the other, both inclusive, probably had its origin in the temperate and fertile valleys of the great rivers of China, which lie between the 30th and 35th degrees of latitude; and the nations who have received it, namely, the Japanese, the Coreans, the Tonquinese, are of the same race or family with the inhabitants of the different provinces of China itself, who, for the most part, each speak their own dialect, independent of the more general tongue. As soon as the race becomes distinct, the influence ceases. The Chinese civilization, and its instrument, the Chinese language, have produced little or no effect upon the Hindoo-Chinese nations, the

Siamese, the Birmese, and the people of Lao and Comboja, although their immediate neighbors, because these are of a wholly distinct race from the Chinese stock. Still less impression have the Chinese, although settled in great numbers and for several centuries in them, produced upon the inhabitants of the Indian Islands, a still more distinct race than the one first alluded to.\*

Proceeding westward, the next distinct race that we meet with, and the next point where a spontaneous and independent civilization appears to have sprung up, embraces what have been called the Hindoo-Chinese countries, beginning with Camboja to the east, and ending with Arracan to the west. In physical form, the whole of the nations and tribes existing between these wide limits bear the same general resemblance which the different European nations do to each other, and are clearly one race, distinct from the rest of mankind. They are shorter and darker than the Chinese, and although in complexion and form bearing a very close resemblance to the yellow-complexioned and lank-haired Oceanic race, they are a good deal taller, and on minute inquiry will be found as different from them as Asiatic Turks are from Germans. They speak languages which, although differing radically from each other, agree very uniformly in their genius and grammatical structure. These languages are not, like the Chinese, purely monosyllabic, but from their very commencement at the eastern boundary of the race are mixed up with polysyllables, and these polysyllables increase as we proceed westward, until they become numerous in the neighborhood of Hindostan, of which all the languages are polysyllabic. The identity of race has here produced a close resemblance in manners, institutions, and civilization; it has even admitted of the

\* It may strike the reader as a remarkable fact, that the people of the Chinese Empire, united for so many ages under one government, and having the same manners and institutions, should not, as happen with other civilized people long united, speak one and the same language throughout, but that, on the contrary, each province should have its own separate dialect. This seems to have been produced by the existence of the pictured character of China, which, with some convenience, but many inconveniences, is applicable to every language, whether Chinese or foreign. A written language of such a character dispensed with the necessity of acquiring, by the provincials, the language of the dominant party. Had an alphabet existed, the language of Kyangnan, vulgarly called the Mandarin language, (and which is now spoken beyond the province which gives its name only by the court, the polite, and the learned, in the same manner that French was spoken with us for some ages after the Norman conquest,) would in all probability have in time swallowed up all the rest.



dissemination of one form of worship, with singular uniformity; and all this too, notwithstanding the implacable hostility which has ever reigned among the different nations, their never having been united under one government, and the radical difference of their languages. The particular focus from which this civilization spread it is not easy to point out, but one or other of the fertile valleys of the Camboja, Menam, or Irawaddi, was most probably its seat.

Hindustan is another remarkable quarter, where a spontaneous, early and dominant civilization sprung up. Its original seat, we are disposed to consider to have been the upper portion of the valley of the Jumna and Ganges, between the 28th and 30th degrees of latitude, and the nation with which it originated and of which such locality was the seat, we make no question was the same of which the vernacular language was what is now called Sanscrit. Wherever the Hindoo race existed, that nation extended its language, institutions and religion, and always in proportion to the facility with which distance, and the absence of geographical and physical difficulties admitted of their dissemination. In no case however did the Sanscrit obliterate other languages and substitute itself for them, and in no case does it form the actual groundwork of any living Indian language. It has only mixed itself up with them in proportion to its opportunities, and consequently we find each Indian nation down to the present day speaking its own tongue. In the same manner as the Greek, the Latin, the Hebrew, and the Pali, it has itself ceased to be the living speech of any existing nation. The same tongue, or a dialect of it, has been spread far and wide to races of men in the neighborhood of Hindostan, essentially differing from the Hindoos, and from these again occasionally by various channels to some of the most distant nations of the earth. Thus it extended to the inhabitants of the great table land of Tibet to the north; and to the east to the Hindoo-Chinese nations, where, without interfering with the native genius of the languages of that portion of the world, it has left a considerable impression. Upon the purely monosyllabic dialects of China, Japan and the neighboring countries, it has, as might be expected, produced no effect whatever; although it be a well ascertained fact that the religion connected with it penetrated even as far as Japan, as is testified by the recent discovery that

the priests of Buddha in the last named country read their prayers in Sanscrit, possess the Dewa-Nagari alphabet, and some treatises on Sanscrit grammar.\* Among the nations of Polynesia, whose languages are all polysyllabic, the Sanscrit has made an impression, greater or less, in proportion to their opportunities of receiving it; the nearest and the most polished languages having adopted it to the greatest extent. The distant and the semi-barbarous have rejected it altogether. To the north-westward, the same language extended itself to the Persians and Turks of Trans-Oxiana, in whose tongues it is found in very considerable abundance. From these again, in all human probability, it was diffused by means of emigration and conquest, directly and indirectly, among all the languages of Europe, dead or living—an event which must have taken place many ages before the era of history or even tradition. Upon the Semitic languages, viz. the Hebrew, the Arabic, the Syriac, &c., the Sanscrit is known to have produced no impression whatever. The genius of these seems to have been repugnant to its reception, and there was neither continuity nor contiguity of territory to admit of its propagation.

The next point where we discover an independent civilization springing up, is in the countries lying between Hindostan and the Caspian, and the Sea of Aral, and the Ocean to the north and south. These countries are inhabited by one distinct race of men, whether under the name of Turks, Turcomans, Persians, or Afghans, differing most essentially in physical character from the Hindoos to the east, the Mongol races to the north, the Semitic races to the north-west, or the Caucasian or European races to the west. It is from this quarter that the conquerors of Europe and Southern Asia in almost all ages have proceeded. It was by them in all probability that the Sanscrit language was disseminated in Europe, in ages far beyond the reach of history. It was they who conquered the Greek and Saracen empires, and who twice over conquered Hindostan.

A fifth focus from which an independent civilization emanated, relates to the Semitic nations. Its original seat was the countries watered by the Tigris and Euphrates, and the particular locality that which has been the site, in different ages,

\* This discovery was made by Dr. Siebold, physician to the Dutch Embassy to Japan, about ten years ago.



of Nineveh, Babylon, Seleucia, Ctesiphon, and Bagdad. One original race inhabits these countries, whether under the name of Syrians, Assyrians, Arabs, or Jews, and their languages have the same general character. The extension of this class of civilization is an affair of modern history, and dates little more than twelve centuries back, when the Arabs, under Mohammed, commenced their career of conquest and conversion. The Arabic language, like the Sanscrit, has nowhere substituted itself for another, but has been widely disseminated in proportion to its opportunities, and has largely incorporated itself with many of the polysyllabic languages; while not one of the monosyllabic languages has adopted a syllable of it, notwithstanding that both the Jewish and Mohammedan forms of worship have found their way into China, and the latter to the Hindoo-Chinese nations. We find distinct traces of it in the Spanish, and among many of the negro languages of Africa, and we find it incorporated with those of the Philippine and other eastern islands.

We have next the peculiar civilization which sprang up on the banks of the Nile, among the distinct race inhabiting Egypt, but which perhaps, unless in the way of example, never materially extended itself beyond the precincts of that country. We have then the distinguished civilization which arose in Greece, in Etruria, and in Latium. The country of Tibet may be stated as another quarter where a peculiar civilization sprung up. This puny plant has scattered its seeds thinly over some of the most considerable of the nomade tribes of Tartary, as the Mongols and Mantchews, who have borrowed its alphabet, its literature, and the religion connected with them.

In the New World, the only points in which civilization appeared were the genial climate, the open plains, and the fertile soil of the table lands of the Andes in the South, chiefly in Peru, and in the North, in Mexico; the rest of the inhabitants of that great continent having had perhaps neither time nor opportunity for emancipating themselves from the savage state.

It is strictly analogous to what has happened among the other races of mankind, to suppose that an independent civilization had sprung up in some part of the Oceanic region, from which it was spread to the other nations of same race. The tableland of Sumatra, the rich, elevated and open valleys of Java, and the great island of Luconia, which possesses open plains,

a fertile soil and a favorable climate, appears to us to be the most propitious—indeed the only probable—spots for the *foci* of such a civilization. One thing is quite certain, that the civilization of the yellow colored race is indigenous and not foreign, as everything material to it is indicated in the native languages, while the influence of the Sanscrit, and, in particular, of the Arabic language, may easily be shown to be extrinsic and adventitious, and comparatively unimportant and modern.

In stating these facts, and making these general observations on the origin of the first civilization of mankind, we by no means mean to deny the possibility of a distinct civilization springing up at several different points, simultaneously, amongst the same races. But we think it infinitely more probable that one nation preceded the rest, and, by such priority, acquired a predominant influence over the whole. The existence of distinct languages, distinct alphabetical characters, and distinct nations, in many of the countries alluded to, clearly shows, that although priority belonged to one race, civilization, in reality, sprung up at many different points. Thus, among the Hindoo-Chinese nations, there were probably not less than four distinct points, and in Hindostan probably not less than ten, as Bengal, Orissa, Telinga, Tamil, Karnata, Mahratta, &c. Even in the Oceanic region there cannot be estimated less than seven.

In an examination into the languages of the yellow colored race with lank hair, it will be observed that, however radically these may differ among themselves, they as strictly agree in their grammatical structure, genius, and idiom, as the Chinese dialects, the Hindoo-Chinese, the Hindoo, the Turkish, the Semitic, or the European languages, do respectively among themselves. Mr. Marsden gives the following accurate and judicious description of them:—

“The words in their simple state are for the most part dissyllables, with the accent on the first syllable; but monosyllables are not unfrequent. They are conveniently distinguished into primitives and derivatives, the latter of which are formed by the application of particles prefixed or affixed, or both, to the primitive words; many of which (as in English) do not belong to any particular part of speech, but, in conversation especially, are understood to be noun or verb, substantive or adjective, by their position with respect to other words in the sentence. In writing, however, their grammatical sense is more correctly denoted by the particles applied. Neither genders, number, or cases, are expressed by any inflexion or declension of the noun; these accidents being rendered quite intelligible by the use (as with us) of unconnected particles or words, having the force of our prepositions and adverbs.”—p. 19.



There is not to be found throughout the whole of the Oceanic languages, one of complex structure, like the Sanscrit, the Greek, the Latin, and the German, in which the genders, numbers and relations of names, and the tenses and modes of verbs are formed by inflexions or varying the terminations of words; and, most probably, there never existed such a language. Still, preserving a close affinity, however, there are some of which the grammatical structure is a good deal more complex than that of others. In the language of the Philippine Islands there is a dual number, and the verb is of considerable complexity in its form. The same observation applies in both respects to the languages of the rudest people of all, those of the continent of Australia. The construction and the rules of syntax of the languages of the South Sea Islands also differ very materially from those of the great tribes of the Eastern Islands, from whom Mr. Marsden's general description is taken.

In the language of the Malayan or yellow complexioned race, there exist a great many words, which, in a greater or lesser degree, are common to almost all, and considering the state of society which belongs to even the most civilized of these nations, it is truly remarkable to what an extent this identity of particular words and terms pervades. It has been discovered to exist, in a manner which leaves it quite unequivocal, in the language of the people of Madagascar, not above two hundred and fifty miles from the coast of Africa, and in that of the people of Easter Island, not above fifteen hundred miles from the coast of South America. The distance of these two points cannot be less in any way than ten thousand miles. The degree in which identity of words can be traced is greatest among the more civilized nations, and, excluding Madagascar, which will be afterwards considered, decreases as we proceed eastward from Sumatra and Java. It wholly excludes many of the Negrito tribes, but not all, as will afterwards be shown. To account for this striking and interesting fact in the history of man and language, it has been argued that all the languages from Madagascar to Easter Island inclusive, the Negrito dialects excepted, were originally one language, and that the difference in them now discovered is simply the result of the dispersion of those who spoke it.

"It is enough," says Mr. Marsden, at the conclusion of his instructive dissertation, "if I have succeeded in giving a more clear and methodical exposition than has been hitherto done, of the intrinsic

evidence that the languages spoken throughout this vast intertropical region (with certain stated exceptions) belong to one common stock; their existing varieties being the natural and unavoidable result of early dispersion."—p. 79.

With unfeigned respect for Mr. Marsden's acquirements, experience, and sound judgment, we are disposed to consider this theory as untenable. In the first place, it appears to us to be contrary to all our knowledge and experience of the history of languages. Languages are many when people are savage and rude, or semibarbarous: in proportion as men become civilized, and communities become extensive, they become few in number, the smaller and ruder dialects being gradually absorbed or violently exterminated by the prevalence of the more polite, improved, and consequently more useful. We are unaware of the existence, in ancient or modern times, of any one language widely disseminated and extensively spoken by many rude tribes, disconnected by locality and without the knowledge of letters.\* The whole world seems to us to abound with illustrations of the opposite truth. In China, as Du Halde observes, "every province, every great city, nay, every town, and for that matter, every large village, has its peculiar dialect, which is the reigning language, for every body speaks it, the learned as well as the common people and women. But then the women and the common people can talk no other." This arises from the obstacle already alluded to. Notwithstanding this, the Mandarin or common language is the general vernacular language of the inhabitants of the province of Kyang-nan, a population amounting to no less than seventy-two millions of people, a greater amount than that of the United Kingdom, France, Belgium, Holland, and the Peninsula put together.† In the Hindoo-Chinese countries, there exist at least twenty different languages, yet the great bulk of the people speak but six only. In Hindoostan there are probably not less than forty distinct languages, yet the great mass of one hundred and twenty millions of people use but eight, the remaining inhabitants, (a mere fraction, and consisting of the rudest of the whole,) having more than thirty languages amongst them. In

\* The Celtic language is said to have been universally spoken in Spain, Gaul, and the British Islands, and the German language equally so from the Rhine to the Baltic; but of this there is no proof, and we are disposed to dispute a fact which is contrary to all authentic analogy in other parts of the world.

† Companion to the Chinese Kalendar. Canton, 1832.



Europe we see the most civilized and numerous communities speaking one language, as the German, the Italian, the French, the English, and the Spanish, while many tongues become numerous as we enter the barbarous parts of it, Russia and Turkey. In France, and in the British islands, the rude Celtic, to the great benefit of society, is in gradual progress of extinction, and even the Anglo-Saxon dialect of the Scotch is rapidly giving way to the more polished and useful English. In America, before the Spanish conquest, there existed but two or three tolerably polished languages, each of them spoken by a pretty numerous population. In that continent, although several have disappeared, it is known that there are still spoken upwards of four hundred distinct languages, with not less than two thousand dialects, by the indigenous population, who, at the utmost are not reckoned above ten millions in number, whilst the Anglo-Americans, who speak but one language, are themselves alone more numerous.

According to our view, there is no region which so closely resembles native America in this respect as the Oceanic. Mr. Marsden gives us specimens of eighty-four different languages of the latter, and we are well satisfied that were the list completed it would not fall much short of the four hundred of the American continent. We have in our own possession several tolerably complete vocabularies not even named by Mr. Marsden, besides notices of no less than forty-six languages, spoken by as many distinct nations or tribes to be found in one corner of the island of Borneo alone, that composing its northern promontory. A few of these tribes are partially converted to the Mohammedan religion, and have made some progress in the arts; but the greater number are in a very savage state, and for protection against enemies congregate in houses containing from fifty to two hundred persons. The notes of the author of this article, written ten years ago, when he obtained his information, contain the following observation respecting these tribes. "Every district, and sometimes every village, is a distinct nation, having a separate language, not understood by its neighbors."\*

Mr. Marsden's argument in favor of one primitive language, drawn from the general agreement of grammatical structure and idiom, appears to us to be inconclusive. It proves, as in other situations, identity of race, and nothing more. It might as well be argued that all the modern languages of Europe, whether Greek or Latin, German or Slavonic, had originally been one tongue, because there is a common accordance between their grammatical forms and idioms, certainly not less remarkable than that which pervades the Oceanic languages.

But Mr. Marsden's principal argument is derived from the identity of particular words. He has given examples of thirty-four words out of about fifty languages; and, agreeing as we do entirely in the correctness of his analysis, and the care, ingenuity, and success with which he has identified words which to a careless observer would appear different, we disagree with him in the conclusion which he draws from his too narrow premises. The words taken by Mr. Marsden are the first ten numerals, and the terms,—“man,” “head,” “eyes,” “nose,” “hair,” “teeth,” “hand,” “blood,” “day,” “night,” “dead,” “white,” “black,” “fire,” “water,” “earth,” “stone,” “swine,” “bird,” “egg,” “fish,” “sun,” “moon,” “stars.” Now, our objection to these specimens, independent of their being too few, is, that they are not of the class that testify to the common origin of different tongues or dialects. They are most of them nouns, and those that are not strictly so according to our notions, may be, and indeed constantly are, so used in the Oceanic dialects. In fact they are not radical and essential words, but such as may be, and actually have been borrowed, by one language from another in every part of the world. To begin with the numerals; if we suppose, in accord-

peans, due allowance being made for the differences of climate, soil, and locality. In Palestine there appear to have been not fewer than thirty distinct nations, speaking as many languages, and governed by kings or independent petty chiefs innumerable. Of these nations, two or three were more numerous, powerful and civilized than the rest. The Jews, who were more numerous than any of the invaded nations—imbued probably to a considerable degree with the civilization of Europe—hardened by a long apprenticeship in the school of toil and adversity—full of religious enthusiasm, and not wanting in ferocity—appear to have had nearly as great an advantage over the tribes they subdued or extirpated, as the Europeans of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries had over the native Americans. Besides the numerous languages of ancient Palestine now referred to, there were the distinct languages of the Egyptians, the Arabians, the Syrians, the Persians, and the Armenians. Many of the Jews, from their eventful history, were familiar with several of these tongues. See Nehemiah, xv. 23, 24; 2 Kings, xviii. 26; Genesis, xlii. 23.

\* The state of society in Syria and Palestine, at the period of their invasion by the Jews, on their departure from Egypt, seems to have borne no inconsiderable resemblance to that which exists at the present day in the Oceanic region, as well as to that of America before its conquest and colonization by Euro-



ance with what has happened everywhere else, that one tribe or nation had made a start in civilization, and long headed all the savage tribes near it, and, among other useful discoveries, had discovered the art of counting as far as one thousand, (which in reality is the extent of native Polynesian acquirement in this matter,) what can be more natural than that this convenient invention, for such it strictly is, should be adopted by neighboring tribes, and that these neighboring tribes should gradually have communicated the discovery from one end of the Oceanic region to another, or, at least, to such tribes as had not themselves hit upon the invention, or were not so rude, ferocious, and intractable as to be impenetrable to knowledge of first utility. It was on the same principle that several of the Oceanic nations adopted, first the Hindoo, and afterwards the Mohammedan calendar. Some of them had no calendar of their own, and to these the adoption of a foreign one was dictated by utility and necessity; those who had one, and adopted the other, did so from religious motives, and because it was more perfect and therefore more convenient than their own.

For *five*, for *ten*, for *hundred*, and for *thousand*, there is not an universal, but certainly a very general agreement in all the languages of the eastern islands from Madagascar to Easter Island, in so far as the yellow complexioned race is concerned. There is, however, no such general accordance in the lower numerals from one to ten. Thus, in the Malay language, one of the principal, the terms for seven, eight, and nine differ entirely from those generally prevalent. In the language of Sunda, or Western Java, the term for six, and in the language of Bali the term for eight, bear no resemblance to what is found in the other languages. In the language of the Biajuks of Borneo, the terms for six, eight, and nine differ, while the rest agree. In the languages of the South Sea Islands, generally, while the other terms are obviously the same, the numeral *four*, which is nearly the same in all of them, disagrees with the north-western dialects. Among the people of Mangari, in the island of Flores, the first four numerals are peculiar, and so is the term for six, all the rest being the general ones. But then, again, in the very heart of the principal countries, there are examples of the general numerals not having been adopted at all. Thus, the people of Timbora in the island of Sumbawa, have not adopted one of the Malay numerals, yet

these people are not, as Mr. Marsden suspects, Negritos, but of the yellow complexioned race, as we are enabled to say from having frequently seen them, and their state of civilization is only second to that of the principal nations. The general numerals have been equally rejected by the people of Ternate up to twenty, yet these people constitute the principal nation of the Moluccas, and on the first acquaintance of Europeans with that part of the world, had acquired a considerable degree of power and civilization. The Negritos, like the yellow complexioned race, have, when circumstances have been favorable, adopted the general numerals; that is to say, they have adopted them when they have been civilized enough to see that they stood in need of them. Thus we see them existing in the language of New Guinea, where the Negritos appear to have made greater progress in civilization than anywhere else, in consequence of the commercial intercourse which they have long held with many of the civilized tribes of the west.

What is the deduction from these statements? Not surely that all the languages are dialects of one tongue, and that the differences pointed out are the natural effect of progressive emigration and the lapse of time. We conceive the numerals to have been first borrowed from one nation, from which they were immediately or mediately propagated, each rude tribe adopting them wholly or in part, or totally rejecting them, according to its necessities. Those who had already invented terms for the numerals throughout, would reject them at once, as not standing in need of them. Those who had learned to count as far as four, or ten, or twenty, would adopt the terms respectively higher than these only, and those who had no numerals of their own, or, at least, a very imperfect scale, would adopt the easy and convenient one presented to them. In all this, a good deal would, as in every instance of the sort, depend upon accident and caprice. While the new scale in general would be adopted, particular terms of the native language might still, from habit, be retained, as in the instance of the Malay, the Sunda, and others already alluded to. Even in adopting the general terms for numbers, we discover some anomalies, which can only be considered as evidence of the weakness of the human understanding among a barbarous people. In some of the languages, for example, instead of adopting the common terms for six, seven, and eight, they say clumsily,



five and one, five and two, and two fours. In so far as respects the integrity of the words of the original or prevalent language, it will be found most perfect among the more improved nations, and chiefly among those possessed of an alphabetical character; but, in so far as concerns the whole scale, the departure, in general, will be found least among the more rude and distant tribes; or, in other words, among those, who, having no numerals of their own or extremely limited ones, adopted the foreign ones in a mass, as humble imitators.

To what nation then did these numerals originally belong? We should be disposed to answer, with considerable confidence, to the civilized nation with whose terms there appears to be the most general accordance throughout; and also to hazard a conjecture that this nation was the Javanese, for of all the civilized languages, that of this people presents the most general accordance with the numerals throughout. Let the reader take the few following examples in support of this hypothesis:—

English.	Javanese.	Bagis.	Mangari.	Otaheite.	Easter Island.	Madagascar.	Malay.
One.	Sa.	Sedi.	Sa.	Tahi.	Tahi.	Issa.	Satu.
Two.	Loro.	Duwa.	Sua.	Rua.	Rua.	Rue.	Dua.
Three.	Telu.	Tolu.	Talu.	Toru.	Toru.	Telu.	Tiga.
Four.	Papat.	Opak.	Pa.	Naha.	Ha.	Effat.	Ampat.
Five.	Lima.	Lima.	Lima.	Rima.	Rima.	Lime.	Lima.
Six.	Nenum.	Onong.	Ana.	Ono.	Hono.	Ene.	Anam.
Seven.	Pitu.	Pitu.	Petu.	Hitu.	Hidu.	Fitu.	Fujuh.
Eight.	Wolu.	Aruwa.	Alo.	Varu.	Varu.	Valu.	Delapan.
Nine.	Sanga.	Asera.	Sloh.	Iva.	Etiva.	Siva.	Sambilan.
Ten.	Sepulah.	Sopulo.	Saputah.	Aburu.	Anaburu.	Fulu.	Sapuluh.

It should be added, that to the term expressing the numeral *one*, is frequently added in an abbreviated form the words "seed," "fruit," or "stone," the sub-

stances with the aid of which, and before the invention of figures, the first calculations were probably made. One of the most universal terms throughout is that for *five*, which, in some of the languages, particularly those of Celebes and some of the Philippine Islands, also means *the hand*, obviously in reference to the five fingers. If any of the other numerals could be as satisfactorily traced to the same quarter, we should be disposed there to fix the origin of the numerals; but this is not the case, and the general accordance is, upon the whole, greatest with the language of Java.

With respect to the other four and twenty words given by Mr. Marsden, the coincidence, in the different languages, is no doubt, very remarkable, but it is not unaccountable. We have little hesitation in considering them to have been borrowed by the different tribes and nations one from another, exactly as in the case of the numerals. Few of these can be said to have the same universality as the numerals, and many of them differ, indeed, in almost every different dialect. This applies to the very first word on the list, "man," in which there is much variation among the different tribes. Not only this, but in two or three of the languages the word happens to be expressed by a Sanscrit term. In the word for "eyes," "mata," there is perhaps the most general agreement. Even here, however, we have totally distinct terms to express this object, and that too in the centre of the great archipelago and among civilized tribes, the same generally that had rejected the prevailing numerals. The "moon" is another word of very general acceptance, the common term being "bulan" or "wulan." From this, however, there are a great many exceptions, and when we get into the South Sea Islands, the term nearly ceases altogether, a peculiar and prevalent term of the languages of that part of the Oceanic region being commonly substituted for it.

There is one class of words, the general but not universal prevalence of which may be rationally traced to one source; that connected with useful discoveries, or which, at least, would be deemed discoveries by a rude people, such as the names of the metals, the names of grains, fruits, and other useful plants, and those of many of the domesticated animals, both birds and quadrupeds, together with some terms connected with the useful arts. The following are examples:—iron, steel, tin, gold, sulphur, diamond, rice, sugar-cane, cocoa-nut, mangoe, mangosteen, tamarind,



nutmeg, maize, palma-christi, hog, ox, buffalo, goat, horse, duck, peacock, artisan, weave, shuttle, file, axe, dagger, sword, spear, money. All the words here named are clearly unconnected with any foreign language.\* When the object of discovery has been introduced from abroad, it will very generally be found to be expressed in a foreign language, and the word, first introduced by one, will present itself with little or no variation, through the whole series of languages that have adopted it. Thus, from the Sanscrit, we have the terms for silver, copper, pearl, cotton, silk, indigo-dye, black-pepper, sugar, goose, spinning-wheel, witness, fortress, crown, king, together with many mythological and some legal terms. Of the last class of words, the Arabic has necessarily furnished a considerable share, and the very same words will be found in almost every language into which the Arabic has been introduced, testifying their admission through a common channel. If the Indians and Arabs, strangers of a distant country, have extended their religion, their language, and several of their arts, from Sumatra to the most remote of the Philippines and Moluccas, and this too with remarkable uniformity: what argument is there against the supposition that a civilized nation or nations of the Oceanic region, with longer time and better opportunities, should have exercised a similar and a still more extensive influence? Surely none whatever.

To our theory of the existence of a people, who had made an earlier start in civilization than the other tribes of the Oceanic region, and who disseminated their language amongst the rest, the obvious objection is, that no such nation and no such language now exists, or can be proved ever to have existed. Mr. Marsden, indeed, considers the existence of either as "imaginary only." That there is no distinct record to support the hypothesis, we readily admit, but the analogy of languages in other parts of the world is in its favor. Supposing that the Brahmins had not preserved the Sanscrit language embodied in writing, we should have been at the present day quite as much at a loss to account for the vast number of words of that language to be

found in all the poly-syllabic languages of the east and west, (except the Semitic class,) as we are to account for the number of native words that are common to the Oceanic languages. Of the people who spoke the Sanscrit language, and of the country which they inhabited, in the absence of all historic record, we are just as ignorant as of the people and language which we suppose to have produced so wide an influence over the Oceanic region. If we were to imagine the literature of Greece and Rome to contain, like the Sanscrit, nothing better than mythological nonsense and extravagant fable, and to be, like that literature, utterly deficient in the materials of historic truth, how should we be able to account, except by a process similar to that which we have adopted in examining the Oceanic languages, for the multitude of words of both tongues to be found in all the modern languages of Europe? The French and Italian numerals, for example, are all borrowed from the Latin language, and we should certainly have no other means of tracing these to their origin, except the method which we have pursued in tracing the Oceanic numerals.

But, although the frequent recurrence of the same Oceanic word in different languages from Madagascar to Easter Island is sufficiently striking, the great body of each language will still remain unaccounted for, after making every allowance. The safest course here, and that which we mean to pursue, is, to bring this at once to the test of experiment. Mr. Thomsen's Vocabulary of the Bugis language contains in all 1900 words in Malay and Bugis. These are two of the principal languages of the archipelago, and the nations that speak them are, of all the people inhabiting these countries, the most adventurous and the most frequently in communication with each other, both through trade and through settlement in each other's countries. Out of 1022 nouns, there are 318 which are the same, leaving 704 totally dissimilar; but of those that are the same, 87 belong to the Sanscrit and Arabic languages, and, therefore, being common to the Malay and Bugis, must be deducted, which will reduce the nouns that are the same to 231. Of 35 pronouns, there are but 4 which are alike, or rather which appear to be so, for it is not a matter of certainty that they are identical. The number of adjectives is 268, of which but 18 are the same, two of which, however, are Arabic. The number of verbs

\* It is by no means unlikely that the frequent occurrence of such words as fire, sun, moon, stars, and even stone, may have originated in the worship of these objects, and that they may in fact, like many Sanscrit and Arabic words, have been originally mythological terms.



is 417, of which 50 agree, but of these 50 seven are either Arabic or Sanscrit. The adverbs are 69 in number, of which three only agree, one of them being Sanscrit. The prepositions amount to 26; here there is no agreement. The conjunctions amount to 16, of which two only agree, and these are Arabic. The number of interjections is six, and here there is no semblance of similarity. The result of the whole is, that, out of 1900 words, there are but 296 (exclusive of the numerals, which differ materially,) that are common to both languages. Thus, in so far as the comparison goes, five parts out of six of both languages remain unaccounted for. The identity is most remarkable in the nouns or names of things; it is less so in the adjectives and verbs, which, according to the genius of the Oceanic languages, are easily convertible into nouns; while in the particles it almost entirely vanishes.

It would appear from this, that but a moderate proportion of words, after all, is common to these two languages, and what is true of them may be asserted of any other two or more of the same region. In our own language, perhaps not less than two-thirds of the whole are derived from the Latin, either directly, or mediately through the French, and yet neither Latin nor French, but Saxon, is the stock from which our tongue is derived; as is clearly proved by a reference to the particles, which in very few instances are either Latin or French. In the Malay language, of which the whole vocabulary may be estimated at 7000 words, there are nearly 300 Sanscrit, and, although many of them be essential words, it would be very foolish to consider the Sanscrit as the original stock of the Malay. When we state that the particles afford the best test of affinity or otherwise of languages, it is by no means to be understood that any of those neighboring nations do not occasionally borrow from each other. The list which we give shows that they occasionally do. But the same languages occasionally borrow particles and other words of frequent occurrence even from the Arabic and Sanscrit. Thus we have, from these tongues, in the Malay, such particles as, "like," "because," "between," "with," and terms of such frequent usage as "all,"

"do," "was," &c. These, however, are but rare exceptions to a general rule.\*

Such words as Mr. Marsden has given are not, in fact, as already stated, of the class from which the common origin of two or more languages can be proved. They are such as are very readily borrowed by one language from another, and this is clearly shown by the prevalence, in many of the languages, of Arabic, and in a greater degree, of Sanscrit words, for things of the most common occurrence, as, "man," already alluded to, "joint," "shoulder," "head," "dust," "seed," "smell," "flavor," "steal," "crawl," "clean," "name," "enemy." In some languages the Sanscrit word has been adopted, to the exclusion of the native one, for objects clearly indigenous, as "honey," "elephant," "horse," &c. There is little doubt but the mere sound of a word, its euphony, and nothing else, has often recommended it to adoption, and that most of those above enumerated have been naturalized on this principle. The Bali language, adopting, generally, the Javanese numerals, takes the Sanscrit numeral for "ten," and follows it up in all its compounds to a hundred. Several of the languages, possessing native terms generally for the names of the winds, borrow from the Sanscrit that for the north wind. All this can only be owing to the foreign word having displaced the native one, as few of the languages can be supposed to be so deficient as to want vernacular expressions for such ideas as are now referred to; and, in fact, this is proved by their currency in a great many of the languages, and by their existence as obsolete synonyms in others.

We agree entirely with Horne Tooke, in thinking that it is to the particles that we ought to look for the common origin of languages. Let the East-Insular languages then be tried by this test, which has not yet been applied to them, and see what will be the result. The following table will assist us in forming a judgment.

\* Our old English borrowed a few particles, strictly so called, from the French, but their admission being contrary to the genius of the language, they have, for the most part, become obsolete. The following are examples, "Certes," "sans," "maigre," "point" (negation), "point de vue" (exactly), "prest" (ready), "amort" (spiritless), "amain" (vigorously).



English.	Malay.	Lampung.	Sunda.	Javanese.	Bugis.
Here	Sini	Jah	Dyek	Ingkene	Konaie
There	Situ, sana	San	Eta	Ingkono	Kotu
Where	Mana	Dipa	Mana	Endi	Pega
Before	Hadapan	Haghokh	Hareup	Ngarep	Riolo
Behind	Blakang	Hughi	Titukang	Buri	Rimunri
Below	Bawah	Bah	Handap	Ngisor	Riawa
Above	Atas	Atas	Luhur	Duwur	Riasok
Whence	Derimana	..	..	Saking-ngindi	Polepego
Hence	Derisana	..	..	Saking-ngriki	Polekoaria
Each	Sasuatu	..	..	Masing-masing	Tasedi
Now	Sakarang	Ganta	Ayenna	Saiki	Matupa
Before	Dubulu	Paiji	Tiheula	Dingin	Iolo
Lately	Tadi	Ampai	Tadi	Mahu	Idenre
Not yet	Balum	Makong	Tachan	Durung	Dekpa
Hereafter	Kamdien	Bano-bano	..	Nuli	Rimonripi
Sometimes	Barangkali	Kadang-kadang	Sujan	Manawa	Barakuamongi
Seldom	Jarang	Jaghan-jaghan	Charang-charang	Arang-arang	Malawamgong
When	Apabila	Kapan	..	Kapan	Naiya
Then	Tatkala	Tatkala	Tatkala	Kalane	Riwotu
Ever	Santiasa	Pandai	..	Tahu	Natunguang
Much	Baniah	Lamon	Ria, Loba	Hakeh	Maega
Little	Sedikit	Sabah	Saheutik	Chilik	Chedek
How much	Berapa	..	..	..	Siagi
Enough	Chukup	..	..	..	Gonok
Quickly	Lekas	Galokh	Terih Gasik	Gelis, Kebat	Masitak
Slowly	Perlahan	Bani	Lilah	Suwe	Mania-maniai
Perhaps	Barangkali	Halokh	..	Kirane	Barakuamongi
Possibly	Kalaukalau	Masa	..	Dadak, Mangsa	Nako-nako
Verily	Sunggoh	..	..	Satembre	Tongong
Truly	Benar	Pasti	Pasti	Pasti	Majopu
Yes	Ya	Eya	Enia	Iya	Iyo
No	Tiada	Ma	Henteuk	Haja	Dek
How	Bagimana	..	..	..	Pekonagi
Why	Mangapa	..	..	..	Mago
More	Lagi	Luot	Deui	Luih	Paimong
Of	Di	Di	Di	Hing	Kuwaeroh
From	Dari	Anja	Ti	Seka	Kuwiri
At, to	Pada	Di	Ka	Marang	Kori
By, through	Dangan	Hanakan	Jeung	Lan	Ule
With	Sama	Saghata	Serta	Serta	Salaong
In	Dalam	Lom	Jero	Jero	Kalong
Out	Luar	Luah	Luar	Jaba	Saliwong
Above	Atas	Atas	Luhur	Duwur	Ivasok
On, upon	Diatas	Diatas	Di	Hing	Riasok
Below	Bawah	Bah	Handap	Ngisor	Iyawa
Between	Tengan	Halokh	Sela	Selan	Palawangong
Through	Trus	Laju	..	Butul	Losok
Near	Dekat	Pasu	Meh-meh	Meh	Madopek
Far	Jahu	Jao	Jauh	Hadoh	Mabela
Beyond	Sabrang	Sabaghang	Peuntas	Sabrang	Iliwong
And	Dan	Kelawan	Jeung	Lan	Onronge
If	Jekalou	Kantu	..	Yen	Nako, nareko
That	Maka	Mangka	Mangka	Mangka	Agana
Both	Kadua	..	..	..	Iyaduwai
But	Tetapi	Teiapi	Tatapi	Tapi	Naiyakea
Or	Atawa	Atawa	Atawa	Hutawa	Iyarega
Nor	Malainkan	..	..	..	Sangadina
As	Seperti	Injokh	Jiga	Sapolah	Padai
Lest	Sepaya jangan	..	..	..	Makulejak
Though	Meski	..	..	..	Mauna
Yet, also	Juga	Juga	Bahi	Huga	Mua, muto



The first two specimens in this table are written languages of Sumatra, the two next written languages of Java, and the last is the principal written language of Celebes. Between the first four there is here and there an identity, as might be looked for from the propinquity of the nations who speak them. It must be observed, however, that in several instances of similarity, the words are confined to the written languages and are not used orally, while some have been borrowed from the Sanscrit,—these also, for the most part, being commonly confined to the written speech. Between the first four languages and the last, or the Bugis, there is scarcely any similarity, and certainly none that is not accidental. Indeed, it must strike the reader at a glance that it is a language of a totally different origin.

But there are other classes of words, besides the particles, which will enable us to judge whether or not two or more languages be derived from the same stock. The auxiliary and some other verbs of frequent occurrence are of this description; thus the verbs, "be," "was," "will," "let," "may," "do," "take," which, with very partial exceptions, are different in all the Oceanic languages, will show each of these languages to be in itself a distinct and original tongue. The pronouns of the first and second person are of the same nature. In these, in which the Oceanic languages, but particularly the most improved of them, are very copious, the neighboring languages very frequently borrow from each other, but still retaining the native term as that of most frequent and familiar use.

Upon the whole, then, our conclusion is, that each Oceanic language is of separate and distinct origin,—and that the people by whom they were spoken communicated words to each other exactly in proportion to the closeness of neighborhood, or extent of intercourse between them, the ruder and weaker tribes commonly borrowing from the most improved and powerful. On this principle, the different languages may be divided into several classes or groups, and named after the nation which seems to have exercised the greatest influence in its propagation. The first or *Malayan* group, includes Sumatra, the peninsula of Malacca, and the east and west coasts of Borneo, over which the Malayan language exercised such influence. The second or *Javanese* group, includes the island of Java and the neighboring islands of Madura, Bali, and

Lombok; in these the Javanese, a language bearing considerable resemblance to the Malayan, prevailed. The third or *Bugis* group, from the name of the principal nation and language of Celebes, extended itself over the islands of Bouton, Salayer, and Sumbawa, and part of the south coast of Borneo, where the Bugis settled and founded states. The Bugis language differs very materially from the two preceding. The fourth or *Philippine* group, in which the Tagala language has probably the greatest influence, takes in the great archipelago of the Philippines, including Mindanao, the cluster of the Sooloo islands, with Palawan, and a small portion of the southern promontory of Borneo. In the fifth or *Molucca* group, the leading influence was probably exercised by the language of the most civilized nation, the people of Ternate. A sixth group will embrace the *South Sea Islands*, inhabited by the yellow-complexioned race, whose languages, as we are informed by Mr. Ellis in his *Polynesian Researches*, possess a great number of words that are common to all the dialects of the South Sea, but which differ entirely from those of the northern or western Oceanic nations. A separate group, smaller than any of the preceding, might be formed of the languages spoken from Flores to Timor inclusive, by that race which is neither yellow-complexioned nor Negrito, but partakes of both, and which we have conjectured to be a third and distinct Oceanic race.

To attempt any classification of the languages of the Negrito tribes would, from our ignorance, be a hopeless undertaking. From the little that we do know of them, they would seem, as we might very well expect, to differ even more from each other than they do from the languages of the yellow complexioned race, or as much as the most dissimilar of these differ from each other. In truth they will probably be found not to admit of any such classification. The language of each tribe among this race will in all likelihood be found distinct and original, and, wherever there are words in common, it will be only where an immediate neighborhood has made the communication easy and readily available, to a people so exceedingly rude, weak, and ignorant. Specimens have been obtained of the dialects of the Negritos of the Andaman islands, of the Malayan peninsula, of New Guinea, and of those of several tribes of Australia; but, except in a few instances in the Australian languages, easily ac-



counted for by the vicinity of the tribes, there is no semblance of affinity between any of them; an analogy which tends materially to discredit the hypothesis which would attribute a common origin to the languages of the yellow complexioned race.

The particles, we repeat, afford a much better test of the filiation of a language than any other class of words. By a comparison, for example, of the particles of the Italian, Spanish, and French languages, with those of the Latin, the three first are shown to be derived from the last. But a comparison of the Latin particles with the Greek will show, what is now fully admitted, (although the contrary was once asserted,) that the Latin is not derived from the Greek.

We have thus, we flatter ourselves, satisfactorily disposed of the objections to our theory, that an ancient language, long extinct, has given rise to the considerable number of words which are found to be common to so many of the Oceanic languages. In what country, or by what people this language was spoken, must be entirely matter of conjecture. The influence of this language upon the existing Oceanic tongues, we conceive to have been quite of a different character to that which the Latin has exercised over the French, the Italian, and the Spanish; we take it to have been more like that which Latin exercised over the Teutonic and Slavonic languages, the Sanscrit over the languages of Hindoostan, or the Arabic over the languages of the nations that embraced Islamism, such as the Turkish and Persian.

It should be here observed, that what are called in Europe dialects, or the subdivisions of one language, under different names, much modified by time and circumstances, as in the case of the Spanish and Portuguese, of the Scotch and English, or the Erse and Irish, have no existence among the Oceanic nations. Languages here which have different names are never dialects of each other. A Malay is utterly unintelligible to a Lampong or a Batta, although his neighbors. A Sunda is unintelligible to a Javanese or to a native of Bali, although the three languages are written in the same character, and the nations speaking them contiguous to each other. In the same manner, a Bugis is unintelligible to a Macasar, although their languages are written in the same character, and although they have repeatedly conquered, and been conquered, by each other. If we are to credit some voyagers,

this is not the case in many of the South Sea Islands. A native of the Society Islands is, for example, described in Cook's Voyages as being perfectly well understood by the natives of the Marquesas, distant at least 800 miles. We are inclined to question the accuracy of this statement, and rather to believe that Tupia, the friend of Captain Cook, had imposed on the illustrious navigator and his companions, than to credit a story alike inconsistent with experience and analogy. The dialects of the same language which exist, however distinct the people speaking them, are but trifling modifications of what may be considered the parent language; and this is probably in a great measure owing to the very remarkable simplicity which is characteristic of the structure of all the languages of the Oceanic region. A Malay of Champa, Johore, and Borneo, have not the least difficulty in understanding each other, and the same is the case with the Bugis of Boni, Tuwaju, and of the Bornean colony of Cooti. They, in fact, amount to little more than provincial variations.

The question still remains to be considered, how any portion of an Oceanic language, to whatever country that language belonged, should have reached points so exceedingly remote as Easter Island and the Sandwich group on one side, New Zealand on another, and Madagascar on a third. There can be no question, we think, but that the language must have been communicated from the populous and civilized quarter to the less populous and civilized, that is, except in the instance of Madagascar, from west to east. Any other theory would suppose a case which has never happened in any other part of the world, of weak and barbarous tribes imposing a portion of their language upon more powerful and civilized ones. It is perfectly easy to understand how such a language should have spread from one tribe to another within the tranquil and narrow seas, and with the assistance of the steady monsoons, between Sumatra and New Guinea. Considering the many islands, not very remote from each other, which run from New Guinea to the Friendly Islands, it is perhaps not very difficult to conceive how words of a western language should be communicated to the inhabitants, even of these distant islands. Monsoons, or winds blowing one-half of the year from east, and the other half from west, are now ascertained to prevail as far as the island of Rotuma, between the 170th and 180th



degrees of east longitude, which in the course of ages would carry even frail native praos from one island to another, and thus propagate the common language. With respect to the more distant countries, considering the ignorance, unskillfulness, and want of enterprise, which characterize the state of society, even among the most improved of the insular races—races which have never gone, but by accident, beyond the precincts of their own peculiar region—the difficulty of rationally accounting for it is great. The matter must not, however, be left in the condition of a miracle or wonder: we must therefore make the attempt.

Beginning our examination to the north of what may be strictly called the Oceanic region, the first and nearest countries which occur, although not strictly within that region, are the Nicobar and Andaman islands in the gulph of Bengal—the first inhabited by the yellow complexioned race, with lank hair, and in a very tolerably civilized state; and the last by a Negrito race, in the very lowest scale of human existence. The nations inhabiting these two groups have every appearance of being, physically, the same, respectively, as the yellow and negro races of the Oceanic region, and yet their languages not only differ entirely from each other, but neither of them contains one word of the Oceanic languages. The languages of the Nicobar group, although agreeing in many words, appear radically to differ among themselves. It is certainly a most remarkable circumstance that these islands, the largest of which is not above 100 miles distant from the northwest extremity of Sumatra, and between which the illustrious navigator Dampier sailed in an open boat, should not contain a word of the Oceanic dialects, so widely spread in other quarters; neither do they seem to have adopted the language or religion of the Hindoos or Mohammedans. The natives of the Nicobars, however, have their own peculiar numerals, and in other respects exhibit considerable evidence of an indigenous civilization; they did not therefore stand in need of foreign aid, and the distance, although short, is in a stormy sea, with neither monsoon favorable. It may be added that the languages of these islands are polysyllabic, and partake in no respect of the monosyllabic languages of the adjacent continent. The existence of a yellow complexioned race in this quarter, and so near, yet with wholly distinct languages, ought, one might suppose, to be of itself quite sufficient to

destroy the theory of one great Oceanic language.

The first point where we discover evidence of an Oceanic language is among the people of Champa, both on the shores of the China sea, and on the gulph of Siam. This is, however, an affair of comparatively modern times, and the result of the settlement of a Malay colony about 400 years ago. The people are of a different race from the inhabitants of the country, and, speaking a polysyllabic language among monosyllabic ones, are distinct to the present day; and their speech, of which we possess a tolerably copious vocabulary, is nothing more than a slightly modified dialect of the Malay.\* We find the next traces in the island of Formosa, not above 50 miles from the coast of China. The west coast and plains of this island are peopled by a comparatively recent Chinese colony, but the mountainous eastern side by an aboriginal race. It is, of course, in the dialect of these last only the traces of an Oceanic language are to be discovered. From vicinity and similarity of words, we judge that these people received the Oceanic dialect through the medium of the Philippines. The distance from the northern part of Luconia does not exceed 300 miles, and with the westerly monsoon, which is the mild one in the China seas, there would be no difficulty, even in a very rude state of navigation, in passing from the last to the first. From the same Philippines, in all probability, the Oceanic dialects were communicated to the Marianne, the Pelew, and the Caroline islands, for here also the monsoons are propitious.

Turning now to the south east, we are disposed to consider that the centre from which the Oceanic language was communicated in this quarter, was the language of the Bugis of Celebes. These, to the present day, hold a commercial intercourse with the Aru islands and the Negritos of New Guinea, and proceed yearly to the Gulf of Carpentaria, in Australia, to fish the *Holothurion* or Sea-Slug, for the market of China. To the natives of New Holland, who cannot count beyond four, and who are too brutal to receive any useful information, they have communicated nothing. If in the course of this voyage, their praos should be drifted by the prevailing easterly wind to the westward, they would naturally keep hold of the coast of Australia, and fortune and

\* Crawford's Journal of a Mission to Siam and Cochin-China, p. 467.



accident might conduct them to the latitude of westerly winds, which, in due course would bring them down upon the land of New Zealand, where they would first discover men of the same race with themselves, and, notwithstanding the barbarism of their manners, men bold, adventurous, and not inaccessible to a rude instruction. The praos of New Zealand might be drifted down by westerly winds even as far as Easter Island, and from Easter Island the trade winds would drift them, or the inhabitants of the island, upon the Marquesas and the Society Islands, from whence again a voyage seems practicable, even with praos, and within the trade winds, to the Sandwich Islands. The great similarity which exists between the numerals of all these islands, makes this hypothesis not improbable; at all events, it wears a greater air of probability than the supposed existence of one original general language, of which the experience of the rest of the world affords no example.

We have only now to consider how the Oceanic language reached Madagascar, distant from the nearest point of the Oceanic region, Sumatra, more than three thousand miles, in a straight direction. This, although at first sight the most difficult circumstance to be accounted for, turns out, in reality, to be one of the easiest, while, at the same time, it tends to illustrate the manner in which migration and dissemination of language may have taken place within the Oceanic region itself. Since our own possession of the Mauritius and its dependencies in Madagascar, during the last 24 years, several praos, drifted from Sumatra by the strength of the north-east monsoon, and carried into the trade winds, have reached Madagascar, as the first land, with several of their crews, whose lives were preserved by the accidental presence in their boats of a few cocoa nuts, which served them both as food and drink. These strangers, arriving among a very rude people, such as the inhabitants of Madagascar still are, (and which they would be in a still greater degree, were, we to deprive them of the ideas and objects which are expressed in their language by Oceanic terms,) may be easily conceived in a condition to communicate useful instruction to them; more particularly when such instruction was of so humble a character as not to be above the capacity of the latter, as the numerals, and the name of rice, an article now extensively cultivated in Madagascar, and the introduction of which was probably owing to

a few accidental handfuls found in the drifted praos of the Oceanic tribes. That this was the original channel of communication we think we are warranted in assuming, not only from these being the nearest countries, but from the striking similarity of the words in the respective languages. The languages of the Acheen and the Nias islands are probably those which furnished words to the dialects of Madagascar. But it is by no means necessary to refer to one or two languages only. Words might be adopted from several of the Malayan dialects, according to the tribe of strangers that reached the coast of Madagascar. That such was the case, is rendered the more probable, when it is found that the several dialects of Madagascar do not always employ the same Oceanic term for the same thing. We may, however, observe, that the real number of Oceanic words that exist in these dialects, is, after all, but inconsiderable. We suspect that they will not exceed 100 or 150; a small addition indeed to a language which, in common with others of the same class, we have no doubt, will be found to contain not less than from 5000 to 6000 words. Neither do the borrowed words seem to be radical, but, on the contrary, such as men would naturally adopt in the progress of improvement, or such as all languages are liable to receive through caprice or accident, a process of which we have already given sufficient examples. The people of Madagascar are, in reality, a Negrito, or at least a Negro race, and if the Oceanic words found in their language were really radical, this ought to prove them to be of the yellow complexioned race, and disprove that part of Mr. Marsden's theory, which proceeds on the belief that the languages of the Negritos and yellow complexioned race are radically and essentially distinct.

We have but very few words to say respecting the origin of the races that inhabit the Oceanic region. The yellow complexioned bears, as already noticed, the nearest resemblance, in form and complexion, to the Hindoo-Chinese race; but notwithstanding this, and their immediate neighborhood, the evidence of language shows that there is not the slightest connection between them. The Malays and Siamese meet at the seventh degree of north latitude—their territories and their people are intermixed, and several of the Malay states have been for ages subject to the power of Siam; notwithstanding all this, their respective languages and manners are preserved perfectly distinct.



Living among each other, they continue, to almost every intent and purpose, two distinct nations. The Oceanic tribes, therefore, did not emigrate from the Hindoo-Chinese countries; and the idea of a Chinese or Tartar origin is too ridiculous to deserve a moment's consideration. Neither did they emigrate from the continent of America. An examination of the nearest languages of that continent has detected no resemblance whatever in their genius, structure, or sound, to the Oceanic languages. It would be quite useless to attempt to trace their origin to the country of the Hindoos, of the Persians, or of the Arabs; for from all these people they are as distinct in physical form, and in all the essentials of language, as both are from the nations of Europe.

With respect to the Negrito races, the only people to whom they bear the least resemblance are the Negroes of the continent of Africa; but from them they are clearly a distinct race, being eminently wanting in the stature, figure, and general physical form of the Africans, while similarity of language has not been proved to exist in even a single instance. Besides this, there is the insuperable difficulty of reaching the Oceanic region from Africa, distant from 3000 to 4000 miles, in the very teeth of a vigorous trade wind. The fable of a Portuguese ship or ships being wrecked on the islands of the Oceanic region, with African slaves on board, is unworthy of all sober attention. With respect to the third race, if such it really be, intermediate between the yellow complexioned and the Negrito, nothing whatever exists to show its foreign origin. The three races then must be concluded to be aboriginal; and when we are reduced to adopt this position, we are certainly in no worse situation than when we attempt to trace the migrations of the old inhabitants of any other quarter of the globe. The races of the Oceanic islands are peculiar, like those inhabiting Europe, or Africa, or America. An indigenous and independent civilization has sprung up among them, and in the course of many ages this civilization has been gradually, widely, and silently spread, in the manner in which we have endeavored to explain. History, of course, makes no mention of the changes which this civilization has effected, because a people so rude have no history. The utmost length to which we can carry back the annals of the more civilized nations of the Oceanic region does not exceed six centuries, and even to this length we can only proceed with the

aid of medals and monuments. It is but a poor antiquity that can hardly carry us back within two centuries of the Norman conquest of England! It by no means follows, however, that the Oceanic nations, and even their civilization, are not of very considerable antiquity; and we shall, probably, not mislead ourselves if we ascribe a period of several thousand years as having elapsed between their emerging from the savage state, and the time in which they are first mentioned in history. To the civilized nations of the ancient world they were nearly as unknown as the inhabitants of America; and the first acquaintance with them made by the nations of modern Europe goes little further back than three centuries, when they were found very nearly in the same state of civilization as that in which they exist at the present day.

We have only a few words to add on the alphabets and literature of the Oceanic races. Mr. Marsden has considered the alphabetic characters in a second section of his dissertation on the Polynesian languages. The alphabets amount to seven in number, (or to eight, including the Sunda alphabet of Java, which is extinct;) four of these exist in the island of Sumatra, one in Java, one in Celebes, and one in the Philippines. Those of Sumatra are the Korinchi,\* the Rejang, the Lampung, and the Batta. That of Java is the Jawa or Javanese; that of Celebes is the Bugis; and that of the Philippine islands is the Tagála. Now these alphabets are found only with the most polished tribes, and, indeed, there is no powerful and numerous nation which either has not had, or now has not, its own peculiar alphabet. Mr. Marsden, and others of less authority, consider the whole of these alphabets as of Hindoo origin; but, as far as we can discover, on no other ground than that four out of the seven have adopted the rhythmical classification of the Dewa-nagari alphabet of India. Now, the written characters of Europe are not more unlike to the Dewa-nagari than all these insular characters are; and all these, again, are as different from each other as

\* Mr. Marsden has, we think, satisfactorily proved that the Korinchi alphabet was the original alphabet of the Malays before the adoption of the Arabic character, and thus cleared up a long disputed question. The Malays, in the year of Christ 1160, settled a colony at Singapore, the modern British settlement of the same name, where there exists a long inscription on a rude slab, or rather mass of sand-stone, in a character unknown to the natives of the neighborhood. We suspect it to be the Korinchi; and, if the supposition be well founded, the Malays probably wrote in their own character down to the year above quoted.



the Hebrew alphabet is from the Arabic. The Dewa-nagari alphabet itself, judging by old inscriptions, does not materially differ at the present moment from what it was between eighteen and nineteen centuries back,\* and it is nearly the same now throughout every nation of continental India; while the civilized nations have, in general, each their own local alphabet, differing from it, but adopting its classification, just as the four insular alphabets just referred to do. The alphabet of the bordering country, Tibet, indeed, like the Javanese, Korinchi, &c., has not adopted the rhythmical classification. The Malays, with the addition of some consonants necessary to their language, write the Arabic character precisely as the Arabs do, and appear to have been doing for centuries: yet the Malays have been writing their language in this character for nearly 700 years. The Javanese and Bugis, when they write their language in the Arabic character, as they occasionally do, write it precisely like the Malays, and, of course, as the Arabs. On what ground then can we suppose so vast a change,—so complete a metamorphosis, to have been wrought in the native alphabets of the Oceanic races? No length of time, change in the mode of writing, or in the writing materials, would satisfactorily account for the irreconcilable dissimilitude that exists. But we have local evidence to show that no real change has been made in them during a course of centuries. The Javanese and natives of Bali, whose languages are as distinct as English and Italian, and who have had little or no communication with each other for nearly four centuries, employ the same character, and this character differs as little as that in which the natives of Italy and England write their respective languages. Yet, during most part of this time, the materials used by the Javanese have been pen, ink, and paper; and those used by the Balinese iron-styles and palm-leaves. Again, the colony of Javanese, settled in Palembang, in the island of Sumatra, and who for nearly four centuries have been separated from the parent state, still write the Javanese character as it is written in Java, with very minute and trivial modifications. The practice of writing ancient inscriptions in the Pali or Kawi character, a practice also common with the Hindoo-Chinese nations, precludes us in general from referring to

these for evidence, that no essential changes have taken place in the insular characters. In Java, however, there are a few examples of genuine Javanese writing on stone and copper, which, making proper allowance for the nature of the materials, shows that no essential change has taken place for several centuries. It may be further added, that genuine Dewa-nagari inscriptions on huge masses of stone, which proves that they were of local composition, have been found in Java; and in these, the character, agreeing entirely with that of India, differs wholly both from the religious and popular writing of that island. The fact of some of the languages having adopted the Hindoo classification seems to us not difficult to account for. The literature of every rude people falls naturally into the hands of the priesthood, and as the priesthood was Hindoo, or professed Hindooism, it is not unnatural to suppose that they should adopt the arrangement of their sacred character, more particularly as this arrangement is useful and convenient for assisting the memory. It may be remarked, however, that two of the most improved nations, the Javanese and the Malays, did not adopt the Hindoo classification, although the evidence of language and other testimony shows that it was upon these nations that Hindooism made the deepest impression. We may suppose that, in this case, the more polished tribes were, as usually happens, wedded to their own arrangement, and less willing than ruder ones to admit innovation. The Javanese, at least, and we believe the Korinchis and Battas have also a rhythmical arrangement peculiar to themselves, which would have satisfied them, and precluded the necessity of adopting a new one.

There is nothing, therefore, to prevent us from looking upon every one of the seven alphabets of the Oceanic region, as distinct and original—as, not only not borrowed from strangers, but also as not borrowed from each other. If we agree with M. Goguet\* in considering the invention of alphabetical characters as the most surprising effort of the human mind, and a discovery which could only have originated with geniuses of the first order, we must be prepared to believe that seven or eight such geniuses must have sprung up in the Oceanic region. Be this as it may, the existence of these alphabets affords proof of early and considerable civilization. It places all the principal na-

\* The oldest Dewa-nagari inscription found in India is dated 23 years before Christ, and was translated by the venerable Sir Charles Wilkins, fifty years ago.—See *Asiatic Researches*, vol. ii. p. 131.

\* *L'Origine des Loix*, tome i. p. 200.



tions of that region much higher in the scale than any of the native nations of Africa or America, and in many respects above those of northern Europe whether Celts, Germans, or Slavonians, before they acquired the knowledge of letters through Greece and Rome.

"I am not afraid of asserting," says M. Goguet, "that perhaps no discovery has ever contributed so much to draw men from primitive barbarism, as the easy practice of writing. The propagation of that art has contributed more than all other causes to form the heart and mind of nations, to soften their manners, and to unite and hold together the bonds of society. If we see even in the present day, in several parts of both continents, savages degrading humanity by their grossness, their ignorance, and their barbarism, it is because, deprived of the use of writing, they are deprived of all the knowledge which necessarily depends upon it."—*Origine des Loix*, tome i. p. 208.

This is as just and true of the Oceanic region, as it is of other parts of the world. Of all the nations of this quarter of the world, who possess the art of writing, the Battas, who, under certain circumstances, devour human flesh, are the only people addicted to bloody or cruel rites. All the Negrito nations, who are in so barbarous a state of society, are utterly ignorant of the use of letters, which, indeed, ceases in all countries to the eastward of Celebes and the Philippines; so that alphabetic writing, in fact, constitutes the grand line of demarcation between the civilized nations of the west and the savages or barbarians of the east.

Exclusive of their ignorance of the art of printing, we are not to suppose that alphabetic writing is of the same frequency of application, and of the same usefulness among the Oceanic nations who possess it, as among Europeans. Mr. Marsden observes that "he never met with a native of the East who could read even his own writing firmly, and without a degree of hesitation," and he quotes the authority of a European friend, who describes one of the tribes as "spelling the syllables audibly or otherwise, as our young children do at school." This is strictly true, but true only of the Oceanic and Hindoo-Chinese nations. The Chinese read their language fluently, and so do the Mohammedans of India, and the Hindoo men of business of the same country. It is the more remarkable with the Oceanic nations, since their alphabets are all perfect for their own purposes, expressing both the consonants and the vowels, without a redundant, a defective, or a dubious letter of any kind; but, in fact, the circumstance is only evidence of the barbarism and imbecility of rude nations in

the infancy of letters. The frequent correspondence which exists amongst civilized nations, and the constant practice of reducing every thing of the least moment to writing, is unknown to the Oceanic tribes. It is only affairs of great moment that they ever think of committing to writing, and then the practice obtains of employing a professional amanuensis. All this, of course, leads to general inexpertness. Such also seems to have been the case in the early history of writing among European nations. It was among them even more difficult to practise the art, than in the East, owing to the greater difficulty of procuring materials. It was, in fact, employed only upon solemn and important occasions, and for the most part, in all probability, for state and religious purposes.

The people of this quarter of the globe are utterly ignorant of the period when a written character was invented amongst them; but in this respect they are not in a worse situation than the other nations of the world. The different steps by which they arrived at the invention, from painted representations to hieroglyphics, from hieroglyphics to the Chinese keys, from the Chinese keys to syllabic writing, and finally to alphabetic writing, were, no doubt, the same as in other parts of the world. M. Goguet concludes that pictorial writing existed amongst the Greeks, because in the Greek language the same word means *to write* and *to paint*. The same evidence exists in the Oceanic dialects; for the same term, with all the nations, equally expresses *to write* and *to paint*; and this is the only testimony we are aware of, which can be produced regarding the history of the progress of writing amongst them.

When Europeans first became acquainted with the Oceanic nations, now more than three centuries ago, their alphabetic writing appears to have been exactly what it is at the present day. The number of their letters was the same; their arrangement was the same; and, in short, they have neither advanced nor retrograded in this respect. We can, as already shown, go three hundred years still further back, and show them in possession of alphabetic writing. The Greeks are supposed to have invented or imported the art of alphabetic writing 300 years before the siege of Troy. Let us suppose the Oceanic nations, 600 years back, to have been in a similar state of society, so far as the use of letters is concerned, to that of the Greeks at that famous siege, and between



that period and the invention of letters among them, we may fancy, as in the case of the Greeks, that three centuries would have elapsed since the invention of writing. This conjecture would carry the art back near 1000 years from the present time; but when we consider the vast difference at all times between the intellectual character of the Asiatic and European races, the sluggishness and inactivity of the first, the elasticity and vigor of the last;—the proneness of the first, after a certain advance, to become stationary, and the disposition of the last, after making the first start, constantly to progress, the analogy may altogether mislead us, and we may thus be ascribing a much smaller antiquity to the invention of writing among the Oceanic nations, than it is entitled to; and this, in truth, is our belief.

Of the literary compositions of the Oceanic nations, not much need be said. The field is, indeed, a sterile and unproductive one. These nations are eminently destitute of imagination, of vigor, and above all things, of manly common sense. In this latter quality, they are but children in comparison with the Chinese. In imagination, they are a good deal below the standard of the Hindoos; while for sense and judgment, they are upon a level, and merely upon a level, with the Siamese, the Birmese, and other nations of the same race. Their literary inferiority becomes more striking as we proceed westward, when we compare them with the Persians, the Turks of Asia, the Arabs, and the Jews of antiquity. No comparison can be instituted between them and the rudest European nations of any age, possessed of the art of writing, in any one of the qualities we have mentioned. Compared with our own rude ancestors indeed, even under the most unfavorable circumstances, they are but children, scarcely capable of imitation. The Javanese possess almost the only indigenous literature, which consists, however, of nothing better than legends, puerile, improbable, monstrous, and alike destitute of instruction and amusement. All their literary compositions are metrical, and the metre, various, formal, and peculiar, shows it to be national, and not borrowed. The Javanese legends have been translated, or rather loosely paraphrased, into the other written languages, in which the compositions are for the most part in prose, a fact which shows their comparatively modern origin. All the nations have borrowed largely from the literary compositions of the Hindoos, and more recently from

those of the Arabs. In these cases, however, the borrowing does not consist in the translation, but in the adoption of such parts of the works of their masters as are suited to the intellectual capacity of the people. The fables which go under the name of Pilpay, or of Æsop, may be considered as the most sensible, instructive, and respectable work which has been rendered from foreign languages into the Oceanic, and from this fact the reader may judge of the rest. The skill, the ingenuity, the fancy and the partiality of European scholars have frequently succeeded in exhibiting the literary productions of India, Persia, and Arabia, in a pleasing or attractive garb, because here there was some raw material to work upon; but the poverty of Oceanic literature forbids us to expect any similar result from it. If ever a gleam of historic truth appears in the literary compositions of these races, it is scarcely perceptible through the dark cloud of fable; and like other Asiatics, but to a still greater degree, what they will know in future ages of their own history will be chiefly gleaned from the authentic notices of their occasional and recent visitors, the Europeans. Still, the study of the Oceanic languages is both useful and interesting, as affording the only sure means of acquiring a correct knowledge of a considerable and a curious portion of the human race, spread, or more correctly, scattered, over little less than half the circumference of the globe, in its greatest circle and in its most productive climates. The study of the affiliations, institutions, and manners of a people so circumstanced, and who, in numbers and civilization, far exceed the native inhabitants of the American continent, cannot fail to afford instruction, amusement and profit to the philosopher, the moralist, the merchant, and the statesman.

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ART. VII.—*Le Brasseur Roi, Chronique Flamand du Quatorzième Siècle.* Par M. le Vicomte d'Arincourt. (The Brewer King, a Flemish Chronicle of the 14th Century. By Viscount d'Arincourt.) 2 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1834.

MONSIEUR le Vicomte d'Arincourt was, if we rightly recollect, for years before our critical labors commenced, a frequent candidate for public favor in the literary



world of France, in the line of epic and romance, in the last of which he has been much more successful, if we are to trust to the authority of title pages, than in the former. His epics, long since condemned to the trunk-makers, we have not seen, therefore cannot speak of; but his first three romances, *Le Solitaire*, *Le Rénégat*, and *Ipsiboë*, we remember reading, and the impression which their perusal made upon us was not of a kind to make us very eager after any new production of the noble Vicomte. The style of those romances, stilted and inflated almost to bombast, the extravagance of the incidents, and the gross and revolting improbabilities of the stories, were such, as to make the reading of them alternately a source of pain and a provocative of laughter; and that the latter was by no means a feeling peculiar to ourselves, we had proofs in the *parodies* that appeared of one or all of them at the time of their first publication. Nevertheless, there must have been some attractive or redeeming qualities in them to a large class of readers, of different but less fastidious taste than has fallen to our lot: as we have seen editions of one of them as high as the *tenth* or *twelfth*, of another the *eighth*, and of a third the *sixth*, which, to all appearance, afforded evidence of general popularity even greater than that of our great deceased novelist himself. Appearances, however, of this kind, are rather deceitful: whether it was that the public got tired of the Vicomte, or that he got tired of writing for the public, we know not; but the call for successive editions of an author's works is too flattering to the said author's vanity to make us hesitate much in attributing the infrequency or total cessation of his appearances to any thing but a decline of popularity. Whatever may have been the cause, certain it is that we had altogether lost sight of M. le Vicomte d'Arincourt for some years. A stronger inducement, however, than the desire of literary fame has drawn him from his retreat. His devotion to the cause of the exiled Bourbons, his abhorrence of the principles and practices of the party opposed to them, and his detestation of *Le Roi-Citoyen*, whom he considers as that party's representative, as well as the usurper of the throne of *Charles Dix* and *Henri Cinq*: such are the motives that have again brought him forward on the stage in one of his old characters. In short, M. d'Arincourt has fairly set himself, in his capacity of novelist, to the arduous task of writing down Louis Philippe and his government, by a series of his-

torical romances drawn from the middle age of French history, in which, while the horrors of rebellions and revolutions, the crimes and atrocities of their instigators and abettors, and the intrigues and cunning practices of usurpers, are all exhibited with due emphasis, parallel passages from the history of the Restoration, and the "glorious three days," are selected and applied in a manner sufficiently pointed and ingenious, but, we dare say, by no means pleasant to the objects of the author's satire. The present is, we believe, the third of these politico-historical romances; the first and second being *Les Ecorcheurs* (The Flayers), and *Les Rebelles sous Charles VIII.* (The Rebels under Charles VIII.) What effect these productions have yet had in sapping the foundations of Louis Philippe's throne, we, in our quiet London retreat, have no other means of ascertaining than by the "great broad sheet," which is accessible to all. Judging from that, we suspect that M. le Vicomte's success has hitherto been but small. In spite of all his denunciations, the "King of the French," the "crowned representative of the Revolution of July," still bears himself "every inch a king," as much the most legitimate monarch of the race. His hostility to the press is as great as that of Charles the Tenth ever was. And we shrewdly suspect that our noble author is solely indebted to the form of his lucubrations for having hitherto escaped coming into contact with that inexorable personage, M. Persil, the "bête noire" of journalists, whether Carlist or republican. No.—It is not by "paper pellets" such as these of M. d'Arincourt, that the throne of the Barricades will be overthrown, and a third "Restoration" accomplished.

It is not, however, with reference to its politics that we are induced to touch upon the novel before us, but for other reasons, which we may as well state. In the first place, our gifted countrywoman, Miss Edgeworth, having written her last admirable novel, *Helen*, to exemplify the evil consequences resulting from every, even the slightest, the seemingly most innocent, deviation from truth, we could, but for some chronological difficulties, almost fancy that M. le Vicomte had been thereby provoked to write an *Anti-Helen*, for the sole purpose of exemplifying the evil consequences which may result from a rigidly scrupulous adherence to a rashly-plighted word. At least, in his *Brasseur Roi*, such a rigid observance of rash promises it is, that compels his hero, whom



it characterizes, first to assassinate his lawful prince, whom he loves with a friendship even idolatrously impassioned, and next, to suffer the same prince, whom, in Irish phraseology, he had not killed dead, to marry a dishonored damsel. Nothing but sheer good luck prevents these disastrous consequences of promise-keeping. But we should do M. d'Arlincourt injustice did we suspect him of having written a book with views merely ethical. No: his "Brewer King" is, as we have already said, a political romance, designed to illustrate the evils of revolution: and illustrate them it does with a vengeance. Our Vicomte is not of the milk and water school: no painter he of mixed motives and characters. His revolutionists are the plainest spoken set of selfish knaves we ever had the luck to meet with; not even affecting to flatter their own consciences by the profession of patriotic views. His Arteville (as he is pleased to Frenchify the name of the great Flemish demagogue Artevelde) is not a well meaning, although ambitious, promoter of change and convulsion, whose head is turned by the extent of his success, by the power that he obtains; but a regular crookback Richard of low degree, avowedly to himself seeking only his own advancement, and reckless of the crimes necessary to effect his purpose. Our author, perhaps, lays claim to the merit of impartiality between republicans and royalists, because Edward III., of England, appears in his pages pretty nearly as selfish and unprincipled as his plebeian majesty of malt and hops himself; but we incline to refuse him that praise, when we reflect that the legitimate sovereign being an *English* prince, his baseness is a matter of course in the eyes of all modern Frenchmen, whether *Carlistes*, *mouvement*, or even, we believe, *juste milieu* men.

And this brings us to our second reason for noticing the *Brasseur Roi*; namely, that it is founded upon a portion of Flemish history striking in itself and interesting to English readers from its close connection with a brilliant period in our own annals. The brewer, Artevelde, who rebelled against the Count of Flanders, expelled him from his dominions, and usurped an arbitrary authority such as the hereditary princes had never dreamed of exercising over the free, proud, and wealthy burghers of the commercial Flemish cities, was the close ally of Edward III. of England, and the immediate cause of that monarch's assuming the title of the King of

France; for Artevelde found, that however willing to drive away their count, the Flemings entertained scruples about bearing arms against their count's feudal superior, the French monarch, which scruples were entirely removed by Edward's bearing that character as king of France. Artevelde, after some years of despotic rule, fell by the hands of that same populace to which he owed his elevation, and the Count of Flanders was not long afterwards restored to his throne.

And here we are irresistibly tempted to pause, and,—first reminding the reader that the period of history here treated may, without any great violence, be termed the commencement of a long rebellion, interrupted by restorations of more or less duration, beginning nearly with Jacques van Artevelde and closing with the fall of his son Philip, some forty or fifty years later,—to deviate, perhaps, from our path as foreign reviewers, for the purpose of instituting, or at least hinting, a comparison between the French prose romance and the poetical dramatic romance recently published by a countryman of our own, upon the fate of the younger Artevelde.\* To the points of contrast we may advert before we have done: we now return to M. d'Arlincourt.

In style and manner, we think the *Brasseur Roi* is decidedly superior to the author's earlier romances. This may, however, be partly owing to the air of historic truth which he has contrived to fling over it, chiefly by extracting from the old chroniclers bits of description, fragments of speeches, and in short, whatever seemed likely to answer his purpose. A mode, however, which, if pleasing, is somewhat empirical and inartificial, compared with Mr. Taylor's, who has produced a better effect by really and deeply imbuing his imagination with the spirit of those old chroniclers, and of the times they paint.

We are now to say a few words concerning the strange story, (the proper epithet for most of the author's stories,) which he has introduced amidst the political disorders and horrors of Artevelde's ascendancy. The principal personages of this story are Urbin Winemare, a passionate admirer and partisan of Artevelde, and a mysterious female named Bertrade, who exercises an incomprehensible but irresistible authority over the triumphant usurper. Urbin's affianced bride, Neolie, is

\* Philip Van Artevelde; a Dramatic Romance. In two parts. By Henry Taylor, Esq. 2 vols. London, 1834. We are glad to see that this beautiful poem has already reached a second edition.



torn from his arms by an armed band wearing the colors of the exiled count; and Artevelde pledges himself to procure the restitution of the lady upon condition of Urbin's luring Louis de Mâle, the count's youthful son and heir, to the Mariner's Chapel below the lazaretto of Oudenburg, near Ostend, by an appointed day, and then and there murdering him, and delivering up his corse to him, Artevelde, in exchange for Neolie. How the brewer-chief is to obtain possession of Neolie, if she be actually in the hands of his enemies, neither Urbin nor the Vicomte pause to inquire. Urbin, in consequence, pretends to desert to the count, and gains his confidence; but whilst so doing becomes almost as ardently attached to young Louis as to his lost bride herself. This does not prevent his proceeding with his plot, and, by means of forged letters, luring the young prince to Flanders. We shall extract the scene to which Urbin's adherence to his words gives birth, as one of the most striking in the book. Accident has separated him and the prince from their attendants, and they are wandering in a forest near the appointed scene of murder, when the distraction of the traitor's air alarms the affectionate boy, who says,—

"Urbin, you seek to hide from me your secret sufferings, but friendship cannot be so deceived. Vainly are you patient under agony to spare me; I feel your pangs through my whole frame. Wherefore struggle, singly, within yourself, against a stormy crisis of life? A burden is less heavy when borne by two; Urbin, suffer aloud, if you love me."

"Winemare turns suddenly upon the august outlaw: his eye, black as the raven's wing, darts sinister beams, and with savage irony he falters out, 'It is you, then, who pity me! It is you who fear for Urbin! Do you think me in the toils of a traitor, my life in your hand? Shall I cry to you for mercy?'"

"Yet are you dearer to me than all the wealth of th's world; I prefer you to every thing, to myself. When your hand pressed mine, I was proud and happy! Alas! Fate, that wills my destruction, is about to separate us. It is fate that decrees it. But I will rejoice you; yes, my prince, I could not live without you; I will follow you every where."

"He paused; then added in a hoarse whisper: 'Every where. What do I say? Except to heaven.' 'Why such dark thoughts?' Count Louis thus interrupted him."

"Suddenly a voice thunders, 'Tis here! We have reached the goal!'"

"Artevelde's soldier (Urbin) is at the foot of the mountain, upon the summit of which appears a vast edifice."

"What building is that?" asks the prince.

"The Lazaretto of Oudenburg."

"And that pious monument half way up on the left?"

"The Mariner's Chapel."

"Let us go pray there!"

"Not yet."

"Prince," exclaims Urbin, "sit there! A pause upon the brink of the abyss!"

"Of the abyss! What mean you?"

"Nothing; I have said nothing. Nothing yet."

"But the august and unfortunate exile can no longer understand him. His limbs seem frozen, his joints are stiffened. Mechanically he sits down upon the mound pointed out by Urbin, stretches himself out with the smile of death, and closing his eye-lids as though weighed down by sleep, sinks into a lethargic stupor, without motion, without pain, without life. These last words steal from his lips: 'You slept under my watch.' And his repose is funereal."

"Urbin stands beside the sleeping prince: his eye is upon his dagger; his cold and convulsed hand has set up his hair like an infernal diadem."

"My oath before God," he murmurs in horror. "Can it have been a pact with the devil? No matter! It must be fulfilled."

"He unsheathes his weapon, and goes on in broken accents. 'How gracious a countenance! What, thus in cold blood, murder a being so tender, so sweet! I, who yesterday slept under his ward! and him, him, who so loves me!'"

"Let us make an end!" he exclaims; "him first, then myself!"

"He bends over the boy. 'How pale he is, poor child! I will kiss him. Is that allowable to the hangman?'"

In the midst of his agonies and conflicts, it suddenly occurs to Urbin that Artevelde was to have been present to exchange the living Neolie for the dead Louis, and he now joyfully exclaims:—

"Idiot that I am! Does not Artevelde, by forgetting his own promise, release me from mine? This is Good Friday. The *Renard* (Artevelde's title) should be here. The hour of assignation has struck—where is he? I have seen no one. Since the leader is wanting to the crime, the crime may well be wanting to the leader."

"He spoke; and lifts up his brow with a sort of triumphant joy. Oh, consternation! Oh, terror! The door of the Mariner's Chapel suddenly opens. Many warriors are seen there: the Brewer-King is at their head. 'Fiend!' exclaims Urbin."

"But, on the summit of the mount, where stands the Lazaretto, a trumpet resounds. 'Tis a signal, a summons. Several women appear; they are the hospital-sisters. Their white robes stand out upon the black vapors of the stormy heavens. Suddenly men at arms assemble around the daughters of the cloister. One of these last assumes the command. 'Tis Bertrade. They descend the mountain."

"But Winemare sees neither Bertrade nor her escort. He looks only at Artevelde. For to the demagogue's soldier, Artevelde is fate: to the child of his sovereign he is death."

"Louis, arise!" exclaims Urbin, and the clang of his dreadful voice peals from rock to rock."

"The Count half uncloses his eye-lids. An exclamation of terror nearly escapes him. The livid-countenanced murderer stands over him, brandishing a dagger."

"What is it? Urbin! What would you?"

"Thy blood."

"Thou murder me! Oh my God!"

"God hears thee not, thou must die."



"Heaven,"—  
 " 'Tis no time for trust in heaven."  
 "Strike, then!"  
 "No! Defend thyself! Hast thou not the sword of the brave?"  
 "A moment, Urbin; can my sword mate thine? Let me recollect myself."  
 "Why kill me? What have I done?"  
 "Why kill thee? What matters it?"  
 "Who commands my murder?"  
 "Artevelde. He desires thy crown—he comes to claim it. Behold him."  
 "Horror! What! Am I ensnared?"  
 "Yes, unhappy boy, I have betrayed thee! I wound myself about thee, only to devour thee. I surrounded thee with adorations only to make sure of vengeance. No cries, I am pitiless. Neolie will be restored to me when thy blood has flowed. I have sworn upon the eucharist to murder thee here, to-day. This is the hour—the spot. Defend thyself."  
 "Urbin offers him a sword mechanically. Count Louis accepts and gazes fixedly upon it. Then, breaking it upon his knee, flings away the fragments."  
 "Kill me," he answers, "I am prepared. Already hast thou robbed me of the dearer half of my life by crushing thyself in a murder; it will cost thee little to take the other half, since I no longer value it. No more illusions, no career for me. Feeling extinguished, all is dead. I have had enough of this world. Strike! It is thee, only thee, I pity!" But these last accents are lost in the formidable voice of Winemare, who glares on him like a tiger, whilst bellowing.—  
 "Thou wilt not defend thyself! Aha! Thou sparest my remorse! 'Tis no longer such a crime to kill thee; in thee Flanders loses little, for thou wast, I see it, thou wast but a coward."  
 "A coward!" repeats the boy Count, lifting a brow full of majesty, indignation, and audacity. "That is too much! A weapon! Let us fight!"  
 "Hastily he draws his dagger, and a horrid struggle begins. Louis displays the address of the gladiator and the intrepidity of the hero. The murderer suffers the hostile blade to reach him. He has fought languidly; he would be the first wounded."  
 "He is so. A savage roar, the signal of extermination, bursts from his chest."  
 "Louis!" he exclaims, "my blood flows. Here is now no infamous murder, but lawful self-defence. It is my turn for attack and success."  
 "He strikes with his poniard, and the prince rolls (seemingly) lifeless at his feet."

But we are running into greater lengths than we had proposed, and will merely add, for the relief of the reader's mind, that this scene ends by Bertrade and her escort carrying off the dangerously, but not mortally, wounded prince; and that the flattering unction of self-defence which Urbin so astoundingly lays to his soul, loses, as was to be hoped, its remorse-healing quality, even before the wretched murderer discovers that Artevelde has held the word of promise to the ear, but broken it to the sense, Neolie being restored,—dishonored by his son Philip d'Artevelde, the real author of her abduction.

Upon this portion of the story, with which we close our account of the novel, we must just remark that Philip van Artevelde was the godson of Philippa, Queen of England, whence it seems probable that he was born *after* his father had risen to

power and become the ally of Edward III. in 1336, a conjecture confirmed by the lapse of thirty-seven years between the father's fall and the son's accession to his sway; Philip would therefore certainly have been the most juvenile Lovelace on record, prior to his father's murder, in 1345.

May we now be permitted to add a few words respecting the English poem with which we have compared *Le Brasseur Roi*. Mr. Taylor has interwoven no extraneous tale with his main subject, and, although he has given his hero two love-affairs, both touchingly beautiful in their different kinds, the interest of his poem turns chiefly, as it ought to do, upon the political career of Van Artevelde,—upon the modification, the deterioration, of his mind and feelings by that career. His reluctance to quit his philosophic seclusion, his pure and disinterested love for the pure and devoted Adriana, his resolute decision when induced to come forward, his gradual assumption of state, dignity, and arbitrary sway, his less pure and less disinterested love for the frail but still devoted Elena, are as ethically and metaphysically just, as they are poetically delineated. The political propensities of the poet are evidently opposed to those of the novelist; Mr. Taylor throws no veil of charm over his feudal chivalry; and though he shows us something of the evils of the sanguinary violence of revolutions, the vice is principally upon the royalist side. But we must not indulge ourselves in dwelling longer upon this really fine poem, nor yet we fear, in extracting one of its calmly powerful scenes, to contrast with the extravagant power of the Vicomte's; but we may perhaps venture to give, as especially relevant to *Le Brasseur Roi*, Philip van Artevelde's character (partial of course) of his father, so roughly handled by M. d'Arlincourt.

"First of my father;—had he lived to know  
 His glories, deeds, and dignities postponed  
 To names of barons, earls, and counts, (that here  
 Are to men's ears importunately common  
 As chimes to dwellers in the market-place,)  
 He with a silent and a bitter mirth  
 Had listened to the boast; may he his son  
 Pardon for in comparison setting forth  
 With his the name of this disconsolate earl.  
 How stand they in the title-deeds of fame?  
 What hold and heritage in distant times  
 Doth each enjoy—what posthumous possession?  
 The dusty chronicler with painful search,  
 Long fingering forgotten scrolls, indites  
 That Louis Mâle\* was sometime Earl of Flanders,

\* The boy-Prince in the scene extracted from *Le Brasseur Roi*.



That Louis Male his sometime earldom lost  
Through wrongs by him committed, that he lived  
An outcast long in dole not undeserved,  
And died dependent : there the history ends,  
And who of them that hear it wastes a thought  
On the unfriended fate of Louis Male ?  
But turn the page and look we for the tale  
Of Artevelde's renown. What man was this ?  
He humbly born, he highly gifted rose  
By steps of various enterprise, by skill,  
By native vigor to wide sway, and took  
What his vain rival having could not keep.  
His glory shall not cease, though cloth of gold  
Wrap him no more, for not of golden cloth,  
Nor fur, nor miniver, his greatness came,  
Whose fortunes were inborn : strip me the two.  
This were the humblest, that the noblest, beggar  
That ever braved a storm !"

ART. VIII.—1. *Versuch über die Preussischen Provinzialstaende*, vom Syndicus Klenze in Uetersen. (Essay on the Prussian Provincial States. By Syndicus Klenze.) Altona. 1832. 8vo.

2. *Auch eine Stimme aus Preussen ueber die jetzige Zeit, Verfassungswesen, Landstaende und Polnische Angelegenheiten*. (Another Voice from Prussia upon the present time, Constitutions, Provincial States, and Polish affairs.) Berlin. 1833. 8vo.

3. *Ueber den Geist der Preussischen Staatsorganisation und Staatsdienerschaft*, von Regierungsrath Dr. Wehnert. (On the Spirit of the Prussian Government and Administration. By Regency-counsellor Dr. Wehnert.) Potsdam. 1833. 8vo.

4. *Preussen und Frankreich staatswirthschaftlich und politisch* von David Hansemann. *Zweite Auflage*. (Prussia and France compared in their Economical and Political relations. By D. Hansemann. Second Edition.) Leipzig. 1834. 8vo.

In a period of general commotion like that of which we have recently been witnesses, during which almost every state in Europe has been more or less shaken by internal convulsions, it must have been a subject of frequent wonder to observant politicians how it happened that one state, and that one composed of very discordant elements, surrounded by general excitement, with newly acquired provinces, which not many years ago became rather unwilling members of the monarchy, should have been wholly unaffected by those convulsions. Spain and Portugal,

Italy, Switzerland, Holland and Belgium, Great Britain and Hanover, Brunswick, Saxony, Poland and Russia, and most of the minor German states, have all more or less felt the shock of the political tempest which burst forth in France. Prussia, a country surrounded and divided in the midst of its territory by the very states which were most inflamed, a country, too, which neither enjoys the liberty of the press, nor possesses any of those constitutional forms which are generally regarded as indispensable for protecting the interests and promoting the happiness of a people, has never had its tranquillity disturbed. This may well be deemed an extraordinary phenomenon, and it is worth while to inquire into the causes which have led to the exemption of this state from the general calamity, and which it would be a great mistake to attribute either to the apathy, or the want of courage or intelligence of the people. The causes, we conceive, will be found in the constitution and character of the Prussian Government, with which it is our purpose in this article, agreeably to a promise already made,\* to make our readers better acquainted than we suppose the generality of them to be.

It would be a waste of time to enter here into any metaphysical discussion about society and its general constitution. Little benefit, we apprehend, is to be expected from the application of metaphysics to internal policy ; nor is philosophy, without observation of the real world, and without regard to experience and history, likely to be of much use in laying down rules of practical administration. Statesmen ought not to strive after an ideal perfection, but should rather consider the adaptation of their measures to their time, like the Athenian legislator, whose boast it was, not that he had given his countrymen the best laws, but the best they could bear. Without, therefore, entering into the oft-renewed controversy about the *best* form of government, or into any discussion of the general principles of public law and polity which are laid down in the writings placed at the head of this article, or saying how far we agree or disagree with their authors, we shall content ourselves with a few preliminary observations, in the reasonableness of which we hope persons of all parties will concur.

\* See F. Q. R. No. XXIV. Art. XIII., *Notes sur la Prusse*, p. 511. We are glad to observe that a translation of M. de Chambray's pamphlet has been recently published by Messrs. Boone.



The problem which every government has to solve is, that no injustice, no violence be suffered by any of its subjects; that no internal dissensions be fostered; that no class of society be able to oppress another; but that all should move freely and harmoniously together; in short, that every member of the body politic should willingly and cheerfully, and to the utmost of his ability, aid in increasing the power of the state of which he is a member. This object is not to be attained by an exclusive adoption of any particular form whatever. Those who would stamp the political form of their own preference upon all the states in the world, seem to us much like the quacks who profess to cure all diseases by one and the same nostrum. With such men, the past and the individuality of the present time go for nothing. The leading aim and object of all administrative measures should be the general welfare of the community. The different classes of which that is constituted must be left in a certain degree to themselves, but their action must in time be so regulated, that no one may be placed in a state of permanent hostility with another; that no one may violently oppress another; that no one may be arbitrarily favored at the expense of another; but that all may be employed for the common benefit. The influence of power is great, of talent and benevolence still greater. Government must above all secure itself; and it secures itself only by governing well; and it cannot govern well, unless it governs according to the general interests. But if ever anything has been accomplished by human power for the benefit of the many, it has been done by individuals marked by their disinterestedness and freedom from prejudices, consequently possessing the general confidence. Such distinguished individuals, however, must be the few, for they are only distinguished by being few. It is superiority of intelligence which in the public career of every state must win the palm; political institutions have attained their highest point, when the reins of power are entrusted to the hands of those, who by their moral and intellectual superiority have shown themselves fittest for ruling, according to the genius and popular feeling of the nation. If a government, regarding the state as a living body, strives to ennoble it more and more by its progressive development—if it raises itself to the summit of the intelligence of the people—if by calling into its service the talents of the most able and distinguished in every department of know-

ledge, and availing itself of the higher experience offered through foreign channels, it keeps itself on a level with the knowledge of the age, and enables itself to meet its subjects with a higher intelligence; if it succeeds in gaining the confidence of, and attaching to itself, all who are able and worthy, by proofs of its own ability and worth; if it favors political activity by providing a succession of public duties, and at the same time retains sufficient power to rule the subject, so as to protect the nation from the horrors of anarchy: if a government does all this, it may be said to have attained every object for which it was formed. These objects being—the maintenance of a strong and lawful power, not only tolerating but protecting freedom (freedom being nothing else than the government of the law), carefully avoiding all extreme measures, and refraining from the exercise of any power beyond the law. Under such a system, all danger of violent commotion, arising from a collision between the government and the people, is entirely removed; and its action may be not inaptly compared to the course of a magnificent river, which, rolling along within its deeply imbedded channel, constantly renovates its waters, keeping them free from either stagnancy or putrescence, and, in the event of an inundation, is prevented by protecting banks from overflowing the surrounding country, and sweeping all before it in its headlong and destructive course.

An impartial inquiry into the principles on which the administration of the Prussian government is conducted, will, we think, go a great way to show, that though the political constitution of that kingdom is yet far from perfect, its institutions are such as to secure the social advantages above mentioned; and that in no other country are the administrative measures so thoroughly based on the laws of political economy. A faithful outline of these institutions will afford the best proof of the correctness of this assertion; in giving which we shall endeavor, as much as possible, to let facts speak for themselves, and to besparing of any comments or reflections of our own. Hereafter, we may enter more into detail as to some particular branches of the Prussian administration; at present we mean to confine ourselves to a general view of the whole system.

Hereditary monarchy is a political institution which upon the whole has been found most conducive to the prosperity of the nations by which it has been adopted. Hereditary princes are rarely so absolute



as they are generally thought. Their conduct is in a great measure regulated by the line chalked out for them by their great predecessors, and which it becomes in a manner imperative upon them to follow; for a dynasty only becomes great, when, through a long succession of years, the institutions and examples left by its great princes have been followed up; but these in a great degree exclude recourse to arbitrary acts by a dynasty unaccustomed to employ them. The House of Hohenzollern has been generally distinguished, not only by its domestic virtues, its strong sense of justice, and its tender care for the prosperity of its subjects, but also by uncommon skill in the management of its public and domestic economy. The length of the several reigns (from the accession of the family to the Electorate in 1415, there have been only sixteen princes, giving an average of more than twenty-six years to each,) has been of prodigious advantage to the state. The long reigns of the Great Elector and the Great Frederic raised the country to the rank which it occupies among the nations. These popular heroes, putting themselves at the head of the civilization of their time, became in a manner the political patterns of European sovereigns, and shed an uncommon lustre over their people; and the least that can be said of the present king is, that there never existed any monarch, who, by his universally acknowledged private and public virtues, and the benefits he has conferred upon his people, has so thoroughly and deservedly acquired their love and entire confidence, and the respect and esteem of the other nations of Europe. Frederic William III. may indeed be truly called a "citizen-king." His palace is more like the dwelling of a wealthy private gentleman than the residence of a monarch; the simplicity of his court, of his equipages, and his establishment, surpasses that of every other in Europe; his whole bearing and behavior on every occasion testify his modesty and Christian-like humility, his contempt of vain show, his sound understanding and honest heart; the manifold institutions by which he has gradually forwarded the political improvement of his nation and almost every measure of his reign evince the great practical wisdom of this illustrious prince. No wonder, therefore, that the nation regards him as the palladium of its welfare. But the attachment which the Prussians bear to their government does not depend merely on the character of the reigning dynasty and its actual representative; it is strengthened

by their sense of the value of the institutions they possess, some of which are of ancient date, but the greater portion the acquisitions of more recent periods. These, which it will be our principal business to describe in the following pages, are of a kind to secure them a sufficient degree of liberty, as well as to impress them with the conviction that their government works for the common benefit to a degree not surpassed by any, and equalled by few, of the other governments of Europe. In the great years of danger, the Prussian state acquired a development analogous to the great social movement of the century, and wants were then satisfied which were felt and expressed in other countries, but have in most instances been very imperfectly obtained, where they were only to be carried by political convulsions. In Prussia, this development took place in a spirit peculiar to itself,—effective but legal,—not in alliance with the foreigner, but in opposition to him. The measures connected with it were carried, not, perhaps, with general assent, but certainly without incurring that opposition which obstinately resists all necessary improvements, and clings to antiquated institutions that are no longer capable of satisfying the just claims of a more enlightened age. These measures were adopted under a general feeling of their indispensable necessity, but carried into effect in a benevolent spirit, with a consideration for individual interests, and at successive intervals, which allowed time for acquiring experience of their effects, and turning that experience to account, with a view to farther improvements. Institutions were then founded, which conciliated the old and the new order of things. The great reforms, which elsewhere are still but in expectation, were then made; and such was the feeling of their propriety, that several of the representative bodies in the constitutional states of Germany thought they could not do better than adopt the Prussian institutions with slight alterations, as models for their own country. In all these changes, the conduct of the Prussian government has been alternately firm but conciliatory, enterprising but considerate, but always temperate; and the beneficial results of which they have already been productive fairly justify us in anticipating a still more extensive popular development, unaccompanied by the sufferings and calamities which have in other countries been the constant attendants upon political revolutions. As Hardenberg said:—



"The new system is based upon the principle, that every subject personally free be able to raise himself and develop his powers freely, without let or hindrance from any other; that the public burdens be borne in common and in just proportions; that equality before the law be secured to every subject, and that justice be rigidly and punctually administered; that merit, in whatever rank it may be found, be enabled to rise without obstacle; that the government be carried on with unity, order, and power; that by the education of the people, and the spread of true religion, the general interests and a national spirit be promoted, as the only secure basis of the national welfare."

We shall first cast a glance over the relations of the different classes of society in Prussia, and the institutions which may be considered preparatory for constitutional forms, and then proceed to detail the forms of the administration itself which secure the common welfare.

All exclusive privileges possessed by any one class of society, which were oppressive to any other class, have been abolished. Prussia is fortunate enough to have now neither slaves nor serfs in any part of her dominions. The only personal privileges of the nobility are, the right to indicate their rank by prefixing to their name the article *Von*; of using such arms as designate nobility and are their own; and of having a *forum exemptum*,—a privilege, however, which they share with the gentry, and that gives them no advantage in the distribution of justice. The nobility are also particularly entitled to be appointed to court offices; but in both the civil and military branches of the administration they have no title to preference whatever. There is no doubt that high connections and noble birth have frequently an influence in forwarding the advancement of their possessor; but it may be said at the same time, and with truth, that in no country at the present moment has birth less influence than it has in Prussia; and the organization of the administration is at any rate such as to prevent any person wholly unworthy from ever becoming a member of it. The property in what are called "noble estates" certainly gives its possessor some privileges of greater importance, in regard to the payment of the land-tax, and the exercise of several honorary rights, such as that of church-patronage, and of holding a baronial court (*Patrimonialgerichtsbarkeit*). These rights, however, are inherent in the land, so that every proprietor exercises them without regard to his rank, whether he be a noble or citizen; and in fact, the greater portion of these estates is now in the hands of citizens. The proprietors themselves, how-

ever, cannot exercise this jurisdiction, but must appoint a person who has gone through the requisite trials, and shown himself qualified to be a judge; once appointed also, he is as irremovable as any other judge, and his salary is quite independent of the will of the proprietor. In spite, however, of all these restrictions, and notwithstanding the rigid control which prevents any material injustice from being committed, this privilege is the most objectionable of any that have been allowed to remain. For if the judge derives not his authority exclusively from the highest power in the state, or if a subject has to seek redress for his wrongs in a quarter in any way dependent on his adversary, there is a risk that the confidence in the administration of justice may be lessened, and the dignity of the state be compromised. This privilege, however, is in a *gradual* course of abolition, for in this, as in all its other reforms, the Prussian government wisely proceeds step by step.

The citizens obtained their great charter (*Staedteordnung*) in November, 1808; and by means of that, Stein effected the emancipation of the Commons, which had from a remote period been entirely dependent. The active influence of the citizens in the administration of their own affairs revived the public spirit. The interference of the government was confined to an inspection of their printed accounts, to confirming the appointment of the magistrates who had been elected, and to settle amicably the complaints made against any *Commune*. All persons of good repute residing in a town are entitled, without reference to birth, rank, religion or personal connections, to be citizens; house-proprietors and tradesmen are bound to be citizens. Every citizen possessing an income of not less than 150 thalers (22*l.* 10*s.*) in the smaller towns, or 200 thalers (30*l.*) in the larger, and every proprietor of houses or lands, however small the income, is entitled to a vote in the election of the town-representatives (*Stadtverordnete*), whose number varies from 24 to 102, according to the size of the place. Every elector is also eligible to be a representative, but two-thirds of the electors are required to be proprietors in the town. The representatives are elected for three years. The elections take place by districts, into which the towns are divided. The town-council nominate a commissary for the election (*Wahlcommissarius*), and the citizens choose an inspector (*Wahlspecter*) and three assessors. Every elect-



or is entitled to propose a candidate, and to state what he thinks proper in his favor. The election is made by ballot, and those who have most votes are the representatives. Their election, however, must be confirmed by the town-council. The representatives elect their own chairman and recorder; and they also elect the town-council. For the mayoralty they choose three candidates, of whom the king nominates one, who holds office for twelve years. A few scientific members of the town-council are also elected for twelve years, and receive salaries; but the greater number, who are citizens and continue to attend to their ordinary occupations, are elected only for six years, and receive nothing. Every district elects an overseer, whose business it is to inspect the streets, roads, bridges, &c. within his district, to attend to their repair, to inspect the watchmen, &c. The town-council and the town-representatives have the whole administration of the affairs of the town in their hands. This is carried on by means of committees (*Deputationen*), each having a member of the town-council as its chairman, some representatives and some citizens. The town-council can neither tax the citizens, dispose of the town-property, nor involve the town in obligations without the previous agreement of the town-representatives; and they must submit to their inspection all such public documents as they may require. Extracts of the accounts are published every year, and the accounts themselves are exhibited in the town-hall for the inspection of every citizen.

This excellent law has on the whole produced all the benefits that were expected from it. But as some partial inconveniences were found to attach to a too rigid adherence to its forms, another was promulgated in 1831, which it was left optional to such towns as preferred it to the former to adopt, and it has been so adopted by several which did not belong to Prussia at the time the first law came into operation, but have since been incorporated with it. The leading principle of the first law was, that the inhabitants of towns, unshackled by any corporation influence, should administer their own affairs through representatives elected by themselves, and town-councils elected by the representatives, the councils being, in all cases of importance, bound by the resolutions of the representatives. The principle of the new law is the same, but it recognises a greater number of distinctions, according to the charters of the several

towns, and a greater exercise of local influence, subject, however, to the provisions of the general law. By the new law, every inhabitant of a town is entitled to carry on trade and to possess property in it; but it requires a certain amount of property or income to constitute an elector, and the electors only are called citizens. Of these electors there are four classes: 1. *proprietors*, to the amount of 300 thalers and upwards (45*l.*) in small towns, and 2000 thalers and upwards (300*l.*) in large towns; 2. *traders* with an annual income of from 200 to 600 thalers (30*l.* to 90*l.*); 3. persons deriving an *income* from other sources of from 400 to 1200 thalers (60*l.* to 180*l.*); 4. persons of inferior means, but who are considered worthy of citizenship by the concurrent voice of the town council, the town representatives, and the district government. By the new law, therefore, a higher qualification is required than by the former for both elector and representative; the latter must either possess *property* to the value of 1000 to 12,000 thalers (150*l.* to 1800*l.*), or an annual *income* of 200 to 1200 thalers (30*l.* to 180*l.*); but with the exception also here, that persons of inferior means may be elected whose merits have met with the same concurrent voice of the town council, town representatives, and district government. The number of representatives has been also diminished by the second law, being reduced in the proportion of nine in the smaller to sixty in the larger towns. By the former law all corporation influence in towns was expressly prohibited; the latter in some measure recognises it, by leaving it optional to towns to elect their representatives by districts or classes, or both; because in large towns it frequently happens that persons who are near neighbors know nothing whatever of each other, while those who are engaged in the same trade or profession are generally acquainted with the individuals of most eminence in their own walk of life; the objects of an election are therefore likely to be best attained when the voters are brought together in classes, having a closer connection with each other. The new law allows mayors to be elected for life, provided the representatives, council, and district government concur. By the law of 1808, the decision in all matters of importance was in the hands of the representatives, who in all new measures were required to be unanimous; if there was a disagreement, the law had made no provision as to the course to be pursued. The new law di-



rects, that when all attempts to produce unanimity have failed, the decision shall rest with the district government, whose assent is also required in all cases involving the alienation of town property in land or houses, the erection of new buildings, or the contracting of debts to any considerable amount. By it also the powers of the town councils are somewhat increased.

We now turn to the country part of the population, for which not less has been done than for that of the towns. The entire abolition of serfage in Prussia had been decreed by a law of the 9th October, 1807, but it was not till the famous edict of 1810 that this was completely carried into effect. Up to that time, the greatest portion of the land could only be held by noblemen, but neither nobles nor citizens could possess peasant estates: the division of landed property was by law either prevented or subjected to great restrictions. The new system put an end at once to all these restrictions, and the law of entail was entirely remodelled. But the greatest changes were effected by the new regulations fixing the relations between proprietors and peasants—by the measures for the improvement of agriculture—and by the division and separation of the commons, which were successively introduced by the edicts of November, 1811, May, 1816, June, 1817, June, 1819, June and July, 1821, and several others, down to the year 1825. The leading principles on which this great change was based, were:—that all services and dues from the peasants to the landlords were considered redeemable, and ordered to be abolished, but *gradually*, so that the cultivation of the land should not suffer from the change; that the landlords should be indemnified to the extent of what they were actually in the receipt of, or could legally claim, without reference to the advantages which the peasant would derive from his emancipation, and after deducting the allowance which he could claim of his landlord in aid of his support. In cases where the services and dues of a peasant's estate had been so much increased that they could not be continued without involving his utter ruin, they were reduced to what could be legally claimed before the new regulations. The peasants who enjoyed a hereditary lease, were entitled, (unless any other arrangement was agreed upon,) by giving up one third portion of their farms to the landlord, to become absolute proprietors of the remaining two thirds, free of all rent, services, or dues whatever.

The peasants who had *not* an hereditary lease, enjoyed the same advantage to the extent of a half, on giving up to the landlord the other half. Whatever injustice was committed towards the landlord, by this apportionment of his property, was really only in appearance, for in point of fact, with such estates, he was prevented by law from taking them into his own hands, and could only transfer them on the same terms to individuals of the same condition with the former tenants. The public burdens also were so heavy, that the landlord's portion of the produce seldom averaged more than from 15 to 30 per cent., that of the peasant never exceeded 30 to 40, while the rest went into the public purse; both these classes, therefore, were gainers by the change, the *fisc* the only loser. By this grant of property in the land, and the abolition of all restrictions on its use and disposal, a better system of agriculture, a more undivided interest to the peasants in the improvement of their farms, were secured, and a great impulse was given to the labor market, by the increased facilities for acquiring land, and the incentive of becoming small proprietors to the industrious peasants. Thus, what many great countries have long been ardently struggling for, and often in vain, with a privileged church and aristocracy: what some have attained only after shedding rivers of blood,—while others who understand not their own interests do not even yet wish it, Prussia has long attained. For this, Prussia blesses the mighty hand of her royal benefactor, who, without wavering or shrinking, has perseveringly carried through what his wisdom and humanity perceived to be right.\*

From the commencement of these reforms, up to the end of 1831, the landed interest in Prussia had received an accession of no less than 46,694 *new* proprietors, who may be truly said to have been created for agriculture and industry. The quantity of land possessed by them amounts to 3,731,681 acres, an extent fully sufficient to render them independent and useful citizens. The number of new family establishments formed, and of farm houses erected, on the emancipated land, amounts to 17,925; and not less than 19,526,657

\* We are spared the necessity of farther details, by the very full accounts which have been already given of this portion of Prince Hardenberg's reforms, by Mr. Russell in his *Tour in Germany*, a book which we have never occasion to consult without finding fresh reason to admire it for those qualities which render it a model for tourists and travellers. See vol. ii. (edition, 1828), pp. 85—94.



acres of land, freed from burdens of every sort, and restored to a long-lost liberty, were then cultivated by resident owners for their own profit with active diligence, not for the benefit of strange proprietors. These numbers are by this time greatly increased; for the boards, to which the regulation of these matters is committed, had nearly a third of their business on hand at the time this account was made up.\* It may be easily guessed what an immense effect this change in the division of landed property must have produced and continue to produce, and how much the prosperity of the country must be increased by it.

The population of Prussia contains about one sixth of individuals not of German origin, of whom about a million and a half are Poles, about 300,000 of other tribes of Slavonic origin, and 130,000 Jews. Upwards of a third of the whole population are Catholics. The enlightened policy, which treats with equal favor the various religious creeds, has prevented any serious dissensions between their several votaries. Lutherans and Calvinists have even united in Christian meekness under the title of Evangelicals. Equality of civil rights is still denied to the Jews, but their emancipation has commenced; they enjoy greater privileges than in most other European countries; they are treated with great justice and with the respect they deserve; and they have already made great progress in consequence of their improved condition. The same justice and respect for the peculiarities of the different populations throughout the kingdom, has disarmed the hostility of such as were adverse to the government, and gained the confidence of the tribes that were ill disposed to remain under its sway.

In Prussia, for centuries, almost every thing was done by the government; to the intelligence and care of the public authorities alone, the inhabitants were accustomed to look up for improvements. In the preparations for that reform by which a national spirit was to be revived, it was not overlooked that a participation by the people in the work of legislation might do much. Stein went so far as to say, in the famous circular which he wrote previous to his retirement from office, and

which is designated his *Political Testament*,—

“My plan was that every active citizen, whether possessed of one hundred *hufen* (a measure of land, equal to 30 acres) or one, whether engaged in agriculture, manufactures or commerce, or connected with the state by spiritual ties, should have a voice in the representation.”

It is certain that if this plan had been carried into effect it would never have worked well; especially at a time when, by the additions made to the population by the territorial acquisitions of 1814, the kingdom contained such discrepant elements. Most wise and prudent, therefore, do we consider the provision of the ordinance of May 22d, 1815, which decreed the erection of Provincial States, from which, in process of time, an assembly of National Representatives should be elected.

“Much good,” says Ancillon, “may be hoped and expected from the plan which the king’s wisdom has chosen, of first organizing Provincial States, and looking upon them as a necessary preliminary to the institution of a national representation. Thus we shall preserve our own peculiarities; the new state of things will find its root in the old, and the old will be purified and improved. Without servile imitation, without dangerous innovation, we shall thus proceed upon a popular path, preserve the unity of the sovereign power, and obtain forms that must increase the national spirit; and thus complete harmony between prince and people may permanently endure.”

It is only after public affairs have been for a length of time publicly discussed, that we can expect a knowledge of the qualities required for an able administrator, and of the men who possess these qualities, to be at all generally diffused. Upon this principle it is, that as yet only provincial states, which are from their nature merely consultative, without a decisive power, have been established, whose office it is to consider all projects of law which have reference to the interests of the provinces, in respect to persons, property, or taxation. They have also the right of petitioning the crown, and of examining the complaints laid before them; but, with very limited exceptions, they have no share in the general administration. A representative must be a landed proprietor. The propriety of this disposition has been questioned; but neither the merits of the dispute, nor the details connected with the constitution of the states, are such as to require dwelling upon here; the latter are besides sufficiently well known, and we need only refer for them to the work of Syndicus Klenze (No. 1.) But we entirely agree

\* Ferber—Neue Beiträge zur Kenntniss des gewerblichen und commerciellen Zustandes der Preussischen Monarchie. (New Contributions to the Knowledge of the Manufacturing and Commercial State of the Prussian Monarchy.) Berlin, 1832.



with the anonymous author of No. 2, that the small amount of the qualification, and the facility of acquiring land, make it a much easier matter to obtain the honors of representation in Prussia, than in either France or England. Whenever the provincial states, in their minor sphere of activity, shall prove themselves imbued with large views and sound doctrines—when they shall begin to consider themselves mutually as members of a great community, and their own particular interests as subordinate to the general, then the necessity for provincial states will cease,—then the time will have arrived, when, for the public advantage, the royal promise of a national representation can be safely fulfilled. In such an assembly the amicable collision of opposite views will tend to remove prejudices, to rectify pre-conceived opinions, and to conciliate the hitherto jarring elements, so as to form a centre of Prussian nationality, an object which the exalted mind of the sovereign labors to accomplish, as the noblest monument of his reign. Till that time arrives, no one who wishes to address the public on matters of general concernment, and writes in a spirit of temperate and calm inquiry, with respect not excluding freedom, not for the school but for the world, will find any difficulty in obtaining an impartial hearing from those who have the power of turning general observations to beneficial account. So long as the public functionaries in Prussia are on the watch for every man of distinguished talent, and for the sake of that eager to receive him into their ranks, without regard to his birth, wealth, or family connections: so long as they prove themselves the most cultivated and enlightened part of the nation, all who look more to the spirit than to mere forms, must regard them as the best representatives of the people—as the intellectual element of public life—the ideal power of the popular spirit. Such, indeed, is the inaptitude for public affairs still exhibited by the great mass of the people in Prussia, that in a body of national representatives, from which the administrative aristocracy of the kingdom was not excluded, the latter, from its being the most capable and intelligent portion of the people, and from its almost exclusive acquaintance with public business, would soon acquire such an overwhelming preponderance, as to render the representation almost nugatory.

The causes that have given this character of superiority to the Prussian Bureaucratic are well worth inquiring into. The

first point that claims our attention is the constitution of the administrative hierarchy itself. This is founded on two leading principles,—science, and the division of labor. In Prussia it is regarded as a truism, that a knowledge of the science of administration is only to be acquired by study and practice, like every other business. Talent may here do much, but even talent of the highest kind will not prevent its possessor from committing very serious mistakes, unless it is under the guidance of knowledge and experience. But to administer—to direct the movements of the complicated state-machine, requires a very long apprenticeship in its own peculiar department, and it by no means follows that distinction in another line is a sure proof of the possession of the qualifications requisite for a successful administrator of the highest class. The requisites are so different in the different branches,—the field is so vast, that one is not sufficient for all; at the same time the connection between the various branches is so close, that without some general knowledge of every one of them, no one can ever be a good administrator. This view has made it be laid down as a rule, that no one can hold an office of any importance under government, who has not made a regular study of political economy and the sciences connected with it, and previously given practical proofs of his knowledge and ability. With the view of affording to individuals an opportunity of developing themselves in their own way, a good deal of latitude is allowed to a candidate for employment, as to the subjects on which he may be examined; but in every candidate a quantum of knowledge is looked for which in England would be considered very high scientific acquirement. Whoever means to follow the career of official life must, even before he is admitted a student in one of the universities, exhibit proofs of such a degree of classical, mathematical, and historical learning, as would, in more countries of Europe than one, entitle its possessor to be regarded as a scholar, in the enlarged sense of the term; and after finishing his course of studies, he must again undergo repeated and severe examinations. The examinations for those who are destined for the law, and for such as wish to enter into the public offices, are quite distinct. Whoever wishes to qualify himself for a lawyer or judge, is examined publicly by two members of the superior law court of the province, (*Oberlandes-gericht*;) designated for the pur-



pose by the president of the court, who is also frequently in attendance; and all who take any interest in the matter are allowed to be present at these examinations. The subjects on which the candidate is examined are the history of law, the Roman, German, canon, &c.; in short, every branch of knowledge connected with the general study of law. If the candidate acquits himself satisfactorily, he is admitted to the bar, under the title of *auscultator* (hearer); is attached to one of the law courts, and placed under the tutorship of one of the members of that court. He is first employed for some months in writing down the affidavits in the different suits, under the dictation of his tutor, who explains to him, as opportunity offers, the reasons for the course of proceeding. By degrees he is initiated into the different branches, and allowed, under the tuition of the different members, to discuss legal points more independently, first in the easy and trifling, and afterwards, in the more complicated and important cases that come before the court. After having passed, in the course of two or three years, through the routine of the business transacted by the court, he obtains certificates from the different members under whose tuition he has been placed, and if these are satisfactory, the president also grants him one, testifying that the candidate may be admitted to a second examination. This, like the first, is a public one; but the subject of examination is now exclusively Prussian law. The candidate must also make reports, and draw up decrees, in some cases of difficulty, which are afterwards submitted to the criticism of the superior provincial court. If the result is satisfactory, the candidate becomes a referendary, (*Oberlandes-gerichts-referendarius*), and recommences his studies in the court. After a certain lapse of time, if the superior provincial court continues to be satisfied with his knowledge, intelligence, diligence, and general conduct, he may be appointed a lawyer or a judge in the country, or in an inferior court in one of the towns which has a less population than 10,000 souls. But if he seeks to become a member of the superior court, he must take his stand there for three years more; must again go his round of the whole range of the business of the court, must conduct, on the spot, three lawsuits of a complicated kind, under the control of a member of the court, but without any assistance, and must draw up a number of decrees which the court adopts as its own.

If at the end of this second course, his performances have obtained him the satisfactory testimonials of the members of the court and the president, he is admitted to a third examination, which embraces law in general, and the Prussian law in particular, in the fullest detail; this is conducted by five commissioners, judges of repute, and sometimes in the presence of the minister of justice. If he passes through this ordeal with credit,—if he succeeds in the decrees, which he is called upon to draw up, on the instant, in cases of difficulty that are proposed to him, he then obtains a certificate that he has given proofs of the possession of sufficient learning and skill to entitle him to be a member of a superior law-court, he is appointed an assessor of such court, and is promoted as vacancies occur to a judgeship (*Oberlandes-gerichtsrath*).

The admission to, and advancement in, the public offices proceeds according to similar rules. After finishing his course of studies at the university, and before he undergoes his first examination, the candidate must have devoted himself for a year at least to the study of one of the three great branches of industry, residing during that time in some great agricultural, commercial, or manufacturing establishment, and making himself familiar with the details of business, or the processes of agriculture or manufactures. The subjects of this first examination are not very precisely defined: they embrace questions of administration, history, geography, languages, natural science, philosophy, legislation, the law of nature and the law of the land, and especially political economy, regard being also had to the studies to which the candidate has addicted himself in preference. This examination passed, the candidate becomes a referendary (*Regierungs-referendarius*), and is bound apprentice to one of the district governments (*Regierungen*): in this capacity he comes successively under the tuition of the several members of that body. When his apprenticeship expires he must produce satisfactory testimonials from his superiors, and be again examined as to the extent of his acquirements in the different departments, and his competency to perform the duties entrusted to him. During another period of from three to five years he is gradually initiated into higher functions, and taught all that may be required to qualify him for his last examination. This, like that of the judges, takes place at Berlin, before a special board of commissioners (*obere examinations-com-*



mission) composed of the leading ministers of the crown. The candidate is again examined on the same topics as on his first examination, and at the same time very minutely and searchingly on questions of administrative law and the economical relations of the country, particularly of the province in which he served his apprenticeship. He is also required to produce a written essay or treatise on some administrative or scientific problem. This last ordeal successfully passed, he is appointed an *assessor* of one of the district-governments, under similar conditions with the law candidate, and with the expectation of becoming in due time a member of the government board (*Regierungsrath*).

These successive trials, and the number of persons who must concur before any one can become a member of the administration, make it not only very difficult, but next to impossible, for any unqualified or improper person to intrude himself into it. As the candidates are obliged to occupy themselves with scientific pursuits, even while they have official duty to perform, they acquire by that means a scientific turn, which generally accompanies the individual through life, and serves to give a character of science and superior knowledge to the whole body of public officers. At the same time, it generally appears that each attaches himself to one particular department, and is almost universally promoted in that department. It is not considered that a good minister of public instruction will make an able minister of foreign affairs, or of finance: and therefore the appointment to the higher offices is generally made from the immediate subordinates of the same department who have distinguished themselves. The division of labor thus kept up is most favorable to the attainment of the highest skill and experience in each department.

The spirit prevailing among the public officers is excellent; most of them are truly anxious to be indeed the servants of the public; and if at any time there are to be found some who conduct themselves improperly, show a deficiency of proper spirit, or a want of respect for public opinion, they are sure to be generally despised by their fellows. Such a thing as bribery is hardly ever heard of.

Of the judicial body, the general conviction entertained among all classes of society is, that no one will ever be wronged wilfully by it. Into the details of the administration of justice, we have no room here to enter. Notwithstanding

great defects, the correction of which is one of the objects most unceasingly pursued by their government, the Prussians pride themselves on the possession of a system by which justice is more equally distributed than almost any other in Europe. The collegiate form of a great number of the law courts, generally containing a considerable number of members;—two, and in most cases three stages of appeal that are open to the suitors;—forms that provide security, as much as forms can, against fraud;—a code that speaks consistently and in plain and popular language, and is moreover in entire consonance with natural equity, and with the manners and opinions of the age;—provisions which make justice equally accessible to the poor as to the rich, by not requiring payment from him who is steeped in poverty;—arrangements which take from the judges all interest in the increase of expenses, or in the protraction of suits;—these are the leading features of the Prussian judicial system. The magisterial body is deeply imbued with the spirit of justice; suitors may be occasionally injured by the tediousness or unnecessary delays of the proceedings, but they have scarcely ever to complain of a hasty or inconsiderate decision, or of the partiality of the judge to one party over another.

With respect to the criminal law, it should be observed that although Prussia has not, except in the Rhine provinces, admitted trial by jury, the law affords great securities against the condemnation of the innocent. Persons arrested must be examined *within three days at latest*, and unless circumstances render it impossible (which must appear in evidence) their trial must proceed *de die in diem* until its conclusion. All captious and suggestive questions, and every species of compulsion in order to extort confession, are forbidden; the accused must subscribe all the proceedings, which the examining magistrate dictates to a clerk, who holds his office independent of him, and is sworn to take notice of anything that is not conformable to truth. The records are examined by at least three members of the court, and in cases of importance by several more; and the sentence is delivered by a board, according to a theory of proofs, which is very favorable to the accused. In political cases, it has unfortunately happened that the right of a prisoner not to be withdrawn from his natural judges has not always been respected, but recourse has rarely been had to extra-



ordinary courts, and whenever it has, their composition has been such as to secure an impartial distribution of justice. Our space compels us to refrain from entering into the peculiarities of the judicial administration in the Rhine provinces, in order to notice some points of greater interest.

As every office in the administration, from the highest to the lowest, is alike open to all classes of society, (three of the present ministers, viz. the minister of justice, the minister of finance, and the minister of foreign affairs, were originally only simple citizens, without wealth or powerful connections of any kind,) it happens that the great majority of the public officers belong to the middling class. They are also generally possessed of some private fortune, which when added to the competence secured to them by the very moderate emoluments attached to their situation, places them in a state of comfort. There are very few of them who can be called wealthy, and this is one of the reasons why the administration is so popular, as in this way so many links are formed between the government and the middle ranks. The moderate fortunes of the administrative hierarchy, which are not great enough to excite envy, at the same time quite sufficient to confer respectability, contribute in no small degree to secure to them the public confidence; while the certainty of their position (they can only be removed from office according to established forms, which prevent any arbitrary acts) and their high scientific character clothe them with authority, and the humanity, public spirit, and sense of justice prevalent in their ranks command the general esteem. The elements of this hierarchy are in a great degree of an anti-aristocratic nature. They have, by the certainty of their position, almost become a power in the state; at all events, a much more influential one than any which the remains of the aristocracy can claim.\* The political views of the Prussian publicists are also—as is well remarked by the author of *Prussia and France*,—a good deal made up of a combination of monarchical and democratical ideas, and are at any rate decidedly anti-aristocratical.

We cannot give a stronger proof of this than the following passage which we quote from the pamphlet of Dr. Wehnert, (No. 3,) a gentleman who has been for more than twenty years a member of the district-government of Potsdam, and whose views are certainly shared by the great majority of the public men in Prussia.

"Every constitution, and every administration is good, which evinces practical respect for the dignity of man, even in the humblest individual of the nation—which recognises neither privileged nor oppressed classes—which makes equality of rights a fundamental law—which protects the citizens from all arbitrary acts, come from what quarter they may—which leaves every person at liberty to exert his faculties, and to improve his fortune by industry;—every government, we say, conducted energetically in this spirit, is a good government. Wherever the anxiety for the common welfare, the endeavor to make all classes equal participators in the general good fortune and prosperity of the state, are the moving springs of public measures, there the maxims of the government go far towards realizing the *beau-ideal* which is the object of the philanthropist's desire. Such an object may be much more easily effected by an enlightened and resolute statesman under a monarchical government than under any other, as the comprehensive authority of the sovereign facilitates his carrying through plans of improvement, overcomes opposition, and enables him to satisfy the wants of the age, by the renovation of political institutions which require it. . . . . In a good government, every action is the expression of reason. . . . . Monarchy consists in the unity of the sovereign power, from which all emanates, and to which all returns. But the unity of national spirit can only be created by it, if the general *amor patriæ* be such as to make men renounce antiquated claims and prejudices for the advantage of the nation; if the government does not allow its steps to be fettered by the particular interests of certain classes of society; and if it grants to no one class a preponderance over the others. The aggregation of the greatest possible number of well-educated men in the middle ranks of society, is the principal support of a state. It is to the great power of the middle classes that all the movements of our century are to be ascribed, proceeding as they did from the altered state of society by a sort of natural necessity. In the middle ranks only is a nation, politically speaking, formed. With it kings first obtained true subjects, instead of vassals and slaves. An aristocracy is the counterpart of a state of citizens; here the governing principle is equality; there it is exception. Civic merit is the governing idea of our time, which cannot be resisted with impunity; when a great idea has got possession of an age, all opposition to it is utterly vain. . . . . Most dangerous to monarchy is its general weak partiality to an illegal aristocracy, by which it is frequently debased. Public life has now attained a higher moral character than when it was exhibited in the patrimonial egotism which was the characteristic of former times. In a pure monarchy, the sovereign stands so high upon his throne in tranquil dignity, so exalted over every rank, that his interest is coincident with the general interest of the civic state. The centre of power, the monarch is the highest human unity; unity of power is the soul of his government. Where genuine sovereignty protects the state, there only the nation can be certain that the passions or narrow views of single classes or leading men shall not assume to be the will of the people,—that the spirit of party shall be replaced by a common spirit,—and that the nation shall live with

\* The fortunes of the aristocracy throughout Prussia are greatly reduced, as an instance of which we may mention the state of the landed property in the March of Brandenburg in 1827. The total value of the noble estates in that province was estimated at twenty-seven millions of rix-dollars, on which there were incumbrances to the extent of twenty-one millions; whereas the present estates were valued at thirty-one millions, and the charges upon them only six millions and a half.



moral dignity and intellectual pride in a political body that exists in it. It is indispensable that the government, which keeps all the threads of administration in its hands, should by its mental cultivation, by the mass of its acquired knowledge, by its just appreciation of the spirit of the time and of its own people, by its honesty, firmness and strength of purpose, and by its strong and sincere desire that justice shall have sway; it is indispensable, we say, that in all these attributes the government should surpass even the highest standard of intellect and morals among its people, that it should stand in all respects pre-eminently above it."

To a system founded on such principles, and directed to such aims, is Prussia indebted for the high cultivation, intelligence, and moral power which her administration has attained. The other German states regard it as the model of what a political body may become through its administration. Its present happy state is the result of the most perfect agreement between the government and the people in regard to the most urgent interests of the time. At the time that Prussia, through the great defects of her administration, and a concurrence of unfortunate circumstances, was on the brink of ruin, the king and the enlightened statesmen who called his resolution into action, judged that by the internal development of a genuine national spirit, and the establishment of a system of legal freedom, and by those alone, were those giant powers likely to be awakened which would raise Prussia from her actual degradation, and exalt her even higher than her former elevated position. "How happy shall we be," said Hardenberg to the inter-mistic representatives, "if, by the noble resolution of a just and enlightened monarch, and the voluntary acceptance of an intelligent and right-minded people, enlightened enough to comprehend its real interests, we succeed in establishing, without a violent revolution, a new system in accordance with the wants of the age." It has succeeded! Feudality, with all its characteristics and accompaniments, has been banished; all the fetters which impeded the progress of a higher cultivation, or the movement of material or spiritual freedom, have been broken; the distinction of classes has been changed into civic equality; an entirely new basis has been given to the state by the emancipation and development of the classes of burghers and peasants, and, above all, by the entire re-organization of the administrative authorities. The unitarian power of the monarch was surrounded by institutions which secured the most ample enjoyment of rational freedom and the dominion of the law throughout the whole kingdom.

In no way can a government exhibit the extent of its intelligence, or its knowledge of social wants, more conspicuously than in its classification of the various departments of public business, in its regulations for the efficient action of the different authorities, and in its distribution of the powers by which society is to be moved, either in great masses or in minor groups. The different branches of administration require, in a great kingdom at least, to be classed systematically according to their nature, and geographically according to districts; but they must be connected together by certain links, and the divided organs placed in perfect subordination to the preponderating will of the central authority, that unity and order in the state may be secured. Unity of forms, organic coherence, and internal activity, are the objects of this machinery. The re-organization of the public offices in Prussia was begun by Stein in December, 1808, and continued by the ordinances of the 27th Oct. 1810, 30th April, 1815, 20th March, and 23d Oct. 1817, 31st Dec. 1825, &c. These laws corrected the faults which had insensibly rooted themselves in the former institutions, either from an excess of control, or from pernicious divisions and conflicts between the different authorities, which impeded their spontaneous action. The aim of the new organization was to create a free and self-dependent efficiency, not only in every public board, however great or small, but even in individual minds, at the same time without impairing the general unity. Branches of administration were separated which had no natural connection, and those of a similar kind united; the attributes of the different authorities were clearly defined, and business was divested of the antiquated forms which impeded its march. The different branches are all concentrated, according to a uniform system, in the hands of the several ministers placed at the head of them; but the duties of these ministers are confined to the direction and inspection of the public affairs, the preparations for legislation, the control of the district governments, and to the combination of administrative results for the preservation of unity in the central administration; in order that they may thus be better enabled to ascertain whether the objects of administration have been accomplished, and provide a remedy where they fail. They act under the immediate orders of the king, but being independent in their several departments, they are fully responsible for that which they have to



control. They submit to the king the names of the candidates for office or promotion, which are not in their immediate gift; but they must obtain the king's sanction, through the state-ministry (or cabinet council) of any measure involving a change in the rules or principles of the administration. The same sanction is required for all grants of money or pensions which are not fixed by law; and the budget is, of course, always submitted to the king. The nomination to the offices of upper presidents and presidents of the district governments is made by the council in a body, and receives the royal sanction. The ministers give the first impulse, and superintend the movement of the administration, that it may go on with regularity; but their business is less to act themselves than to make others act,—rather to discover the means of effecting public objects, than to execute them personally. They, therefore, require to be kept free from the great mass of minor business and its details, to be better enabled to keep in view the great outline of business, and devote themselves tranquilly to the consideration of the best means of promoting the public interest within their several spheres. For this reason, the single departments are divided into sections, and placed under the direction of under-secretaries (*Directoren der Abtheilungen*) who have the charge of all current affairs of which the minister thinks it needless to retain the decision in his own hands. These directors have in their sections a deciding vote; the affairs are discussed among them and a number of councillors (*vortragende Räte*), who have only a consultative vote. The ministries have neither quite a bureaucratic nor quite a collegiate form; the members attached to them are not appointed by the minister, but by the king, and neither the minister nor the under-secretary has the power of dismissing them. The minister is bound to discuss the affairs with his councillors, but they have no voice in their decision. A collegiate form here would only tend to paralyze the action of the authority in whom the central power is lodged; the discussion, however, must be of use in preventing the minister from acting with precipitation, and furnishing him with materials for forming a correct judgment.

The state-ministry (*Staatsministerium*) (or cabinet council) is the central point through which harmony and uniformity are kept up between the various departments. It is composed of the different

ministers in office, several ministers without portfolios, and the prince royal. Before it are brought all questions of competency or conflict between different jurisdictions, and all matters which require agreement or conformity. The ministers are bound to report to this council from time to time on the state of their respective departments.

Besides this, there is a council of state (*Staatsrath*), the members of which have no salaries and incur no responsibility; this is a species of consulting board, the business of which is to discuss all plans for the improvement of legislation. It consists of about seventy members, including the different ministers of state, the upper-presidents, if they happen to be at Berlin, the princes of the blood-royal who have attained their eighteenth year, several of the great officers of state, both civil and military, and a number of distinguished men of business or learning, who have been called by the king's confidence to take a seat in it.\* Here the proposed new laws or ordinances are discussed, and judged by the tests of science in its most advanced state, and by the unchangeable principles of law and equity; and their efficiency as well as the clearness of the language in which they are clothed, are studied by the most experienced and intelligent statesmen, according to a systematic view of all branches of legislation. Every subject, previous to its discussion, is committed to a reporter, to whom, as well as to the council, the ministers are bound to communicate all necessary information. In this way a calm, impartial, and dispassionate consideration of the various interests or objects affected by legislation is secured, perhaps in as great a degree as is attainable by human weakness. To this it is owing that, with all its defects, the Prussian legislation need not shrink from a comparison, both as to matter and form, with that of any other country in Europe; and if the style of the ordinances is sometimes not so clear as could be wished, it is very doubtful whether it would be less open to criticism, were it discussed and settled in public or popular assemblies. The labors of the council are divided into seven sections, each of which embraces a particular department of business, such as justice, finance, public instruction, &c. Here the matter is prepared for general discussion in committees, from which the royal

\* Among these, for instance, are the distinguished professors of the University of Berlin, Savigny and Hoffman, William Humboldt, Nikolovius, Stagemann, Beuth, and many other eminent and excellent men.



princes are excluded, and before which, whenever it seems useful, persons of every station in life are called, and examined. The council has only to consider the laws proposed by the king, but possesses no initiative. All cases in which the destitution of public officers for alleged misconduct is called for, come before it; as do all disputes or differences that may arise between the different ministers.

The necessity of maintaining the ministerial authority unimpaired over the district governments, the distance of some of which from the seat of power removes them from under its immediate inspection, has led to the establishment of Upper Presidents, (*Ober-präsidenten*), who act as the representatives of the ministers in the several provinces,\* and exercise a more exact control over the district governments, at the same time that they serve as a sort of equi-pose to the centralization effected in these bodies. Their situation gives them the means of making improvements in the mode of managing business, as well as of preserving their judgments unaffected by the influence of prejudices to which those engaged in more active duties are liable; it enables them to represent the peculiarities of the province in opposition to the more general views of the ministers, and at the same time to ascertain that every branch of public business is conducted in conformity to the general system. The authority of the upper president is principally a controlling one; but he has also a consulting, and sometimes an executive authority. He controls not only the authorities beneath him, but in a certain degree also those above him, by giving utterance to his sentiments, whenever an opinion is called for, requiring a more enlarged view than is likely to be obtained from the district government itself. He has to look to the execution of such measures as extend beyond the compass of the single governments. Under his immediate direction are the consistories and school colleges, to which the management of ecclesiastical affairs and of public instruction in the district belongs. These authorities, however, are only sections of the administrative board, in whose hands the administration, properly speaking, in the several district governments, is vested. The number of those boards throughout the king-

dom is twenty-five.\* Their collegiate form certainly diminishes, in a considerable degree, the energy of their executive authority; but it has the counterbalancing advantage of affording a strong protection to the subject against arbitrary power and injustice, and the best security for the impartiality, liberality, and consistency of their measures. The talents and experience of many individuals are here combined; and even the form of an abstract personage acting increases the confidence which the public deservedly place in these bodies. Their position, from the large responsibility vested in them, is a very independent one, as it is only in a few and very peculiar cases that they require any sanction for their acts from the higher authorities. They often remonstrate when the application of general measures appears to involve a hardship on the inhabitants of their district, and thus serve as a protection against the abuse of the higher powers, as well as against local tyranny. They avail themselves of all the advantages which science can supply, and conduct the administration on the most approved principles of political economy; the regulations by which they are guided have been successively improved in the several departments, and the spirit which they breathe is much more favorable to the subject than to the revenue, the improvement of which is necessarily a main object of their exertions. The administration of the indirect taxes, a department which requires greater activity and energy, forms a separate and distinct branch, entrusted to the charge of provincial tax-directors, acting immediately under the orders of the minister of finance and the general tax-director. These tax-directors are entitled to attend the meetings of the district government board, and bound to do so whenever summoned by the president of the board; on such occasions they have a right to give their vote as members. The district government-boards have each† a president, and sometimes a vice-president, and consist of an indefinite number of members.† They were formerly divided into two sections, with a director at the head

\* They have their residences at Königsberg, Gumbinnen, Dantzic, Marienwerder, Posen, Bromberg, Potsdam, Frankfurt on the Oder, Stettin, Coeslin, Stralsund, Breslau, Oppeln, Liegnitz, Magdeburg, Merseburg, Erfurt, Münster, Minden, Arensburg, Cologne, Düsseldorf, Coblenz, Trier, and Aix-la-Chapelle.

† In 1828 the twenty-five district governments had 418 members and assessors attached to them, being an average of seventeen members to each, exclusive of the presidents.

\* The provinces of East and West Prussia, Cleves and Lubec, Berg and the Lower Rhine, have jointly an Upper President; all the other powers have one attached to each.



of each; but of late years, for the purpose of greater despatch, these sections have been multiplied to three and sometimes four, under the direction of upper government councillors (*Ober-regierungsräthe*). These sections, however, have no separate authority; disputed points among themselves are settled by a plurality of votes, but the head of the section is entitled, in case of disagreement, to suspend the execution of an order, and to lay the affair before the president or the general board for their decision. Every member has a particular branch of duty assigned to him, as medical police, general police, administration of demesnes, public buildings, &c. &c. The unity of their proceedings is secured by the casting vote of the president in the general board. With the exception already mentioned, all branches of the administration are concentrated in these district boards; this concentration ensures harmony and uniformity of action, favors the development of greater intelligence and activity in individual members, and affords them the opportunity of attaining a higher eminence in the state. Without the multiplication of endless petty control, which would only check the necessary exercise of individual judgment, there is sufficient control by superior authority to prevent abuse or oppression. All complaints are minutely and rigidly inquired into, and impartially decided upon. The subject who conceives himself aggrieved has a further check upon these boards by the right of appealing from their decision to the courts of law, where the parties are upon a perfect equality, and may rely on an even-handed justice; no better proof of which can be given than by stating the fact which has been established from official returns, that, on an average of years, two-thirds of the suits between the treasury and private individuals have been decided in favor of the latter.

The influence of the district governments has altogether been most beneficial. They have generated amongst them an elevated, patriotic, and honorable spirit, eminently solicitous for the public weal, and have acquired a consistency and vigor of action, which at once facilitates the development of their mental powers, and renders their members and the pupils placed under them, worthy assistants of the superior administration. In the official intercourse between the superior and inferior authorities throughout Prussia, although obedience is strictly enforced, that does not exclude either liberty of thought, or freedom of action, on the part

of the latter. In fact, co-operation, rather than passive obedience, is what is required of them. They are not to regard themselves as mere blind instruments in the hands of their superiors, but rather as fellow-servants to the same gracious master, whose pleasure it is to encourage the development of their faculties and zeal in the public service.

The district governments are sub-divided into circles or hundreds (*Kreise*), of which there are upwards of three hundred throughout the kingdom. The civil administration of these is placed in the hands of magistrates called land-councillors, (*Landräthe*), who are elected by the estates of the hundred, and confirmed by the government. They are the instruments for carrying into execution the measures prescribed by the district governments, but they also possess a certain portion of independent authority. They have a number of clerks under them, appointed by themselves, and for whose conduct they are, of course, responsible. As the police is entirely in their hands, excepting where distinct authorities are appointed for the special purpose, the local authorities are subordinate to them; the collectors of the assessed taxes are also under their direction. Whenever so required by the president of the district government, they attend the meetings of the board, and on such occasions they have a vote as members. As these magistrates come in direct contact with the people, and have no small influence on their comforts, the voice of the people has, with great wisdom, been allowed the principal influence in their appointment. Besides the land councillors, there are other organs of the district government in the hundreds. Among these we shall only mention a few, such as the (*Physicus*) public physician, paid by government to watch over and report the general state of health, to carry into effect within his hundred the measures of medical police prescribed by the district government, and to attend the sick poor gratuitously. His duties are shared by a surgeon of the hundred. There are building inspectors (*Bauinspectoren*) to superintend the public buildings; and bailiffs, intendants and other subaltern officers for the administration of the public domain, &c.

Passing from this head, which has perhaps detained us too long, we shall now only briefly advert to a few other topics, which, even in a general sketch like this, it would be unpardonable to leave unnoticed.



The system of popular education, now established over the whole of Prussia, has become thoroughly well known throughout Europe by the elaborate report of M. Cousin, (since so ably translated by Mrs. Austin). As we gave an analysis of that Report in a recent number of this journal (vol. xii. p. 273), we think it unnecessary to trouble our readers with any further details on the present occasion. "In that system," (to repeat the words of the article just alluded to,) "it is impossible not to recognise a truly sincere and enlightened desire of raising the condition, and advancing the civilization of the people: an absence of all narrow, political, or sectarian views; a wise foresight in providing remedies for all probable abuses, and means of avoiding all probable obstacles; and a judicious distribution of power, in causing it to be exercised in detail by those who have local and minute knowledge, and superintended in general by those who have the widest and furthest views."

The military institutions of Prussia are deserving of peculiar attention. The army, by its constitution, by the treatment of the soldiers, and by its relation to all classes of citizens, is in every respect a popular army. The soldier, as Blücher said, has become a citizen, and the citizen a soldier. It required the whole people to regain its liberty—the whole people required therefore to be armed. This was the grand idea by which Scharnhorst has made his name immortal. The first and the last strength must be devoted to the noble duty of defending the country, if the country requires it, and from this duty no one can claim exemption. In consequence, every male capable of bearing arms, not incapacitated by bodily ailments or defects, or rendered unworthy by the commission of crime, must, on completing his twentieth year, enter, 1, the *standing army*, which is always kept in marching order, ready for action, and in which the whole civil population are bound to serve for five years. After three years active service, they pass into the *war reserve*, (from which the standing army, when necessary, is completed,) where they remain for the other two years. This period expired, all who wish to continue in the army enlist themselves for such period as they choose. Young men who can prove by competent testimony, or by examination, that they have the knowledge required for the middle class of high schools, or the upper class of burgher schools, or who are artists or engineers,

and cannot well be spared in their line, have the privilege, if they offer themselves as volunteers for service between their seventeenth and twentieth years, of selecting the *arm*, (infantry, cavalry, artillery, &c.) and even the regiment in which they wish to serve, and if they are able to pay for their uniform and accoutrements, and to support themselves, their period of active service is shortened to one year; but they also remain two years in the reserve. After this, they become, 2. members of the *Landwehr* (Land-defence) *first levy*, consisting of persons from twenty-six to thirty-two years of age inclusive. During peace, these are left to their usual occupations, and are only called out once a year for exercise; in case of war, they meet when required, and serve like the army. From their thirty-third to their thirty-ninth year, they are then ranged, 3. in the *Landwehr*, *second levy*, in which they are sometimes used as reinforcements to garrisons, or to do duty in the provinces to which they belong. But they are only called out if the *Landwehr of the first levy* is insufficient. On entering their fortieth and up to their fiftieth year, inclusive, they become members of, 4. the *Landsturm* (Land storm), which is composed of every individual from seventeen to fifty inclusive, who is not enrolled in any other branch of the armed force. This is divided into companies, but not regularly organized, or wearing uniform. It is only assembled in time of war, by special proclamation, and in such districts as are near the theatre of hostilities; its principal use is to preserve order, and protect the military transports, but in case of necessity it may be required to assist in the defence of the country in its immediate neighborhood.

The standing army is the great school of arms, through which every one must pass before he can establish himself in business. It is a school which teaches order and obedience, and at the same time develops strength of character. By means of the various military institutions for instruction, it increases the intellectual and moral cultivation, especially of the lower orders, and often remedies the defects of previous education. It is impossible to appreciate the extent in which the intelligence of the inferior classes of society has been raised by their military career; the cases are frequent where a youth enters the army ignorant and brutal, and returns to his former sphere, ennobled both in soul and body, and capable of spreading the cultivation he has received.



But this is only attained by the feeling of honor which is excited in the army by the treatment which the private receives. The strictest obedience of course is required of them, but the strictest watch is also kept that the lowest individual in the ranks shall neither be injured nor unjustly treated. There is no caning or flogging allowed in the army—no degrading punishment inflicted. All are treated with the respect due to *men*. Those only are subjected to more severe punishment who have by their crimes or their disorderly conduct proved themselves incapable of appreciating mild treatment, and been condemned by regular sentence to serve in the *companies of punishment*, from which, however, they may, by a return to, and perseverance in, good conduct, be released and restored to their former station and privileges. The administration of military justice is such as almost to prevent the possibility of unjust punishments. These are inflicted by courts-martial, differently constituted, according to the grade of the individual to be tried. When a private soldier is the accused, the court consists of a major, three captains, six lieutenants, three non-commissioned officers, and three privates. No enemy of the accused can be a member, and the accused is entitled to challenge any member against whom he can show sufficient reasons. A military judge (*Auditeur*), a lawyer by profession, is always present. The votes are free, without any respect to military subordination, and delivered by classes.

Respecting promotions, the law ordains that, in time of war, neither rank nor birth, but superior valor and capacity,—in time of peace, greater knowledge and cultivation—shall be the sole recommendations for advancement in the army. Until he reaches the rank of captain, an officer is required to pass through repeated examinations in those branches of science, a knowledge of which is required to stamp a scientific military man; so that here also ignorance is excluded, and merit and exertion are sure to meet their just reward. Wealth also has no influence here; as commissions in the army are not to be bought, merit alone can obtain them. The military institutions of Prussia are in harmony with her other institutions, and are worthy of a free nation. Arms are placed in the hands of the whole population, and the government is therefore compelled to act for the benefit of the people at large. Were it even disposed to set public opinion

at defiance, or to adopt a course injurious to the public weal, it would be speedily compelled to retrace its steps by the nature of the military institutions. In the language of the intelligent English traveller to whom we have already referred, "surely a military force so constituted is not that to which a despot can well trust for enchaining a struggling people;—if popular feeling were against him, these men would bring it along with them to his very standard."

Into the details of the financial and economical administration of Prussia, we reluctantly refrain from entering. The work of Mr. David Hansemann (No. 4,) supplies us with some excellent materials for illustrating it, of which we should have gladly availed ourselves, had our space permitted. The able and intelligent author has, according to our views, committed some important errors, which it would have been well to rectify; and we think that it would not be difficult to vindicate the Prussian government from some of the charges which he has brought against it. But it is only fair to acknowledge, that he has treated the subject with perfect independence and impartiality, and that more information may be obtained from his book than from all the others that have been written on the subject. We entirely concur with him in the opinion he expresses, that notwithstanding many defects, in no great state is the career of trade and industry more open to general competition, the freedom of commerce more unlimited, or taxation better regulated with a view to impose the least possible shackles on industrial activity, and throw its weight on those best able to bear it, than in Prussia. If the aim which was expressed in the preamble of the law of 2d November, 1810, by which a preparation was made for the utmost freedom of trade within the boundaries of the state, has not yet been completely attained, it cannot be denied that the principles at least upon which the new legislation rests, namely, property in the land, with the free use and disposal of it,—liberty of trade,—the abolition of all monopolies and privileges,—and the distribution of taxation over all classes, on equal principles, have been more and more acted up to. Commerce has been placed upon the basis of reciprocity with all nations, to whatever extent these are willing to go, and is even allowed unlimited freedom with such as will assent to the same condition. The tariff of customs is so well regulated that its defects



may be more easily remedied and removed than in that of any other European state.\*

The faithful sketch we have here given of the Prussian government and administration is sufficient we think to satisfy every candid reader, that in the elevated position in which she is placed by her numerous excellent institutions, Prussia has no reason to shrink from a comparison with the best constituted countries in existence. No enlightened Prussian, however, either thinks or will be hardy enough to maintain, that the system is all perfection. Much yet remains to be done. Great improvements are undoubtedly still required both in the fiscal and the judicial systems; the want of a proper organization of the rural communities is greatly felt; a greater degree of liberty of the press would raise the nation still higher in European estimation; and the institution of a popular authority, which should accompany legislation with its counsels, watch with unremitting vigilance over the ministers of the executive, and denounce to the sovereign all attempts to violate or infringe the law, has in all countries into which it has been introduced, been found so beneficial, that it is but a natural wish that Prussia may also, ere long, as has been promised, be provided with it. But a great part of the want has already been supplied by the erection of the provincial states; and although the financial, military, and foreign relations require for their consideration a chamber of general repre-

sentatives of the kingdom, yet the wisdom of the monarch cannot be sufficiently appreciated, who, to use the words of the author of No. 2, "has first erected the pillars before he thought of vaulting the cupola, and has given to a people entirely unaccustomed to political and legislative functions, an opportunity of serving an apprenticeship on minor theatres, before they are raised to the dignity of states of the kingdom, which require so much more political experience." And it must be confessed, that the acts of the provincial states\* still exhibit marks of great unskillfulness and inexperience, so that the government appears by its proposals and administrative measures in a greatly superior light to the provincial representatives. What, indeed, might have been the consequences, if, in 1815, a chamber of deputies had been convoked? Representatives from the Rhine, Westphalia, Saxony, Brandenburg, Silesia, Pomerania, Prussia, and Poland, would have had to discuss laws for the whole kingdom. Would there have been harmony or agreement on a single point in such an assembly? If the question had, as in all such assemblies, been decided by the majority, how loud would have been the complaint of the Pole, if it had been attempted to make him a German, how keen the feelings of the Rhinelander or of the Old Prussian, if the institutions of either had been forced upon the other! All this might be much more easily accomplished now, and the revolution of every succeeding year must add to the facility, as the bond of union between the different parts of the kingdom daily grows more close. And thus the moment best suited for the completion of institutions which were freely granted, may be well left to the calm consideration of the monarch and his ministers, without seeking to extort concessions before their time. Meanwhile, as Mr. Hansemann correctly states, the desire for greater constitutional rights has no where in Prussia been very eagerly expressed. The nation, upon the whole, was satisfied; for it had made great progress in the social reforms, and enjoyed their fruits, and the comparison of its administration with those of other European states was such as to afford fair grounds of satisfaction. The honest, noble, and benevolent character of the king had generated an extraordinary affection for him in the breasts of his subjects, and the same

\* These views, we are aware, are considerably at variance with those of two articles on the *Prussian Commercial Policy*, published in this Journal in May, 1832, and April, 1833 (Nos. XVIII. and XXII.) The able writer appears to us to have labored under considerable misconception of the objects of the Prussian government, in seeking to establish a commercial league among the German states, and to have been actuated too exclusively in his comments by considerations affecting British interests alone. This is not the arena, nor the present the opportunity, for entering the lists with our much respected collaborateur; but we may at least be allowed to enter our protest against the correctness of his representations, and would refer such of our readers as desire to hear what may be said on the Prussian side of the question to a short and able article inserted in *Ranke's Historisch-politische Zeitschrift*, June—August, 1832, written by Professor Hofman, of Berlin, one of the most enlightened and influential Prussian publicists; also to an English pamphlet printed at Hamburg last year, under the title of "Remarks on the Averages of Hamburg, and on the Commercial Policy of Great Britain towards Prussia and other Northern States," which is understood to be the production of an English gentleman, resident in that city in a public capacity. The views taken by the latter writer of the German commercial league, and of the injurious consequences which may result to British interests of all classes, should the British government persist in a refusal of all concessions which would neutralize the operation of that league, appear to us eminently sound and practical, and well worthy of the consideration of the statesmen who sway the British councils.

\* They have been printed in nine volumes—*Landtagsverhandlungen der Provinzialstände in der Preussischen Monarchie, herausgegeben von J. F. D. Rumpf*. 1826—1833.



character was stamped upon the whole administrative hierarchy. People live so comfortably under this paternal, benevolent, and enlightened government, that the question of a constitution has been hitherto entirely a question of higher politics.

As to the foreign policy of Prussia, we may assert without fear of contradiction, that the confidence which she has acquired from both the political parties into which Europe is now divided, and the conciliatory and moderate course which she has pursued, have, more than any thing, contributed to the preservation of general peace in the present crisis. Much of this may no doubt be attributed to the personal character of the king, but scarcely less to the character of the state, which, as its history shows, has been from the beginning, a promoter of light and civilization, a supporter of the intellectual and moral interests of humanity, and which would naturally lose all the elements of its power, the moment it ceased to maintain its character of superior intelligence. For what is it that has given to a state so inferior in means of every kind to all the great political bodies of Europe an equality of rank and influence with the greatest? What else but the genius, knowledge, vigor, spirit and honesty of the people and the government can have secured to it that general confidence, which makes its relations friendly with powers the most opposite in their political principles, and raised it from its natural inferiority to that height as to hold in its hand the balance of European politics? We may conclude in the words of the author of the first book on our list.

"Prussia, by its geographical position, by the cautious and active character of its inhabitants, by the greatness of its power, and the superiority of its intelligence, seems to be destined by Providence to become the political cement not only for the whole of Germany, but also for the east and west of Europe. It will always become more evident, that Prussia may be justly called the state of the conciliatory principle."

A state, therefore, that derives its main strength from its intellectual and moral power, must of necessity do more and more for the development of mind—first, within its own boundaries, and afterwards by its influence upon the states with which it is connected.

kowski.) 23 Vols. 8vo. Leipzig. 1829—1834.

ALEXANDER VON OPELN BRONIKOWSKI is a writer whose varied career has afforded him ample means of gathering materials for his numerous productions. Belonging, as his name shows, to a noble Polish family, he is himself the scion of a branch that removed to Dresden, whilst the Electors of Saxony wore the crown of Poland. Our author's father was Adjutant-General to the present King of Saxony, then Elector, but the son was, nevertheless, at an early age placed in the army of Prussia. After a brief confinement to the most unintellectual routine of garrison life in a petty Silesian town, his regiment was, in 1802, quartered at Erfurt, where Bronikowski was introduced to a literary society, was encouraged to write, and first saw the children of his brain introduced to the world in *pic-nic* volumes published by that society. His incipient authorship was, however, speedily crushed by Prussia's fatal war against France in the year 1806; and after the peace of Tilsit our Saxon Pole entered the French Army, whether dazzled by the brilliancy of Napoleon's military glory, or lured by the vain hope that the conqueror of two of Poland's destroyers (Austria and Prussia) would restore that unhappy and ever distracted country to independence. We give him credit for the latter and nobler motive the more confidently, because, after Napoleon's fall, when seven additional years had somewhat enlarged his experience and matured his judgment, a like hope induced him to enrol himself in the Polish army of the Russian Autocrat, and new King of Poland. But the Grand Duke Constantine proved a more efficient master of the art of disappointing than the French Emperor, and Bronikowski, with the rank of Major, quitted the service in disgust. He then spent some time in exploring the "land of his sires," after which he took up his residence in his native city of Dresden, and in the year 1825, at the age of forty-two, resuming his early propensities, turned author.

In his new capacity, Bronikowski has, we believe, already published twelve volumes of *Schriften* (Writings), being chiefly Polish romances, various detached short tales, some political, and some historical works, besides the twenty-three volumes of "New Writings" that head this article. Of so formidable a mass, we, who boast not German industry, pretend

ART. IX.—*Sammlung neuer Schriften* von Alexander Bronikowski. (Collection of New Writings, by A. Broni-



not to be acquainted with more than some half-dozen or so of novels, mostly of the *Neue Schriften*; but these are sufficient for the purpose of forming an opinion of the nature of the writer's genius, and the general merits of his productions. Bronikowski, who appears to be deeply and thoroughly versed in history, is, like many of the German novelists of whom we have lately spoken, peculiarly felicitous in the conception and development of character, as modified by the circumstances, political or other, of the countries and times in which he places or finds his personages; most of his novels being historical, and some of them in truth no novels at all, but fragments of History or Biography wrought out into a novel-like form, by the unfolding, and exhibiting, or insinuating the views and motives, as well as the detail of conduct, of the leading persons, in conversations, able and characteristic, but almost as lengthy, to speak American, as the harangues of the Americans themselves in Congress. Apparently for the sake of his female readers, he intermingles herewith a few imaginary persons and incidents, and some little love; but the chief and really powerful interest is awakened by the great historical, political, and psychological truth of the already mentioned developments of historical characters and events.

As an instance or two we may name, first, *Der Gallische Kerker* (the French Prison), which recounts the fact of the arbitrary seizure and imprisonment in France of John Casimir, a Polish prince, by Cardinal Richelieu, together with the subsequent endeavors of the said Cardinal's spies and other instruments to lure him into attempts at escape, which, if he could not be shot in making them, might serve as pretexts for his detention, and the counter-endeavors of his Polish friends, and of Clara Hébert, a low-born French girl, who has fallen in love with the Sarmatian captive, to prevent his being so misled. This girl, be it observed, can scarcely be called an imaginary personage, since John Casimir did in after-life marry the dowager Maréchale de l'Hôpital, who was of humble origin, and whose maiden-name was, we believe, Hébert. Secondly, *Polen im Siebzehnten Jahrhundert, oder Johannes der Dritte Sobieski, und sein Hof* (Poland in the Seventeenth Century, or John III. Sobieski, and his Court); the main interest of which novel lies in the portraiture of the factions and plots, domestic and foreign, relative to the succession, that harassed

the declining years of this most glorious of Polish monarchs, the defeater of the Turks, and deliverer of Germany, if not of Christian Europe. The best drawn, at least best executed, characters are those of the Abbé de Polignac, French Ambassador, and of his dupe, Sobieski's French Queen, the vain, domineering, and rash Marie Casimire. The imaginary loves of Prince Wisniowieczki, and the king's daughter, and the attachment of the lowlier, though still noble, Eva Jorkiewiczówna to the former, are far less effective.

Our author is less happy when he undertakes to construct a fable altogether fictitious, the devising of stories being evidently not his forte; in illustration whereof we shall say a few words concerning his extravagantly wild, but not proportionately fanciful, *Beate*, which appeared in 1832. This tale professes to be extracted from an old, often illegible chronicle, without a title-page, but ends during the recent disastrous Polish insurrection. Beata, the heroine, is introduced to us as the devotee (*Anglice*, evangelical) widow of a shop-keeper, who, by the purity and tranquillity of her life and feelings, has preserved her beauty longer than most women. Gradually we discover in this supposed pattern of female excellence a hypocritical, heartless, and ruthless sensualist, who has poisoned her parents to get rid of their authority—her husband, because he refused her a silk gown—her children, to avoid maternal cares,—her successive paramours, when she was tired of them, or suspected their discretion—an honorable lover, to get his fortune by marriage—articles without actually marrying him, lest, in wedded life, he should discover that, vice having withered her prematurely, her charms are all false; being in fact, partly provided by the further poisoning of her maid to get her hair, of a poor child to get her teeth, &c. &c.\* This wholesale murderess is solicited by Satan in proper person to do what we should have thought a complete work of supererogation, namely, to sell him her soul;—indeed, he does try to get it cheap—and she, to our no small surprise, positively refuses. But his Infernal Majesty proves too many for the scrupulous poisoner. By dying poisoned in her house, he occasions her detection; and then, by the help of Courts of Justice, and of the

\* The idea of this personage, and a number of the details are evidently derived from the history of the woman Schonleben, whose case, as reported in Feuerbach's *German Criminal Trials*, will be found in our eighth volume, pp. 269, 275.



ghosts of her victims, he scares her into compliance. The bargain signed and sealed, he rescues her from prison, and takes her to Poland, where he employs her in her old trade of poisoning; Diebitsch-Sabalkanski being one of her victims. But except this, she achieves little at Warsaw, and accordingly Satan carries home his doubly and trebly-secured purchase, when he has sufficiently displayed to her, and to the reader, the dissensions palsyng the efforts of the most patriotic Poles, and the selfish views, the folly and the treachery of the majority of the insurgents.

We now turn to Bronikowski's last work, *Die Magyaren* (The Magyars), because we deem his latest production the fairest specimen of the talents of a writer in the full vigor of his career. This is one of our author's developed histories, for, in truth, the loves and sorrows of Balthasar Zrinyi and Anna Veselenyi can hardly even be called a thread to connect the different scenes here presented to us. The Magyars, our readers need not perhaps be told, is the name of the Hungarians in their native language, which denominates Hungary, *Magyar-Orszag*, or land of the Magyars; and the book before us delineates various portions of the great Magyar insurrection during the latter part of the seventeenth century, when the discontented Hungarians were driven by resentment of Austrian encroachments upon their constitution, and acts of individual oppression, to place themselves under the protection of their hereditary foes, the Osmanli.

This insurrection affords our author three distinct novels, or shall we say three series of scenes, of which two have been published in the last and current year, respectively entitled, *Das Verlobungs-Fest zu Murany* (The Betrothment Festival at Murany), and *Balthasar und Anna*. The Betrothment Festival is held at Castle Murany, the residence of Count Veselenyi, Palatine of Hungary, whither the Hungarian nobility are invited to witness the betrothing of Balthasar and Aurora Helena Zrinyi, the children of the Ban of Croatia, to Anna Veselenyi, and Francis, Prince Rakoczy; the further secret object of the assembly being to concert the means of maintaining the old constitutional rights of Magyar-Orszag. As one of the brides, Aurora Helena Zrinyi, became a person of great note in the troubles that ensued, we extract part of the scene in which she is first introduced; but must observe that it is difficult to do justice by extracts to

an author who works so much by detail: the scene in question occupies about forty pages.

"A few hours afterwards Anna Veselenyi, richly attired, stood beside her mother in the reception-rooms of Castle Murany, modestly curtsying and replying to the greetings and inquiries of the illustrious ladies there assembled.

"The first of these, whose whole carriage bespoke the effort to be every where the first, and the consciousness that this effort was seldom resisted, after greeting the lady of the house, turned her loftily-borne head to Lady Anna, looked her steadily in the face, glanced over her person, and then said, in a tone rather imperative than courteous, 'Come nearer, my fair girl.'

"The speaker was a middle-aged lady, not tall, but of full person and strong make; her complexion was darker than is usually seen even in Lower Hungary, and a foreign air in her well-formed but somewhat masculine countenance seemed to indicate a more southern origin. The glance of her large dark brown eye was not only cold and commanding, like the Countess Veselenyi's, but, as were her voice and her manners, decided and abrupt, although majestic. \* \* \* \* \* A grass-green travelling dress embroidered with gold, assorting with the character of her person, completed the image of an amazon. This was Anna Catharina Frangipani, wife of Peter, Count Zrinyi, Ban of Croatia.

"Half-beside, half-behind her, stood or moved a delicate, languid young lady, with downcast eyes, and a soft, youthfully lovely face, the tender, almost transparent paleness of which rendered her as dissimilar to the goddess whose name she bore, the glowing Aurora, as similar to the white rose assigned her by the gardener, Gabriel Cserklos. A friendly glance exchanged between the two young ladies indicated their previous acquaintance.

"At the Countess Zrinyi's command, Anna approached her, but with something of the shyness which she usually inspired, as much as Countess Veselenyi, and did reverence. Anna scarcely ventured to lift her eyes towards her whom she wished to love, or to gaze upon the features that seemed to disdain this sentiment. The Lady Zrinyi, after again surveying her from head to foot, without addressing another word to her, turned to the mother, saying:—'A graceful, elegant, noble maiden, only too shy, and convent-bred, I am no friend to conventual education, at least in these times; it may be useful to train modest and domestic house-wives, and to guard them, for a while at least, against the allurements of the world; but at present the world is not alluring, it is stern and rough, and requires the strength of action rather than that of forbearance, which old books of morality pronounce the chief virtue of our sex. What think you of it, Countess Nadassy?'

"This question, significantly, almost ironically asked, was addressed to the wife of the *Judez Curia*, the first magistrate, and one of the most distinguished and powerful magnates of the kingdom. But all the grandeur and splendor that surrounded the still juvenile Countess seemed not to touch her. The expression of her countenance was deep seriousness, if not melancholy; her movements were languid, as though she bore an invisible burthen; her voice was sweet but plaintive; and in this tone she replied: 'I am not of your Ladyship's opinion; the lessons of pious nuns open the heart to the peace of Heaven which is always needful, and the more so, the sterner and rougher the times are. \* \* \* I believe a husband oftener wants a sympathizing companion, who may help him to bear, than a partner of his



deeds, even should the latter not often be more of an obstacle than an assistance.\*

\* \* \* \* \*

"During the tedious and ceremonious entrance of the gentlemen, Countess Zrinyi drew the mistress of the castle aside, and said: 'I fear the Chief Judge has let his wife penetrate into certain matters. Did you note her drooping air and her sighs? It were awkward should these prematurely clothe themselves in words.'

"'I have observed her, and am of your opinion,' replied Countess Veselenyi. 'But fear nothing: I know Isabella Nadasy. The precious vessel will be consumed by its contents, ere it suffers a drop to escape.'"

At the betrothment banquet, the Palatine, who purposed only to assert legal rights, and, if possible, by legal means, is poisoned by mistake, instead of the Ban of Croatia, and with him expires all Magyar prudence. The other leaders are either selfish or wrong-headed. Count Zrinyi wants to be King of Magyar-Orszag; Nadasy, we know not what, for Bronikowski will not presume to solve a problem that history has left unsolved, and it is only known that Nadasy, whilst plotting most deeply against Leopold I., Emperor and King of Hungary, persuaded him and his ministers that he was a devotedly loyal subject. The Austrian ministers meanwhile seek to provoke rebellion, in order to confiscate and divide the property of the wealthy Magyar magnates. The kindly and well-intentioned, but neither very intellectual nor very energetic Emperor, is entirely deceived. The Ban's plot is betrayed; his insurrection quelled at its very outbreaking; and he himself induced, by promises that his life, honor, and property, shall be respected, to send his son, who had disapproved, and refused to aid his plots, and whose marriage is postponed till happier times, to Vienna, as a hostage for his fidelity, and afterwards to go thither in person. A series of ministerial trickery is nearly foiled by Balthasar, with the aid of two excellent priests; and the son, as the price of his father's pardon, accepts a commission in the imperial guard, taking an oath of fidelity to Leopold. But a rash insurrectional movement of Rakoczy, and a detected attempt at regicide of Nadasy, serve as pretexts for violating all promises; Leopold is terrified, we hope, out of his senses, and Peter Zrinyi, with some of his friends, are basely sentenced to death. Here, again, we incline to make an extract, which materially explains much of the second novel, *Balthasar and Anna*. The imperial commissioners read his sentence to the Ban: it begins with depriving him and his race of their dignities and their nobility.

"Here the Ban's brow grew cloudy, and he said, in a suppressed tone, 'I could have wished the Emperor had delt less hardly with my guiltless son.' Hereupon Councillor Abele observed: 'This is little more than a form, and if your son prove faithful, the Emperor will assuredly restore to him his forfeited rights.'

"'Good Master Doctor,' said the Ban, shaking his head, 'such hereditary rights can neither be taken away nor restored by one who himself is what he is by the like rights. The displeasure of Leopold of Austria, King of Hungary, has fallen upon Peter Zrinyi, and Balthasar is his son; but he is likewise great grandson of Nicholas Zrinyi,\* as Leopold is Maximilian's. The Emperor's will be done! may my son bear the loss of the rank he was born to, in a manner worthy of that rank, of which he can never cease to be intrinsically worthy.'

\* \* \* \* \*

"His sentence of death he heard with silent composure, only when the striking off his right hand was mentioned, he shuddered painfully, and looked at it with a bitter smile; perhaps, because this punishment was somewhat disgraceful, perhaps, because he reflected how often that hand, now doomed to the executioner's axe, had wielded a sword gloriously and victoriously for the service of the house of Austria.

\* \* \* \* \*

"During these words a young man in the Austrian uniform had come in, but, seeing the prisoner in conversation with his judges, paused at the door. It was Balthasar, who, unobserved, gazed upon his father, whilst a feeling of joy and of pride blended with his grief, and softened it to melancholy.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The Ban looked a while earnestly at his son. \* \* \* He said, 'I have strange presentiments touching my pale little Helena, as though she should shed new lustre on the house of Zrinyi, and on Hungary.' \* \* \*

\* \* \* "My blood," he went on, as though seized by a secretly gratifying thought; 'the blood of Peter Zrinyi is shed by the command of him for whom I have so often sacrificed it: it is poured out upon Austrian ground, but not to be there absorbed: it shall stream on to Hungary, and bloody seed yields a bloody harvest. Whatever my errors,' he continued, with almost his wonted proud demeanor, 'I am pretty well quits with the world; but towards thee, Balthasar, I am not so, and die thy debtor, since I have nothing to bequeath thee.'

"Your words are kind, my father," answered the younger Zrinyi, 'yet they pain me. Why look upon me as your creditor? \* \* \* You think my sister has inherited your strength of mind: I too have received my share, and it will be my dearest legacy. You foresee happiness to Hungary from Helena; I too am a Hungarian—by God, and all his Saints, I swear that I am!'

"A Hungarian thou art, I will believe," rejoined the Ban, with a look of dislike at his son's uniform; 'but under those colors thou wilt hardly be recognised as such. Pure as new fallen snow, standest thou before the Austrians, pure from thy father's crime; but beware lest hereafter they find the stains of his blood upon this white garment. Thou hast chosen thy part, and the father who has overthrown the house of which thou wast the heir, has no right to judge.'

"You know not, my Lord," said Balthasar, with painful emotion, 'that when I chose this coat, it was done to prevent the shedding of this precious

\* Nicholas Zrinyi had highly distinguished himself, and essentially served the empire, in wars with the Turks.



blood. I bartered my oath for a promise;—that promise has not been fulfilled, but my oath remains.’

“ \* \* \* ‘You fall, my father, as you know, a victim to crafty enemies rather than to the king’s will, exasperated as he is by an atrocious crime.’

“ \* \* \* Your noble blood shall flow, not in accusation, but in atonement; and as your death is an atonement, suffer my life to be dedicated to constant mediation between my king and my country.’

“With a compassionate smile the Ban rejoined, ‘You nourish high thoughts, young man. \* \* \* But hope not for thanks;—not from the Magyars in that coat—not from the Emperor or his ministers as my son. \* \* \* Here you will be only an Hungarian—there only the Emperor’s servant.’

“‘Nevertheless,’ was Balthasar’s decided answer, ‘I will be a true Hungarian, and the true servant of the King of Hungary.’”

The ex-Ban is executed, and Balthasar sent, as Captain Gade (the new name assigned him instead of the abolished Zrinyi) to the imperial army; and so ends *Das Verlobungs-Fest zu Murany*.

In *Balthasar und Anna* we have the rebellion and fortunes of Tököly, usually called Tekely, provoked partly by his own mingled patriotism and ambition, partly by the filial revenge of Helena Zrinyi, with whom he is in love, and whom he marries as Dowager Princess Rakoczy, and the purely patriotic, unwearied, but ever unavailing and misconstrued efforts of Balthasar to mediate between Leopold and the Hungarians, to move the one to clemency, the other to submission upon fair terms. The detail of all this we think not to give; and find our—with this author—usual difficulty, in selecting an extract capable of compression within reasonable limits, without entirely losing its character. We will take the first appearance of the rebel hero. Helena, now the widow of Prince Rakoczy, is, with her son, and Anna Veselenyi (who, upon the violent arrest of her mother had fled to her friend and intended sister-in-law), resident at Munkacz, under the control of her mother-in-law, the bigoted and *ultra-loyal* dowager, Princess Sophia Rakoczy. The three ladies and the boy-prince are looking from a window for the approach of the venerable Gregory Szelepcsényi, Archbishop of Gran, sent thither by Leopold.

“The plain below gradually filled with horsemen, but they seemed not to belong to a prelate’s escort, for they galloped wildly about, casting up thick clouds of dust from their light horses’ heels, through which, however, it was discernible that they were Hungarians. Gradually their numbers increased. Infantry followed, battalions upon battalions, in close array, and behind them the dust arose yet thicker from the wheels of artillery and ammunition waggons. A gust of wind dissipated, for an instant the white clouds that shrouded the whole; then was a banner seen bearing the arms of Hungary, and the countenance of Princess Sophia, losing

the rare and faint gleam of serenity called forth by expectation of the Archbishop became anxiously thoughtful.

“And now at the head of a considerable train, a young and handsome man, richly dressed in the national garb, galloped to the front, and gave the word of command. It was repeated far and near; horse, foot, and artillery, halted, faced half round, and fronted Castle Munkacz. The leader sprang yet onwards with a few companions, paused at the foot of the rock, and looked earnestly up to the castle. ‘Decidedly, that is not the train of his Grace of Gran,’ said the elder Princess, bitterly, but uneasily; ‘nor do those below seem very peaceably disposed; had we heard any alarming report I should take them for enemies.’

“With shouts and clapping of his little hands had Prince Francis beheld the brilliant spectacle; and he now exclaimed: ‘How can my grandmother’s highness speak so? Those enemies! They are all Hungarians; and how grand they look! And the cavalier there in front, with the dolman\* full of gold cords and tassels, and with the feathers nodding in his cap—how he rides! Look, mother look! What is he doing there? He bows, and lowers his sabre, just as if he were greeting us. And now he makes his horse prance and curvet! That is just the man I have always fancied as the leader of my hussars!’ (a toy army.)

“Helena Zrinyi, in a choking, and yet tolerably steady voice, and without casting a look of triumph or of the slightest scorn at her mother-in-law, said: ‘Well, my boy; and that is the Emmeric Tököly.’”

The elder Princess, indignant at the approach of rebels to her loyal castle, orders them to be fired upon, to which her Austrian castle-captain objects, that he cannot do so without danger to the prelate.

“And, indeed, upon one of the many sand-hills, surrounded by several priests and a few soldiers, they now discovered the prelate, recognisable by his ample violet-colored robe, his large round hat and his milk white palfrey. But three or four of his small troops had ridden forward to the young leader, who remained stationary, as though awaiting the return of his salute.

“After a short conference with the prelate’s men, Emmeric, not without another bow to the window, turned his horse, and rode back to the head of his squadrons; one of which, to the renewed delight of the young heir of Munkacz, galloped to the sand-hill, and encircled the archbishop.

“‘Help, merciful heaven!’ exclaimed Princess Sophia, ‘has my life been prolonged only that I might see the anointed of the Lord seized before Munkacz by execrable heretics and rebels, and laid in irons, or his blood shed by the accursed hands of the Amalekites?’”

Tököly, however, merely escorts the archbishop respectfully to the castle, whether the emperor has sent him to negotiate with the insurgents. And now, having relieved any alarm which Princess Sophia’s fears might have excited in the reader’s mind for the excellent prelate’s safety, as we intend not to attempt an abstract of the story, which could be but a dry statement of the triumph and subse-

\* The native name of the Hungarian garb.



quent misfortunes of Tököly and his Helena, of the unsuccessful labors of Balthasar, and of the sorrows of his virgin-bride, we shall take our leave of Alexander Bronikowski, with one single additional criticism. He appears to us somewhat deficient in his sense of poetic justice. Of course, we do not wish him to paint virtue prosperous when history records its calamities and sufferings, but we do wish that he would set forth in stronger and bolder relief the final punishment of his vicious characters. He exhibits them almost *con amore* during their success; their ultimate disappointments, regrets, mortifications, &c. &c. are, as though he were glad to get rid of them, merely mentioned, and that so slightly as wholly to deprive us of any consolatory picture of retribution, as scarcely, perhaps, to produce a moral reflection in the young and light-minded.

Since the above was written, ampler means of appreciating this novelist have been afforded to the British public; a translation of another of his historical novels, *Boratinski*, having appeared, under the title of "The Court of Sigismund Augustus." We do not, however, consider *Boratinski* as the best or fairest specimen of our author's powers. If it is replete with more striking scenes, with more novel-like interest than the works of which we have spoken, it is inferior to them in the skilful development of character, in the delicate touches and simple truth to nature, which, to us, constitutes Bronikowski's great charm. The characters in *Boratinski* are strongly drawn, but somewhat too highly colored. The translator is a Polish refugee of distinction (Count Valerian Krazinski), and we congratulate him upon having attained to a mastery of our language very uncommon in a foreigner. At the same time we cannot say that the work does not often betray a want of familiarity with English idiom. In case the Count should, as we hope he will, give us translations of more Polish novels, we would hint to him that Bronikowski requires much compression for English taste, and, like German works generally, to be purified from that German construction of sentences which in English becomes heavy.—We regret to learn from the preface that Alexander Bronikowski is lately dead.

ART. X.—*Famiglie Celebri d'Italia*, del Conte Pompeo Litta. Fol. Milano, 1833.

WE have in a former number of this journal noticed this splendid work of Count Litta, which may be truly called the *Fatti* of the great Italian families, whose names have figured in the eventful history of their country, especially during the middle ages. The author has carefully collected the scattered documents concerning them, placed them in chronological order, and given the accurate genealogy of each family from the earliest authentic records till the present period, where the line is still in existence, or till the period of its extinction. A spirit of sound criticism and an enlightened judgment are everywhere conspicuous throughout these historical sketches, which are drawn with all possible conciseness and clearness of language. The plates are beautiful, some of them richly colored, and exhibit the true portraits of the most distinguished individuals of each family, their coats of arms, the monuments raised to them, the medals cast in their name, &c. As a work of art, it does high credit to Italy, and it may vie with any work of the kind yet produced in any country. The author, unfortunately, is lately dead, after having completed forty-five families, containing but a small portion of the great catalogue of the Italian aristocracy. But among these are some of its most illustrious names. The Visconti of Milan, the Medici of Florence, the Carrara of Padua, the Scaligeri of Verona, the Appiani of Pisi, the Vitelli of Città di Castello, the d'Este of Modena, the Trivulzio, the Eccellino, the Sforza Attendolo, the Alighieri, the Buonarroti;—all these, which are complete, constitute a brilliant constellation of fame, genius, and fortune, partly dimmed by guilt and adversity. We hope that the numerous materials which the indefatigable author had collected for the continuation of this great work have fallen into capable hands, and that the series will be continued with equal discrimination and talent.

ART. XI.—*Memorias Historico-Políticas*, de Don Vicente Pazos. Tomo I. Londres. Impreso para el Autor. 1834. 8vo.

WE rise highly gratified from the perusal of this volume, the work of an able and honest mind; and sincerely hope that the young republic of Buenos Ayres may



ever have to boast amongst her statesmen, spirits so enlightened, candid and sagacious as that of her Vice-Consul in London, its author. The residence of Señor Pazos in so many countries of Europe and America has tended to free his mind from the natural though narrow prejudices inherent to every land; and every reader of Spanish must feel the advantages to be derived from this faithful and spirited, but unpretending narrative of events as they occurred, untinted by political bias. Señor Pazos commences with a view of Spain from the earliest ages of her history, and adds many touches that are wanting to finish the larger pictures of her historians, with a simplicity and truth that are at once felt and recognised by internal evidence. Facts and reasonings equally correct and novel to the general reader appear in every page, as he proceeds with the Moors, Don Pelayo, and Columbus, the Spanish Discoveries, Almagro and Pizarro, and the state of Spain down to the intrusion of Joseph Buonaparte. His account of the proceedings of Napoleon, the Spanish Insurrection, the Cortes, the French Invasion, the Peninsular War, the various errors committed by the government, and his comments on the infatuated course of the different liberal ministers towards the Spanish-Americans, are concisely and impartially given, in a tone that makes us feel for the author as Dante did for Virgil, when becoming his guide to "the sights and sounds of woe."

The reader, it is true, may not always agree with the writer, but will scarcely ever find it possible to deny him the praise of candor, sincerity, judgment and research. With this opinion of his talents, we must also add that, unlike the generality of Spanish writers, his language, like his thoughts, possesses little of turgidity, or of *exaltado* frenzy; and as a clear style is evidence of a clear head,—the thing that has been most wanted in much of the transactions he relates,—we trust Señor Pazos will shortly favor us with a second volume of these *Memorias*, and enlarge the first, in which trifling errors are so amply counter-balanced by all that is dear to the lovers of historic truth. The advocates of republics should note the passages regarding Bolivia. We may probably notice this work at greater length hereafter.

*ions-lehre des Altdeutschen, nebst einem Wurzelverzeichnis. Nach Grimm bearbeitet, Zweite Abtheilung: Altdeutsches Lesebuch, mit Anmerkungen* (Old German Rudiments. Part the First:—Introduction to the Knowledge of the Letters and inflexions of the Old German Languages, with a Catalogue of Roots. According to Grimm.—Part the Second: The Old German Reader, with notes. By Adolphus Ziemann.) 8vo. Quedlingburg and Leipzig. 1833.

THE copious title of this little volume gives but an inadequate idea of its value and utility. The first division contains not only a condensation of the learned Grimm's views of the Gothic, Old High German, and Middle High German languages, but likewise a copious list of their root-words. It will be found highly useful to the philological student, and a safe and intelligible guide to the lover of poetry and romance, who would fain explore the ancient records of German chivalry and song in the rough but stirring language of contemporary poets. The rules which mark the formation and inflexions of those languages from which the German of the present day is lineally descended, are here briefly but clearly explained in the space of some fifty or sixty pages. In the second division, or as it is appropriately entitled, the "Old German Reading-Book," the student is furnished with examples and applications of those rules, in a selection of passages drawn from the most remarkable monuments of those olden tongues, accompanied by illustrative notes from the pen of the editor. These extracts are of themselves highly curious. The specimens of the Gothic are taken from *Ulfilas*: those of the Old High German from *Isidore's* translation, Kero's *Benedictinner-regel*, Otfried, &c.; and those of the Middle High German from Lachman's edition of the *Nibelungen Noth*, from Wolfram von Eschenbach's *Parzival*, *Titarel*, *Willehalm*, the *Tristram*, *Wigalois*, and a number of similar works.

In the attention which has hitherto been paid to the known and acknowledged relations of early French and English poetry, and the connection of the latter with the other literatures of the continent, more especially those of the Teutonic branch, has been entirely overlooked. The investigation of the obligations which the poets of these countries have reciprocally conferred upon each other, has not yet met with the attention which it deserves.

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ART. XII.—*Altdeutsches Elementarbuch, von Adolf Ziemann. Erste Abtheilung: Grundriss zur Buchstaben und Flex-*



That there existed an intimate connection between the vernacular writers of England and Germany, at a period when they are generally supposed to have been as widely separated as pole from pole, is a fact which may easily be proved. We will say nothing of our borrowing from the Germans "*The Merie Jest of a Man that was called Howleglas*," for that might have been derived from them through the medium of a French translation; but the adventures of the "*Parson of Kalenborow*" are clearly translated from the German direct; and, as has just been discovered, the "*History of Frier Rush*," which caused Ritson so much perplexity, turns out to be a literal prose translation of a German poem, "*Von Bruder Rauschen*," printed at Magdeburg in 1587. *Reynard the Fox* was avowedly translated by Caxton from the *Dutch*; and among the Cottonian MSS. in the British Museum, there is a mystic rhapsody in which the nightingale and her plaintive song are declared to be typical of the doctrines and sufferings of Jesus Christ; the prototype of which the reader will see by referring to the article on *Dutch Popular Songs* in our last number, (p. 85), is to be found among the Spiritual Songs of Holland.

One instance of the obligations of German literature to that of England shall conclude our observations upon this subject. In the Rostock manuscript of "*Iwein der Riter mit dem Lewen*," by Hartmann von Aue, is the following passage, in which the derivation of this romance from the English one of "*Ywain and Gawain*," published in Ritson's collection, is plainly stated.

"Er was Hartman genant,  
Und was ein Awere,  
Der Bracht dise mere  
Zu Tisch als ich han vernomen  
Do er usz Engellandt was komen  
Da er vil zit was gewesen  
Hat ers an den Welschen buchen gelesen."\*

The three lines which we have printed in Italics are omitted in the edition of this romance published in 1827, under the editorship of Benecke and Lachman. It is true that they do not occur in the manuscripts employed by them; still, the general resemblance which the poems bear to each other would seem to prove that the words in question were the words of Hartman himself, and not the interpolation of a copyist.

\* He was Hartman named, and was an Auwer, who brought this book into German, as I have heard, after he came out of England, where he had been a long time, and had read it in the English (foreign) books.

These few notes will, we think, establish the correctness of our views. The reader who may be desirous of examining this question for himself, will derive invaluable assistance in his researches from the little volume which has called forth these remarks.

ART. XIII.—*Les Juifs dans le Moyen Age, Essai historique sur leur état civil, commercial et littéraire*. Par. J. B. Depping. Paris. 1834. 8vo.

THE Royal Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres proposed in 1821, as the subject of a prize essay, an inquiry into the state of the Jews in France, Spain, and Italy, during the middle ages. M. Depping was a competitor for the prize, although not a successful one, and the academy expressed its sense of the merit of his labors by *une mention très honorable*. The author, however, conceiving that the history of the Jews in the south could not well be separated from that of their brethren in the other countries of Europe, determined to extend his researches, and to make his work embrace a complete sketch of their state over the whole of Europe. The volume before us exhibits the result of his labors and researches.

In a short introduction, M. Depping gives a summary of the principal events in the early history of this extraordinary race, and endeavors to indicate the leading features of their national character, as displayed during the various phases of their existence. The body of the work is divided into *three epochs*; in the *first* of which the writer follows the Jews, step by step, from their first entrance into Europe after the destruction of Jerusalem, to the end of the 10th century. Previous to the 5th century, there were very few of them to be found in any part of Europe excepting Italy, where they had settled from the commencement of the Roman empire. It is to Italy, therefore, that we must look for the basis of the legislation which was subsequently applied to them. Up to the time of the first Christian emperor, this legislation was alternately harsh or lenient, according to the dispositions of the different sovereigns; but the latter had so far predominated, that previous to Constantine's accession, they had changed the character of persecuted for that of persecutors, and one of his



first measures was to protect the Christians from their violence and insults. Julian, on the contrary, favored and protected them. At the fall of the Western empire their worship was still respected, and they were allowed to follow their national customs. With the reign of Justinian commenced that barbarous, unjust, and sanguinary code, which for a succession of centuries regulated the policy of the various Christian nations towards them. Under Justinian it was that they were first stripped of all civil charges, and declared incapable of filling them to all eternity; to crown their degradation, the laws respecting them employed the most outrageous and insulting epithets; their faith was vilified, and every sort of persecution resorted to, under the sanction of the bishops, to make them renounce it. The popes were rather more favorable to them than the bishops, and sought rather to convert them to Christianity by mildness, in order to induce others to follow their example. In Spain, where their numbers early became excessive, the code of the Visigoths treated them with most revolting barbarity; the rites of their worship were interdicted to them, under the penalty of being stoned or burnt alive, and they were enjoined to eat all their dishes seasoned with pork, the well-known object of their detestation. Under the Moors, who succeeded the Goths, their situation was considerably ameliorated; although the spirit of the Koran is even less favorable to them than to Christians. In France, where they obtained a settlement about the beginning of the 6th century, and introduced the leprosy, the Merovingian kings and the clergy treated them much in the same way as the Visigoths in Spain. Charlemagne mitigated the severity of the laws in various ways, and even went so far as to employ some of them in the distant embassies which required a knowledge of the oriental tongues. Under his two successors, Charles the Pious and Charles the Bald, their influence and power became considerable; they were allowed to buy and sell estates, to fill civil offices, and even to collect the taxes; the unrelenting severity which they displayed in this last capacity, excited the clamors and hostility of the people against them, and from that time a species of civil war was maintained between the two, which continued for centuries, and ended,

as everywhere else, in their further degradation and oppression.

In the *second* epoch, extending from the 10th to the 13th centuries, we find the splendor of their name revived in the south, under the Moorish governments in Spain. This is the period of their history which opened up a new era to them, and gave them a national literature, illustrated by some of their greatest names, such as Rabbi Moseh, Isaac-Ben-Jacob Alphesi, Samuel Jehudah, Aben-Hezrah, and Maimonides, in Spain; and Abraham-Ben-David and the Kimchis in France; in which last country, however, they were not much better treated than during some of the preceding centuries. In Italy, in England, and elsewhere, the persecution against them suffered little remission either from the people or the sovereigns.

The *third* epoch, extending from the 13th to the 16th century, was the most calamitous of all to the unfortunate Hebrew race. The expulsion of the Moors from Spain was a death-blow to their power and influence in that kingdom, and everywhere throughout Europe they were treated with the same barbarity and intolerance which characterized the proceedings of the Spanish inquisitors, under whose power they fell. In France and in England, they became the victims of the periodical fits of popular fury and insanity which broke out on the appearance of any epidemical disorder, of which the Jews were always regarded as the cause, and their wealth became a prey to the avarice and cupidity of the sovereigns of these kingdoms. They found refuge and a short-lived tranquillity in Portugal, on their expulsion from Spain, but lost it when the two countries were united. All over Germany, they were subjected to similar persecution, massacre, and pillage.

M. Depping's work everywhere attests the patient and laborious erudition of its author; he has in all cases had recourse to original authorities, and detailed a prodigious number of facts. But he has rather collected materials for a future historian than written a history: his book wants the life and animating spirit necessary to carry the reader pleasantly through a narrative replete with so much that shocks and revolts the feelings of an enlightened age, and is altogether deficient in those masterly touches which serve to relieve the sombre gloom of the picture.



# MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

No. XXVII.

## DENMARK.

The 8th vol. of the *Scriptores Rerum Danicarum* has recently appeared at Copenhagen. The 7th vol. was published in 1792, and the printing of the 8th was then commenced; it was far advanced, when the whole impression became the prey of a conflagration which only spared two copies. The 9th vol. will complete the work, and will contain a general index.

## FRANCE.

THE second part of the 5th volume of M. Quérard's laborious and admirable Dictionary of French Literature, entitled *La France Littéraire*, has just made its appearance. It contains a small portion of the letter *M*; consequently the author may be considered to have completed one half of his undertaking. We sincerely hope that he will live to finish the other half. It is impossible for any one who has not had frequent occasion to consult and refer to this work, to form an idea of the immense labor which it must have required, or sufficiently to appreciate the industry, the patient research, and the minute accuracy which the author has everywhere displayed. The short notices of the little known and obscure authors and their productions have a merit of their own, as great as the larger and more elaborate ones dedicated to celebrated or distinguished names. In this department of literature the French and Germans very much surpass us. It will be long indeed, we fear, before we have a Dictionary of British Authors and their works, that will bear any comparison with the work before us.

Captain Sicard has just completed in four 8vo. vols. with an Atlas of 200 plates, a *History of the French Military Institutions*, followed by a *Sketch of the Military Marine*. The first three volumes are divided into five parts, comprising—1. History; 2. Dignities and grades; 3. Administration and justice; 4. National and foreign troops; 5. Artillery, engineers, &c.; hôtel of invalids; military schools. The 4th volume embraces the military orders; wars and systems of tactics; fortified places; arms and machines of war. The work is dedicated to the king.

The autograph MS. of the Memoirs of Cardinal de Retz has been recently discovered in the royal library among the papers of Count Réal, and has attracted a good deal of attention. Numerous passages of great interest are marked for erasure, which do not appear in the printed editions.

A *History of Corsica*, by M. Jacobi, Advocate, will be shortly published, in 2 vols. 8vo. It will include the topography, scenery, and statistics of the island, interspersed with some of those touching and romantic episodes with which its history abounds.

A French translation of Lieutenant Burnes's interesting *Travels to Bokhara*, &c. has been announced as in preparation at Paris, with notes by Klaproth, the distinguished Orientalist.

Professor Schröder, of Upsal in Sweden, (whose name has been frequently mentioned in this journal in connection with Swedish literature,) is now at Paris for the purpose of searching among the public

libraries for materials to complete the great collection of Swedish Historians of the Middle Ages, edited by him, and of which 3 vols. in folio have already appeared.

A *History of Russia*, compiled from the national chronicles, is announced, in 1 vol. 12mo., by Louis Paris, the translator of Nestor's Chronicle. The same author has in the press *La Chronique de Reims, récit historique de 1238 à 1260*; now published for the first time from the unique MS. in the king's library.

A new edition of the *Collection of Memoirs relative to the History of France*, from the 13th to the end of the 18th century, inclusive, is announced for publication, in 20 vols. royal 8vo, distributed in 80 livraisons, one of which will appear every ten days. M. Michaud, the academician, and M. Poujolat, the companion of his late travels in the east, will discharge the duties of editorship, supply the necessary explanatory and other notes, &c. &c. By means of printing in a smaller type and in double columns, it is calculated (but the accuracy of this calculation is denied in the strongest terms by the proprietors of Petitot) that these 20 volumes will include the whole two series of Petitot's collection, in 130 vols. 8vo. at a price not exceeding one-fourth of that. It will proceed chronologically, beginning with Geoffrey Villehardouin, and ending with Saint Simon.

A new monthly Paris periodical, entitled *Revue du Progrès Social*, under the direction of two young and talented littérateurs, MM. Lechevalier and Mallac, was commenced with the present year, with the professed objects of "uniting under one standard all who are occupied in the reformation of doctrines and institutions; and of enlightening the attempts of innovation by a firm and comprehensive criticism, which shall legitimate its sympathies for social progress, along with respect for traditions, morality, religion, and existing interests." We have only seen two numbers of this journal, those for July and August last, the perusal of which has impressed us with a very favorable opinion both of the ability and the principles of the conductors. They are, like ourselves, friends of intellectual and political progress or movement, but of *peaceful movement*; they accept, and are ready to defend, against the attacks of both the extreme parties, the present order of things in France, as better calculated to secure the happiness and moral and political improvement of the nation, than either the old regime or a republic. Zeal in the cause of national education, respect for the best interest of society, and a vigorous and independent tone of politics, are qualities conspicuous in several of the articles we have read. The following short passage, from a cleverly written paper on the works of M. Sainte Beuve, appears to us to give a very satisfactory explanation of the causes of the extraordinary fecundity of French literature since the last revolution, and of its prevailing characteristics—the cause and the effect are here both clearly indicated.

"The literary profession has become the prey of a whole youthful generation, which has undertaken to depict human life before it had made the least acquaintance with it; to pronounce critical judgments without having acquired the right to possess a judgment; to become the public schoolmaster in reviews



and newspapers, when it had scarcely quitted school itself. What, therefore, do we see? This young France is already worn out at thirty, before it has produced a single work of any importance; an abortive generation, compounded of ambition, vanity and indolence, which has, during the last four years, inundated France with a mass of printed paper, which it calls its literature."

The royal printing-office of Paris possesses the types of 56 Oriental alphabets, comprehending all the known characters of the languages of Asia, ancient as well as modern; and 16 alphabets of those European nations, who do not employ the Roman character. Of these the royal printing press possesses 46 complete founts of various forms and sizes. All these together weigh at least 750,000lbs. and as the types of an 8vo. page weigh about 6lbs. this establishment is able to compose, simultaneously, 7812 8vo. sheets, forming nearly 260 volumes, or 125,000 pages. The number of presses employed enables it to throw off 278,060 sheets per day, or 556 reams of paper, equal to 9266 volumes in 8vo. of 30 sheets each. The annual consumption of paper by the royal printing-office is from 80 to 100,000 reams, or from 261 to 326 reams per working-day. The number of workmen constantly employed is about 350.

The 10th volume of the *Memoirs of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres* has recently appeared, and contains thirteen memoirs on subjects connected with the literature and history of the East; of Egypt and of Greece, of Ancient Rome, and France during the Middle ages. Of four by M. Silvestre de Sacy, on oriental subjects, there is one on the origin of the *Thousand and One Nights*, which it is incumbent on us to notice, with reference to the opinion expressed towards the end of the fifth article of our present number. The passage of Massoudi there alluded to, on which the supporters of their Indian or Persian origin mainly rest, is considered by M. de Sacy to be an interpolation, and the conclusions drawn from it to be totally at variance with all the literary and historical data we possess respecting these famous tales. He considers it probable that they were originally written in Syria, and that the first author did not complete them; copyists at different times, and perhaps in various places, but especially in Egypt, have attempted to do so, by inserting other tales, either such as were previously known, or written by themselves. Hence arises the extreme variety which has been remarked in the manuscript copies, and especially the two very different dénouements with which they are concluded. "I do not think," says M. de Sacy, "that any impartial reader can look upon the *Thousand and One Nights* in any other light than as a collection of tales made by one or more Arabian or Mussulman writers, at a period not very remote, and when the Arabic was no longer written with purity. What may be said with most certainty as to the date of the collection, is, that at the time it was made, the use of tobacco and coffee was undoubtedly not known, as there is no mention whatever of these throughout. This would prove that they existed about the middle of the 9th century of the Hegira, (the 15th of our era)."

The 19th volume of M. Sismondi's *Histoire des Français*, just published, comes down to the year 1580, consequently it includes the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. We propose shortly to devote an article to an examination of the volumes of this valuable work which have appeared since our former notice of the first twelve. (Vol. IV. Art. I.) And in conjunction with it, we may take M. Cauché's last work—*Histoire de la Réforme, de la Ligue, et du Règne de Henri IV.*, of which the fifth and sixth volumes have lately appeared.

**NECROLOGY.**—Lately, M. Prosper Dondey Dupré, jun., the eminent oriental bookseller and printer. His connection with the most distinguished orientalists of France and of Europe enabled him to set on foot, and carry on with great success, a twofold establishment

of books and printing in the Oriental languages, which in a few years attained a distinguished eminence, and rendered the most valuable services to literature.

A curious little work has recently appeared entitled, *Les Amours, les Malheurs, les Ouvrages d'Héloïse et d'Abélard*; it is translated from the edition of 1616, now become excessively rare, and is illustrated with notes by M. Villenave, formerly Professor at the Athénæum of Paris.

The work of the venerable Abbé de la Rue, (well known in this country by his antiquarian researches,) which was announced some time since, has just appeared at Caen, in three volumes, 8vo., entitled, *Essais Historiques sur les Bardes, les Jongleurs, et les Trouvères Normands et Anglo-Normands*. We hope shortly to be enabled to give an account of it, replete as it is with interest to the amateurs of our own literature and history.

M. Francisque Michel, one of the most zealous and indefatigable inquirers into early French literature, and whose mission to this country, under the patronage of the minister of public instruction, has been the means of hunting out many curious MSS. of the Trouvères, which had been consigned to oblivion under the dust of our public libraries and archives, has published since his return to Paris, copies of two very curious MSS. of the 13th century preserved in the Royal Library, which had never before appeared in print. The first is the *Roman de la Violette, ou de Gérard de Nèvers*, in verse, and the second, the *Roman d'Eustache le Moine, pirate fameux du xiii. Siècle*.

The third volume of M. Pardessus's valuable *Collection des Lois Maritimes, antérieures au xiii. Siècle*, the previous volumes of which we have more than once had occasion to refer to, has just appeared. A continuation of the Introduction continues the historical sketch from the time of the Crusades to the discovery of the passage by the Cape of Good Hope. The body of the work contains the Maritime Laws of Norway, Iceland, Sweden, Denmark, Bremen, Hamburg, Lubec, the Prussian States, and Russia.

## GERMANY.

Professor Ellendt, of Königsberg, has nearly completed a *Lexicon Sophocleum*, forming a complete repertory of the labors of grammarians and philologists, for the elucidation of the great Greek tragic poet. The work will appear in May next, in 2 vols. 8vo.

The Posthumous Works of the German philosopher *Fichte* are announced for publication, in 3 vols. 8vo.

A Map of the Moon is announced as in preparation by Messrs. Beer and Maedler, which, from the promises held out as to its execution, we should judge well worthy of attention of astronomers. The price will be 25s.

An edition of the Hebrew Prophets, with a German translation, and an original and complete Commentary, along with those of Jonathan Raschi and the Masora, with Emendations, is announced for publication in 33 parts 8vo. price about 17 rix-dollars. The editor is Dr. Heinemann, of Berlin, whose edition of the *Me Kor Chajim* forms so valuable an accession to Hebrew literature.

An elegant looking volume, under the title of *Euthymia, oder die Freude in Gott, eine Mitgabe für das ganze Leben*, has just appeared at Ments. It consists of Extracts from the best religious and moral poets of Germany, and of Reflections and Fragments in prose of the same description. The selection is creditable to the editor's taste and feelings, and may be put into the hands of youth, and particularly of the fair sex,



with the utmost confidence. The names of the writers, however, should have been attached to each extract, and not left to be guessed at from the general index.

M. Jaek of Bamberg has lately published, at Leipzig, the first part of a Collection of Alphabets and Specimens of Writing, from the VIIIth to the XVIIth century inclusive, selected from MSS. in the public library of Bamberg, with a glossary of antiquated Latin words not to be found, or insufficiently explained, in the Glossaries of Ducange and Stephen. M. Jaek's work is intended to make two volumes in folio.

M. Heinrigs, of Berlin, has also published the first part of a Collection of European Manuscript Alphabets of ancient and modern times.

The first volume of a new edition of Suidas's Greek Lexicon, printed in quarto, from the text of the Milan edition, edited and illustrated by Professor Bernhardt, has just made its appearance at Halle.

The splendid Collection of colored engravings published by Messrs. Boisseree and Bertram, of the old German and Flemish pictures now in the Munich Gallery, is brought to a conclusion; the 38th livraison, recently published, completes it. This collection was noticed, with due commendation, in the course of the article on *Albert Durer*, in our 11th Volume.

M. Pohl, of Vienna, author of the splendid work entitled *Plantarum Brasiliæ Icones et Descriptiones*, died in that city in May last, in his 50th year. He was Conservator of the Brazilian Museum of Natural History, which he formed during his travels in that country, and is one of the finest collections in the world.

A *Booksellers' Assistants' Society* has recently been formed at Leipzig, the objects of which are stated to be the promotion after the labors of the day of friendly intercourse and improvement, by means of a library, lectures, and a reading-room. Classes will also be formed for instruction in the most useful living languages. The lectures are to embrace the various arts connected with bookselling, such as letter-founding, printing, bookbinding, paper-making, copper and wood engraving, lithography, &c.

A complete edition, in one volume, 8vo. of the *Poetical Works of Voss*, is announced for publication. The translations will not be included.

A *Physical Description of the Earth* is preparing for publication by Baron Humboldt.

A narrative of the first Prussian *Voyage round the World*, performed by H. M. S. Louise, under the command of Captain Wendt, during the years 1830 to 1832, drawn up by Dr. Meyen, the naturalist attached to the expedition, has just appeared at Berlin, in two volumes quarto.

An institution or endowment is announced to be formed in memory of the celebrated theologian and philologist Schleiermacher, and to be named after him, for the purpose of enabling young men, students of theology in the University of Berlin, who have previously distinguished themselves by their attainments, to devote themselves exclusively, and with minds undisturbed by pecuniary cares, to their studies for the entire period of their university career, and in cases that may be deemed fit, even after that period. The management of this institution to be in the hands of the twelve founders, in whose name an appeal has been lately put forth to the well-wishers of such an institution, for pecuniary assistance to carry its objects into effect. The names of these founders are Messrs. Eichhorn, the two Humboldts, two Neanders, Savigny, Fostner, Nikolovius, Steffens, Hofbach, Pischon, and Strauss.

A *Picturesque Tour of the new Austrian Military Road through the Tyrol to Milan*, with colored plates and a map of the road, has recently been completed by Messrs. Orell, Fussli and Co. of Zurich. Our readers will recollect the account of this road given in vol. xii. p. 152—156.

M. Von Hammer, having completed the first edition of his *History of the Ottoman Empire*, is now busily engaged in passing a second through the press, considerably improved. The first and second volumes, published in livraisons, have already appeared.

M. Braun of Carlsruhe, the publisher of Dr. Hilpert's *English-German and German-English Dictionary*, announces that he has made arrangements for the speedy completion of that valuable work, which had been suspended in consequence of the author's sudden death. The English-German part was published two years ago, but of the German-English part the author had only prepared the MS. from A. to the article *Führen* inclusive. M. Ludwig Süpple, an able German philologist, has undertaken to continue and carry it on to a conclusion; and Dr. Ernest Kärcher has agreed to supply the accentuation, etymologies, and synonymes, and to superintend the general arrangement of the words. Mr. Spearman, an English professor, will revise the English words, and translate the etymologies and synonymes into English; and Messrs. Mittell and Killinger, two German gentlemen well acquainted with English, will assist in correcting the press. The well-merited eulogiums which Dr. Hilpert's first volume has obtained, and the arrangements now announced for making the second equally valuable, lead us to anticipate that, when completed, this Dictionary will prove the best which has yet appeared of the two languages.

A neat pocket edition has just appeared at Tübingen of the *Nibelunge Lied*, the text of which is taken from the edition lately published (and we believe only privately distributed) by Baron Joseph von Lassberg, from the oldest and purest MS. in existence of this famous poem. A copious glossary is added.

The fourth volume of Raumer's *History of Europe since the end of the 15th Century*, has just made its appearance.

An important work by M. Keferstein has just appeared at Leipzig in two volumes, on the Physiology of the Earth, Geognosy, Geology, and Palæontology (Fossilogy). The latter part contains a voluminous catalogue, with the Latin names, of all the known fossils of either the animal or vegetable kingdom.

The first volume of M. Erman's *Travels round the World, through the North of Asia, and both Oceans, in the years 1828, 1829, and 1830*, which has recently appeared at Berlin, contains his *Journey from Berlin to the Frozen Ocean*. The sequel is looked for with great interest.

Dr. Jungmann's *Dictionary of the Bohemian Language*, in the compilation of which he has been incessantly engaged for the last 30 years, will shortly appear, in successive parts, at intervals of three months, and will be completed in five volumes, quarto. Few nations, it is said, possess a dictionary so complete, in every respect, as this will be.

## ITALY.

NAPLES.—The kingdom of the Two Sicilies, which four years ago possessed only two journals, can now boast of not less than thirty. A French journalist lately asserted, that the Neapolitan journals contained nothing but translations from the French periodicals, than which nothing is more unfounded; the least examination will show that the articles in them are of home manufacture. Most of the writers connected with them belong to the youthful class, a class which



fortunately is likely to realize the hopes which have been long entertained of seeing our literature resume the tone and character of nationality. It will be sufficient to mark the prominent features in the physiognomy of a few of these publications.

The *Annali Civili* is the journal of the higher scientific class, the writers in which certainly spare no pains in composing profound and elaborate articles in a pure and elegant style. But they are far too learned to be relished by the multitude. This journal besides, if it remains faithful to the plan on which it set out, can scarcely deviate from the narrow path of *eloges*.

The *Progresso* is a good journal, in which there are frequently important articles on science and the belles lettres.

The *Omnibus*, a name borrowed from the long vehicles which now traverse our streets, no doubt with reference to its matter and spirit, which are calculated for all readers, addresses itself to the great mass, to idle readers, who look to it for an agreeable *délassement*, to those who are fond of scandalous stories, comic anecdotes, and drolleries of all sorts.

The *Mercurio* is under the direction of the famous Dominico Babraja, whose object is to attack the anonymous society, who have now the monopoly of the theatres. It is singular enough to see a petty stage-manager attempting, in imitation of a fallen statesman, to regain through the press the opinion which he has lost through his own folly.

The *Topo Litterato* (Literary Mole) frequently contains good articles. Several of its collaborateurs have begun to write in the *Giornale del Comercio* recently established, which treats of all subjects relative to industry, arts and manufactures, and political economy, and which promises to be a good journal.

The *Folleto* (The Fairy) is as light as its name.

The *Giano* (Janus) is so mysterious, that no one yet knows what to make of him. He will do well to preserve his *incognito*.

The *Diogene* smells too strongly of the tub; he has all the bile of the Greek cynic.

The *Veriterio* is a miserable journal, the attempt of some novices.

The *Vesuvio* has none of the fire of the volcano whose name he bears; he is an icy pedant, who is incessantly babbling, and knows not one word which has not been long since forgotten by the meanest of his readers.

The *Industriale* presents an interesting *mélange* of news, inventions, discoveries, agricultural processes, and useful knowledge, together with information relative to manufactures, commerce, and statistics.

Besides these there are five or six medical journals of high reputation.

Finally, the desire and the want of publicity are shown, even in the provinces, with the same emulation and the same activity as in the capital. The Capitanate already possesses three journals of its own, one of which, the *Poligrafo*, publishes all the memoirs signed by the members of the Economical Society of the chief town of the province.—From the *Biblioteca Italiana*.

## RUSSIA.

In no country in Europe does the government take such an active interest in the publication of journals as in Russia. Almost every principal branch of administration possesses a journal through which its proceedings, plans, and means of execution are communicated to the public. During the year 1833 there were published, in the Russian language, 40 journals and newspapers; of which 24 were published at St. Petersburg, 10 at Moscow, three at Odessa, two at Revel, and one at Kasan. Five of these were devoted to political subjects, 13 to literature, and the remaining 22 to various branches of science; and were edited, for the most part, by individuals, connected with the government. These are independent of the journals that are published in German and in French, of which there are several.

Prince Protojon, the present Hetman of the Cossacks, has just translated the Poems of Parry into the Calmuc language. We think he might have made a more judicious choice.

## ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

M. G. Pauthier has announced a translation of the Political, Moral, and Philosophical Works of Confucius (Kong-fou-tseu) and of Mencius (Meng-tseu), the two most celebrated Chinese philosophers, accompanied with the original Chinese text. These writings are what are called by the Chinese the *Sse-Chou*, (the Four Books); they form the basis of the instruction of youth in all the colleges of the empire;—they are the books held in the highest estimation by the Chinese literati, of whose contents all who are designed for the career of letters or administration must make themselves masters, and even get by heart. The work will form two volumes in royal 8vo. (price 50 francs, or 2*l.*) and will be sent to press as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers are found to defray the expense of printing.

M. Garcin de Tassy has just published in 4to. an edition of the works of Wali, a Hindoo poet, in the original Hindoostannee. Wali is one of the oldest and most celebrated poets of his country, and his works have hitherto remained unpublished. A preface by the editor gives a number of details respecting his life, collected from biographical works, and from his own writings. A French translation of these poems, with notes, will shortly be published by the same editor.

M. Von Hammer has published an edition of the *Rose and the Nightingale* poem, by Fazli, a Turkish poet, in the original, with a German translation.

An edition of the Gulistan of Sadi, in the original Persian, with a French translation, and critical and historical notes by M. Semelet, has just appeared at Paris, in 1 vol. 4to.



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THE

# FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW,

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ART. I.—*Reise um die Erde, ausgeführt auf dem Königlich Preussischen Seehandlungs-Schiffe, Prinzess-Louise, commandirt von Capitain W. Wendt, in den Jahren 1830, 1831, 1832.* (Voyage round the World in the Prussian Ship the Princess Louise, by Dr. F. J. F. Meyen.) 2 vols. 4to. Berlin. 1834.

NOTWITHSTANDING the numerous narratives of Voyages round the World, the successful accomplishment of which, instead of being matter of wonder, is now an every-day occurrence, such accounts are still looked for with impatience if they are known to have been conducted by men from whose labors new information may be expected, and are read with interest if they afford any real addition to our stock of knowledge. It might, indeed, be supposed that preceding adventurers had left little to be told respecting most of the countries which navigators, not bound on a voyage of discovery, but on a commercial enterprise, had occasion to visit. Thus, for instance, with regard to the work before us, it may be asked, what novelty can we expect from Brazil, Chili, Peru, or China? We have not only accounts of voyages to all these countries, but numerous and authentic narratives of travels in the interior, which must have anticipated all, and more than all, that a transient visitor of the coast can hope to learn. May we not almost say of such a voyager in the words which Schiller puts into the mouth of Max Piccolomini:—

“We have been  
But voyaging along the barren coasts,  
Like some poor ever-roaming horde of pirates,

That, crowded in the rank and narrow ship,  
House on the wild sea, with wild usages,  
Nor know aught of the main land, but the bays.—  
Whate'er in th' inland dales the land conceals  
Of fair and exquisite—O! nothing, nothing,  
Do we behold of that in our rude voyage.”\*

Facts, however, do not justify this view of the subject. The very frequency of such communications has made us so familiar with remote countries, not only in general, but in detail—not merely with the outlines of national character, but even with individuals—that we are interested in them as old acquaintance, and are desirous of knowing what has happened to them since we last heard of them. Thus, for instance, ever since the death of Cook, the Sandwich Islands have become as interesting to us as many of our own distant possessions—to which, in fact, they now in some measure belong. The celebrated Tameameah and his introduction of European civilization, the labors and conduct of the Missionaries, the establishment of Christianity, the visit of King Rhio to England, and his death among us, all serve to render any real and authentic intelligence welcome. Besides, in the present state of the navigation, commerce, and manufactures of Great Britain, it is indispensably necessary to have recent information from every part of the world. It is above all desirable that this information should be authentic, and on this account it must be important in many instances to confront the accounts given by our own countrymen with those of foreigners. It is possible that the speculators in mining operations in Mexico or Brazil

\* Wallenstein: translated by S. T. Coleridge.



may hold out fairer prospects than facts would justify; that Missionaries may describe in too glowing colors the results of their labors, and that without intentional misrepresentation in either case.

But further, in reply to those who would object that little novelty can be looked for, we must be allowed to observe, that the old proverb, "there is nothing new under the sun," is in a certain point of view wholly exploded. The immensely extended sphere of modern education embraces an infinity of objects which were formerly the exclusive domain of the learned; and every branch of natural history, botany, zoology, mineralogy, has now become a popular and favorite pursuit. In this field new discoveries are daily made, which are not merely interesting in themselves, but of the utmost importance to the arts, commerce, and manufactures. Numerous instances of this kind will doubtless occur to our readers, but we may mention an important one of the most recent date. The British government, having received satisfactory information of the fitness of the timber of the Cowdie tree of New Zealand for spars for the navy, sent the *Buffalo* to that country for specimens. That vessel has just returned, and brought a cargo far exceeding all expectation. Before the return of the *Buffalo*, an enterprising and experienced naval officer, who has formed an establishment of his own in New Zealand, had offered, and, we believe, contracted with the government, to furnish spars of this kind from that island, at a lower price and of better quality than those from the Baltic—a circumstance which, in the not impossible contingency of a war with Russia, may be of essential importance to this country.

Every body is aware of the numerous and splendid additions made of late years to the ornaments of our parks and gardens, by plants introduced from foreign countries. The beautiful and various heaths from the Cape—the dahlia, now so general—the camellia japonica, and innumerable others, are comparatively recent. We have seen a volume of original drawings, nearly 200 years old, representing the flowers cultivated at that time in the English garden; how poor was the ornamental Flora of those days when contrasted with the abundant treasures which we now possess! How many valuable species of pines have we become acquainted with, and some introduced into our parks, through the splendid Monography of the Genus *Pinus* of Mr. Lambert,

who is still indefatigable in collecting materials to complete his great work, and whose magnificent herbarium, unrivalled by any private collection in Europe, is constantly enriched by acquisitions from all parts of the globe!

After premising these general observations, we must say a few words of introduction to the work before us.

This was the third voyage of a Prussian ship round the world, but no detailed account of the first and second has been published. They were undertaken by the Royal Company for Maritime Commerce, and seem to have fully answered the purpose for which they were projected, of establishing a commercial intercourse between Prussia and distant countries. The author, Dr. Meyen, accompanied the expedition on board the *Princess Louise*, as physician and naturalist, and the work before us bears ample testimony to his industry, zeal, and ability.

The *Princess Louise* left Hamburg on the 9th of September, 1830, but, in consequence of adverse winds, and violent storms, first in the German Ocean and the Channel, and afterwards in the Atlantic, did not arrive in sight of Cabo Frio till the 14th of November, and on the following day she reached the bay of Rio de Janeiro. Dr. Meyen complains much of the inaccuracy of the charts of this coast; he says, that several new islands, not laid down in the charts, were discovered close to the shore. Among them is a small island, with a new house upon it, almost 4' to the east of Punto Negro. In crossing that part of the Ocean called the Sargasso Sea, from the vast quantities of seaweed, *fucus sargasso*, Gmel., which is identical with the *fucus natans* of *Turn.* and *Lin.*, he expresses his conviction, contrary to the opinion of Von Humboldt and Martius, that these sea-plants do not grow on shoals, from which they are detached by various causes, but that they germinate and grow in the water on which they float.

We commence our extracts with some of the author's observations on Brazil:—

"At the time of our visit to Rio de Janeiro Don Pedro was still Emperor of Brazil. We were eyewitnesses of the disturbances which afterwards forced this extraordinary man to abdicate his throne. The police and the administration of justice were at that time already in so relaxed a state that they were unable to maintain public order. At sunset, pickets of soldiers were stationed at all the approaches leading to the principle streets, and every passenger was challenged. It was by no means an unusual occurrence for five or six murders to be perpetrated in one night. In many houses, the slaves were chained down



during the night, that their masters might sleep with a feeling of security. The capital resembled a volcano of which every one dreaded the eruption, without exactly knowing how it would break out. Justice will avenge itself on the white man for the barbarities which he has for centuries exercised on millions and millions of negroes. The fate of Brazil is inevitable; three-fourths of the population are people of color, only one-fourth being of Caucasian origin. . . . When we visited Rio, the importation of slaves had ceased; the legal import had been prohibited since the 1st of July in the same year—yet the trade in slaves was still carried on in the interior, as well in those who had been already imported, as in others who were still smuggled in. Forty thousand negro slaves were, on an average, annually imported into the Brazils; and, in the few last years previously to the abolition of this lucrative trade, there was a considerable increase in the importation, so that two or three slave-ships entered the harbor of Rio every week."

We will not follow our author through his description of the still existing horrors of the slave-trade, even after the prohibition of the further importation of slaves, conformably to the treaties made with England. His report of a visit to the warehouse of a slave-dealer, where the greater part of the unfortunate victims were children, branded with red-hot irons, generally on the noblest parts of the human body, fully corroborates all the preceding accounts of that atrocious system, and of its demoralizing effect on minds which are, in other respects, not destitute of feelings of humanity.

"To our astonishment," says he, "we found at Rio people of the country, distinguished for their education and humanity, who coolly assured us that we were mistaken in imagining that the negroes belong to our species. Agreeably to this principle, the slaves are treated, and, as the people at Rio boast, with extraordinary mildness. A person must have long resided there, and become gradually accustomed to the sight of this misery and degrading oppression, before he can understand such language.

"If a stranger visits the dépôt of a slave-merchant, the latter receives him with the greatest civility, cordially shakes him by the hand, and assures him of the uncommon excellence of his merchandise. He immediately orders some of the poor wretches to stand up, and, stick in hand, makes them exhibit their capabilities. But, if these atrocious dealers in human flesh perceive that you have entered their dépôt from mere curiosity, they immediately become vulgarly insolent, cursing foreign nations, especially the English, who they say meddle in their concerns, and rob them of their legitimate gain, only to enrich themselves. We know, from various writers, what is now the easiest mode of acquiring riches at Rio, namely, by purchasing slaves and sending them out to work."

"Long before day-break, as well as throughout the whole day, thousands and thousands of slaves may be seen wandering about, seeking employment; the harbors and market-places are thronged with them, and it is impossible to walk even a few steps without being accosted by them. These slaves are obliged to provide for their own maintenance, and to carry home to their owners a certain sum of money every day. If they have been unable to realize this, they are beaten; but if they have gained more, they

are allowed to retain a part, in order to make up any deficiency on some other day. During our stay, we daily saw the slaves bring home to their owners two patacas (one rix-dollar Prussian). Many owners send their slaves for daily employment to the neighboring quarries, while very many others send them out to catch insects: and this is the reason why the most brilliant insects are to be had so cheap at Rio de Janeiro. When a man has attained to some adroitness in this operation, he may on a fine day catch in the immediate vicinity of Rio more than five or six hundred beetles. This trade in insects is considered very lucrative, six milreis (four rix-dollars, or about fourteen shillings,) being paid for the hundred during our stay. There is a general demand for these brilliant beetles, whose wing-cases are now sought for the purpose of adorning the ladies of Europe—a fashion which threatens the entire extinction of this beautiful tribe. The diamond-beetle (*chlamys bacca*, Kert., and especially the *chlamys cuprea*, Klug.), was in great request for brooches for gentlemen, and ten piastres were often paid for a single beetle."

The thirst of gain has, however, taken other ways to attain its object with the greatest rapidity. Humanity will not believe the fact at some future day, when we state that the negroes themselves are sometimes kept for breeding, as with us horses are kept in the studs. Young negresses are purchased solely for breeding children; and a negress when pregnant is worth fifty piastres more than before. The young children are taken from their mother's breast and sold for thirty or forty piastres. To the master of the slaves every thing is lawful—he makes pretended marriages and dissolves them when he will; he separates the children from their parents, and sells man and wife, so that they, perhaps, never meet again. Even the milk of the negresses is made an article of trade, and sold as cow's milk. Hence milk, which is always very dear, is never seen at Rio in the houses of foreigners, unless they have cows of their own.

We wish we could participate in the hopes of the author that this lamentable state of things is likely to be speedily amended. The importation of slaves being prohibited, their value is increased, and the owners must treat them more mildly, in order to defer as long as possible the necessity of working themselves. From the great mortality among the negroes in Brazil, the blending of the several races, and their consequent improvement, he anticipates that in thirty years the slave population will consist of men who will no longer bear the yoke of slavery, and will be able, from the superiority of their numbers, to emancipate themselves, if the whites do not give them freedom of their own accord.

The subject of slavery and the slave-



trade is of such importance, and one in which the English nation is so peculiarly interested, that we shall submit a few reflections to the serious consideration of our readers. We have watched with unremitting attention the progress of public opinion, from the time when the eloquent denunciations of a Clarkson, a Wilberforce, and others, first entirely unveiled to the eyes of the astonished world the inconceivable horrors of that nefarious traffic, to the late consummation of the long-cherished wishes of the friends of humanity, by the ever-memorable act of complete, though tardy, justice—by which, not only Britain's own-favored isle, but every spot of earth on which her flag waves, is declared to be the land of the free. An extensive correspondence with the West Indies during the last ten years, has induced us to hope that a great number of the opponents of emancipation were chiefly actuated by apprehensions that it was not yet time to effect it with safety, and we are persuaded that, now that the decisive step is irrevocably taken, they feel their hearts relieved as from a burden that has been long intolerable. But the sincere advocates of the Emancipation have, we believe, never dissembled from themselves that this sudden change from slavery to freedom might possibly be attended, at least at the commencement, with a considerable diminution in the labor of the negroes—and, perhaps, in some instances, with even a total refusal to work at all—and that this would be followed by a proportionate diminution in the produce, especially of sugar, the great staple of our islands. At all events, it is certain that such a result was confidently anticipated by other countries, which predicted the entire ruin of the British colonies, and consequent advantage to themselves.

Now, it is notorious, that, notwithstanding all the treaties which have been concluded between England and other countries for the abolition of the slave-trade, it is still carried on to an enormous extent, because, even if the governments were really sincere in their wishes to suppress this trade, their subjects were wholly averse to a step which they denounced as utter ruin to all interested in the colonies. They have therefore persisted, in spite of, perhaps with the connivance of, their governments, and in Brazil in particular it has been officially declared to be out of the power of the legislature to put an end to the traffic. Slaves imported by ships under Portuguese colors are indeed some-

times seized, but we fear that they are employed by the government nearly in the same manner as they would have been if sold to private individuals. But the difficulty of convicting and punishing these violators of the laws is nearly insurmountable. The minister of justice has declared in the Chamber of Deputies in Brazil, that the vast extent of coast rendered it impossible for the most vigilant superintendence to prevent the clandestine importation of negroes; that, having had information of an instance of such an unlawful importation, he had sent officers to the spot to investigate the matter and bring the offenders to justice; but that these officers declared in their report, that although they had obtained indubitable information of the fact, it was absolutely impossible to produce any legal proof; the people were so decidedly averse to the abolition that no one could be found to give evidence; that, if witnesses could be had, no jury would convict, and even the local magistrates would not condemn. The moment a slave ship arrived, the negroes were hurried into the interior, and no trace of the transaction was to be found on the spot where it had taken place. Such being the case, it can scarcely be doubted that Brazil, which offers such facilities for extensive cultivation of colonial produce, will use every means to promote that object, and to supply any deficiency, real or supposed, in the produce of the British West Indies.

Under these circumstances, it will be for the English government to use all lawful means to prevent the act of justice done to our own slaves from having a fatal influence in continuing the abomination of slavery, and promoting the slave-trade in other countries. Those treaties which are even now inefficient, will be still less regarded when the temptation to violate them shall be greater. It is affirmed, that the escape of one slave ship out of three affords the dealer sufficient profit. What then can England do? There is one thing which we think might be tried, and which would probably have a considerable effect in attaining the object desired. It is well known, that it was unanimously resolved by the sovereigns at the Congress of Vienna that the slave trade should be abolished all over the world. The Portuguese transmarine possessions were not then separated from the mother country, which it might be hoped would be able to exercise some control over them. They are now independent. Let England call on the governments of Europe not to allow



the importation of colonial produce, from any country where it can be proved that the slave-trade is still carried on, either with the sanction or connivance of the government, or in spite of it; such a measure would surely act as a check on the importation of slaves. Could that point be effectually attained, it might be hoped that the extinction of slavery itself would in due time succeed, as it has done in the British colonies.

During the remainder of the short stay of the *Princess Louise* at Rio, Dr. Meyen made the best use of his time in adding very considerably to his collections both of plants and insects, and, though his excursions were naturally confined to the environs of the city, he discovered many new species.

On the 20th of November the *Louise* left the harbor to proceed round Cape Horn to Valparaiso. A great number of water-snakes were seen both in the bay and in the open sea, and medusæ of immense size, that is, a foot and a foot and a half in diameter, floated past the vessel.

"When we came on deck the following morning (29th November), the ship was surrounded by a number of albatrosses, sea-gulls and swallows, which were hovering over the quiet waters and eagerly catching in their bills everything that was thrown to them from the ship. Travellers must be pardoned for so often introducing the albatross, as it would in fact be very difficult to avoid mentioning these birds; for months together they were our constant companions during our dreary passage round Cape Horn, affording us many a pleasant hour on this stormy and desolate ocean, never forsaking us, even when the towering waves broke over us. When those in whom misery has not yet completely stifled the voice of nature, visit the remoter deserts of the world, be they either on the boundless ocean or on land, the smallest being endowed with life possesses an infinitely higher interest than far more important objects inspire in the bustle of the world. Proudly the albatross soars upon his element, bidding defiance to the raging of the sea and the fury of the tempest; without touching the waters even with the tips of his wings, he rises with the heaving wave and descends again into the abyss, over which the next billow breaks in foam. There can be no doubt that his flight extends round the whole circumference of the earth, and he is probably the only bird of which this can be affirmed.

"Close behind the stern of the *Princess* several of these magnificent birds were resting on the waves and seemed very hungry. We threw them some pieces of bacon which were fastened to large iron fishing hooks: one of them instantly seized the hook which it was about to swallow with the bacon; the line was quickly drawn up, and the bird, with the aid of hooks, dragged on board. In a very short time we had four of these gigantic birds on the deck, where they walked about, as there was no room for them even to spread out their wings for flight. On deck this enormous creature is as awkward in its motions as it is graceful when on the water. The great curvature of the point of the beak helps to fasten the hook, and, as their voracity is really extraordinary, there are always some ready to seize the bait when

the sea is calm. It is a beautiful and affecting sight to witness the eagerness with which the other albatrosses hasten to the spot, when one of their comrades is caught by the hook and is dragged on board; they immediately seize the captive by the wings with their enormous beaks, and endeavor to hold him back with all their might. They keep up with him till he is close to the ship, and when their companion is at length drawn up, they take their station at some distance, looking after him, till the irresistible charm of some new bait allures a second and a third from among their party. One day, as a female bird was drawn up, a huge albatross, probably her mate, came up from a considerable distance: he exerted his utmost strength to pull her back; but all his efforts proved unavailing. Thus a number of these beautiful birds are every year taken by the ships that double Cape Horn; they are left to walk about on deck, chiefly for the amusement of the sailors." . . .

"The force of the masses of water which some American rivers pour into the basin of the Atlantic, has probably been frequently exaggerated; we were, therefore, the more surprised when we felt the effects of the Rio de la Plata at a distance of more than eighty German (nearly 400 English) miles. In crossing the latitude of the mouth of this mighty river we continued in 50° longitude west of London, and observed a current of 24' to 30' south-east within the course of twenty-four hours."

On the 13th of December, having been prevented by contrary winds from passing through the Strait le Maire, the voyagers descried the distant and picturesque Staatenland, and while the captain and officers were taking a view of the coast, the author and his assistants were employed in collecting some of the species of sea-weed which passed the ship in immense quantities. Among these they recognised two species of fucus, one of which was the *fucus pyriferus*, which Banks and Solander, in Cook's first voyage, found in Strait le Maire, of the length of 200 and even 300 feet. Mr. Agardh has formed the genus *Macrocyclus* merely because it has inflated petioles.

"We succeeded in securing one of these floating islands, which was drawn on board with great exertion by five men amid loud acclamations. It was not possible to disentangle the enormous mass; we were unable to draw out more than sixty-six feet of what was probably the principal trunk; the individual branches were from thirty to forty feet long, and about the same thickness as the main stem from which they issued. The entire length of the plant may be estimated at triple the length measured—consequently 200 feet. The pear-shaped air-vessels at the bases of the leaves were from six to seven inches long, and each leaf from one or two to seven or eight feet in length—dimensions which may afford some idea of the enormous size of these plants." . . . "As the air-vessels are so very large, we found no difficulty in preserving a quantity of the air contained in them, which we enclosed in hermetically sealed bottles, and brought home for chymical analysis. The extraction of this air in sea-water, which was of a temperature of 4° R. and the thermometer standing at 4° 8', was very cold work."

It took the vessel twenty-five days to double Cape Horn. After passing the latitude of the Straits of Magellan, the



weather became more favorable, and she cast anchor at Valparaiso on the 21st of January. So much has lately been published concerning Valparaiso, its climate, natural productions, &c., that our author does not find it necessary to enter into detail on the subject. Referring to the statements of Mrs. Graham respecting the elevation of the ground during the earthquake, the author says that, on examining the coast of the bay, both north and south, this fact was every where confirmed.

"One afternoon, when the sea-breeze was not very strong, we made an excursion to the rocks, which lie on the northern side of the harbor, far above Almendral; we were most agreeably surprised by the extraordinary luxuriance of the vegetation, and the variety of animals which abound here. These masses of sienite, which lie half under water, are a part of the rocks which were raised to the height of three or four feet above the level of the sea during the last great earthquake in 1822. The millions of plants and animals which once animated the surface of these cliffs, while they were yet covered by the waves, have all dried up. The beautiful effect of the submarine Flora and Fauna is much heightened by the transparency of the water; all the surfaces are covered with innumerable pholadæ, intermingled with actinæ of the richest colors; while chitonæ of the most diversified tints, patellæ, and fissurellæ clothe the rocks, and vie with the actinæ in brilliancy of coloring. Large asteriæ, which are here particularly abundant and of unusual beauty, are seen at a greater depth, or fastened to the sides of the larger rocks. The *asterias helianthus*, Lam., with whose original habitat we were hitherto unacquainted, is found in large numbers on the coast of Valparaiso. The extraordinary size of this animal, and the number of its radii, of which it generally has between thirty and forty, constitute it one of the most distinguished of this beautiful species. Our *asterias aurantiaca*, Nov. Sp. excels it in the richness of its tints, but the bright colored *asterias gelatinosa*, Nov. Sp. is, undoubtedly, the finest of the whole, and it is much to be regretted that it cannot be preserved without losing all its splendid colors. Its surface is white, inclining to a milky blue, and the prickly warts with which it is covered are of a bright orange. Numerous voracious crabs inhabit the clefts of these rocks; various fuci, with their long broad leaves, which are sometimes eaten by the poor people, cover the rocks and afford food and shelter to various tribes of animals."

It having been decided, some days after the arrival of the Princess Louise at Valparaiso, that she should remain there for five or six weeks, the doctor and his companions resolved to undertake a journey across the Cordilleras, as far as Mendoza. Though this excursion was highly interesting to themselves, and they found many valuable additions to their collections, yet this route is so well known from the accounts of preceding travellers that it is unnecessary to dwell upon that subject. Their observation upon the manners of the people are worthy of attention, and those relating to the statements published by our own countrymen may deserve the

consideration of future travellers to South America.

"In attempting to give a sketch of the life and manners of the inhabitants of Santiago, it is more than probable that many inaccuracies have crept into the description, since our residence among them was but short, and our occupations too various to allow of our giving much time to the study of their character. We have not measured the manners and customs of these nations by the standard adopted in our less genial climate, and which has been sanctioned by the authority of centuries; and though we may occasionally state facts very much at variance with the customs of our own country, we have not done so with the view to represent them as either bad or vulgar, nor yet with the foolish notion of holding up the manners of our own country as the only model of propriety and decency. Our sole object has been clearly to point out the difference existing in such various countries, that the observer of human nature may be able to form an accurate idea of the national character of the people, and to trace the causes which have occasioned so great diversity in the manners and customs of different nations. It is, therefore, to be regretted that the many English travellers, who have visited these countries within the last few years for the acquirement of wealth, but who have generally returned with disappointed hopes, should have published their journals, in which they often represent this amiable nation in the most revolting colors, and that too after having experienced the strongest demonstrations of hospitality and kindness. The sex especially has been an object of attack, and sometimes ladies have even been mentioned by name, a circumstance which has been unfavorable to later travellers; for the custom, which admitted every stranger of respectability into the first families, without the necessity of a special introduction, has now disappeared. The ladies are much afraid of the formal Englishman, who cannot understand their habits, and turns them into ridicule as soon as he leaves their company. He fancies himself distinguished when a lady presents him with flowers, whereas it is only a mark of common politeness. An Englishman calls the people dirty, because after dinner a basin is passed round the table, and the whole company, ladies as well as gentlemen, wash their hands, whereas these good-natured people desire by this to show their cordiality to their guests.

"The forms and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic worship still continue to have great influence on the majority of the population, and Catholicism is still the only authorized religion of the state, a law which we can scarcely comprehend, because the legislative authority of these times, in fact, broke the harsh supremacy of the church after the enemy had been defeated. The revenues of the pious institutions were henceforth considered as state property, and the clergy received salaries—nay, they even proceeded, and evidently with too much precipitation, to abolish the monasteries, by which they destroyed the schools of the monks, while they were as yet destitute of means to establish others in their stead. Very few of the presidents, among whom was Ovalle, publicly professed the Catholic religion; neither have many of the ministers hitherto done so. Indeed, we do not think that we are far from the truth if we ascribe but a very slight degree of regard for the prevailing forms of religion to the more influential men of this new state. The writings of Voltaire, Rousseau, and other French contemporary authors, which are read with the greatest avidity throughout the country, have not failed of their effects upon the easily excited minds of these people. It is by no means a rare occurrence in the provinces, to meet with men with the writings of these philosophers in their hands, who



are still ignorant whether Prussia is in England or North America. The people are, in general, extremely bigoted—the women and girls of all ranks invariably so;—you are not permitted to pass a church or a convent without taking off your hat and making an obeisance. A visit to the churches of Santiago is as dangerous to the Protestant as a pilgrimage to the mosques is to the Christian at Constantinople. Only a short time before our arrival, two Englishmen were grossly insulted in the cathedral.

"The inhabitants of the west coast of South America have not remained free from the mania of imitating the manners and customs of foreign nations, and thus we see with regret the gradual disappearance of all nationality of character in those towns, which are more exposed, in consequence of the free trade, to the influence of foreigners. We should form a very erroneous idea of beautiful Chili and its inhabitants, were we to look only at Valparaiso.

"A Chilian lady, even of middling rank, always wears silk stockings, and such tight silk shoes that they are sure to burst in two or three days; their church-going attire is made of velvets, silks, and laces, and they have the largest and handsomest French tortoise-shell combs in their hair, and sometimes, if they wish to appear much dressed, they display two or three: even in the house, they wear the most elegant Chinese shawls, with which they often lie down on the carpets. Not only is domestic peace frequently disturbed by this extravagance, and marriages prevented from taking place, because the men have not the adequate means; but we may almost regard it as likely to prove a source of ruin to the country, if proper measures are not taken to counteract this unhappy propensity. Good, we mean practical, female schools, on the same plan as those in Europe, ought to be established, and not such as the celebrated school of Mora, at Santiago, which, in our opinion, is but calculated to excite the very propensity which, above all others, ought to be suppressed. It is not so sultry in Chili as its inhabitants fancy, and who on that ground refrain from work; it seems to us to be merely a habit of indolence, which they are unwilling to shake off, although the times are altered, and require the adoption of a different system. It is very remarkable that it is only since the general deliverance from the dominion of the Spaniards that this love of dress in the ladies has become so extravagant. Although all secretly condemn it, yet no one ventures to speak against it openly, for in no country, probably, are the men so completely under the authority of the sex, (we do not exactly mean to say under that of their wives,) as in Chili, though it is only a natural consequence of their beauty and attractions."

At Santiago our travellers had the good fortune to meet with Mr. J. Ingrim, (probably Ingram,) an Englishman, who not only received them with much kindness, but even offered them accommodation in his house, which they gladly accepted. Being well acquainted with all the members of the government, he presented them to Don Diego Portales, vice-president of the republic and minister of the interior, who promised to facilitate, as far as lay in his power, their inland journey. Their original plan was to go over the volcano of Maipù to Mendoza, and, if possible, to visit the new volcanoes, which broke out in sight of Santiago,

during the earthquake of 1829. The minister, however, assured them, that the journey to Mendoza was impracticable, because the independent Indians occupied that part of the country: and that, in spite of all attempts which had been made, the way to the new volcanoes had not yet been found. He advised them to confine their attention to the volcanoes of Maipù and Peteroa, both of which are in constant action. This advice they followed, and immediately prepared for their journey—the account of which is highly interesting, but far too long for our pages.

It was about this time that accounts were received in Europe of immense quantities of silver having been discovered in Chili, on which the most extravagant speculations had been founded—we, at the same time, heard of a journey into the interior of the country, undertaken by order of the Chilian government. The following passage relates to the latter:—

"At San Fernando we met Mr. Claudius Gay, a French naturalist of Draguignan, who, accompanied by Don José Anton Silva, a worthy Chilian of Santiago, was about to visit all the provinces of the Chilian republic. Mr. Gay was commissioned to this great undertaking by the government, with which he had concluded the following contract:—

"Mr. Gay agreed to travel over the whole of Chili in four years and a half, and minutely to investigate the natural history, geography, geology, statistics, every thing in short which might be advantageous to manufactures, commerce, or the government. And only one year after the completion of the journey, Mr. Gay stipulated to submit to the inspection of a commission a sketch of the following works:—

- "1. General natural history of Chili, of the animals, plants, and minerals, accompanied by plates.
- "2. The physical geography of Chili, with observations on the climate and temperature of the provinces, with a map of the whole state, and views and plans of the principal towns, harbors, and rivers.
- "3. The entire geology of the country.
- "4. The statistics of the republic, with reference to agriculture, trade, manufactures, population, and the administration of every province.
- "5. Plan of a museum, in all its branches, with a catalogue of names, &c.
- "6. Accurate investigation of all the mineral sources in the country.

"The government agreed to pay Mr. Gay one hundred and twenty-five piastres per month, during the whole of his journey, and to give directions to the chief authorities of the different provinces to promote in every way the objects of the traveller—all the collections made by Mr. Gay, were to be the property of the state. The government also furnished him with astronomical and other instruments, which were, however, either to be returned undamaged or paid for, on the completion of the journey.

"This great enterprise, from which so much was to be expected, was begun in October the preceding year. Mr. Gay had examined the sources of the Rio Cachapual and its vicinity—visited the lake Taguatagua, and was about to commence a journey to the Rio Tinguiririca up to its source. His departure was fixed for the day after our arrival, and every thing prepared for the expedition."



Having learned at San Fernando that a body of two thousand Indian horsemen, of the tribe of the Pehuenches, had encamped at the foot of the volcano of Peteroa, our voyagers resolved to accompany Mr. Gay, and to penetrate as far into the Cordilleras as their time would permit. They left San Fernando on the third of February, and reached the banks of the Tinguiririca by sunset the next day. On the fifth, they prosecuted their journey along a chain of steep hills, from two to three hundred feet high, where they collected a great number of new plants, among which were a rose and a *parmelia*, both of extraordinary beauty.

The rock consists of green porphyry, with large masses of felspar, which occasionally stands out very high and steep on the right bank: at some distance are almost perpendicular walls of sienite, of the height of above a thousand feet: their serrated summits rising bare above all vegetation. It was noon before the party reached the Rio Chado de Talcaregua, where it empties itself into the Rio Tinguiririca; they crossed this dangerous mountain stream with great caution, for it was so rapid that the mules were often driven back in their progress. At every step they first carefully tried the firmness of the bottom, and then advanced with their breasts directed against the stream. On the other side of the river they had immediately to ascend a very steep mountain about six hundred feet high, on the summit of which there was a small plateau, where they rested under the shade of some trees. The continued heat had so completely burnt up the whole plain which lay exposed to the sun's rays, that a few scattered halms of wild oats and some flowering shrubs of the Bermudiana were all that remained. On accidentally turning up the clayey soil, it was found completely filled with small bulbs, the flowers and leaves of which had long since disappeared. How beautiful must be the aspect of this plain and all the declivities of these mountains in the spring of the year, when they are clothed with the splendid mantle of the *liliacæ*! Here and there, where there was some moisture to lessen the withering effect of the heat, were seen traces of this first beauty of the spring. Unfortunately they were not able to prosecute their journey to the extent they hoped, an express having been sent to inform them that their ship would sail on the twelfth of February, and not stop, as had been intended, till the beginning of March. They, therefore, parted from Mr. Gay,

who was to proceed to the Volcano del Azufre, and the sources of the Tinguiririca, while Dr. Meyen resolved to ascend the Monte Impossible on the crest of the Cordilleras. This was an arduous undertaking, in which, however, after much labor he succeeded.

"The very difficult road since our last resting place, near the spring on the plateau de Gualtatas, had carried us over five high mountains, which consisted, for the most part, of green-stone porphyry, and of which some presented a very strange appearance, as the rock composing them consisted of thick slabs piled one upon another, which, on the summit of the mountain, lay quite detached, so that we could throw them down. The last mountain before you come to the Monte Impossible is composed of a red green-stone porphyry, in which are disseminated a number of crystals; in some parts, which are exposed to the constant heat of the sun, the surface is covered with a black and shining coat of brown iron-stone. Another mountain consists of a white stone, which is entirely decomposed and changed into a substance resembling porcelain earth. On the northern side there was a fearfully steep precipice, across which there was a foot-path. It was but just possible to proceed by this route, and it was only by treading very firmly into the deep ashes of the decomposed rock that we had a tolerably safe footing. This mountain precipice is above a thousand feet deep, and great masses of rock impend over the foot-path, fragments of which occasionally rolled down. At length, about four in the afternoon, we reached the limit of eternal snow on the Monte Impossible. The boulders on the declivity of the cone, which is from five to six hundred feet high, impeded our progress at every step, and the exertion was so great, that we began to suffer from a violent oppression on the chest. The temperature of the air close to these fields of snow was 5°, 8' R., and the water that came from the snow only 6°, 4' R., while the thermometer exposed to the sun was 8° R. The cone of this lofty mountain consists of greenish gray porphyry, with numerous very large crystals of hornblende. We never regretted the loss of our barometer more than at this moment, when we had for the first time attained the line of perpetual snow on the Cordillera. We passed some delightful moments in the contemplation of the magnificent scenery before us."

On the 11th of February the travellers again reached Santiago, where they found the whole city in gala, celebrating the anniversary of the battle of Chacabuco, and learned, to their great vexation, that their ship was likely to remain for a considerable time at Valparaiso, so that they had hurried back without any necessity. They resolved, therefore, to prosecute their excursions from Santiago, and to visit the sources of the Rio Maipù, and the volcano of that name. On this very interesting excursion they reached on the third day a place called the Quesaria, a small hut, resembling, as it seems, the chalets of Switzerland, where a few persons pass the summer in making cheese. They estimated its elevation above the level of the sea at nine thousand feet. We subjoin an account of some remarkable petrifications.



"Towards three o'clock we left the Quesaria, and entered upon the most fatiguing road which we had yet had to travel; it lasted above two hours, and ran along the declivity of the high mountain chain which borders the right bank of the Rio del Volcan, and is thickly covered with boulders. The formation of these rocks consists of black porphyry and Alpine limestone of a bluish black color, whose strata are placed perpendicularly; their terminations form a continued and variously indented coast, sometimes rising considerably and then descending like steps, and having numerous deep clefts, which appear as if they had been formed by the continual washing of a torrent. This Alpine limestone contains an immense mass of petrifications, among which we particularly noticed the ammon's horns: we saw specimens measuring three feet in diameter; but, owing to the rapidity with which we were obliged to travel, we could not bring any of them away with us; we, however, carried off some other petrifications, such as cucullæ, exogyra, coral, cyathophyllum, belemnites, &c.; they are, however, not in good preservation, being much flattened and damaged. Advancing further on this difficult route, which offers little variety except a few prickly leguminous plants, and very interesting shrubby syngeneceistæ, we find the rock composed entirely of porphyritic conglomerates, which alternate in their colors at every thousand paces. Sometimes they appear variegated green and white, then red and yellow, then brown and black, and so on, till the glen of the river opens into a plain, which rises directly into the snow fields of the ridge."

In their advance towards the volcano they met with many difficulties, but were amply rewarded as well by the valuable addition to their collections, as by the sublimity of the scenery. They were, however, unable to reach the crater, being stopped on one side by prodigious masses of ice, covered with ashes of black lava, and extending nearly to the summit, which was covered with snow, and on the other side by a deep cleft, which it was impossible to pass; they, therefore, returned to Valparaiso, where they had still time, before the sailing of the ship, to visit the warm baths of Colina.

The Princess Louise left Valparaiso on the 6th of March, to proceed to Copiapó, to take in copper, but first touched at Coquimbo, to take on board a young Englishman, in the employ of the owner, who had business to transact at Copiapó. On the 10th of March, they entered the harbor of Copiapó. Large masses of rock rose before the entrance of the harbor, and the surf was terrible. Captain Wendt, though he had visited it on a former voyage, thought it necessary to use very great caution; he entered without accident, having had constantly from fifteen to twenty fathoms water. They had, however, narrowly escaped a great danger; for they learned that, close to the entrance, and almost in the middle of it, there was a sharp rock, only six feet under water, which had been discovered a short time

before by an American ship striking on it. Captain Wendt resolved to ascertain its precise situation, and had some difficulty in finding it. A noise like that of boiling water led him to the rock: they ascertained that it was only six feet below the water, but at its edges their sounding line showed a depth of two hundred feet.

The changes that have taken place on this coast, in consequence of the successive convulsions of nature, are very remarkable. We have already noticed the elevation of the surface by the earthquake of 1829, as mentioned by Mrs. Graham; the following passage contains some interesting particulars:—

"The basis of this coast of northern Chili, is the same kind of coarse-grained sienite which we collected at Valparaiso and Coquimbo, but we were greatly surprised on beholding the immense banks of shells which, in this place, invariably cover the sienite, and extend unbroken into the open sea. In some places, these banks rise more than forty or fifty feet above the present level of the sea; they consist of a mixture of perfect shells, such as we found in a living state on this coast, cemented with sand, clay, and the fragments of shells. In some places of considerable extent, there are masses composed of such very small fragments, and so firmly cemented, that it is difficult to make out what they are. From among the millions of shells which lie buried here, we have collected perfect specimens of the *Concholepa Peruviana*, some of which were even yet covered with pholadæ and a gigantic *balanus*, the *Venus Dombeji*, the cardium, and many others.

"In speaking of the effects produced by the great earthquake, of 1822, we have already mentioned several places on the coast of Chili, where similar banks of shells have been noticed. We at the same time stated, that the same cause which had occasioned the earthquake, had also elevated the whole tract of the coast of central Chili three or four feet above the level of the sea. This lifted the banks of living shell-fish above the surface of the water, which caused the fish to die. By this circumstance, we were immediately able to discover that similar elevations of the ground had frequently taken place, and that they had been of different degrees of violence. This was most evident in the harbor of Copiapó, where the shell banks are of extraordinary magnitude, and in several places have a different stratification.

"We here perceive that the ocean formed large caverns in these banks when they were on a level with its surface, and which, having been raised by successive earthquakes, now appear at different elevations. The spring-tides, also, which have occurred here at various times, have contributed to give a rugged and very singular appearance to these banks. Many of these elevations have doubtless taken place in our times, but we have no historical accounts of them. An old fisherman, who lives with his wife and children in a miserable hut, was the only person who had witnessed these great convulsions of nature. He had taken up his abode in one of those great caverns which have been formed in the shell banks, by the action of the water, when, during the great earthquake of 1819, the sea suddenly rose and inundated the whole country to the depth of 30 feet; it also penetrated into his cave, and swept away four of his children."

The accounts which have hitherto reached Europe, respecting this very remarka-



ble part of Chili, are extremely scanty, and, with the exception of the little communicated by Frezière, in his voyage to the South Sea, and by Captain Basil Hall, there is perhaps scarcely any original information. On the maps, the whole of this country, as well as that of Atacama, is incorrectly laid down. No traveller, at least none who has published his observations, has penetrated beyond the town of Copiapó, and in all books and maps we find a Volcano de Copiapó, which however does not exist there. Dr. Meyen cannot speak in sufficiently high terms of the natural resources of the country; the fertility of the soil, the beauty of the climate, and the abundance of valuable metals, being an ample compensation for the frequent and often destructive earthquakes with which it is visited more than any other part of South America; for, during our travellers' stay, six or seven shocks in twenty-four hours were a very usual occurrence. Before every shock, a slight noise, like that of distant thunder, is heard. The people, however, seem not much to regard it; often, when they are engaged in conversation, a person hearing the noise (*ruído*) cries "Espere usted!" and runs out of the house; when the shock is over, he goes in again and continues the conversation, as if nothing had happened.

The great mineral wealth of this country is well known. Two hundred mines of gold, silver, and copper, are actually worked; but the produce is far inferior to what it might be if the country were better cultivated, the population more numerous and industrious, and, above all, if there were passable roads. Another great obstacle is the want of fuel, so that, if the ore were not extremely rich, it would not be worth the expense of working. Ores containing less than 50 per cent. are disregarded. But the bronze, as the Chilians call the variegated copper ore of the mine of Checo, which belongs to an English company, contains generally 70 per cent., whence it might be inferred that the profit is enormous; but such is not the case. The ore must be conveyed by troops of mules from Checo to La Punta, ten leagues distant, where the smelting furnaces are situated. The copper must then be conveyed on the backs of mules to the port, which is 30 leagues distant. The fuel for the furnaces, chiefly charcoal, is fetched from the Cordilleras, at the distance of several days' journey, where the small shrubs are burnt to make charcoal. Thousands of mules are employed in this labor; the expense, and the loss of time are con-

sequently very great, and nothing but good roads can remedy this evil.

On our travellers' return from Checo they passed through Nantoco, a pretty village, consisting of sixty or seventy peasants' houses. The English Mining Company has here a very fine farm (*hacienda*), from the produce of which the workmen in the mines are supplied. At another farm belonging to the company different sorts of European grain are cultivated, and there are fine vineyards.

"No where," says Dr. Meyen, "have we seen larger or finer flavored grapes; but the wine which is made from them is very bad, and not unlike that from Concepcion. This however must be attributed to the mode of preparing it, as none of the persons employed about it have the slightest knowledge of the process. It seemed to us that this wine ought to equal Madeira. The manager of the hacienda of Nantoco is an Englishman, who has lived many years in this country, and has completely adopted its manners and customs. The finest figs, pomegranates, and apricots, are here found in abundance, and this hacienda is, in every respect, far superior both in its arrangement and neatness to every similar establishment in the country.

"On the following morning we continued our journey to La Punta, where the smelting furnaces of the company are situated."

On their arrival at La Punta, the travellers were received with the greatest attention by the director of the works, a very agreeable and well-informed Spaniard. The process of smelting the copper ore is here carried on in a very superior manner, and the bars sent from these works are valued, on account of their purity, considerably higher than those of any other mine.

We quote the following remarks on the condor:—

"About two leagues from Nantoco, we perceived in the road before us a dead mule, which was instantly attacked by ten of the large vultures called condor. We immediately alighted and went up to them with a double-barrel gun. They very quietly suffered us to come up till we were within 200 paces of them, when one after the other hopped off and took their station at some distance in a semicircle, watching us closely, and retreating a little at every step we advanced. Only one of them remained with the prey, on which he placed his claw, every now and then turning his head to observe us. We fired at him just as he was about to rise; the ball hit his side; he flapped his wings violently, ran forwards and rose a little. We then fired the shot from the second barrel, which lodged under his wing; he made another effort, expanded his wings, and flew away with the rest. We never again met with this species of condor; they were certainly above four feet high; nearly the whole of their body of a grayish brown, their back quite white, and a yellowish white ruff round the throat. We saw the black condor with the white back in great numbers on the summit of the volcano of Maipú, and we may almost certainly affirm that the vultures we had just seen are a totally distinct and much larger species of the same genus. Molina remarks that the word condor is of Peruvian origin, and that it signifies very large and different kinds of



vultures. Hamilton saw condors five feet high, whose legs were as thick as a man's wrist. Their iris was of a dark brown, while that of the vulture gryphus, *Humb.*, was yellow. From all this it seems probable that there exists other and larger species of the condor than those with which we are acquainted. The usual manner of catching this king of birds is by placing some dead animal near to a spot where a person lies in wait for them. From the great rapidity with which we were obliged to travel, we were unable to pursue this method, and we never succeeded in shooting any of them. Though much has been fabled about the condor, we think Vidaure's account very probable. He says that the peasants inclose a narrow space with a paling, into which they throw some dead animal. The vultures instantly pounce down upon it, and when they have consumed their prey, find themselves unable to get out of the paling, as there is not room for them to spread their wings; we have ourselves seen that they require a clear space of from six to ten paces to run before they can rise. The peasants then come up and kill them with clubs. It is said that the condor is sometimes taken alive by a man concealing himself under an ox-hide, and holding him down by his feet till others come up to his assistance. It is affirmed, even by credible writers, that large flights of condors will attack horned cattle, and begin by tearing out their eyes, that they may have them more in their power. Now this story is very improbable, though it nearly approaches the truth. We ourselves saw a mule which had fallen down from exhaustion, and been left behind by the *tropa*. While yet alive, it was attacked by a large flock of the urubu; they had already pulled out one of its eyes, and begun to tear out its intestines, but retreated four or five paces whenever the animal rallied its remaining strength and attempted to struggle; they then immediately resumed their onset till the poor beast was finally overcome."

The inhabitants of this country seem to have their thoughts entirely engrossed by mines and mining. If they hear of a beautiful country, they at once conclude that it abounds in mines. At this time, however, they had another subject of discussion, namely, the approach of the comet, at which they were greatly alarmed, and put many questions to our travellers, who tried, but in vain, to allay their fears, as they relied on the authority of a countryman of Don Alejandro's (meaning Baron Von Humboldt,) who had predicted the coming of this dangerous visitor.

In the houses of the people of Copiapó there is a singular mixture of luxury and poverty.

"We saw," says Dr. Meyen, "in the house of a gentleman, a piano worth at least a thousand piastres, and which, according to the taste of the country, was nearly covered with gilt bronze. There were several tables, each worth five or six ounces of gold, and a watch worth 500 piastres. In one corner of the room the senora was lying on the carpet, resting her arms on the sofa; close to her stood an enormous chafing dish, for lighting cigars and warming the Paraguay tea, while a little child, covered with rags, was tumbling about in the dirt, to the great amusement of the senora. A variety of large silver plates, dishes, and other utensils, are very common, being comparatively much cheaper than porcelain, the conveyance of which, on the

backs of mules, is very hazardous and difficult; besides which, it is constantly liable to be broken by the frequent earthquakes. There is, on the other hand, a lamentable deficiency of the most common articles, such as cups, glasses, spoons, knives, &c. Looking glasses are amongst the greatest rarities."

The account of a breakfast at Ramadilla, to which they are invited, is rather amusing.

"The Englishman, our companion, was our hosts' amigo, and had announced our arrival to him two days before. We had been very much exhausted by the fatigues of the preceding night, and were longing for some refreshment. After a good deal of conversation, it seemed to occur to our host that we might be hungry, and he said very coolly to his servant Lorenzo, 'Bring a fowl.' In about a quarter of an hour Lorenzo returned, saying there was none to be had. 'What! villain,' said the master, 'no fowl?' We helped the poor man out of his embarrassment by offering him the meat we had brought with us for roasting. When it was served, our host partook of it very heartily, and added a water-melon to our roast. He asked whether we would like to take wine, as in that case he would immediately send to fetch some, but that no wine could be obtained within a league of his house. At dinner there were only two plates between three persons; Lorenzo was summoned to procure one, but he returned after ten minutes search and said, '*No hay, Senor.*' There was the same ceremony to obtain a knife, and afterwards another water-melon; but '*No hay!*' was the invariable reply. All this conversation between the master and the servant was carried on with so much gravity that we found it extremely difficult to keep our countenance; and yet this gentleman is an extensive mine-owner, and employs fifty men in his works. There was besides no lack of gold, for he offered to purchase our guns for 34 and 36 piastres, for which we had paid only 18 and 22 dollars in Germany."

On their return to Copiapó the travellers learned that their vessel was to sail in a few days; they therefore hastened to the port, and on the 20th of March left the coast of Chili, the Italy of South America. On the 20th they anchored at Arica, a small and wretched looking town, which has suffered severely from repeated earthquakes; yet it is one of the most important ports of the whole west coast, because nearly all south Peru, the environs of Lake Titicaca, and Bolivia, are supplied from this place with European manufactures. It is, however, a mere harbor for the importation of merchandise, where the merchants residing at Tacna have their agents and warehouses. For this latter place Captain Wendt set out on the 28th, by land.

"Among the curiosities of Tacna are the specimens of virgin copper, on the surface of which it was here and there crystallized in perfect cubes. Mr. Bolten, the merchant to whom our vessel was addressed, was the owner of these specimens, but would not part with them on any terms. This virgin copper occurs in almost incredible masses in the Cordillera of Bolivia; it is found near Corocucro, about 20 leagues from La Paz. The small speci-



mens which we saw of this copper were covered with carbonate of copper; yet, in the melting, 16 ounces produced above 14 ounces of quite pure copper. An attempt was soon to be made to transport this copper down the mountains; but, although it is nearly pure, it does not seem to promise any, or, at most, but a very small profit; for it is far up the mountains, at a distance of seven days' journey from the coast, so that the expenses of carriage on the backs of mules might probably exceed the worth of the metal: about 150,000 quintals of this copper have been detached, and are lying ready for removal."

Mr. Bolten having determined that the ship should stop a fortnight at Arica and then proceed to Islay, Dr. Meyen resolved to take a journey over the western chain of the Cordilleras to the Lake Puno, and then return by way of Arequipa to Port Islay. Captain Wendt exerted himself to facilitate this plan, but the obstacles were so numerous, and the expense so enormous, that they were on the point of giving up their intention. They however set out on the 31st of March, and in the vicinity of Palca observed some remarkable buildings, of which the following is an account.

"The square towers which occur in this neighborhood are particularly curious. They are about 20 feet high, eight broad, and built entirely of unburnt bricks. Bands of metal are occasionally inserted to give them greater firmness. One of these obelisks was damaged at its base, which enabled us to discover that it was not hollow, but quite filled up. On questioning the country-people about these buildings, they merely said, 'they are of the times of the kings,' that is, of the incas. In the immediate vicinity of Palca we counted seven of these obelisks, three of which stand almost close together. As they have not been painted, the natural color of the clay gives them a very sombre and dreary appearance. Others call these obelisks Casas del Rey, by which is now understood any sort of building which affords the traveller protection against the scorching rays of the sun. These obelisks, however, can afford shade only in the morning and evening, and must therefore have been erected for a very different purpose. It is rather singular that no mention should have been made of these buildings in any of the modern works on Peru. We met with them also in some other places, in the vicinity of Puno for instance, which led us to a conjecture respecting their real destination. It is well known that under Yupangui, the inca, a rebellion broke out among the original inhabitants of the province of Callao. Herrera says that the inca, tired of the incessant wars, sent his son, the Inca Topa, to suppress the rebellion, in which he very soon succeeded, and, in commemoration of his victories, Inca Topa erected large masses of stone—'*bultas de piedra*'—and other magnificent buildings; and we are much inclined to consider these obelisks as the *bultas de piedra* of Herrera."

The road from Palca to the Lake of Puno, or Titicaca, lay through an interesting country, which, after passing San Francisco de Anqual, the travellers found to be rich and well cultivated. Everywhere they saw herds of llamas, swine, sheep, asses, horses, mules, and

even oxen, and were delighted to find, for the first time, agriculture resembling that of Europe in an oasis surrounded by chains of barren mountains covered with snow. Their prosecution of the journey to the Rio Slave, the pretty villa Acora, the town of Chuquito, with its magnificent church and handsome market-place, gave them much pleasure. The country from Chuquito (sometimes spelt Chucuito) resembled a flower-garden. All the slopes of the neighboring mountains were covered with rich vegetation, "and there is little doubt," says Dr. Meyen, "that countless treasures, which we were obliged to pass, were buried here." It is remarkable that all the flowers were yellow. The party were much pleased with the environs of the lake, and were desirous of making some stay at Puno; but, the merchant at Tacna having neglected to give them letters of recommendation, they were treated with great neglect and even rudeness. No lodging could be obtained but a stable, from which the asses and llamas were removed to make room for them; nay, Dr. Meyen was even taken for a spy, and brought before the police as a coiner, because he offered a piece of gold coin of the republican government which had a flaw in it. He therefore left Puno, after one day's stay only, to return to the ship.

On the 9th of April, Dr. Meyen left Puno in no very good humor, to proceed to Arequipa over the pass called Altos de Toledo, which he was assured would not be very fatiguing, but the result proved the inaccuracy of this information. On the tops of the mountains inclosing the valley through which the travellers passed to reach the Rio Jussecano, there are many obelisks like those near Palca. The journey to Arequipa lay through a country the geological features of which were very interesting: the district about Tambo, where they passed a night, would, if carefully explored, furnish abundant treasures in all the branches of Natural History; but any one who would wish to examine the country, ought to take with him a sufficient stock of provisions. When they reached the Altos de Toledo, which pass, according to Messrs. Rivero and Pentland, is 15,530 English feet above the level of the sea, they found the climate very cold; in the morning the whole plain and the neighboring mountains, as far as the eye could reach, were covered with ice and hoar-frost, in consequence of a thick fog, which falls daily at sunset, and which obscures the air to such a degree that the postilion was obliged, in the night, to



grope the way with his hands. Besides this there was nothing to eat; fortunately there was a large building, where a hundred travellers might have passed the night and found shelter from the cold.

On arriving, on the 13th of April, at Arequipa, they learned with much surprise that the Princess Louise had not yet arrived in Port Islay. This circumstance, however, enabled the Doctor not only to arrange his collections of plants and minerals, which had increased very considerably, but also to make an excursion to the volcano of Arequipa. The party suffered severely from fatigue, and when nearly at the summit were completely exhausted by the attack of a peculiar disorder, called the *sorocho*; a difficulty of respiration was succeeded by vertigo, nausea, vomiting, and even bleeding at the nose, which obliged them to lie down on the ground for a considerable time, till they had recovered sufficient strength slowly to descend the mountain. They nevertheless brought away a rich collection of volcanic productions, and also some rare and very beautiful plants. On the 21st, Dr. Meyen returned to Arequipa, arranged his new collections, and on the 22d left this beautiful city, much regretting that a German merchant to whom he had letters of recommendation was absent, so that he had not had the opportunity of mixing with the higher classes, whose hospitality and kindness are spoken of in the highest terms by all travellers.

Dr. Meyen mentions that he "saw in the cathedral at Arequipa a tablet, with an inscription recording the visit of Malaspina and his companions. The persons engaged in that celebrated voyage of discovery remained for a considerable time at Arequipa, and some of them ascended the volcano and made various researches, concerning which unfortunately very little has been made known."

We participate the more fully in the regret expressed by Dr. Meyen, as we have ourselves seen here in London the MS. narrative (in Spanish) of that highly interesting and important expedition, as well as the numerous very large and magnificent original drawings illustrative of it. We may also take this opportunity of stating that we have likewise had in our hands the original MS. of the personal narrative of the celebrated travellers Ruiz and Pavon during sixteen years' residence in Chili and Peru. Two volumes of the *Flora Peruviana* are, we believe, all that has ever been published of the results of the expedition of these eminent botanists;

an expedition which cost the Spanish government 100,000*l.* sterling. They explored parts of the country which have not been visited by any subsequent travellers, and the publication of their MS., as well as that of Malaspina's expedition, would be most welcome to all lovers of science.

After leaving Arequipa, and crossing the Pampa or plain, there are two chains of mountains—the Alto Primero and Alto Segundo. It is not easy to fancy anything more monotonous than this last tract: not a blade of grass, not a bird, not an insect, is to be seen—nothing but the skeletons of the mules that have sunk under their burdens in this dreary desert. Here and there indeed a solitary splendid cactus looks like an apparition on the blackened declivities:—

"The *cactus candelaris*, which we first saw in the Cordillera of Taena, is occasionally seen here. Its habitat seems to be very accurately limited to the elevation of from 7,000 to 9,000 feet. But close to it is another *cereus* which surpasses it in beauty—it is octangular, and attains the height of from twenty to twenty-five feet; on the edges are hard protuberances, at regular intervals, from which grow the bundles of thorns and long white blossoms. There is not a more beautiful form of this remarkable family—we called it *Cactus Arequipensis*."

In this deserted spot there is however at Tambo a post-house and a very good inn, where every thing is indeed very dear, but, as Dr. Meyen observes, this is not to be wondered at, as this Tambo (Tambo means an inn on the road) is situated in a spot cut off from all resources by sandy deserts and chains of mountains, so that the stock of provisions, &c., cannot be kept up but at a very great expense. The inn has been erected here because there is a small spring, which waters some fields planted with lucerne and melons. The dwelling-house is divided into many apartments. Our travellers arrived at midnight, and had immediately a very good supper, a thing which had never before happened to them in Chili or Peru. Having allowed three hours to refresh themselves and their horses—they left the inn to cross the Pampa, of which the following account is highly interesting:—

"The Pampa Grande, which separates the promontory of the Cordilleras from the mountain-chain, and runs along the coast, is an immense desert of sand, throughout of equal elevation, stretching from south to east and from north to west, without a rock or the trace of a living being. On the western borders of the desert, close to Tambo, there still occurs some of the *trachyte* which is found at Arequipa, but further on we meet with nothing but sand. Monotonous as this desert may appear, we did not, in the whole course of our journey, visit any tract that interested us more. On descending into the plain,



which is about 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, the whole chain of the Cordillera lay stretched towards the east, with its extreme tops veiled in fleecy clouds. The rising sun now gradually illumined the loftier summits, whose eternal mantle of snow glowed with a bright roseate light, while we were still immersed in profound obscurity. As the sun rose, it lighted up the western edge of the Great Pampa, in which we were pursuing our journey; clouds of mist came in view resembling an ocean, for which in fact we at first took them; from them arose chains of lofty mountains with steep summits. This phenomenon was so singular that we conceived that we must have approached the ocean, and that we beheld the reflection of the ranges of the Cordillera, which lay to the eastward. But, as the sun rose above the horizon of the Cordillera, the strata of vapor gradually ascended; the bases of the mountains became visible; their summits vanished, and we at length saw uninterrupted chains of mountains, which extended along the coast and formed the boundary of the great Pampa in the West.

"But the surface of this sandy waste is still more remarkable, and, probably, without a parallel; the sand is formed by the action of the wind into large heaps, of the most perfect falciform shape; which are situated at various distances, having their concave side turned invariably to the north west. The span of these falciform arches is from twenty to seventy paces, and their elevation from seven to fifteen feet. Their slope on the external convex side is very inconsiderable, while on their inner concave side it is from seventy-five to eighty degrees. The external surface is undulated: sometimes two or three of these heaps stand close together, so that they have become united at their extremities. Thousands and thousands of these mounds cover the plain as far as the eye can reach, and what is very remarkable, we no where see a small hill, indicating the commencement of such a mound. Their invariable direction is north-west, except in the middle of the Pampa; here there is a tract of from one hundred to two hundred paces in length, where these circles gradually turn, and then open direct to the west: after this they again assume their old inclination. There can be no doubt that winds prevailing constantly in the same quarter have occasioned this remarkable phenomenon. The direction of this wind would be determined by the form of the plain, and its similar enclosure on both sides, and the formation of new mounds would cease, so soon as all the loose sand on the surface had been blown together. The sand, which now covers the plain, is much coarser, and not so easily set in motion, but at all events, the fact that no new heaps of sand are now formed demands particular attention. May the climate have changed, and the wind, which caused this formation, have ceased? We do not think so; but it would be very desirable to obtain more information respecting the prevailing wind of this Pampa.

"We crossed it at night and early in the morning, in order to escape the unpleasant effects of the reflected rays of the sun. At this time there was a complete calm, but, in the afternoon, when the plain has attained a higher degree of heat, and the cold air rushes down from the summits of the Cordilleras, a strong wind may prevail. At what time may these mounds have been formed? This question cannot be answered—but they are, probably, the monuments of centuries. It is singular that all the old Spanish authors who have written concerning this country are silent on the subject. General Miller is the only person who briefly mentions them. He says that, notwithstanding the various sizes of these heaps, they are invariably of the same form, till they approach the mountains, where they assume some irregularities, and terminate abruptly. There

is a sandy waste between Payta and Piura, which is covered with similar mounds. There is an important passage in the Memoirs of General Miller, in which he says that, on the road between Arequipa and Yaramba, clouds of dust rise to the height of an hundred feet; all around, these clouds are seen floating about in one direction; they sometimes overtake the traveller, but, as they are only a few minutes in passing, it is very easy to avoid them, by galloping round them."

On the 23d of April, the travellers reached Islay, the new harbor of the province of Arequipa, which was first opened in 1827. Here they found the Princess Louise, which sailed on the 26th.

"Our passage to Callao was very agreeable. Already on the evening of the fourth day, we reached the island of San Lorenzo. The wind was favorable, and the moon shone so brightly that the Captain was able to run the same night into port, where we cast anchor at four o'clock in the morning. At day-break we hastened on deck to enjoy the long-wished-for prospect of this fine harbor. We are unable to picture the beauties of the scene, which at this instant arose upon our sight. The extensive harbor was covered with strata of mist, which were just sinking, and permitted a partial view of the hills of the distant coasts. A forest of masts concealed the city, with its magnificent castles, which fill so important a place in the modern history of this country. Nothing can exceed the clearness of the water, and the undisturbed quiet of its surface, which reflected with wonderful fidelity the splendid vessels riding on its bosom. Only the splashing of the oars of the little barks, which hastened with fresh provisions to the foreign ships, broke the delicious repose of the scene, on which the effect of light and shade was truly tropical. At the further parts of the harbor, round the whole island of San Lorenzo, as well as on the opposite sides, the heavens were still wrapped in profound obscurity; flocks of millions and millions of birds, extending miles in length, were rising from their retreats, and hovering over the clear waters of the ocean. These remarkable flights of birds are composed of sea-gulls, cormorants, and pelicans, whose numbers it is not possible even to guess at. Small flocks of penguins approached the ship, and then again flew off with the rapidity of lightning. Among them we saw the *Spheniscus Humboldti*, a new species. Salutes were now fired from the many ships of war, the flags were hoisted, and from the Castell de la Independencia they were seen floating in the air, while the wind wafted towards us strains of music from the North American ships of war. They had on board guests of distinction, who had been vanquished in the repeated struggles of factions, and had sought safety here."

The city of Lima has been so often described by recent travellers of our own country, as well as of other nations, that it was not to be expected that our author could collect much new information during his short stay. Dr. Meyen accordingly limits his observations to a few pages, which are chiefly filled with statistical details, and a series of meteorological observations, from the 4th to the 18th of May. Speaking of the public library, he says, that he was much surprised to find in it Spanish translations of most of the accounts of voyages and travels, published



in the English, German and French languages. Among the rare articles relative to natural history, there are the MSS. of scientific expeditions performed by order of the Viceroy. The establishment had suffered much during the revolution, when it was left without any person to take care of it; and it is said that foreigners took advantage of this circumstance, and obtained many of the most valuable works, which they carried to Europe. We do not know how far this may be true, but a Captain in the merchant service informed us that he had agreed for the purchase of the whole library, but one of the changes in the government, which are so frequent and sudden, prevented the completion of the bargain.

"The Botanic Garden," says Dr. Meyen, "exists only in name, and we should certainly never have found it, had it not been so accurately laid down in the plan of the city, made by the Spaniards. The entrance to it is through the Hospital de San Andrés, but it has long since been sold, and converted into an ordinary private garden. We found in it nothing but some large plantations of banana, some cheremoya, and orange trees. Only two rare shrubs had survived; they are considered poisonous, and belong to the family of the Asclepiades. The Museum of Natural History and Antiquities, now called the Museo nacional y Latino, is in the general tribunal de la Minería. The income assigned to the institution for the year 1831 was 2,760 piastres, but it appeared to us as if it did nothing more than pay the salary of the two officers. The greater part of the objects in this collection were, formerly, the private property of Mr. Rivero, who had been director-general of the administration of the mines in Peru; he was banished from Lima by political intrigues, and the government took possession of his collection, with the promise to pay for it: the banishment has expired, but Mr. Rivero has received neither his collection nor the money. The thing most to be regretted is, that these curiosities are getting quite spoilt, since not the least care is taken to preserve them."

"Four Peruvian mummies are placed in the corners of the museum; they are similar to the two specimens which we brought home with us, and which are now in the Anatomical Museum at Berlin: they are considered as very great curiosities in Peru, and fetch high prices. The collection of Peruvian idols of gold and copper is very remarkable; it contains, among others, those of which Mr. Rivero has given descriptions and drawings in his 'Memorial de Ciencias Naturales.' These figures are very curious, for they have not been cast in the mould, but formed with the hammer. Mr. Rivero has still in his possession a large number of objects wrought in gold, and we may expect a treatise on this subject, illustrated by above a hundred drawings. Among the large collection of vases found in the tombs of the ancient Peruvians, are some of extremely singular forms.—There are likewise some sculptures wrought in a hard stone, but of rude workmanship. The ancient weapons are of copper, and some of exquisite manufacture. One of the great treasures of the collection is a rich cabinet of petrifications, from a recent formation at Pasco, which abounds in curiosities. Besides these, there is a miscellaneous assemblage of silver ores from Pasco, and of the principal birds of the country."

On the 21st of May, the Princess Louise left Callao to cross the Pacific to the Sandwich Islands. The sun was set; the port officers had left the ship, and the anchor was weighed, when the boat of a North American frigate, lying in the harbor, brought a visiter, who proved to be no other than General Miller, Commander-in-chief of the Peruvian army, who is so well known by his military exploits and his work on Peru. In consequence of the late revolution directed against the government of the vice-president La Fuente, General Miller had taken refuge on board the American frigate, and remained there till the departure of the Princess Louise, when he came and asked to be conveyed to the Sandwich Islands. The voyage was extremely favorable, and on the 22d of June, they descried the Mouna Roa, the volcano in Owhyee. On the 24th, they reached the harbor of Honoruru, where they cast anchor in fifteen fathoms.

They had scarcely cast anchor when several merchants came on board and saluted them as old acquaintance, Captain Wendt having been to these islands in the same vessel on a former voyage. Soon afterwards they were visited by Kuakine, well known by the name of John Adams, at that time Governor of Oahoo, to whom Captain Wendt announced that the King of Prussia had sent a great number of presents to the King of the Sandwich Islands, which were on board. Kuakine made scarcely any reply, and soon afterwards left the ship. They were greatly surprised that, instead of being welcomed by numerous canoes and parties of natives swimming round their vessel, as happened to preceding navigators, only a single canoe, with two men on board, appeared, and these they were obliged to hail several times before they would approach. They offered cocoa-nuts and water-melons for sale, but instead of being content with a few nails and bits of iron, they asked very high prices, and would take nothing but Spanish dollars. "We knew nothing," says Dr. Meyen, "of the conduct of the missionaries who then oppressed those islands, but could infer from the extraordinary dearness of provisions that some great change must have taken place."—About an hour and a half after the governor's departure, the flag of the Sandwich Islands having been hoisted on the fort, was saluted by seventeen guns from the ship, which was answered by an equal number from the fort. Captain Wendt and Dr. Meyen then landed, and were received with great joy by the natives, who



crowded round them. They learned from the governor, that the young king was in the country, but had been sent for. We extract the following interesting particulars relating to these islands:—

“We spent the afternoon in looking at the town of Honoruru, and got a Spanish merchant, who is settled there, to introduce us to the celebrated missionary, Bingham, to whom we had letters. On our way to his house, we witnessed a sight which very much tended to lessen the missionaries in our estimation, for we saw two of their wives taking an airing in a small carriage drawn by natives. To many of our readers, it may perhaps appear somewhat irrelevant, if in the course of the narrative we bring forward particulars, which seem to bear more immediately on the private life of the missionaries. It however seemed to us necessary to collect facts of this nature, in order that the public might be the better able to judge of the character of these men. The missionaries in the South Seas cease to be private individuals; they have fixed the attention of the whole civilized world, which holds them responsible for their actions. The Sandwich Island missionaries are natives of North America, and it is against them alone that the severe censures from all quarters have been directed. They have undermined the prosperity of the country instead of promoting it: they have banished hospitality, one of the most attractive qualities of these children of nature, expelled mirth and joyousness from these happy isles, and introduced in its stead, a religion of which the natives have no distinct notion. Men have come forward—and singularly enough, in places the most remote from these scenes of action—men who were, of all others, least acquainted with what had been previously written on this subject, and who yet defended, with the utmost zeal, the conduct of the missionaries in the Sandwich Islands. We should enter more into detail were that man still among us, who most warmly defended these missionaries; but he is dead, and is no longer able to vindicate himself. He engaged ardently in the contest, because he fancied that the world in general was raising an opposition to the noble work of missions, and did not seem able to comprehend how individual members of this extensive body might fail in the attainment of their object by the adoption of mistaken measures.

“On arriving at Mr. Bingham's house, we found in him the proud ecclesiastic, who is conscious of possessing temporal as well as spiritual authority, and who, in the feeling of his own consequence, neglects the usual forms of social politeness. Mr. Bingham, however, invited us to visit him whenever we felt so disposed; and the surgeon of the mission immediately offered to accompany us in our excursions into the interior of the island; offers which, however, we declined, partly not to lay ourselves under obligations, which would only have taken up our time, and chiefly that we might be able to form for ourselves an opinion of the state of the island unbiassed by the missionaries.

“Kauike-Aouli, the young king, returned to his residence the same evening, and went immediately to Mr. Bingham, to consult with him. General Miller had left the Princess before us, to take a ride into the interior, and on his return to Honoruru, had met Kauike-Aouli, to whom he was introduced. The young monarch immediately inquired about the presents which we had brought for him, asked whether we had a sword, and was quite overjoyed when told that we had. On his return from Mr. Bingham, he sent one of his attendants to inform us that he was ready to receive the letter from the King of Prussia; upon which Captain Wendt and myself, accompanied by a North American merchant, who

was to act as our interpreter, repaired to the dwelling of Kauike-Aouli.

“It was a magnificent tropical night, lightened by a clear bright moon, and an innumerable host of stars twinkling in the dark blue sky, when the young king granted us his first audience. In a large open space, in front of the king's house, were two small and prettily ornamented Indian huts, belonging to Kaahumana, the queen-mother, and last surviving wife of Tamameah, before which were stationed several hundred natives, belonging to the royal household. At the door of one of these huts stood Kauike-Aouli, and before him, seated on fine mats, were the aged queen-mother and the four surviving widows of Riho-Riho, brother to the present king, who died in London. Kauike-Aouli, (who has since been crowned King of the Sandwich Islands, by the name of Tamameah III.) is about 17 years of age, and of middle stature. His face is frightfully disfigured by the small-pox, and so bloated and deeply copper-colored, from the constant and early use of strong and highly-spiced liquors, that it would be scarcely possible to find among us a more decidedly ugly person. Neither his age, his language, nor his behavior, during our stay at Oahoo, bespoke any of that energy of character which obtained for his father such extensive authority. He was dressed in a white shirt and pantaloons, a colored waistcoat, and a white straw hat, which he took off on receiving us, and laid in it the letter from the King of Prussia, which Captain Wendt presented to him. During the whole of the audience, he remained standing in the same place. Though he speaks a little English, the conversation was carried on through an interpreter, and one of his first inquiries was about the presents. On hearing that we had also brought some for his wife, in case he were married, he immediately turned to his attendants, saying, it was high time for him to be married, since even his friend, the King of Prussia, wished it. He at the same time begged that we would say nothing about these presents, since it would excite a jealousy among the ladies of his acquaintance.

“During this conversation, one of the attendants, who was sitting at the king's feet, begged that I would let him look at my large Peruvian hat, made of Vicuña wool, which I was holding in my hand. He instantly put it on, which excited the loud laughter and jokes of the other Indians. Within the hut, before which the king was standing, there were several females of gigantic stature, who were lying at full length upon fine mats, and showed great curiosity to see us.

“We were next introduced to the queen-mother, Kaahumana, who was in a kneeling attitude on a mat by herself, and wrapped in a gay-colored Chinese coverlet, which was so closely drawn around her that we could only now and then catch a glimpse of her face. At the first sight of the enormous figure of Kaahumana, kneeling under the gaudy coverlet, in the full light of the moon, we were so taken by surprise, that we did not at first know what to make of it; we took her for some idol, till she, with much kindness, extended her hand, saying repeatedly, ‘My queen, my queen!’ at the same time pointing to herself. Perhaps she wished to give us to understand, that she was the queen and lawful sovereign of the Sandwich Islands, and not her step-son, Kauike-Aouli, who only bore the name. Thus ended our first audience. It was agreed that the presents should be publicly delivered on the following day in the king's own residence, and we, at the same time, received permission to visit any part of the island.

“On the morning of the 25th of June, the presents were landed and conveyed on small two-wheeled carriages to the house of the king, where he had assembled his court to receive the gifts of his majesty



the king of Prussia. On entering the court-yard, the guards presented arms; they were dressed in the uniform of English sailors; otherwise the soldiers of the Sandwich Islands have no clothing whatever, excepting the marro and a piece of linen hanging down from the shoulder. In the house we found all the chief men of the state assembled; they were standing, like so many statues, leaning against the walls of the apartment. The king and John Adams, the governor, were seated on a bench, and invited us to sit down on that which was placed opposite. Nearly all the foreign merchants of Oahoo were present on the occasion. The young king shook hands with every one on entering, and there was a general salutation 'Good morrow, king! good morrow, king!' Kauike-Aouli was dressed in white pantaloons, a black jacket trimmed with braid, and a colored waistcoat and handkerchief; but the ungainly figure of the governor was enveloped in a sort of blue frock hanging down to the ground, and ornamented with buttons bearing the stamp of an anchor.

"The residence of the king is built in the fashion of the Indian huts, but is quite a palace compared with them in point of size; though, placed by the side of the houses of the merchants, and particularly of the missionaries at Hononuru, it is a mere barn. It is about 140 feet long, of which the first 120 feet form one entire apartment, down the centre of which are placed the pillars that support the beams of the roof. These pillars, as well as those along the walls, are made of trunks of the cocoa-nut tree, covered with long reeds, which are interwoven with grasses, and particularly with the stalks of various beautiful ferns. The space at the end of the house is partitioned off by colored curtains. It has on each side two small chambers, and a large one in the centre. These small apartments serve as sleeping and dressing rooms; they are furnished with large heaps of fine mats, from fifteen to twenty piled upon one another, the upper one being always finer than the one below it—and they form a very soft couch. The centre apartment contains two portraits in broad gold frames, one of the present king, and the other of the queen who died in London. There is also a picture representing the Meeting of the Congress at Washington. The saloon in which the court was held was without any ornament; the floor was covered with fine mats, and the furniture consisted of a large oval table of polished wood, two japanned benches with backs, a side table with water standing on it, and a few wooden chairs.

"Immediately on our arrival, the ladies of the family made their appearance. The old queen-mother walked in first with very measured steps, followed by Kinau, Kekau-Ruohi, and Kekau-Onohi, sisters-in-law of Kauike-Aouli, and widows of Riho-Riho. There was also a niece of the deceased prime minister Karaimoku, well known by the name of William Pitt, and Madame Boki, wife of the unfortunate governor of Oahoo, who had accompanied King Riho-Riho to London. On entering, the ladies held out their hands to us, and the aged Kaahumana conducted herself with much propriety of manner. All the ladies wore full silk dresses, called mission shirts, drawn close at the neck, black silk shoes and stockings, and their hair was very tastefully ornamented with the beautiful flowers of the *Edwardsia Chrysophylla*, which has been introduced from Otaheite; the queen-mother had on a straw hat decorated with flowers and feathers of rather ancient date. After the ladies had taken their seats, the king desired the presents to be brought, and the attendants of the queens retired to the back part of the saloon.

"When the chests were opened, Captain Wendt and myself endeavored to arrange the articles so as to produce the greatest effect. The assembly loudly

expressed their surprise at the number of the presents, but the king, sitting on his bench, behaved with so much indifferent coolness, that we soon perceived it was studied. The statues of cast iron, among which were those of Frederic II., Alexander I., Napoleon, Blucher, &c., excited their lively admiration, and the king had them brought to him that he might examine them more closely. The decorations of a military uniform, the hat and plume, and above all the handsome sword, seemed to give him great pleasure. A rich saddle was immediately put upon a horse, and called forth their applause; but, above all, they were delighted with the beautiful portraits of the King of Prussia and Prince Blucher, which Kauike-Aouli had once expressed a wish to see. Drawings of the various uniforms of the Prussian army were handed about the assembly with evident astonishment and loud remarks. Among the presents which had been intended for the wife of the king, there was an elegant bonnet, decorated with flowers: it instantly caught the eye of the young queen, Kinau, who, in spite of her gigantic size, really possesses some attractions. She put on the bonnet, and was much admired in it. The trinkets also seemed to please this lady very much, and she expressed a wish to try them on, a ceremony which threw us into some embarrassment, as the necklace and bracelets, though made of unusual dimensions, would not fit. It was not till after very great trouble that we at length succeeded in claspings the necklace, by tightly squeezing her royal neck; and yet this lady, compared with the others, is by no means large, but rather of a slim and delicate make.

"The king was requested to put on the uniform, which he immediately did in the ante-room, with the aid of his secretary, Halilei; when all at once there was a cry 'The missionaries are coming!' upon which he instantly pulled it off. When he returned into the saloon dressed in the uniform, and perceived his sister-in-law, Kinau, ornamented with the trinkets, he desired her to take them off, as they were not intended for her, and she should not have any of them. The lady instantly obeyed with a very good grace. The fine linen, the silks, toilettes, and various other articles, excited the envy of the ladies, as the king kept everything to himself. During the whole time that these presents were being delivered, the queen-mother sat silent and melancholy. She could with difficulty conceal her envy, and therefore feigned indisposition, and two attendants who sat beside her were constantly employed in fanning her. A stick, with a mouth harmonica, which we had brought for John Adams, pleased the old lady so much that she instantly laid hands on it, and in the midst of the assembly made an essay of her musical powers.

"When our business was concluded we took leave—the day was extremely hot, and, as we had been occupied above four hours in delivering the presents, we felt much exhausted. Some foreign merchants, who were settled there, gave the king to understand that he should offer us some refreshment, upon which he replied that the missionaries had forbidden it. Our presents made great impression upon the king and his chief men: although the former was very measured and studied in his behavior, and had evidently been instructed beforehand by the missionaries, he yet expressed himself to the English merchants as being much ashamed, that he had sent to his majesty the King of Prussia so trifling a gift as a feather cloak, while he had received so many things which he could never repay. It is rather curious that, notwithstanding the frequent presents which the English have sent to the Sandwich Islands, they have never been equal in value to those which we had the honor to present.

"The occasion of these presents from our monarch to the ruler of the Sandwich Islands, was in conse-



quence of the first visit of the Louise to Honoruru, when Kauike-Aouli, who had heard much about the achievements of the Prussians during the war against Napoleon, became so enthusiastic in his admiration of Prince Blucher, that he longed, if it were possible, to see his portrait. He sent the King of Prussia a colored feather mantle, accompanied by a letter, in which he set forth the great value of the present, it having been worn by Tamameah I., in the battles which secured to him the possession of the Sandwich Islands."

After this interview, our author set out on an expedition into the interior, accompanied by Dr. Ruck, an English physician, settled at Honoruru. In this excursion, they had occasion to admire the richness and variety of the vegetation, and made large additions to their collections.

"We had already been long wandering about in the dark, when the continued rain, which began soon after sunset, incommoded us extremely, and we at length reached the large building which had been assigned for our night's quarters. The house belonged to Madame Boki, who offered us the use of it. It served as a sort of winter palace for Madame Boki, as well as for the royal family, into which they could retreat, when it was too hot in the plains. The temperature here was extremely agreeable, although the house was not above 600 or 700 feet above the level of the sea. During our stay there, the thermometer never rose above 17° R. There is an uncommonly interesting prospect from this spot. The whole valley, at the opening of which the town of Honoruru lies, and which is clothed with the most luxuriant vegetation, and the loveliest tints of verdure, gradually slopes towards the sea, the shores of which are covered on the one side with plantations of cocoa and palms, and, on the other, with many hundred scattered huts and houses of the town, and the inclosures of the royal fish-ponds. On either hand of the valley rise steep walls of rock, often from 800 to 1000 feet high, clothed with beautiful plants, and having here and there a small cascade.

"Madame Boki had given orders to the inhabitants of the smaller huts, in the vicinity, to pay every attention to our people; in consequence of which we received in the evening, soon after our arrival, a very large calabash, filled with poi, which the people devoured with great avidity.

"On the following morning, we started to continue our excursion, but a heavy rain set in, which drenched us so thoroughly that we were obliged to return to our dwelling. We expressed a wish to have a warm breakfast, for the temperature (16, 8° R.) was very chilly; but, we were not a little surprised, when the people told us that this being Sunday, the use of all hot food was tabooed, a regulation on which the missionaries strenuously insisted. This was the most ludicrous thing that could have happened to us in this romantic spot of nature. I immediately took some wood, lighted a fire, and made coffee. As soon as the Indians saw the fire blazing, they set up a loud shout, fetched more wood, and forgot all about the taboo; they even kept blaming the missionaries, especially because they should get nothing for their dinner that day but dry taro, which they did not like as well as the poi. The observance of Sunday, as established by the missionaries, is very rigid: till sunset, every sort of amusement is prohibited, and the people are compelled to repair twice a day to church; even a walk or a ride is interdicted; and this prohibition has lately been enforced with the utmost rigor against strangers: their horses have been taken away from them, and they have been

condemned to a fine of 100 piastres. Our friend, Captain Wendt, intended to have ridden up to-day, to accompany us in our excursion; but, on repairing to the governor, and asking permission to ride up to join us, which, as a stranger, he might very easily have granted him, this request was refused. The use of warm food, and, in fact, even the lighting of a fire is entirely prohibited on a Sunday; and this law affects especially the poor Indian, who has but a small choice of food; the rich can do better with cold meats, as these are, in that case, prepared with the greater delicacy."

Early next morning, the party prosecuted their excursion; but their advance into the country was greatly impeded, and at length wholly stopped by the extraordinary luxuriance of the vegetation.

"The number of plants which we collected in the course of a few hours was really astonishing. The Indians were soon very useful to us in helping to pack them; as if they had often been employed on such work. We never received any assistance of this kind in our journeys in Peru and Chili; there the people sat around us in a circle, and were amused at our being obliged to do such work—but as to offering us any assistance, this never seemed to occur to them." . . . "Late in the afternoon, we reached the country-house of Madame Boki, in which we had already passed one night, and were not a little surprised to find prepared for us a hog, baked in the ground, which, it was said, the king had ordered to be dressed for our dinner, but for which his servants contrived to get paid more than the thing was worth. The ancient hospitality of the Indians has vanished with the introduction of Christianity, and the wants of civilized society;—during the whole of our stay in the island of Oahoo, we never received one single mark of this old laudable virtue, either from the reigning family, or from any of the natives. The king himself never offered us so much as a glass of water."

"Conformably to his instructions, Captain Wendt had invited Kauike-Aouli, on the 28th of June, to dine on board the Princess Louise; he was accompanied by his uncle, the governor Kuakini, Kaiki-Oeva, the governor of Owyhee, his secretary Hali-lei, and several favorites: besides these, we had also invited General Miller, and many other foreigners. Kauike-Aouli came in the boat belonging to our ship, attended by some servants, who brought poi and taro, that, in case his majesty should have an appetite after dinner, he might have wherewithal to satisfy it immediately. He appeared in the same dress which he wore when he received the presents—though some attendants carried the uniform which the King of Prussia had sent him. He put on this uniform just before dinner, and we immediately observed that the sword, the plume, and the spurs were missing, which he affirmed had been left behind by his servant, without, however, giving him the slightest reproof for his inattention. But this was an invention of his own, for his secretary Hali-lei informed us that Kauike-Aouli had left these articles at home on purpose, for the missionaries had told him that it would be an act of folly and great impropriety, if he were to put on such things."

"The cloth was spread under a tent on the deck; our guests behaved with much propriety, but ate most voraciously. Sometimes, even when their plates were overlaid, and they saw that some dish or other was likely to be soon finished, they instantly desired to be helped to some more of it. They were very moderate in drinking—but they were able to bear a good deal." . . . "During dinner the guests made many complaints against



the present government of the Sandwich Islands; Kauike-Aouli, who is well aware of them, but has not the power of removing the causes, took no part in this conversation, which he listened to with pleasure, and let all the severe remarks fall on the governor Kuakini, the brother of Kaahumana; but he said privately, that all this would be changed as soon as Boki should return. This however, is a vain hope, for it is certain that Boki perished with the Tamameah brig, on board which he had embarked fourteen months before, on a voyage to the New Hebrides."

During their stay, the Doctor made the best use of his time in visiting every part of the island, and adding to his collections, which he was so fortunate as to enrich with several new plants. The Sandwich islands are too well known for us to follow him in these excursions, but the subjoined observations seem worth quoting.

"It is very remarkable that, in the production of certain forms of the animal and vegetable kingdom, nature should be so closely tied down to localities—a circumstance which we are as yet unable to account for. The forests of Brazil abound with hideous amphibia and innumerable insect tribes;—it is impossible to touch the branch of a tree, or the leaf of a plant, without disturbing beetles or other insects; but in Oahoo, as in the other islands of the South Sea, there is the greatest paucity of insects. In vain we examine the under-surface of the leaves—in vain we shake the trees—no insects fall down; we however meet with snails of very pretty forms and often of brilliant colors, sometimes striped very regularly, and a good deal like our *helix nemoralis*—sometimes entirely grass-green: which color they however lose when dead, and which can have been communicated to the shell only by the animals having subsisted on green leaves. Instead of insects, nature has, in the Sandwich Islands, placed millions of land-snails upon the trees, while she has observed a medium in the Indian isles. There, as for instance at Manilla, she has assigned to vegetation, partly land-snails and partly insects—both frequently of enormous size, and the most brilliant colors. There is a great variety in the size, color, and form of the land-snails of the Sandwich Islands. Mr. Von Chamisso has already described an *auricula Ovahiensis*, and an *auricula sinistrorsa*, and Mr. Green an *achatina Stewartii* and an *achatina Oahuensis*, besides several new kinds brought back by the French naturalists and ourselves. It is a curious circumstance, that the greater number of these snails are sinister, while among us, and in all other parts, this deviation is very rare—nay, there are some kinds of the species *achatina*, which seem to occur only sinister in the island of Oahoo."

On occasion of a visit to the rich possessions of Don Francisco de Paulo Marini, Dr. Meyen says,

"He is a man of ordinary education, but of noble sentiments, whose name will ever rank foremost in the history of the civilization of the Sandwich Islands, even when those of the missionaries shall have been long forgotten. Marini has introduced the most useful plants from all parts of the globe into the Sandwich Islands, the cultivation of which may hereafter be a source of great wealth to them. The cocoa of Guatimala, cultivated by Marini himself, is of the finest quality, and probably equal to that of Manilla, which, in consequence of its very high price, is not an article of commerce with us. The coffee, lemon, and orange trees, the vine, which bears fine grapes,

a beautiful papaw tree, introduced from the Marquesas, the tamarind, cotton, the finest pine-apples, and many other fruits, are in the possession of this Spaniard, who was the minister of Tamameah I. The indigo was brought from Batavia by Mr. Serrière; it attains extraordinary perfection at Oahoo, but is not permitted to be cultivated to any extent, neither are sugar and coffee, though they would give employment to thousands of indolent Indians, and besides furnish very nutritious food. A sugar-mill, which was in operation sometime since, had been again given up. It is only the ignorance of the missionaries, their want of general education, and a competent knowledge of human nature, which could lead to such absurd conduct. The possessions of Marini are in the most beautiful order, and might serve as model-farms for the whole country. Many of the hedges are composed of the *cactus ficus indica*, which are quite covered with flowers, and have a very lovely effect. It is true that Marini has acquired great wealth in the Sandwich Islands, but he has done it in a manner which will be to the advantage of the remote posterity of the present generation. Besides, he intends to end his days in the island, and to leave all his property to his children."

The missionaries being again alluded to in the above extract, we add another passage, which after all that has been said against them by Kotzebue and recent French navigators, seems to call for some answer from them or their friends.

"The houses of the missionaries are very handsome; they were just erecting a very large stone house, which was built in a superior and durable manner. The dwellings of the missionaries are to those of the Indians as our palaces to the ordinary habitations of the poorest class—of course, palaces at Oahoo do not look like palaces in London, Berlin, or Petersburg. Even the residences of the reigning family are extremely miserable, in comparison with the handsome and very elegantly furnished houses of the missionaries, which form a strange contrast with the little huts which Mr. Stewart once inhabited, and which he has described in such lamentable terms in his journal. Now we find in the houses of the missionaries varnished floors, handsome furniture, fine pianos, and the walls adorned with beautiful paintings. Who has supplied the missionaries, who were sent to the Sandwich Islands as very poor persons, with the funds for these luxuries? Though we will not speak of the sums which some of these gentlemen are reported to have collected and sent to North America, we think we may conclude that the money has been drawn from the country and the people for whose improvement and civilization the missionaries were sent to the Sandwich Islands."

In conclusion, Dr. Meyen expresses his satisfaction that on the death of the old queen Kaahumana, in June, 1832, the king, having been crowned under the name of Tamameah III., and recognised by the English, had assumed the whole government and immediately revoked many of the sumptuary laws issued by the old queen, and again permitted the dances and favorite games of the inhabitants, who were for the future to be allowed to attend church—but compulsion in this respect no longer exists. The Islands, he hopes, will now attain the pros-



perity and importance which their favorable geographical situation is well calculated to give them.

We have quoted the preceding remarks respecting the missionaries without pretending to express either our assent or our dissent from them. That there is some justice in them we can hardly doubt, but at the same time our own knowledge of the very different manner in which, for instance, Sunday is observed on the continent, from what it is in England and in some parts at least of the United States, and the complaints which we have so often heard made by foreigners of the dulness of our English Sunday, render it probable that they may be, though intending to be impartial, yet not wholly unbiassed judges on this subject.

From the Sandwich Islands Captain Wendt directed his course to China. On passing the Bashee Islands, on the 7th August, he observed that their longitude was different in all the charts on board the *Princess Louise*; and even the relative positions of the several islands are very incorrectly laid down. The latest charts published by the East India Company are the most accurate. On the 13th of August the voyagers reached the coast of China, and intended to anchor off the island of Lintin: but they learned that all the foreign ships which had been there during the summer had fled from Lintin about a week before, and sailed to Cape Syng-mun, for fear of the solar eclipse, which was visible in the southern hemisphere on the 7th of August. Captain Wendt, whose business led him to follow the foreign ships, accordingly proceeded to Cape Syng-mun, where he found thirty large ships, chiefly English and American. Having completed his business in the harbor of Cape Syng-mun he sailed on the 3d of September for the Philippine Islands, intending afterwards to return to China.

The voyage was tolerably favorable, till they came within sight of land, early on the 10th of September—only they were alarmed by three violent concussions, which they attributed to the effect of a submarine earthquake. When about 45 miles from the coast they were astonished to see the sky darkened, and the surface of the sea covered with immense swarms of locusts. They were already at the entrance of the bay, when a dreadful storm of thunder and lightning arose, and obliged them to stand off from the coast, so that they had enough to do on the following day, to come to an anchor in the bay of

Manilla. The nearer they approached to the coast the more thickly was the sea covered with the locusts, which had doubtless perished in the storm of the preceding night. On landing, they learned that the country was suffering under a visitation from those destructive insects, which had even caused a famine in some of the provinces. The government had offered a reward for their destruction. It had already paid 50,000 piastres, but, though the reward was only a piastre for eight arrobas (256lbs.) there was no sensible diminution of their number. It was a new species of the genus *Acrydium*, Latr., to which Dr. Meyen gave the name of *Acrydium Manillense*.

Our author, like preceding travellers, while he cannot speak in sufficiently high terms of the natural beauties, the fertility, and the riches of these fine islands, (or rather of Luçon,) is astonished at the bad system of government, which the Spaniards still permit, and the little care that is taken for their protection against foreign invasion. When the *Princess Louise* arrived, there were several French, American, and Spanish merchantmen in the harbor, some of the latter of which were very large and handsome. But the only man-of-war was one small Spanish frigate—a beautiful vessel, but nearly dismantled. The police and custom-house officers, who came on board to take an account of the ship and the cargo, displayed equal curiosity and ignorance. They desired to know every thing that had occurred on the whole voyage, and in particular what political news they had brought from Peru and Chili. None of the police-officers spoke any language but Spanish, so that it was next to impossible for them to come to any understanding with several passengers who spoke only English. The custom-house officers could hardly read or write, one of them dictating while the other spelt the words for him: in making the inventory, neither of them could pronounce a hundred thousand, and they therefore copied it from the ship's papers. They were much surprised at the quantity of gunpowder on board. On taking leave, they strictly enjoined Captain Wendt to wait on the Captain General, and the *Teniente Real*, within twenty-four hours after his arrival at Manilla.

The minute investigation of the custom-house officers proved, however, of advantage to our author, for, when he and Captain Wendt waited on the governor, the latter, having concluded from the account of their effects that they were naturalists,



immediately asked the Doctor if he were a botanist. As he was himself a great lover of natural history, he voluntarily gave them permission to travel into any part of the interior of the island which they might like to visit. They had the more reason to be pleased with the offer, as almost all foreigners were denied this privilege. The English and North American merchants settled at Manilla were not even allowed to go to the Laguna de Bay.

The governor asked many questions respecting the South American Republics, and particularly about the Peruvian and Colombian fleet—a visit from which seemed to be much dreaded at Manilla. There were at that time 7,000 troops at this place, of which however not more than 700 were Europeans. Their appearance was good, and they were ready on all occasions to let the natives feel their superiority.

The day after our voyagers had been presented to the governor, they again waited on him, to obtain a passport to visit the interior; but he told them that they must make a written application, and that he could not give them permission to visit more than one certain province, and when they returned from that they might perhaps get leave to make another journey. He showed them an interesting collection, and presented the Doctor with a Quang beetle, a beautiful insect two inches and a half long. The ladies of Manilla are fond of keeping in cages handsome beetles, which they feed on the fruit of the pisang. While waiting for their passports in the interior, they spent some days in the city, with which they were much pleased. In the garden of their house there were many bananas, almost all of which bore fruit that were full of seed—a circumstance which greatly surprised them.

It was not till the 22d of October that they were able to leave Manilla, in a light vessel called a banca, which is rowed by two men with extraordinary rapidity. At a late hour in the evening, they reached the pretty village of San Mattheo, where they put up at the house of a Tagalese woman, with a view of making themselves acquainted with that interesting people. Don Candido, a Spaniard who accompanied them, was known at this house, and went to arrange every thing for their reception. With a very grave countenance, he informed the simple Indians that the Doctor was a very learned man, sent by the government of a remote country to become acquainted with

them, and to examine the animals, plants, and stones of their country—all which was expressly stated in our passports. The Indians listened with profound attention, and treated us with the greatest respect.

The primary object of this excursion was to visit a celebrated cavern, the access to which was represented as extremely difficult and dangerous. Some time being necessary to get together the horses and attendants, the party received visits from great numbers of the native Tagalese, whose mild and amiable manners they highly extol. It was amusing to see the high value which they attach to titles and rank; an Indian who speaks Spanish, or who has held an official situation under the government, gives consequence to his family for several centuries. The following is the account of the cavern.

"We at length reached the entrance of the cavern, that great natural curiosity of which all Manilla speaks with wonder and astonishment without ever having seen it. On entering, we perceived in the ground the nest of an ichneumon, who came flying home leading captive a large lizard. Both fought with all their strength, when we took them prisoners, and placed them in spirits. The entrance to this cavern is very spacious; at first it is about ten feet high, and from four to five broad; then continuing of various dimensions, sometimes twenty, at others forty feet high, while in other places again it is very low and narrow. The cavern is formed in a limestone rock, which, like all caves of the same kind in Europe, is covered with stalactites, which assume the most grotesque forms. The cavern of San Mattheo is remarkable only for its extraordinary size. We visited it accompanied by a number of men with spades and pickaxes, in order that we might dig for petrifications, should we have a favorable opportunity. The Aetas carried large bundles of dried cane reeds, from twelve to fifteen feet long, which were lighted at the end, and served as torches. Their naked bodies, of a dark brown color, their savage appearance, amid the flickering light of the torches, and the buzzing of the thousands of bats and other hideous animals which covered the walls, gave to this cavern the appearance of an entrance to the infernal regions. Thousands and thousands of bats which clung to the walls, were scared by our approach, and, flying about with the utmost rapidity, made our further progress both difficult and disagreeable. The sides of the cavern were covered with multitudes of a species of *Thelyphonus*, probably the *caudatus* of Java, and a tarantula, the antennæ of which were from seven to eight inches long; at the slightest touch of these feelers, the animal drew itself together, and let itself down from the wall, which was probably the only means it possessed of escaping the pursuit of the bats—which most likely subsist entirely on them. Of these bats, we brought a *Rhinolophus*, though there were many others of this family which we were unable to preserve for want of time. We advanced very slowly, for our Indian guides had a sort of dread, and at first would not go at all into the cavern, till I placed myself at their head with a torch in my hand. After having proceeded about half a league by a tolerably smooth path, we heard in the distance a loud noise, which we found to our astonishment to proceed from a very rapid stream. It is a work of some difficulty to get through this falling



water, in order to penetrate further into the cavern. The smooth stones, which are generally covered with slime, render the footing very insecure, and the temperature of the water is so low, that it is impossible to remain long in it. The temperature of the air in the cavern was 25,2° R., in the open air 25,7° R., while the running water in the cavern was only 19,6° R. To our no small mortification, the stream occupied the whole of the pathway, which was particularly narrow here; we were therefore compelled to wade along in it, till its increasing depth prevented our further progress, and we were obliged to turn back after having proceeded more than a league."

Mr. Lindsay, secretary to the East India Company, had visited this cavern two years before, and, it being in the dry season, he penetrated further than perhaps any other person. He told Dr. Meyen that he had gone about two leagues into the cavern, when he was stopped by a perpendicular wall, where he felt a draught of air, from which he inferred that the cave had an outlet on the other side of the mountain.

Returning to Manilla, the travellers waited on the governor to give him an account of their excursion, and to solicit a passport to visit the Laguna de Bay or Bahia, but there were so many formalities to go through, that it was five days before they obtained it. We cannot follow our author in his animated account of his excursions in this beautiful and highly cultivated country, where every step presented some new and pleasing object.

The party passed several days at a very large hacienda, called Hali-Hali, belonging to Don Pablo \*\*\*\*\*, a Frenchman, who was married to a Spanish marchioness; it was a most splendid establishment.

A few days before their arrival, a cayman of extraordinary size had been killed there. This animal had seized a horse that was drinking, and dragged it to a small river on the boundary of the hacienda, where he devoured it. But as the water in this stream was too shallow to swim in, and the belly of the animal was so dilated in consequence of its voracity that it projected beyond its feet, it could not walk, and it was, therefore soon discovered; twelve balls were lodged in its head and breast, but it was not killed till the point of a lance entered the spine just below the neck. Its length was twenty Spanish feet, and its circumference eleven, close behind the fore-feet. The feet of the horse were found in the cayman's stomach, and also seventy-two pounds of stones, some of which were jagged pieces of porphyry: its head weighed 270 lbs. Another cayman, supposed to be the female, has since been seen in the same place; it was calculated to be twenty-five feet long. The

following are some additional particulars relative to the natural history of these islands, of which so little, comparatively speaking, is hitherto known.

"Though the aligators are not uncommon in the Laguna, and do the inhabitants much injury, attacking horses, cows and men, it is very remarkable that they never venture to meddle with the great buffaloes, which in general, on account of the heat, live the whole day in the lake. These buffaloes are everywhere seen near the shores of the lake, with only a part of the head, the very large ears, and the formidable horns, above the water. They appear to be aboriginal in the Philippines, at least we do not find any mention of their having been introduced by the Spaniards. They are of enormous size, their horns from four to five feet long, with a space of five feet from tip to tip. They are almost entirely black, with scarcely any hair, have no dewlap, and are undoubtedly a different species from those in and about Canton. They are employed for draught and other agricultural purposes. The Indians ride on them. They are very gentle when not provoked or frightened, and suffer little children to guide them.

"We saw large numbers of monkeys; they are often found without tails, which when driven by extreme hunger they are said to bite off.

"Having collected a large number of plants, especially lichen and jungermandia, we left the island of Talim, to proceed to the little islands of Panician and Labujo, situated at a short distance from Talim. The weather, meanwhile, changed, and the rain fell in torrents: and by the time we reached the island of Panician, which was covered with most luxuriant vegetation, it was impossible to effect a landing anywhere. We had observed, at some distance, large pear-shaped bodies, which we at first took for birds' or ants' nests, suspended from the lofty trees that overhung the shores of this little island. The people on the shore called to us to fire into the trees, as these supposed birds' nests were nothing less than the gigantic bats, known by the name of the flying dogs. We accordingly fired several shots at these thick masses, and the horrible creatures rose, with much exertion and frightful cries, into the air, several of them falling down dead, and others remaining suspended from the branches. The large hooks with which their wings and feet are furnished, enable them to cling firmly. They generally double themselves up in a pear-shaped form, and, laying hold of the branches with their hooks, their whole body is thus wrapped up in their wings. We rowed round the island, and after repeated shots, brought the whole multitude that inhabits the woods into confusion. Notwithstanding the heavy rain, our party made a dreadful slaughter among them, and never did the use of the percussion-guns appear to us more advantageous than on the present occasion. Such of the bats as had been shot at and fell into the water, dived as soon as we attempted to take them up, and thus we obtained only those which were shot dead upon the spot and had fallen into the lake.—After the whole body, consisting of perhaps 100,000, had risen into the air, and filled the whole neighborhood with their hideous cries, they returned and flew to the adjacent island of Labujo. The vermilion eyes of this animal, its large and hideous form, together with its frightful scream, render it one of the most disgusting creatures on the face of the earth. We shot several which measured four feet from tip to tip of the extended wings. They live entirely on fruits, and as they travel in such immense numbers, they cause considerable damage to the farmers: plantains, mangoes, and guavas, to the crop



of which the laborer has looked forward for months, frequently disappear in one night.

"On entering the wood, we found a large fig-tree, the fruit of which covered the ground a foot deep, and on which some hogs had just been feasting. Near it stood lofty oaks, with oval and pointed leaves, very smooth, resembling parchment, and small broad acorns, the cups of which were very rough: it was undoubtedly a new species of *quercus*, but the time of blossom was already quite past. We came to an old large tree, about six or seven feet in diameter, from the trunk of which, about a foot above the ground, issued a spring of cool (19° R.) and particularly good water. The Indians, who cannot account for this singular phenomenon, regard the spring as sacred, and have hung near it a vessel made of the bamboo cane, out of which every one who passes takes a draught of the water.

"One of the greatest curiosities which the woods of the island of Luçon offer, is the leech, which we met with in the region of the arborescent ferns. It forms a new species, which we call *sanguisuga tagala*, smaller than our official leech, broad, of a yellowish brown color, and the upper part marked with small, irregular, black spots, and a fine black stripe running lengthwise down the back. This leech is blood-thirsty, but its bite leaves very small marks, on which account it would be much preferred in Europe to those now in use. Before we had observed them, they got into our boots and began biting us: we felt the pain, but thought we had been bitten by ants, till at last, our boots being filled with blood, our attention was aroused. We brought home two of them in spirits of wine. However fabulous this account of leeches living on trees may appear, it is, nevertheless, correct, and we must learn to believe that there are leeches which can live in damp air, just as well as we before observed that *confervæ* may be generated in a moist atmosphere, a circumstance which the celebrated Swedish writer on *Algæ* could not comprehend, and was uncourteous enough to declare to be a falsehood."

Though every page of this part of the work presents something new and interesting, we must not be tempted to prolong our extracts. The great importance of the Philippines to Spain is manifest; and when it shall be enabled, by the consolidation of domestic tranquillity and a more enlightened system of government, to turn its attention to the colonies which it still retains, we shall be astonished at the treasures which Spain possesses in these islands. The actual population of the whole group is above two millions, but there is abundant room for five times the number; and the fertility of the soil is such that they might live in the greatest prosperity. Since many restrictions on the trade of the islands have been abolished, agriculture and commerce have considerably improved; yet some important articles of trade are still in the hands of monopolists in the mother-country, to the great injury of the inhabitants of the colonies. Though our author points out, without reserve, the defects of the administration, he is disposed to ascribe them neither to the ill will nor the tyranny of the Spanish government, but chiefly to its

supineness, ignorance, and attachment to antiquated and deeply-rooted prejudices. He says—

"On leaving the city of Manilla, and visiting the villages in the environs, we were agreeably surprised by the high degree of affluence enjoyed by the natives. The utmost order prevails everywhere; extreme neatness and real luxuries in common life. The Tagalese live exceedingly well, and are very sociable among themselves. Yet, notwithstanding the great prosperity enjoyed by the peasantry, which we have never seen equalled anywhere, they are highly discontented with the government, and complain that the taxes on the agricultural produce of the country are too high. We are, however, by no means of opinion that these complaints are well grounded. If there were any occasion for them, it might be rather founded on the vexatious mode in which these taxes are collected.

"But the hatred of the Tagalese to the Spaniards is probably not so much owing to this circumstance as to the contempt with which the Spaniards treat these amiable and highly cultivated Indians.

"The great number of idle ecclesiastics are certainly a heavy burden on the poor people, yet they willingly pay the taxes for them, when their crops have not been destroyed by the locusts.

"In 1820, a very serious rebellion broke out at Manilla among the Indians, which was under the sole conduct of the priests, who saw with anger the resort of foreigners, by which the members of their own communion became gradually more enlightened, and they themselves lost much of their consideration and power. The environs of Manilla were, at that time, suffering from famine and a very fatal epidemic. The priests represented to the Indians that these scourges were owing to the French settled in the island, who had poisoned the wells. At their repeated instigation, the people at length rose *en masse*; the foreign vessels hastily left the harbor, the houses belonging to the French residents and other foreigners were attacked and plundered, and such of the inmates as had not been able to effect their escape, cruelly murdered. As is usual in such cases, deeds of great atrocity were committed, and many innocent individuals suffered. It is remarkable that the government did not take any steps to preserve peace, and, at first, seemed as though it were entirely ignorant of the affair. An officer was at length despatched with a party of soldiers, to restore tranquillity, but he was not furnished either with ammunition or orders for serious interference. As soon as the Indians perceived this, they assailed the soldiers with stones, and abused the officers. The commanding officer, a native Spaniard, and a man of honor, went to the captain-general, threw his sword at his feet, and declared that he would no longer wear it under such a commander.

"The revolution which broke out in the city of Manilla in 1824 was of a very threatening nature, and may serve as a warning to the mother-country, how soon it may lose all its beautiful possessions in India, if it does not take speedy and decisive measures to introduce an equitable system of administration. We will give some particulars of this revolution, as it is so little known in Europe.

"Colonel Novales was commander of a regiment of infantry at Manilla, and is represented as a man of a frank and remarkably upright character, by which he drew upon himself the hostility of his comrades, who neglected no opportunity of rendering him suspected by the government. In consequence of their calumnies, Novales was accused and brought before the tribunal, which however fully acquitted him. General Martinez, at that time Captain General of the Philippines, sent him under some pretext into a



distant province, of which he was appointed vice-governor. Novales, however, regarded this ostensible mark of honor as a banishment, and was naturally much offended. He was, however, embarked on board a vessel; the ship put out to sea, but returned to Manilla the following night on account of an approaching storm. At midnight Novales landed in the capital, repaired to the quarters of his regiment, represented to the officers and subalterns the injustice that was intended to be done him, and encouraged the assembly to mutiny. The whole regiment instantly obeyed him, and marched towards the palace of the captain-general. On the steps of the palace Novales stabbed the governor, who advanced towards him, and instantly made proclamation that the yoke of tyranny was now broken, and that he would himself provisionally assume the government. The enterprise, however, terminated fatally for the new regent; his brother, who, as officer on duty, commanded the Castell de St. Jago, retained possession of this fortress, which commanded the chief streets of Manilla, and refused to surrender it to the rebels. This action cost Novales his life; had his brother yielded the fortress, the Philippines would have been lost for ever to Spain; yet even without this surrender, the revolution would have succeeded, if the insurrection could have been in some measure prepared, but it was excited too suddenly by the wounded honor of Novales, and the Indians were unable to join in time. So early as eleven o'clock in the forenoon, Novales had been vanquished, and at four in the afternoon he was shot in the court of the palace with his friend Ruiz. On the following day fifteen subalterns shared the same fate, and all the soldiers of the regiment who had taken part in the insurrection were sent to Cavite to the galleys, where they still remain. The regiment was disbanded.

"Novales, with all his adherents, might have escaped to the provinces, if he had adopted the advice of his friends and secured the horses which were in the city, but he rejected this proposal, saying, he would not be the leader of a band of robbers. The brother of Novales, who at that time preserved the Philippine Islands to the Spanish crown, is at present a captain in the army, though he was at first accused and brought to trial."

Such is the political state of Manilla. The government still endeavors to prevent foreigners from settling there, and there are many merchants resident in the city, but who have never yet obtained permission to visit the Laguna de Bay. Nay, many an Englishman and North American have come to Manilla in vain; they have even been refused leave to quit the ship and to go on shore.

The Princess Louise left Manilla on the 15th of October to return to China. On the 23d a dreadful typhoon arose, which continued with unabated or rather increasing fury for four nights and three days, during which the voyagers several times gave themselves over for lost. Happily, however, their vessel was sound, and they reached the coast of China on the 10th of November. We refrain from making any extracts relating to China, as a subject respecting which nothing new can be expected from this work. We must mention, however, that our author

speaks in the highest terms of the politeness and friendly conduct of the gentlemen of the English Factory at Canton.

The only plates in these volumes are a view of the volcano of Maipù, a very well engraved map of Chili and Peru, and a plan of the city of Canton, reduced from a Chinese plan four feet long and two feet and a half high, which was brought to Europe and deposited in the royal library at Berlin. The third and fourth volumes, which have not yet reached England, contain plates and descriptions of the new species of animals and plants collected during the voyage.

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ART. II.—*Orlando Innamorato di Bojardo: Orlando Furioso di Ariosto; with an Essay on the Romantic Narrative Poetry of the Italians, Memoirs and Notes.* By Antonio Panizzi. 9 vols. 8vo. London, 1830—1834.

In an article devoted to the romance of chivalry, where we might be expected to break away at once from real life and lead our readers among those

"Forests and enchantments drear,  
Where more is meant than meets the ear,"

it might appear unseemly even to hint at the politics of the present day, and jar with their dissonance the ear attuned to romantic melody. But who can think of Italy,—of that land most favored by nature, of her stately cities, her rivers, plains, and mountains, the abode of the mighty of former days;—of Italy, the mistress of arts and arms, the land which never knew barbarism—who we say can think of her and not drop a tear for her present state of degradation? It is not possible to suppress the wish (little likely as we are to behold its accomplishment) that the galling yoke of Austria, which is felt from the Alps to the farthest shore of Sicily, may be broken and flung away, that Italy may be again blessed with the apparition of fair Freedom's holy form, and, grown wise by suffering, the Italians, forgetting their old distinctions of Lombards, Tuscans, Neapolitans, and so forth, may consider themselves one people, the children of one common country.

"Talia sæcla, suis dixerunt, currite, fuis  
Concordes stabili fatorum numine Parcæ."

But alas! we feel that these are mere aspirations, little likely to be speedily



verified; the power of despotism is still mighty, and true liberty is either making little progress in the world or is tending to the tyranny of democracy. Before the future Heaven has drawn its veil: patience and hope remain for man, and by the cultivation of public and private virtues to prepare himself for the brighter destinies which may be in reserve for him.

It hardly behoved us, however, to make any excuse for adverting to the political condition of Italy, for the subject is frequently forced upon us by the very poems which we are about to notice, whose authors were (what great poet is not?) sincere patriots and true lovers of their national independence. The muse of Bojardo breaks off, never again to resume, in the midst of the romantic tale of Brandiamante and Fiordespina, scared at the sight of the devastations committed by the troops of Charles VIII. of France, the preludé to those wars of foreigners of which Italy, to her misfortune, became the theatre. "Mentre," cries the patriotic bard—

"Mentre che io canto, o Dio redentore,  
Vedo l'Italia tutta a fiamma e foco,  
Per questi Galli che, con gran valore,  
Vengon per disertar non so che loco:  
Però vi lascio in questo vano amore  
Di Fiordespina ardente a poco a poco;  
Un' altra fiata, se mi fia concesso,  
Racconterovvi il tutto per espresso."

That time, however, never came, but the genius of his more illustrious continuator has left us without any reason to regret the interruption of his poetic labors.

The present beautiful edition of these poems has been prepared by a gentleman named Panizzi, one of those Italians who have been obliged to fly their country for their political opinions,—a circumstance, by the way, as our readers must be well aware, no ways conclusive in proof of the moral dignity of the exiled patriots' souls. Anytus, we know, was one of the men of the Piræus who delivered Athens from her Thirty Tyrants, and yet Anytus was afterwards one of the accusers of Socrates! To this a case somewhat parallel will presently appear. In his own country, Mr. Panizzi was, as we are assured, utterly unknown as a man of letters; here, through the patronage of the ex-chancellor chiefly, he enjoys the barren honor of being Professor of Italian in the University of London, and the substantial situation of one of the under-librarians of the British Museum. He is also, we understand, engaged for a handsome remuneration to catalogue the library of the Royal Society—two appointments which gave great offence to

those narrow-minded persons who think that charity should begin at home, and that deserving Englishmen of letters, who have families to support, and are able to write out the titles of books as well as a foreigner, might have been found without any very anxious search. Be this as it may, Mr. Panizzi, we believe, performs the duties of his office in a most efficient manner, and he is not ungrateful, but seems perfectly content with his lot, for while his 'co-mates and brothers in exile' are sighing after the beautiful country they have lost, not a murmur or a sigh ever escapes him.

Mr. Panizzi writes and speaks English with facility, as is proved by the present work, though what motive but vanity could have induced him to employ it in preference to his beautiful mother-tongue we are unable to conceive; for, surely, any one who is curious about the original text of the Orlando Innamorato, must feel rather offended than otherwise at being presented with English notes. This dexterity in writing our language has also tempted Mr. Panizzi to become a reviewer: and here it is that his character appears in a most unpleasant light, and he becomes, as we have just hinted, a kind of literary Anytus. In conversation and in writing he is the incessant, and, we may add virulent, assailant of the literary reputation of his illustrious compatriot, Rossetti, whose Comment on Dante, that extraordinary monument of erudition and sagacity, he would fain make the world believe to be a tissue of ignorance and absurdity. Nay, should any friend of Mr. Panizzi's even hint that he is disposed to regard Rossetti's system as well founded, his own works, if he has published any, will be made to feel the wrath of the learned librarian. But we leave the critic and turn to the essayist and annotator.

Mr. Panizzi, having undertaken the praiseworthy task of presenting the public with a new edition of the two great Italian poems of which Orlando is the hero, thought it advisable to prefix an essay on Italian romantic poetry in general. In this essay, he develops his ideas respecting the origin and nature of the fictions which we designate Middle Age romance, and we will commence with a few words on some of the subjects which he there discusses.

Chivalry, and its origin and character, naturally lead the way. As this is a subject by no means exhausted, we expected to find here some novelty, but we were disappointed. Mr. Panizzi duteously follows in the train of St. Palaye, of whose work, by the way, he evinces not the slight-



est knowledge, and expresses no doubt whatever of chivalry, with all its grades, course of education, discipline, &c., having had a real *bonâ fide* existence, and having exerted its softening influences over the minds and characters of our rugged forefathers. Now, of the truth of all this, we have long entertained some very serious doubts; and, as this is a true Debateable Land, on which we "burn to encounter some adventurous knight," we here cast down our glove, and challenge the defenders of chivalry to the combat. And, lo! a gallant knight, indeed, advances to the charge, and thus he makes his confession of faith in his all-accomplished mistress, the chosen lady of his heart.

"The Romish clergy," says Sir Walter Scott, "who have in all ages possessed the wisdom of serpents, if they sometimes have fallen short of the simplicity of doves, saw the advantage of converting this temporary zeal which animated the warriors of their creed against the invading infidels, (in the time of the first Carolingians,) into a permanent union of principles, which should blend the ceremonies of religious worship with the military establishments of the ancient Goths and Germans. The admission of the noble youth to the practice of arms was no longer a mere military ceremony, where the sword or javelin was delivered to him in presence of the prince or elders of his tribe; it became a religious rite, sanctified by the forms of the church, which he was in future to defend. The novice had to watch his arms in a church or chapel, or at least on hallowed ground, the night before he received the honor of knighthood. He was made to assume a white dress, in imitation of the neophytes of the church. Fast and confession were added to vigils, and the purification of the bath was imposed on the military acolyte, in imitation of the initiatory rite of Christianity, and he was attended by god-fathers, who became security for his performing his military vows, as sponsors had formerly appeared for him at baptism. In all points of ceremonial, the investiture of chivalry was brought to resemble, as nearly as possible, the administration of the sacraments of the church. The ceremony itself was performed when circumstances would permit, in a church or cathedral, and the weapons with which the young warrior was invested were previously blessed by the priest. The oath of chivalry bound the knight to defend the rights of the holy church, to respect religious persons and institutions, and to obey the principles of the Gospel. Nay more, so intimate was the union between chivalry and religion supposed to be, that the several gradations of the former were seriously considered as parallel to those of the church, and the knight was supposed to resemble the bishop in rank, duties, and privileges. At what period this complete infusion of religious ceremonial into an order purely military first commenced, and when it became complete and perfect, would be a curious but a difficult subject of investigation. Down to the reign of Charlemagne, and somewhat lower, the investiture was of a nature purely civil; but long before the time of the crusades, it had assumed the religious character we have described."

Long, therefore, before the time of the crusades, chivalry had, from its embryo state, in the forests of Germany, ripened into this luxuriant tree, diffusing its pro-

tecting shade over the noble and fair dames, the widow, the orphan, and the oppressed. The sons of every noble and knightly family were, in their twelfth year, transferred from the indulgence of their mother, and the paternal home, to the mansion of "some baron or noble knight, sedulously chosen, by the anxious parent, as that which had the best reputation for order and discipline." The PAGE, as he was now called, learned modesty and obedience; he was taught to ride, and to use the bow, sword, and lance, his weapons being of course suited to his strength. He also went with his lord to the chase, learned to blow all the notes of *vénérice* on the horn, to kill and cut up the game, to find his way (like a Huron or Catabaw) by the stars, or by the moss, or the trees, or the manner in which they cast out their branches. If all failed, he was to go to rest on a couch of the withered leaves, or up in the branches of a tree. At home, he waited on his lord at table, and carved the huge joints which were served up before the stalwart knights and nobles of those heroic ages. Meantime, the "gentle damosel," had also to give his attendance on those "fair idols" yeapte the ladies, and here he was to demean himself with respect, nay, with adoration. Here too, he, of course, not unfrequently took his first lessons in the art of love.

This blissful period being over, the page becomes an ECUYER, or ESQUIRE. He was now my lord's gentleman, own man, valet, or how else we designate it. Totally withdrawn from the service of the ladies, he only saw them "on occasions of stated ceremony." His business was to dress and undress his master—to train his horses, for he was groom also, and to keep his arms and armor in good condition. He did the honors of the house to strangers; he played at chess, draughts, and other games; he had to enliven the feast by his powers of conversation; he was, if nature had not denied the power, to be skilled in poetry and music; he was—but we remember Imlac's description of what the poet should be, and the prince of Abyssinia's remark thereon.

Having thus got the degrees of A. B. and A. M., our neophyte proceeded to the LL. D., or rather the D. D. of chivalry, and became a knight after the manner and form aforesaid. On the eve of battle, or after victory, however, the ceremonies of the bath, night-watching, and so forth, were dispensed with, and the degree was conferred, as it were, by *diploma*, and he was now the mate of princes. Here, then,



we leave him, and proceed to argue a little with his "honest chroniclers."

Where an institution is thus minutely traced out, (and we have not gone into a tithe of the details,) we naturally expect to find good and sufficient historic vouchers for every assertion. But, on examining St. Palaye's celebrated *Mémoires sur la Chevalerie*, which is the text book on the subject,—for Sir W. Scott, Mr. Mills, and the rest, have drawn nearly all their materials from it,—we are struck immediately by the total absence of historic references in his notes. If chivalry, in the form above described, was reduced to practice, according to him, in the eleventh century, according to Sir W. Scott long before that time, should we not expect to find abundant allusions to its rites and ceremonies in the writers of those times? How comes it then to pass that there is not a hint of it in Geoffrey of Monmouth? Why did the *veracious* Archbishop Turpin not transfer its usages back to the days of Charlemagne? If, as we are told over and over again, the crusades were an emanation of chivalry, if Knights went to the Holy Land to win fame, and thereby gain their ladies' love, is it not passing strange that all the contemporary writers, whose works are to be found in the *Gesta Dei per Francos*, and who are profuse enough of anecdotes and little incidents, and most minute in their descriptions, should be so utterly silent in this important subject? Why does Raoul of Caen, the biographer and panegyrist of Tancred, that "mirror of knighthood," rob his hero of the interest which would attach to him if we knew of the ceremonies of his admission into the order, or how he himself admitted others into it, or of the fair dames whom, as "a very parfit gentle knight," he must have loved *par amours*? If chivalry, with its baths, its watching of arms by night in cathedral, church, or hallowed grounds, was then existing, it is hardly possible that the copious and minute Fulcher of Chartres, the chaplain and companion of King Baldwin I., would not have left an account of how some gallant esquire, after having watched his arms the preceding night in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, received next day, in the presence of Christian and Moslem, the *accolade* from the royal hand of Baldwin. But all the historians are absolutely dumb on this important subject, and we believe that Tasso was the first who linked together chivalry (the chivalry we now speak of) and the crusades. There is not a word about their previous good educa-

tion and their vows in the speech of the pope at the council of Clermont, in which he notices the ill conduct of the *preux chevaliers* of that golden age of knighthood. St. Bernard, when contrasting the virtues of the Templars with the vices of the secular knights, intimates no knowledge of each of these last having been placed by his parents when a child in the house of some baron or noble knight, "which had best reputation for good order and discipline." Gaufride Vinisauf, in his minute itinerary of Richard Cœur de Lion to the Holy Land, sayeth nought of this vaunted chivalry; and, if it was such a sacerdotal kind of business, the knight being a sort of bishop in this church militant of chivalry, how could Lion-heart reconcile it to his conscience, or how could the prelates who were present permit him, to consecrate, as he did, the infidel son of Malek-el-Adel, the brother of Saladin? We fear our best authorities for the chivalry of the third crusade are the Talisman and Mme. Cotton's Malek Adel. Another difficulty which struck us in reading the writers of those times is this: they speak of knights (*milites*) in large numbers, such as 100,000 or so; and where on earth were those houses of "good order and discipline," in which such multitudes could have received their early education? Indeed, to judge by their actions, most of them must have been of a very untowardly disposition originally, or have been brought up very badly.

Of the golden age of chivalry, truth compels us to say that, as the poet sings of an equally ideal golden age, we must cry of this,

"Vain wish!

Those days were never; airy dreams  
Sat for the picture, and the poet's hand,  
Imparting substance to an empty shade,  
Imposed a gay delirium for a truth."

We never can mark out a century, or part of a century, in which the sun of chivalry shone bright and unclouded. In our search after those happy times, we are like the heroes in eastern and nursery tales, who, in quest of some wonderful thing, are sent on, on, on, by every person of whom they make inquiry. The blissful region still recedes as we pursue it; every one tells us it is farther off.

"Ask where's the North?—at York 'tis on the Tweed;  
In Scotland at the Orcaes; and there  
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where."

It is, in short, a kind of terrestrial para-



dise, or *lond of faërie*, no where to be found.

Having shown the slender foundation on which the splendid fabric rests, we will now briefly state our own opinion of the origin of this ideal state of chivalry. Space will not permit us to adduce our strong reasons, and dogmatism were not seemly in such doubtful matters.

We observe, on reading the aforesaid essays on chivalry, that the great, the sole authorities, we may say, are the prose romances of the 14th and 15th centuries, such as *Lancelot du Lac* and *Perceforest*, and what is nearly the same, the work named *L'Ordre de Chevalerie*. It will be difficult, we apprehend, to point out any earlier work in which chivalry is presented in its full form and lineaments. Our theory then is, that the authors of these and similar romances, most especially he of *Perceforest*, were the real inventors of chivalry. We cannot assent to St. Palaye and his followers, when they maintain that these writers only describe the manners by which they were surrounded, and are therefore equivalent to historic authorities for the manners of their times, for they expressly assert that they are giving the usages of distant ages, of times, as in the case of *Perceforest*, one of the characters in which is Alexander the Great, even anterior to the Christian era. The phrase, *a celui temps*, continually occurs, and it would certainly be very strange if a romance-writer of the present day, who were to lay his story in England some centuries ago, should describe balls and plays exactly as they are now, and tell us that such was the usage of those times, in language which would evidently give us to understand that the customs of those times differed from our own; yet such is what these writers must be supposed to have done, if we admit this principle. It is much more consonant to reason to suppose that they idealized what they saw around them, and exalted it to an imaginary point of perfection. The virtues of courtesy, liberality, justice, loyalty, generous devotion to the fair sex, and piety to God, united with valor, though more rarely than we are apt to imagine, must have presented themselves to the view of the romance-writers; and, as we generally love to contemplate virtue, they indulged their fancy in conceiving and portraying a time when these virtues were the ornament of every knight. The religious-military brotherhoods of the Temple and Hospital probably suggested the idea of the parallel between knighthood and

the priesthood, and led to the fiction of the ceremonies attending the dubbing of a knight in those ideal times which they portrayed; and to the tournaments which were so frequently before their eyes, was given, in their fictions, a degree of pomp and ceremonial far exceeding what the reality presented. We have said that it is chiefly in the 14th and 15th centuries that chivalry is to be found, and it is our opinion that the attempts to introduce it, as described in romances, into real life, were made at the courts of England, France, and, above all, at the splendid courts of the Dukes of Burgundy, and of the house of Valois. It was at these courts that the orders of the *Garter*, of the *Etoile*, and of the *Toison d'Or* were instituted. The following passage of the historian of St. Denis, quoted by St. Palaye, is, we think, strongly confirmatory of our opinion. Having occasion to give a minute account of the manner in which Charles VI. of France, in 1389, conferred knighthood on the King of Sicily and the Count of Maine, when he tells how the two princes came to watch their arms, the night before the ceremony, in a habit as modest as it was extraordinary, in compliance with the ancient regulations of chivalry, he adds, "*Cela sembla étrange à beaucoup de gens, parce qu'il y en avoit fort peu qui sçussent que c'étoit l'ancien ordre de pareille chevalerie.*" Now as this *ancien ordre* is to be found in the romances of that age, and no where else, we think we are warranted in suspecting that it is nothing but the creation of the authors of these romances. Sismondi, who appears to think nearly as we do on the subject, would carry this mode of reducing the fictions of the poets to practice a little higher. Speaking of Philip Augustus, he says,\* "He introduced, as far as he could, into his court and kingdom, the chivalrous institutions which he found in this poetic world (the romances); it is thus he gave an historic existence to the twelve peers of King Arthur, Knights of the Round Table, or to the twelve peers of Charlemagne, peers of France. At the festival of Pentecost, in the year 1209, he knighted his son Louis, then twenty-two years of age, and, in the plenary court which he held on that occasion, he imitated the splendor of the courts described by the authors of the romances of chivalry." This is strongly confirmatory of what we have advanced above, and the practice probably began with Philip Augustus, who

\* Histoire des François, vol. vi., p. 310.



certainly first made the twelve peers of France, and for which his only authorities were the romances. It is curious enough, by the way, that chivalry should be under more obligations to Philip Augustus than to his rival, Richard Cœur de Lion, whom we are in the habit of regarding as the model of a *preux chevalier*. In fine, the truth probably is, that this reduction to practice of the fictions of romances began with the 13th, and was continued through the 14th and 15th centuries; and as it is in the romance of Perceforest (a most delightful one, by the way, it is) that the most ample details of the chivalry of the olden time are to be found, its author may perhaps justly claim to be regarded as its chief inventor. It may surprise some persons that we have said nothing of *Petit Jehan de Saintré*, a great authority with the aforesaid essayists, but we regard it as a mere romance, and no true history, and at best it would only be authority for those times when it was attempted to reduce chivalry to practice.

Our remarks on this subject have, we find, run to greater length than we had anticipated; but we deem it necessary for the critic and reader of the Italian romantic poems to have just ideas on chivalry and its origin.

We know no more curious questions of criticism than the origin of the two great cycles of romance of the middle ages, viz: those of Arthur and the Round Table, and of Charlemagne and the Paladins. It is at the same time, we fear, one which we have not the means of ever answering in a manner perfectly satisfactory, and it will probably long afford a field for subtle combinations and ingenious theory. On this point, Mr. Panizzi advances some novel speculations, to some of which we yield our assent, others do not convince us. Thus on the great question, of which was the first, Mr. Panizzi ranges himself on the side of those who assign the priority to the romances of Arthur. He thus expresses himself.—

“If the original destination of poetry were in every nation of the world to celebrate the glorious actions of heroes, one of the provinces of England, possessing one of the most ancient languages extant, would seem to have surpassed all other countries in the application of the art. All the chivalrous fictions since spread over Europe, appear to have had their birth in Wales. Du Cuylus and Legrand have pretended, in a manner the most flippant and unfair, that all the romances of Arthur and his court were but imitations of the old French romances concerning Charlemagne. The very reverse is the fact, since the romances treating of this emperor and of his most renowned chiefs may be strongly suspected to be of British extraction. The songs in praise of

Arthur belong to a very remote period, and some of them, still in existence, bear indubitable marks of very high antiquity. When the Britons occupied that part of France to which they gave their name, and which was subsequently conquered by the Normans, (who settling there, in turn gave their name to a portion of it,) they unquestionably brought with them their traditions and customs. So famous were their lays in France, that the French *trouvères* were accustomed to cite the British originals as vouchers for the birth of their stories; whilst some of them were translated by Marie de France. A glance at these translations will show the lays to be of British origin; and, were this of itself doubtful, the authoress of the translation honestly avows the fact: an avowal which Mr. Legrand insists on disbelieving. Truly it must appear somewhat singular, that the learned critic pretends to be better acquainted with the origin of these poems than even the person by whom they were written. The practice of translating the lays of Wales into modern languages was adopted by Chaucer himself; and the system of narrating stories or jests was particularly well received in Normandy, where, as is generally the case, the new settlers made the fables of the original inhabitants, or *autochthones*, their own. In Turpin's book, and in Maugis' romance, mention is made of a count of Nantes, named Oel, as being one of the heroes of Charlemagne; and by the romances of the Round Table we find him father of *Iseulte aux Blanches Mains*, Sir Tristram's wife. We have already seen that it was a Norman who sang the song of Orlando, and in due time we shall have occasion to observe how intimately connected is the name of this hero with Wales and Little Brittany.”—*Essay*, p. 34—37.

It is here that we chiefly dissent from this writer. We must confess that we have very strong doubts respecting the Welsh origin of the romantic poetry of the middle ages. It is very unfortunate that the Cymric, like the Celtic, scholars and antiquarians are of such easy faith and so enveloped in prejudice that their translations and their assertions are little to be depended on, and the critic who cannot read Welsh and judge for himself is safer without than with the aid of such fallacious guides. We certainly see no reason to doubt, as some have done, of the existence of Arthur, for he is spoken of by Nennius and others much older than Geoffrey of Monmouth; but we doubt very much if the Round Table and its Knights, the Sangraal and the perilous adventures to which it gave rise, the loves of Tristram and Isotte, of Lancelot and Ginevra, are to be found anterior to the twelfth century, at least in any thing like a developed form. There is a vast deal of obscurity about the British History of the monk of Monmouth. William of Newburgh, we know, early accused him of having forged it; no original was, we believe, ever exhibited; and as to the circumstantial account of the original having been brought out of Brittany and so forth, we own it does not carry to our minds the conviction of demonstration. Let any one read



the minute account given by the author of Perceforest of the manner in which he came by that ancient story, and he will see how these matters can be managed. At the same time, we do not accuse Geoffrey of having actually invented his history, but we are disposed to regard it as being a translation somewhat of the same kind with that of the Poems of Ossian the son of Fingal. As for the Breton lays translated by Marie de France, we have read them carefully, and we will add with much pleasure, and the result has been that we are strongly inclined to range ourselves on the side of Ritson, Legrand, and those who view them as originals, and not translations. We have not now space for going into particulars, but such is the general impression which the perusal of them made upon us. As to the poetess's honest avowal of their Breton origin, we think the following passage from Legrand, given in a note by Mr. Panizzi, quite satisfactory:

"Marie de France dit de traduire elle-même de l'anglais en français . . . . nos fabliers et nos romanciers surtout emploient (cette expression) très fréquemment, quand ils veulent traiter un sujet de la table ronde. Rarement ils le commencent sans annoncer qu'ils l'ont tiré d'une bibliothèque d'Angleterre, ou des archives compilées sous le roi Artus. Pour quiconque connaît l'ancienne romancerie, ces formules triviales ne signifient rien; il n'en est point dupé."

The same writer thus gives the commencement of a *fabliau* as old as the *Lais* of Marie de France—

"Bien de gens ne regardent les lays que comme des fables. J'ai cependant mes garans pour toutes les aventures de ceux que j'ai faits. Elles ont été chantées en Bretagne et ailleurs. On en conserve à Carlion les originaux, et c'est dans cette source authentique que je vais puiser encore celle que vous allez entendre."

The fact would appear to be that the great success of the British History gave a sort of dignity and authenticity to the phrase translated from the *British original*, and it was gladly laid hold of by the composers of lays and *fabliaux*; but we fear all the originals spoken of are as ideal as the archives of Carlion. In short, these Breton bards seem to have been to the *trouvères* of France what Turpin was to the poets now under consideration, and Cid Hamete Benengeli and other Moors to the romance-writers of Spain—a sort of affidavit-men, ready to vouch for any thing. To conclude, Mr. Panizzi's assertion that Chaucer translated from the Welsh is totally erroneous; the tale in question, that of the Frankelien, is taken, as he should

have known, apparently from the Decamerone and the lines

"Thise olde gentil Bretons in hir dayes  
Of diverse adventures maden layes,  
Rimeyed in hir firste British tonge:  
Which layes with hir instruments they songe,  
Or elles reddeden hem for hir plesance;  
And on of hem have I in remembrance  
Which I shal seyn with good wille as I can"—

only prove that the comic bard imitated the old custom; they perhaps also show that he was acquainted with the *Lais* of Marie de France.

We are very far from assenting to the assertion of Caylus and Legrand, that the romances of Arthur and his court are imitations of the old French romances of Charlemagne; but we can as little concede to Mr. Panizzi that the reverse was the case, and that the romances of the Round Table were the originals. In fact, the two cycles seem to have come together into being; the works of Geoffrey of Monmouth and of the pseudo-Turpin, appeared much about the same time, and, in the reign of Philip Augustus, Tristan de Lionais, Lancelot du Lac, and others, on the one side, were composed, as we are told, by Crestien de Troyes and Rusticien de Pise, and those of Huon de Bordeaux, Les Quatre Filz-Aymon, &c., on the other side, by Huon de Villeneuve and some other poets of that poetic age. They appear to have exercised some influence on each other, lending, as was always the case, names and circumstances, but that was all. There was evidently at that period one of those outpourings of the poetic spirit, which take place from time to time in this world of ours, and which our philosophy, do what it will, can never adequately explain. The simple fact remains; the producing cause is unknown.

The difference between the romances of the Arthurian and Carolian cycles in poetic merit is very remarkable. If we except the beautiful Huon de Bordeaux, which, by the way, appears to have had a German original, those of the latter, such as the Quatre Filz-Aymon, Les Enfances d'Ogier, &c., are in general very dull and uninteresting, all about fighting and scarcely any thing else; whereas those of the Knights of the Round Table are full of the most interesting and romantic adventures. It is of the prose romances, which are said to have been formed from originals in verse in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, that we are obliged to speak; but what we say of them must, *à fortiori*, be true of the rhymed originals if there were such. The poets of the two cycles were like two



parties of miners, one of which had the good fortune to hit on a richer vein than the other.

Great effects often spring from small causes. Who, in reading the dull "Life of Charles the Great and Roland," which appeared in the eleventh or twelfth century, under the name of Turpin, archbishop of Rheims, would ever see in it the well-head of the stream, which finally expanded into the noble *Lago Maggiore* of Italian romantic poetry? Yet such appears to be the case, though even here scepticism might perhaps raise a question or two; for, if we except Pulci, the authors of the Italian poems seem to have derived from it little, save a few proper names, such as Marsilio, Agolante, Ferrau, &c.,—and its influence on the French romances of the Paladins was apparently still less. It will not be needless to state what this history is.

The Life of Charles the Great and Roland, as it is called, relates first, briefly, an expedition of Charlemagne into Spain, in which he made a conquest of the entire country. On his return to France, an African king named Aigolandus landed in Spain; and speedily recovered all that the Saracens had lost. Charles soon re-entered the peninsula with a large army, headed by himself and by Milo de Angleriis, the father of Roland: a bloody and indecisive battle, in which Milo and 40,000 Christians fell, was fought; after which Charles returned to France, whither he was soon followed by Aigolandus at the head of his army of Saracens, Moors, Moabites, Æthiopians, Parthians, Africans, Persians; among whom were to be observed Tarafinus or Texefinus, (Taxfin, *i. e.* Tashfin?) king of the Arabs; Brunabellus (Brunello?) king of Alexandria; Avitus of Bugia, Hospinellus of Algabria (Algarve); Fatinus of Barbary, Maimones (Mamoon) of Mecca, Ebrachim (Ibrahim) of Seville, Altumajor of Corduba, *cum aliis multis*. He came and laid siege to the city of Agen and took it. Charles went disguised as his own ambassador to Agen, and spied out the strength of the place, in which he imitated Alexander, who, according to the romantic history of him in both the East and the West, did the same more than once. He then went and collected an army, and came and besieged the city for six months, at the end of which time the Saracens left it secretly by night, and got away on the other side of the Garonne; Aigolandus went to Saintes (*Santones*), whither Charles followed him. A battle was fought in the meads between the cas-

tle of Taleburg and the city of Charante (*Carantem*), after which the Saracens retired into Saintes, which they left also in the night and returned to Spain.

Charles now appeared a second time in Spain at the head of a great army, of which we must name the principal leaders. These were *Turpin*,\* archbishop of Rheims, who, as he tells us himself, absolved the Christians and slaughtered the Saracens; *Roland* count of Mans (*Cenamonnensis*) and lord of Blaye (*Blavii*); *Oliverrius* count of Cevennes or Geneva (*Gebenensis*); *Estulfus* of Langres (*Lingonensis*), son of count Odo; Arastagnus king of the Bretons; Englerius duke of Aquitaine; *Salamon*, the comrade of Estulfus; Baldwin, the uterine brother of Roland; Aldebode king of Friesland; Arnald of Berland; *Naman* duke of Bavaria; *Ogerius* duke of Denmark (*Dacia*); Oel count of Nantes; Constantine, the Roman prefect; *Rainaldus* de Albo Spino; *Ivonus*; *Samson* duke of Burgundy; *Ganalon*, who afterwards proved a traitor, &c. &c. After a vain attempt at converting Aigolandus, a battle is fought and he is slain. A most formidable personage now appears on the scene. Ferracutus, a giant of the race of Goliath, was come from the coast of Syria, with 20,000 Turks, sent by the Admiraldus of Babylon to make war on king Charles. He was now at the city of Nagera, whither Charles led his army.—Ferracutus came forth and demanded a single combat. Ogier the Dane (*Dacus*) was sent first, and the giant gently (*suaviter*) went up to him, and putting his arm lovingly about him, carried him into the city. Rainaldus de Albo Spino (*Rinaldo*) was treated in the same way by him. He carried off Constantine and Oliver together. At last Roland engaged him: they fought all day; at night they made a truce; next day they fought again; the giant grew drowsy and asked a truce to take a sleep. It was courteously granted, and, on his waking, Roland explained to him the mysteries of the Christian faith. In the conversation, the silly giant lets out that he is only vulnerable in the navel, and when they return to the fight Roland uses his knowledge and kills him. All Spain is again reduced, and the book ends with the treason of Ganalon, the defeat at Roncesvalles, the death of Roland, the punishment of the traitor, and finally the death of the emperor himself.

The reader versed in Italian romance

\* We put in italics the principal names to be found in the Italian poems.



will easily see how little the Italian poets were indebted to the archbishop of Rheims. Were it not for the names, as we have already hinted, one might almost doubt if Bojardo and Ariosto had ever read his work. If they did, it must have been in MS., for it was not printed till 1574, long after their great poems had appeared; yet Bojardo at least would seem to have taken several names direct from it. May it not have been these lines of Dante that first led the Florentine, Pulci, to seek in it the battle of Roncesvalles?

"Dopo la dolorosa rotta, quando  
Carlo Magno perdè la santa gesta,  
Non sonò sì terribilmente Orlando."

Dante, it is highly probable from this, was acquainted with Turpin's book.

We have already expressed our doubts of Geoffrey of Monmouth's work being a mere translation, and there can be no doubt that the life of Charles and Roland was a forgery; but it does not follow that either of them was the pure invention of its author. We have very good authority to prove that there were popular ballads of both Arthur and Charlemagne in being long before either of these works were written, and these of a sufficiently romantic character to appear to the soberer sort somewhat incredible. Thus Sigibert, a writer of the eleventh century, says, under the year 470, *Mortuo igitur Uthrapendragon Rege, sublimatus est in regno filius ejus Arturus, cujus mirabiles actus etiam lingue personant populorum, licet plura esse fabulosa videantur*. He here evidently means popular tales and ballads. That Charlemagne was the hero of song and lay, also, cannot well be disputed, though we agree with Mr. Michel in thinking that it was a song of Rollo, and not of Roland, which Taillefer chanted to inspire the Norman warriors, at the battle of Hastings. In these ballads, then, we view the germs of the two great cycles of romance which amused the leisure of our forefathers. May not something of the same kind have occurred in the case of the war of Troy? and may not the Homeric poems contain little more than the fictions of older bards, originally set forth in short lays and ballads?

One of the most novel portions of Mr. Panizzi's essay is, his inquiry respecting the Charles of romance and his principal Paladins.

"If ever," says he, "there was a sovereign who, to a bold character united a strong and determined will, it was certainly Charlemagne; and these qualities, which are apparent in all his actions, are attributed to him by all historians. In the romances, on the con-

trary, he appears a foolish, treacherous prince, easily imposed on, and who, sensible of his own want of energy, suspects every one who dares to act manfully. He submits with the greatest *bonhomie* to Gano, who has repeatedly betrayed him, but who regains his favor by cringing and flattery. He is not a dastard in battle, for the fame of his valor sounds too loudly to be denied; but in his house, and among his family, he acts like a coward. Now this character is remarkably well suited to every Charles who succeeded him. Distinguished, one and all, by the weakness and imbecility of their conduct, the praises of the monks were lavished upon them in proportion to their worthlessness."

We have here Mr. Panizzi's theory respecting the Charles of romance: the language certainly appears to us rather too strong; for the Charles of Bojardo and Ariosto is, to our apprehension, very far from being a contemptible personage. In French romance, as in Huon de Bordeaux, Le Quatre Filz-Aymon, and Ogier le Dannoys, he undoubtedly makes a much less dignified appearance than in the Italian epics; and, perhaps, this may give some foundation for Mr. Panizzi's hypothesis, which is, that all the Charleses of the Carolingian line, that is, Charles Martel, the Great, the Bald, the Fat, and the Simple, and the events of their reigns, have, in popular tradition and the lays of minstrels, been mingled and fused together, and the product has been the Charles of romance, who is, therefore, great and little, strong and weak, victorious and vanquished. Hence he defeats, with great slaughter, the Saracens, who had invaded France—for so did Charles Martel; but his capital, Paris, is besieged by the Saracens, and it was in reality besieged in the reign of Charles the Bald by the Northmen, who, as Mr. Panizzi shows very satisfactorily, were frequently confounded with the Saracens. In like manner, Mr. Panizzi finds the name of Ganalon in a bishop named Wenilo, who acted the part of a traitor to Charles the Bald: and, as Lupus, Duke of Gascony, was concerned in the treacherous attack at Roncesvalles, he supposes that this arch traitor of romance was formed, like Charlemagne, by composition. It is remarkable enough that, as it appears from a document of the time of Charles the Bald, Lupus actually was hanged for his treachery by Charlemagne; and Gano, who, in Turpin, is torn to pieces by horses, is hanged in the Morgante Maggiore. Why Pulci thus chose to depart from his original, we cannot tell, neither can we, perhaps, impute to him a knowledge of the real circumstances of the case. In all probability, it is only an accidental coincidence, such as has lately been pointed out in the case of Macpherson, who, in his tale of Carthon,



when he departs from his Irish original, happens to agree with its Persian parallel, of which he could not possibly have known anything. Why the romance-writers make Gano duke of Maganza, Mayence, or Mentz, a place so far away from Gascony, is a question into which Mr. Panizzi does not enter, but it is one, we think, not undeserving of examination.

Our author institutes an inquiry as to who the three celebrated Paladins, Roland, Renaud, and Ogier, really were. In the work just alluded to, there is also some speculation on these matters. We will therefore set before our readers the result of the labors of both writers. Our first subject shall be the warrior of Denmark.

Mr. Panizzi shows very plainly that, in the time of Charlemagne, a French lord, named Oggerus, retired from the court of the emperor, and sought refuge with Desiderius, or Didier, King of Lombardy; and, in the prose romance of Ogier le Dannoys, the same thing is told of the hero, who is, therefore, to a certain extent, a real historic personage. But then the question comes, why he was called the Danè (*Dannoys*), an appellation which he must early have had, for Turpin, as we have seen, styles him Duke of Denmark (*Dacie*). Mr. Panizzi says that, some said it was because he was a native of that country; others, because he conquered it; others, that he had been a Saracen, and, on his conversion, his former friends wrote to him, saying, *Tu es damné*, and, to prove his sincerity, he insisted on being called Ogier Damné at his baptism. The other writer adopts the first opinion, and endeavors to explain it, and his theory certainly is novel if not convincing. In the songs of the poetic Edda of Scandinavia he finds a hero named Helgi Hundingsbana, between whom and the Ogier of the prose romance he observes so many points of resemblance as to make it extremely probable that the two heroes are one and the same individual. He thus concludes his examination of the two stories.\*

"Here, then, we have parallels to all the circumstances of the Eddaic poems mentioned above. The Norns (*Fates*) are at the birth of Helgi, the Fays at that of Ogier; Sigrun was a Valkyria, Morgue, a Fay; Helgi was honored by Odin, Ogier, by Arthur; Helgi returned to this world, Ogier did the same. To this, we may add, that Helgi came from Valhall on horseback, attended by a train of warriors; and that Ogier came through the air from Faërie, on the steed Papillon (*butterfly*), accompanied by Benoist. There are martial exercises in Valhall;

and Ogier has to take the field in Avallon against Capalus; and, finally, the Fay-ladins of Avallon are not unlike the Valkyrias of Valhall."

The conclusion at which this writer arrives, is, that the Normans brought with them to France the legends of their mythic hero, Helgi, and that, to please them, he was incorporated in the Carolian cycle of romance, a matter the more easy to do since there was, as we have seen, a real person of nearly the same name. That Helgi might become Ogier is apparent to any one skilled in etymology. Oberon, it is well known, is the German Elberich. Ogier himself is called, by the Spaniards, Urgel.

The writer just quoted seems disposed to extend his northern theory to Roland also. Mr. Panizzi, who, as we have already hinted, gives most absurdly into Welsh and Breton systems, appears to regard Roland as a Breton Chieftain. Having noticed that Eginhart, in his life of Charlemagne, calls Roland (*Rutlondus*), who was slain at Roncesvalles, *warden of the British march*, and quoted, from D'Anville, the following passage:—

"Upper Brittany . . . . was a frontier country, opposite to the land of the Britons, and the famous Roland, nephew of Charlemagne, and Count of Angers, commanded there"—he proceeds:

"The Britons paid a kind of tribute to the Franks, but seem to have governed themselves after their own fashion, and obeyed their own chiefs. They also appear to have kept aloof from their neighbors, on whom they made frequent inroads during the reign of Charlemagne. Orlando was Marquis of Brava, a title which, in the olden time, signified warden of a border, or governor of a frontier country; and Angers is situated near the borders of Brittany. In the same territory there is 'Le Lion d'Angers,' a very chivalrous sound, as well as four or five small places called *Brain*, or *Braye*, from which, perhaps, *Brava*. The Britons being tributary to Charlemagne, Roland may possibly have been one of their chieftains faithfully attached to him, and whom he may have intrusted with the Government of that part of the country with which he (Orlando) was best acquainted, and where he had most adherents; a course which was often pursued. *Roland*, or *Roulund*, is proved to be a Welsh name, signifying *rolling* or *overwhelming floods*, and one *Rouland* was no less a person than the father of Sir Tristram. The Britons, faithful to their country, named some of their new places of abode in France after other places and persons originally British. Hence, there is a *Bangor* in the island of *Belle Ile*, and an islet in the bay of Douarnenez is called *Ile de Tristan*, both on the coast of Brittany. Nor was Rouland forgotten, since, on the northeastern coast of Brittany, between St. Brieuc and the mouth of the Trieu, there is a small place called *ROHOULAND*."—pp. 103—105.

We have already expressed our want of faith in these Welsh origins: we must further observe that the supposition of Armorica, or Brittany, having been colo-

\* Keightley's "Tales and Popular Fictions, their resemblance and transmission from country to country," p. 287.



nized from this country, after the same manner that New England, for example, was, is an extremely erroneous one. Armorica had always a Celtic population of its own, and the most we are justified in asserting, is, that a portion of the vanquished Celts of the west of Britain were received among their Armorican brethren—but it is not very likely that they could have exerted much influence in any way over the country. As to the argument from the similar names of places, we hold it to be nought. There is a Bangor, for instance, in Ireland, as well as in Wales and Brittany; the name is, probably, significant, and suits the natural characters of different places. The *Ile de Tristan*, probably, was named after the romances of the Round Table got into vogue, just like the *Brèche de Roland*, in the Pyrenees, and so many other places. We think Mr. Panizzi altogether mistaken in the origin of the *Brava* of the Italian poets, which he hints at. Turpin says he was Count of Blaye (*Comes Blavii*); and when we recollect that *l* and *r* are commutable letters, the real origin of *Brava* is apparent.

A different course is taken in the work to which we have already adverted. Having shown that there was a real person named Rotlandus, or Rutlandus, in the time of Charlemagne, the author observes that, the celebrated Hrolf, or Rollo, to whom Charles the Bald ceded Neustria, was the son of Rognavald, Earl of the Orkneys; and that from Rognavald was formed Roland, a name still in use in the Hebrides. He thinks that Roland may have been formed from it as well as Ronald; that ballads have been made in praise of him and his son; and that the casual resemblance between his name and that of one of Charles's nobles has been the cause of the latter's having attained to such celebrity in the lays of the Trouvères who resorted to the courts of the Norman monarchs.

It is a common failing of limited minds to infer imitation where they see resemblance; and, from this defect, as the following passage proves, our author is not free.

"The question as to Dante's knowledge of Greek has been much agitated. Pelli and some minor writers have eagerly contended that Dante was well acquainted with Greek, and Dionisi has gone so far as to assert that he taught it. Maffei, Tiraboschi, and, last not least, Foscolo, have denied this. To quote, as has been done, a pretended sonnet from Dante to Bosone Raffaelli in the affirmative, implies such a poor opinion of the reader's taste as to be unworthy of notice. It is true that Dante pronounced the words *Letè*, *tragedia*, &c., very properly; it is

true that he praises Homer, it is true that he knew the derivation of *Flegente*, yet his knowledge of the pronunciation and meaning of a few Greek words does not imply that he knew Greek thoroughly. He may even have been acquainted with a translation of Homer, for a version of the *Odyssey*, at least, was executed before that of Leonzio, procured by Boccaccio and Petrarca. In his poem he does not admit that any one went to hell or paradise, and returned, but Æneas, St. Paul, and himself, (the knight who performed the journey by order of Charles-Martel is out of the question,) and consequently he excludes Ulysses. In the 28th canto of the *Inferno* he relates the travels of this gentleman, not according to the *Odyssey* but according to the account of Pliny and Solinus. There is, however, an argument drawn from Homer's *Iliad* on the one hand, and from Dante's *Purgatory* on the other, which has never been taken into consideration, and which, yet, almost induces a belief that on one occasion at least Dante knew the *Iliad* and imitated it. Still the question will be, whether the *Iliad* was translated before Dante's time or not.

"Any one conversant with Homer will remember that fanciful and highly poetical passage of the *Iliad*, where the Scamander addresses itself to the Simois, threatening to drown Achilles with its waters, and bury him beneath its sands. According to Dante, Buonconte da Montefeltro, who was killed at the battle of Campaldino, but whose body was never found, was treated by the Archiano and Arno exactly in the way that the Scamander and Simois would have treated Achilles. The rivers Archiano and Arno were moved not by themselves but a devil, who was incensed by an agent's carrying away Buonconte's soul, on the possession of which he had relied. As he could not get the soul, he was resolved to do his best with the body. How far this may tend to elucidate the question as to Dante's knowledge of Greek, it is not here the place to determine. Certain it is, that the coincidence has not the air of being fortuitous, especially if we consider the admirable art with which Dante always imitates but seldom or never copies; whence arises the difficulty of discovering the similarity between a passage in his poem and any of the writers with whom he vies."—*Essay*, p. 153-155.

"Parturiunt montes—nascitur ridiculus mus!"

If Mr. Panizzi, who boasts such a familiarity with Dante, had looked a little closer, he would have seen that the poor Arno was quite passive in the business, and his whole attempt at convicting Dante of plagiarism fails. The *naïveté* with which he speaks of the difficulty of catching Dante in the fact is somewhat amusing; for, the truth is, Dante imitates only Virgil and the Bible, and these he copies; he takes legends, &c. from Ovid and others, but it is not easy to trace an imitation of them. Though Mr. Panizzi speaks thus familiarly of Homer and Greek, we doubt if he has any great familiarity with this language. If he had, he surely would not give *φιλοστράτης* "love-conquered," as the meaning of *Filostrato*; and, if acquainted with Greek literature, he would have seen that the original of Pulci's Margutte, which puzzles him so much, is probably the Margites of Homer. Mr. Panizzi has no right to complain of his



defects being pointed out; no one is more ready than himself to *show up* others: thus poor Mr. Rodd could not mistranslate a passage of Turpin, without Mr. Panizzi going out of his way to expose him. Yet, as the following passage will prove, the critic himself dwells in a glass-house. "The great Paladin, Orlando, weeps over the fate of France, and of Charlemagne, and of Christianity; which, like all other human things, he supposes one day will fall." In a note he gives the passage of Pulci to which he alludes:

"Tutte cose mortal vanno ad un segno;  
Mentre l'una sormonta e l'altra cade;  
Così fia forse di cristianitade."—

*Morg. Mag.* xxxvi. 41.

and adds, "the *Courier Français* has lately been tried in France and acquitted, for having supposed exactly the same thing." Now we think differently. What the *Courier* and Mr. Panizzi mean is plain enough, but we wager, and we appeal to any one acquainted with the Italian language and of sound judgment, that it was *Christendom* and not *Christianity* that was in the mind of the pious Paladin.

Enough of finding fault: we haste to a more pleasing task—that of viewing Mr. Panizzi as the zealous and not unsuccessful vindicator of the fame of a poet too long neglected. We must previously mention that the *Essay* contains a very good analysis of the *Teseide* of Boccaccio, the *Morgante* of Pulci, and the *Mambriano* of Bello, commonly called *Il Cieco di Ferrara*.

Never, we believe, has poet been worse treated by posterity than Matteo Maria Bojardo, the author of the *Orlando Innamorato*. In fact, the prevailing opinion seems to have long been that he was no poet at all, but how stands the real case? Simply, that he was the most graceful, tender, and elegant poet (Poliziano excepted) that Italy produced from the time of Petrarca to that of Ariosto. These qualities, certainly, do not appear to any great extent in his great poem, but that is perhaps not difficult to account for. The

"Plus sentimento facilis quam carmine dives"

of Merlinus Coccejus is true of him in the *Innamorato*, but in the year 1499 a volume appeared at Reggio, intitled, *Sonetti e Canzoni del Poeta Clarissimo Matthe Maria Boiardo Còte di Scandiano*, which affords indubitable proof of the truth of what we have stated. As justice is sure to be done to every one, sooner or later, Venturi published at Modena, in 1820, fifty-four out of about a hundred and

eighty lyrical pieces contained in the original edition, and here people to their surprise discovered that Bojardo had the qualities which we have assigned to him above. Mr. Panizzi has, we believe, some idea of reprinting all his lyrical poetry in this country, and we hope he will not change his mind, but give to a British press the full merit of having vindicated the fame of a poet whose name will not soon be forgotten.

We will set before our readers, to enable them to judge for themselves, two of Bojardo's sonnets, which Mr. Panizzi gives, with several others, from Venturi. They are not, perhaps, those which we might be disposed to select as the very best, were we free to act; but we happen to be favored with translations of these two from the elegant pen of a highly accomplished young lady, and gallantry prohibits our choice of any others. The following was written on the occasion of the lady whom he loved presenting him with a purse wrought by her own fair hands:—

"Grazioso mio dono, e caro pegno,  
Che sei da quella man gentile ordito,  
Qual sola può sanar quel che ha ferito,  
E alla errante mia vita dar sostegno;

"Dono amoroso, sopra gli altri degno,  
Distinto in tante parti e colorito,  
Perchè non è con teo il spirito unito,  
Che già ti fabbricò con tanto ingegno?

"Perchè non è la man leggiadra teo?  
Perchè teo non sono or quei desiri  
Che sì te han fatto di beltade adorno?

"Sempre nella mia vita sarai meco,  
Avrai sempre da me mille sospiri,  
Mille baci la notte, e mille il giorno."

"Beautiful gift, and dearest pledge of love,  
Woven by that fair hand whose gentle aid,  
Alone can heal the wound itself bath made,  
And to my wandering life a sure guide prove!

"O dearest gift, all others far above,  
Curiously wrought in many-colored shade.  
Ah! why with thee has not the spirit stayed,  
That with such tasteful skill to form thee strove?

"Why have I not that lovely hand with thee?  
Why have I not with thee each fond desire  
That did such passing beauty to thee give?

"Through life thou ever shalt remain with me,  
A thousand tender sighs thou shalt inspire,  
A thousand kisses day and night receive."

"Perhaps," says Mr. Panizzi, "never were the sentiments which such a present was likely to awaken, more truly and warmly expressed than in this sonnet."

The following was written when parting with his mistress for some time:—

"Io vidi quel bel viso impallidire  
Per la crudel partita, come suole



Da sera o da mattino avanti il Sole  
La luce un nuvoletto ricoprire.

"Vidi il color di rose rivenire  
Di bianchi gigli e pallide viole,  
E vidi (e quel veder mi giova e duole)  
Cristallo e perlo da quegli occhi uscire.

"Dolci parole e dolce lacrimare,  
Che dolcemente m'addolcìte il core,  
E di dolcezza il fate lamentare ;

"Con voi piangendo sospirava Amore,  
Tanto suave che nel rammentare  
Non mi par doglia ancor il mio dolore."

"I saw that lovely cheek grow wan and pale  
At our sad parting, as at times a cloud,  
Stealing the morn or evening Sun to shroud,  
Casts o'er his glorious light an envious veil.

"I saw the rose's orient color fail,  
Yielding to lilies wan its empire proud,  
And saw, with joy elate, by sorrow bowed,  
How from those eyes the pearls and crystal fell.

"O precious words! and, O sweet tears! that  
steep  
In pleasing sadness my devoted heart,  
And make it with its very bliss to weep.

"Love with you weeping sighed, and did impart  
Such sweetness to you, that my sorrow deep  
To memory comes devoid of sorrow's dart."

We will make one more extract, of which we will offer no translation. It must convince every one that Bojardo was possessed of beauty of imagination and melody of verse, and that the celebrated Quadrio is not far astray when he calls his lyrical pieces "un modello di delicatezza e di grazia." It occurs in a *Canzone*, in which in a series of comparisons he describes the beauty of his mistress.

"Come in la notte liquida e serena  
Vien la stella d'Amore innante il giorno  
Di raggi d'oro e di splendor sì piena,  
Che l'orizzonte è di sua luce adorno ;  
Ed ella a tergo mena  
L'altre stelle minore  
Che a lei d'intorno intorno  
Cedon parte del cielo e fangli onore ;  
Indi rorando splendido liquore  
Da l'umida sua chioma, onde si bagna  
La verde erbetta e il colorito fiore,  
Fa rugiadosa tutta la campagna ;  
Così costei de l'altre il pregio acquista  
Perchè Amor l'accompagna  
E fa apparir ogni altra bella vista."

The bard of Scandiano also wrote Italian eclogues, in which he employed the *verso sdrucciolo* before Sannazaro, who is generally supposed to have been the first who used it in entire poems. He has, moreover, left Latin eclogues, which Tiraboschi justly styles "molto eleganti." He translated Herodotus's History, the Cyropaedia of Xenophon, and Apuleius's Golden Ass. Altogether, we may see, that his literary merits are not few, and that he

deserves a higher station than has yet been allotted to him on the Italian Parnassus.

Bojardo's lyrical poetry being so soft and mellifluous as the preceding extracts show it to be, whence comes it, it may be asked, that the versification of his great poem is so rugged and negligent? The truth of this charge we are not disposed to admit to the full extent, but we will not now argue the case. At all events, we believe the familiarity and negligence of the verse of the *Innamorato* to have been matter of choice. The *Regina Ancoja*, the *Buovo d'Antona*, the *Spagna*, and the other romantic poems which were written before his time, are all in a low, vulgar, and familiar style ; and Bojardo, probably, like Pulci, deemed that poems of this kind, which were designed for recitation rather than for the study, should not aim at epic pomp and dignity. That the *Innamorato* was recited, Mr. Fanizzi has made very probable ; indeed, we think it is proved sufficiently by the opening lines :—

"Signori e Cavalier, che v' adunate  
Per odir cose dilette e nuove,  
State attenti, quieti, ed ascoltate  
La bella istoria che il mio canto muove."

None but a mind of high poetic power could have conceived the plan of the Orlando *Innamorato*. The romances of the Round Table, as we have observed above, are very far superior to those of the Paladins. Bojardo saw in what their superiority lay ; he, at the same time, knew that Charlemagne and his peerage had an interest for Italian minds, of which Arthur and his knights could hardly hope to possess themselves. He, therefore, boldly conceived the design of giving to the former what he knew to be the great charm of the latter, namely, Love ; and he had even the hardihood to subject to this passion Orlando, who had been hitherto regarded as almost a saint, knowing that his love would excite an interest far beyond that of any inferior personage. How well he succeeded needs not to be told : the riches of invention which he has so lavishly poured forth in his poem are hardly to be equalled : and, had he lived to bring it to a conclusion, the Muse of Ariosto must have sought some other theme, and she might possibly not have mounted to such a height of glory. Far, very far, however, be from us the desire to disparage Ariosto, one of the most delightful poets that ever existed ; all we mean to say is, that in luxuriance of invention we apprehend he was inferior to Bojardo, and we doubt if he could of himself have formed so noble and extensive a plan as that



which he took up and so admirably continued. Perhaps, where grace and elegance are given in so high a degree as they were to Ariosto, nature is more frugal of the faculty of invention.

The splendor of Ariosto's versification made the negligent lines of Bojardo, abounding as they did in Lombardisms, appear to tremendous disadvantage. In those days the Italians had learned to regard the style as every thing in a literary work: if

"the style was excellent,  
The verse they humbly took upon consent."

Even Lucretius was thought lightly of because he had not all the polish of Virgil and Horace. Poor Bojardo was, therefore, to gratify "ears polite," *re-made* by the celebrated Francesco Berni, and by another person named Dominichi, and the effect has been, that the original poem has not been printed since the year 1544, and that the belief has been transmitted from critic to critic that it is not readable. Mr. Panizzi has thought differently, and so do we; and he has, with immense labor, formed, by a collation of seven different editions, as pure a text of the poem as the strict laws of criticism permitted.\* We must let him speak for himself on this subject.

"I admit," says he, "the elegance of many parts of the *rifacimento*, but I contend that, if we may tolerate in an original poem a want of correctness, we have a right to be more rigorous when we are to judge of a work which has no claim to invention. The indiscriminate praises lavished upon Berni's work have rendered people afraid of examining it with an unbiassed and critical eye; whilst the outcry against Bojardo's incorrect and unpolished diction and versification, has created a kind of traditional belief that the lines of this great poet are not worth reading. I am proud of being the first to offer the original *Orlando Innamorato* in a legible form to the lovers of Italian literature, and I shall leave the question of its merits in comparison with Berni's *rifacimento* to all candid and competent judges, who will often be compelled to admit that the lines of the old bard are superior to those of the author upon whom the splendid reputation of having rendered the perusal of the poem tolerable, has been conferred. Even readers who are prejudiced against, or unacquainted with Bojardo, will confess that it is unjust to bestow the encomiums due to this great poet on a writer whose name is now prefixed to a work of which he did not invent any portion. I have felt indignant at the title-pages of the *Orlando Innamorato* by Berni, omitting the name of him by whom the poem was composed. Without Berni, the *Orlando Innamorato* will be read and enjoyed; without Bojardo, not even the name of the poem remains."

That the verse of the Tuscan Berni is more polished than that of the Lombard Bojardo, we readily concede; but surely

this is not a reason for depriving the latter of his fame. Southey somewhere complains of the tendency to the ludicrous of the Italian romantic poets: now one of the merits of Bojardo is, that he is more free from this tendency than any other of them, and that almost every thing of the kind in the *re-made* poem is the property of Berni. We must confess that it was with surprise, as well as pleasure, we discovered this when we read the original poem for the first time in the present edition; and to us, the genuine verses of Bojardo, with all their negligence and all their ruggedness, but at the same time, with all their sweetness, (of which Berni was not capable,) are far more pleasing than the Tuscan strains which have occupied their place. Dryden, a loftier poet than Berni, has modernized the Knight's Tale, of Chaucer; nothing can be finer, nothing more harmonious or more spirited than the lines of this mighty master of rhyme: yet what person of true taste and poetic feeling would not rather read the ruder strains of the original poet? If the *Faërie Queen* were re-made, we are certain it would find a very limited number of readers; and now that the genuine Orlando Innamorato is placed before us, we expect that in future it will be read by the genuine lovers of poetry in preference to the *rifacimento*, with which ordinary readers may continue to content themselves.

The present edition of the entire poem (for the *Innamorato* and the *Furioso* are but one poem,) will, we trust, ere long take its place in every Italian library in this country. It has every thing to recommend it—a most correct text, many valuable notes and disquisitions, beautiful print and paper. To any library it will be an ornament,—no Italian library can be complete without it.

ART. III.—1. *Résumé préliminaire de l'ouvrage ayant pour titre, Théorie des Volcans*, par Le Comte A. De Bylandt Palstercamp. Seconde édition. Paris. 1834.

2. *Description des Terrains Volcaniques de la France centrale*. Par M. Amédée Burat. Avec dix planches. Paris. 1833.

WHEN we see a work written professedly for our benefit we feel a sort of delicacy in expressing our opinion of its merits or demerits. Should we find fault, we must

\* Mr. Panizzi, we believe, had to transcribe the whole poem, so extremely incorrect were all the editions.



appear to be extremely ungrateful to one who gives us so much of his time and thoughts solely for our good; and, should we altogether praise it, it seems as if we suffered our self-love to run away with our justice. The first work which now comes under our notice is the second edition of a pamphlet of seventy-eight pages; and perhaps, as a mere "avant-propos" or "aperçu" of a larger work, ought merely to be announced to the public. However, as this avant-propos (which we are very much inclined to translate *feeler*) lays before us the plan of three projected volumes, opens to us the motives and labors of the author, and sums up his new theory, we feel bound to remark on it at some length.

In the first place, the Count expresses his conviction of the obligation under which we all lie to benefit our fellow-creatures, and gives us reason to suppose, that, having run about the world for thirty years, first to amuse himself and enlarge his ideas, he has at length arrived at the maturity of wisdom and love, and now offers us the results of his experience from pure philanthropy. He sets all criticism at defiance by professing a perfect indifference towards it; he declares that he has not one spark of vanity, and leaves literary glory to the learned. He candidly informs us, that, after having classed volcanic eruptions into eight distinct parts, and entered explicitly into every minute detail concerning them, we ought to be very much obliged to him; and he flatters himself that his birth and rank in the world will protect him from the suspicion that he has any other motive than that of being useful to his fellow-men.

Having faithfully followed the prescription given by Circe to Ulysses, when he left Ithaca, in order to be initiated into the sacred mysteries, (and a copy of which will not, we believe, be necessary to our readers) the Count believes that his writings are destined to make truth triumph over error; but he is by no means sanguine that this triumph will be accorded immediately, because every man who opens a new career in science is rejected at first, and perhaps, like Huygens, Kepler, Descartes, Newton (especially), and Galileo, years may elapse before justice will be done him; no matter, received or not received, the Count has done his duty "et cela lui suffit."

We are not however of the volcanic traveller's opinion; for although, in former ages, when just emerging, as it were, from the chaos of science and literature, a sublime truth had to work its establish-

ment through long years of doubt and discredit—although men who made discoveries which have rendered them immortal were imprisoned as madmen (witness Solomon De Cans, in the time of Cardinal Richelieu, who discovered the power of steam)—yet we think that now we are even too ready to adopt new theories and speculations, too apt to be sanguine in our expectations of their success, and that in no science whatever do we find new systems and new principles so eagerly adopted as in Geology. It would be well for us, and rid us of a multitude of incumbances, did every one follow the advice we heard given by the greatest geologist in the world to an ardent young traveller just about to explore unknown regions: "Report facts exactly as you see them, and do not send us any theories or speculations of your own."

Now let us follow our amiable author in his travels. Having shaken off the dust of the schools, places which Nature hates, because she has been so ill-treated in them, the Count starts to interrogate this Nature, as a son does a cherished mother, or as the Neophytes interrogated Plato or Pythagoras. He finds her always good, amiable, and graceful, even in the midst of her troubles, and unceasingly occupied in repairing the damages she cannot avoid; or in other words, we suppose, like a good house-wife, darning her stockings. He follows her from the summits of mountains into the entrails of the earth, and approaches her immense laboratory, in the hope that some spark from this formidable furnace would set light to his feeble torch, and dissipate the thick darkness into which he had been plunged by the study of scientific books. As a reward for his constancy, Nature accompanies him to Mexico, and thence to Asia Minor, without ever being tired of teaching his young ideas how to shoot, and he comprehends her as well as his ideas will let him. He then sums up the powers of nature and life, and in this instance condescends to follow the established opinions of some of our greatest philosophers, though we strongly suspect that he has never read the sublime article headed Nature, written by the Baron Cuvier for the "Dictionnaire des Sciences naturelles." But surely Count de Bylandt advances too much, when he states, that till now (we presume he means his own labors) the volcanic part of Geology has been entirely narrowed within the limits of the substances which compose it; the works of Baron Von Humboldt, M. Von



Buch, Mr. Lyell, Mr. Murchison, &c., are ample refutations on this head; and indeed to the former the Count allows some merit, and takes him as a guide to the gulf of Mexico, and M. de Saussure to the Alps—always, be it understood, in the quality of ushers to Nature. It would, however, appear that he soon starts without a guide at all, for he says, that he traced his own route, and determined, as in fact every one ought, to see, to compare, to analyse, and to bring every thing to a common centre, before he reasoned upon what he saw. It is thus that he believed himself able to trace a geometrical plan of the interior of the volcanic part of the earth, which geometrical reduction of phenomena occupied him during the last twelve years of his researches. The Count then applied to preceding writers to see what they thought of the same phenomena, or if they knew any thing of them; if they agreed with the facts as he apprehended them, he strengthened his judgment with their arguments, but if not, he rejected and combated their positions, *i. e.* he was determined to have his own way in spite of them.

At length, we flattered ourselves we were fairly started in the route of our traveller's operations: he walks on, with the rules of physics and chymistry before him, he challenges the impartial reader to judge if he has demonstrated the figure which nature presented to him, and, in order to go from little to great, and from known to unknown, he begins by the examination of cold mountains (*montagnes froides.*) He attributes the elevation of mountains to four causes, which are sometimes isolated and sometimes united. The first is, the eruption of central fire, ignited at the first period of the development of matter,—secondly, to the sinking down of the mineral crust, after it had been extended to the utmost point of elasticity, by the central fire in all its power—thirdly, to the falling down of a part of the layers in deep caverns, produced by a vertical pressure of water, and which explains the frequent obliquity of strata, sometimes even in a contradictory sense to the rest of the mountain—and fourthly, to the heaving up of the outer crust by interior pressure, directed towards the extremity of those rays of the globe where the diminution of the force of the central fire had left it only the power of lifting up the points which oppose the least resistance. To the last the Count attributes the vertical direction of rocks and strata, which may be remarked in several mountains—here, he

adds, “mon ouvrage developpera mes idées,” and we hope it will.

Would not any one have supposed that we had now become involved in the maze of reasoning, so elaborately set before us by Count de Bylandt, and will not our readers be as surprised as ourselves on being obliged to return to the Count individually, and in contradiction to his general plan, go with him from great to little, and from known to unknown? We offer the passage which caused our astonishment in the Count's own words:—

“Comme l'étude était ma passion dominante, et que je n'en dépendais pas, je pouvais lui donner tout mon tems. Il n'est pas toujours facile aux savans de profession de faire de longs et pénibles voyages de plusieurs années consécutives: leurs occupations, unies à d'autres circonstances personnelles,” (we suppose he means their purses) “ne leur permettent de venir examiner le terrain qu'en courant, qu'à jours comptés, et quelque grande que soit leur pénétration, l'on sait que l'aigle qui plane au haut des airs ne peut apercevoir et distinguer qu'un seul point à la fois.”

But it is time for us to be serious, and see what the Count asserts independent of himself; for, be it remarked, he finds it extremely difficult to quit this darling theme, and it has puzzled us not a little also to divest his theory of classical allusions and similes, which by no means add to the perspicuity of scientific observations.

As far as we can judge from the *avant-propos*, the Count's theory (for he insists upon it that we are not to call it a system,) is as follows:—that there are two great central volcanic fires or furnaces, “where fire and water dispute the empire of the globe,” the one situated under the island of Celebes, the other under the island of St. Christopher in the West Indies; from each of these issues a communicating and principal channel, through which the volcanic fluid is propelled from west to east according to the rotatory motion of the earth. From this great channel branch off a number of smaller channels, and on these are placed knots of volcanic matter, which again propel it further, and thus cover the earth as far north as 80°, and 65° south, like a net-work. The force which propels this fluid he considers to be spiral, and the influence which guides it north and south magnetic. As long as it continues within the earth it obeys this influence, but when actually on the surface it obeys the sun. These channels, or perhaps more properly speaking, this one great channel, does not pass in a straight line through the centre of the earth, but makes an angle of five degrees; which angle or arc may be observed in all volcanic phenomena, verti-



cal or horizontal. Stationing himself at the great western furnace, the Count divided a quarter of a circle into ten equal parts, and found that the branches of volcanic fire corresponded with each of these radii. The great channel leading from the western furnace to the eastern, M. de Bylandt traces in this manner; starting from St. Christopher, it crosses Hayti, stretches along the Atlantic to the Azores and to Portugal; thence, finding an invulnerable obstacle in the primitive foundations of the African continent, it goes through the Straits of Gibraltar, up the Mediterranean, and, passing by the Grecian Archipelago, Asia Minor, Arabia, and the Indian peninsula, ends in the great eastern centre, and thus tolerably corresponds with the ecliptic. On, or near, this great canal are situated several of the above-mentioned knots of volcanic matter, among which he places one under the kingdom of Valencia, where the Count again takes his quarter of a circle, divided into ten radii, one of which passes into the department of Cantal, another to the Puy-de-Dome, &c. &c. Our limits do not allow us to follow the Count through all his radii, and we will therefore touch lightly on his opinion of the great convulsion which opened the Mediterranean Sea, tore America from the other continents, and caused the multitude of little islands which we observe in the neighborhood of both these portions of the globe: he founds this opinion not only on the course of his great channel of volcanic fire, but on the similarity of the traces found of the primitive inhabitants of America to all that we know concerning the ancient Egyptians.

With respect to the spiral force, of which we have before spoken, he says, that, having, on his return from his travels, perused the works of Messrs. Faraday, Barlow, Arago, Ampère, &c., on this subject, he was struck with the coincidence of their results with his own, though he had obtained his by a different method; that is, he reached the same summit of the angle by means of the attraction of the molecules which compose fluids, excited by the magnetic fluid, and strengthened by spiral force. After exposing his manner of working his experiments, he calls upon these great *savans*, to bear witness to the value of his discovery on the contradictory movements of the needle. Standing close by the crater of a mountain in active operation, he constantly observed that, in proportion as the electric fluid rises, the needle declines, but never further than a right angle, and

*vice versâ*, and that placed to the east of the crater, the north pole had the ascendancy; and if to the west of the volcanic mouth, the south pole would predominate. The spiral movement he conceives to be the most powerful of nature's conductors; without it no great results could take place, and it perfectly accords with the unity perceptible in all the designs of nature. He treats of fluids in the following manner. The first development of matter has been caused by the separation of three elementary, imponderable, and indivisible fluids,—first, the universal ethereal fluid, which envelops all creation;—secondly, caloric, which he views as the principle of divisibility and of the formation of composite bodies; and which, in consequence of this principle, are almost all combustible. This fluid he also thinks is the great principle of life. Thirdly, light, which he considers as the principle of organization, and consequently also of life. Besides these, he finds two auxiliary composite fluids, both of which are equal in power to the others; these are the electric fluid, the inseparable companion of light, and to which he attributes motion; and the magnetic fluid, closely linked with all other fluids, to which it serves as a regulator. From the action and re-action of these fluids springs universal life; and to them may be added yet another fluid, caused by the union of all the others; this is the igneous, primitive fluid, which embraces all nature, without being the cause of it; as it seems to be the peculiar property of primitive matter to be incombustible. All volcanic operations the Count regards as the results of a combination of the first five fluids, in which the magnetic greatly preponderates, but the whole of which are subject to solar influence. Hence it follows, that volcanic fluids must obey the course of the sun at the surface of the globe, though within it they are drawn along by the rotation of the earth. They form a circumference parallel to the ecliptic, but which the equator divides into two unequal parts, the southern being the smaller, and the two great central furnaces being nearly equidistant from the equinoctial points, which he calls answering to them.

The currents of the sea the Count entirely attributes to the volcanic fluids, and he gives them an inverse movement to that of fluids over which they are placed. We should be glad to hear how he would explain the change which takes place on the western coasts of Africa during the har-



mattans, or winds which blow from the desert of Sahara. In one hour the course of these currents will be entirely reversed, and continue so as long as the desert winds blow towards the sea. To the same cause does the Count attribute the trade winds, asserting, that till now they have been ascribed to chance. We suspect that he has yet something to read before he is *au courant* with modern science, from which the word chance is wholly expunged, and which has already given us very satisfactory reasons for the constancy of these great friends to the navigator. We extract a part of this passage.

"Les vents donc, tant réguliers qu'irréguliers, ne peuvent naître que du concours et de l'influence des cinq fluides élémentaires, et comme j'ai déjà fait remarquer, que c'est dans les canaux, et dans les cônes volcaniques que ces fluides se concentrent le plus, je donne dans mon ouvrage les preuves de ce que les vents, soit périodiques, soit permanens, ne regnent que dans les régions volcaniques."

Volcanic fire itself the Count believes to be purely material. Its principles are filtration and fermentation, springing from the pressure of the upper strata. Where fermentation exists there must be heat, and the commencement of ignition. Fermentation is augmented by the effect of the gases and the water which results from it; it is also augmented in proportion as the heat penetrates more deeply into the inferior strata, where the substances are more compact, and consequently yield a greater abundance of matter, which contributes to the fire. All these parts are decomposed, combined, and penetrate the mineral crust, and form first little veins, which are increased by the fusible substances they meet with in their passage, and circulate in the manner of rivulets, which by a gradual accumulation form rivers, and precipitate themselves into the sea. According to this, the existence of volcanoes is a necessary evil, in order to facilitate the discharge of so much combustible matter. A part certainly goes towards that warmth which is required by vegetation; but if the surplus had not any means of discharging itself, it would consume the whole planet, and consequently without volcanoes the world could not exist. The sea Count de Bylandt considers to be an indispensable agent, and without it no volcanic eruption could take place. The action of this sea-water on the volcanic matter, therefore, is one of the immediate causes of eruption, by increasing fermentation; the second accelerating cause is the mouth of the volcano, by which a column of atmospheric air is precipitated within, and the contact

of which with the inflammable gases redoubles the force of dilatation. At every respiration of the volcano a fresh column is absorbed, and the action commences afresh. The detonations are also to be attributed to two causes; the first of which is heat, which, separating the masses with violence, hurls them against other masses, which are equally in the act of bursting, and produces the most frightful noise.—The other cause is the superabundance of hydrogen, the sudden expansion and condensation of which make the column of air vibrate; and these effects, added to the electric shocks, produce those rapid detonations which succeed each other with so much rapidity. Lava can only flow, and not be thrown out; for its compactness, its specific gravity, and the consequent adherence of its parts, hold it in a solid body; and as the expansive property of the fire ceases at the mouth of the volcano, the lava is left to its own weight, which drags it along, while the aëiform gases, in their rapid ascension, take with them the stones and lighter substances. As far as the base of the cone, lava flows with perfect regularity, as it is then subject to the inclination of the axis of the volcano, but this is lost at the foot of the cone, whence it flows irregularly, shaping its course according to the surface of the ground.

It is impossible to stop a current of lava; but according to our author, it is easy to turn its course, by a projecting angle of not less than 45 degrees. On meeting this angle, more or less large, according to circumstances, the lava separates itself into two streams, and leaves a space in the middle, free from its destructive effects. This experiment was repeated frequently with success during two eruptions of Mount Vesuvius. The direction of the lava has nothing whatever to do with atmospheric wind; because, in the first place, the heat and continual bursts of fire, which proceed from the mouth of an active volcano, dilate the air to such a degree that it would repel the most violent tempest; and, in the second, atmospheric movements are, as it were, paralyzed during an eruption—but it is the volcano itself which sends forth the most terrible wind; it is from its entrails that the rarified air of its deep caverns, uniting with that which is contained in the column of water, and that sucked in at every respiration, is dilated to infinity, and is capable of carrying the cinders from Vesuvius even to Constantinople and Syria, which actually happened in the eruptions of the years 79, 472, and 1779.



The proportions which volcanoes bear to the force they require in order to send forth their contents, and which corresponds exactly with double the height of the cone, the impossibility of primitive mountains ever becoming volcanic, the division of the volcanic cone into triangles, and the bearing which this measurement above the level of the surrounding earth has upon the depth of the fire, the oblique axis of the interior of the cone, the centrifugal force which sends out the matter by means of spiral projection, &c., are ably set forth, though we hope that more arrangement and method exists in the work itself. An application of the theory to the volcanoes of Sicily and Italy is also very interesting, and several promised maps will tend much to further elucidation.

Should the Count prove what he says, and fulfil the promises he makes in his *avant-propos*, he will open a wide field for the geologist, and at all events it is hardly possible for an observing person to travel for thirty years, and watch a great many eruptions, and examine a great many volcanoes, without exhibiting important and highly interesting facts; but we do hope that the three forthcoming volumes will not be so puzzling to the reader as the *avant-propos* has been to the reviewer. We can face conceit; we can even divest a subject of the incumbrances of irrelevant matter; but want of order and method presents difficulties scarcely to be overcome.

The work of M. Amedée Burat is of a very different character; it is a plain, careful, matter-of-fact statement of observations made by himself in the interior of France. It formed part of a more extensive undertaking, which, owing to various circumstances, especially "the new direction given to geology by Messrs. Von Buch and Elie de Beaumont," has been suppressed. The portion now published is confined to an account of the formations of Cantal, the Velay chain of mountains, the Haut Vivarais, and the Coyrons, and gives particulars which it seems have hitherto escaped the notice of geologists. The volcanic formation of central France, says M. Burat, forms an exception to the general situation of volcanoes, which are for the most part placed along the sea-coast, and their age being posterior to that of the last tertiary deposits, does not allow of the intervention of sea-water among the causes of eruption. To establish this agency of salt water as an invariable law, is, the author thinks, incompatible with the

present state of modern science, which leans much more to the dynamic theory.

The centre of Southern France is occupied by a vast primitive plain of irregular form, every where surrounded by secondary formations. But, in the eastern part of the plain, volcanic fire has found an issue, and changed its surface by an aggregation of enormous masses, and by local heavings or disturbances, which accompanied the successive emission of volcanic matter, during the three volcanic periods, termed by geologists trachytic, basaltic, and lavic.

No country has as yet so much contributed to a correct knowledge of extinct volcanoes as this portion of the European continent; it has set aside the systems of the German school, and it affords an admirable specimen for the study of those phenomena which arise from the heavings of the soil. M. Burat throws a rapid glance over the whole of this district, and then takes the trachytic formation separately under consideration, and of which the groups of Cantal and the Monts Dorés constitute the best example. The author afterwards proceeds to the basaltic period, and leads us through Auvergne, and the Velay and Vivarais chains. In treating of the lavic period he conducts us through the Chaîne des Puys. He minutely details the mineralogical part of these formations, and to those who have not studied the spot thoroughly, his labors will form a valuable help; while to those who have, they will present a table of reference. It appears to us to be a solid treatise on a certain portion of volcanic geology, and is written without display or pretension, evidently keeping in view the advancement of science rather than that of the author.

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ART. IV—*Wanderungen durch Sicilien und die Levante*. (Wanderings through Sicily and the Levant.) Vol. I. 12mo. —Berlin: 1834.

WE have long since avowed our liking for German travellers, with their jovial love of good eating and drinking, their philosophico-poetic enthusiasm, and that extreme *subjectivity*,\* seemingly inherent in the German temperament, which colors every scene, whether graphic or dramatic, with the peculiar tone of the feelings and

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\* For the philosophical German use of the words *subjectivity* and *objectivity*, see F. Q. R., Vol. XI., p. 223.



theories of the observer. Nor do we now recant this our profession of faith, although we honestly confess that, in the tenor of the volume before us, there is a something less to our taste, a something—literally a *je ne sais quoi*, for in very truth we know not whether to call it *ultra-subjectivity*, or an *objectivity* growing out of *subjectivity*. We submit this difficult question to the judgment of the reader, and hasten to furnish him with the means of forming an opinion.

The anonymous German traveller, whose wanderings we are about to review, appears to be the accepted lover—we trust, the affianced bridegroom—of a certain Annunziata, to whom he dedicates his book in a tender elegy.—We mean a tender German poem, in the classical elegiac metre; which elegiac metre, *soi dit en passant*, is the only ancient metre that ever fully satisfies our ear in any modern language. But not only is the book dedicated to the beloved Annunziata, it is, from beginning to end, addressed to her; being, in fact, a series of letters in the form of a journal. Now, assuredly no mode of book-making could be more propitious to *subjective* views than this of addressing every remark to a person who cares more for the writer than for what he sees, more for his sentiments than for his observations or opinions. Perhaps this very circumstance might put the author upon his guard, for never before have we seen German travels so *objective*, unless, indeed, we except one point which we are about to censure, and which might arise, perhaps, from his forgetting, whilst writing to *la dame de ses pensées*, every thing save herself and her portion, if not rather her want, of knowledge; for we find in this journal a very superfluous quantity of ancient and middle-age history; nearly as much information about Syracuse (the old, not the new,) and Agrigentum as about Palermo and Messina, more about our school acquaintance, Gelo and Hiero, Agathocles and either Dionysius—than about the King Francis I. of the two Sicilies, or his father, the late, or his son, the present, King Ferdinand.

The book, nevertheless, is not a bad, nay, it is a good book; and of that, too, we will now enable the reader to judge for himself, first observing that, although the book be new, these Wanderings having been communicated to the world only last year, they were undertaken in 1822, and that any political animadversions which they may induce must therefore be referred to that period; at least as far as

the present volume, containing only the Wanderings in Sicily and Malta, is concerned. To how recent an epoch they may have been prolonged in the Levant, we have no present grounds for even conjecturing, the elegiac dedication being dated simply Naples, without any A. D.

Our Wanderer landed at Palermo, in May, 1822, and, after a very short residence there, proceeded westward upon his tour round Sicily, diversifying the circuit by a few trips inwards, when attracted by any inland sights. He visited Trapani, Marsala—where he drank Mr. Woodhouse's Marsala wine upon the very spot of its growth and manufacture, and takes the opportunity of informing us that, in London, this said Marsala wine is held to be the first of white wines, having quite superseded poor old-fashioned Madeira—meaning, perhaps, Cape Madeira. But to proceed with the tour. Our Wanderer next visited Mazzara, Girgenti, Syracuse, Catania, the crater of Mount Etna, and Messina—we mention only the principal places—thence he crossed the *Faro*, or straits, to Reggio, admiring, by the way, the beautiful atmospheric architecture of the *Fata Morgana*, looked at Calabria, and braved the classic terrors of Scylla and Charybdis on his return to Messina. He then made a maritime trip to the Lipari Islands, and the miniature but active volcano of Stromboli—contemptible after Mongibello!—and again returned to Messina, missing most of the northern coast of Sicily. At Messina he waited impatiently for a conveyance to Malta—for the deliberate German seems really to have caught the English *mania* for hurrying over a tour, as though the object were, not to see much, but to go far—and at length bargained with a Sicilian sailor to take him back to Syracuse, whence the intercourse with the little British island is more frequent. Thence he sailed with another Sicilian mariner, experienced all manner of delays, disasters, and miseries—from the delays, provisions ran short—and, upon reaching Malta, saw the English packet-boat, for which he had been too impatient to wait, quietly riding at anchor in the port.

In Malta he spent nearly two months, much about the length of visit he had allotted to Sicily. But, this time, it was sorely indeed against the grain of his hurry; for he had gone thither not to look at that remarkable island, but merely as the first stage to Egypt. On the fourth of September he at length sailed for Alexandria; and there, that is to say, at sea,



he must, in our imagination, remain, until he shall think fit to publish his *Levant Wanderings*.

That the record of such a journey affords much matter worth reading, it were superfluous to say, for the most enamored and pedagogic of pedants could not traverse such places without seeing and noting much worth telling. Our wanderer, indeed, in addition to this, recollected, and perhaps noted, much that was not worth telling to any one but his pupil-mistress. This, however, it is easy to skip, and, from the mass, we shall now endeavor to select some information and some amusement.

We begin with the Wanderer's approach to Palermo by sea:—

"After an easy four-days' passage from Naples, towards noon, yesterday, the beautiful *Sikelian*\* island rose upon us from the waves. The mountain-ridge in the blue distance, with its innumerable points and jags, stood off in bold relief from the sky, whilst its foot so lost itself in the whitish misty line of the sea, that the eye was bewildered as to where the water might end and the land begin. As the packet-boat slowly floated toward the coast, Monte Pellegrino and Capo Zafferano, the two projecting points that protect the port of Palermo, distinctly presented themselves. The captain hoped to run in before the land breeze, which regularly occurs after sunset, should rise, but in vain. The sea grew rougher, and we had to pass another night on board. Meanwhile, we had been desecrated from shore, and, when it was quite dark, a boat, like a nutshell, came dancing towards us upon the white crests of the waves; it brought some Palermitans, who were impatient to fetch off their friends from Naples. This was, indeed, a violation of the quarantine laws; but the visitors seemed to be on intimate terms with our captain, and were, moreover, queerly and completely disguised, having white shirts or mantles drawn over their heads. The skiff lay under the lee of the ship: the strong swell sometimes tossed it up almost to the level of our deck, sometimes seemed to sink it into unfathomable obscurity. When now, after a couple of rapid, mysterious questions, several large bundles and packages—the baggage of our fellow-voyagers—were thrown into the boat, and followed by a couple of muffled-up, unrecognizable figures, the suspicion could not but arise that smuggling was here carried on under the protection of the king's own packet-boat.

\* The city lies in a luxuriantly fertile plain, named by Sicilian writers, *la Conca d'Oro* (the Golden Conch), enclosed on three sides by high mountains; to the north, opens the spacious bay, not indeed to compare with the Neapolitan in size or in ornamental islands, but strikingly bounded by Monte Pellegrino. . . . . In Palermo provision is made for the reception of foreigners. The influence of the English, who long occupied the island, has, in this respect at least, acted beneficially, although in others, the Sicilians had no cause particularly to value their northern guests."

That the fairer half of the Sicilians by no means sympathized in any distaste that the ruder sex may have entertained

\* The reader should be aware that the Germans of the present day infinitely prefer Greek to Roman names and orthography.

towards their British allies, our Wanderer proves from the complexion of the then rising generation of the southern islanders; an illustration which, according to the chilly notions of propriety entertained by us, sons of the north,\* might have appeared less indecorous in a letter to a brother or a male friend, than an epistle addressed to a "beloved Annunziata," of whom the writer only calls himself "the friend." But *apropos* of this male Sicilian dislike of the English—we learn from our German traveller that it rested upon political as well as sentimental grounds. He informs us that the English government, some quarter of a century ago, cherished a strong desire to annex Sicily to Great Britain. Why this desire, supposing it to have ever been entertained, was abandoned, he has not thought it necessary to explain, but he frequently speaks of the English possession of Sicily, and of the restoration of the island to its legitimate Bourbon kings. We almost suspect that our German regrets this said restoration, inasmuch as he appears very duly to appreciate English comforts, and that it is only in places where English troops had, during the English possession of the island, been long quartered, that he finds any approximation to such very un-Sicilian things. But we must return to Palermo.—

"The city makes a cheerful impression upon the foreigner who strolls through it, or at least along the principal street, named the *Cassaro*. Where this street is crossed, at right angles, by the *Strada Maqueda*, several fountains spout their waters into the air, upon a small octagonal piazza, or open space, not unlike the *Quattro Fontane* (four fountains) at Rome, which have, perhaps, been here imitated. On both sides of the streets are shops, right above which play-bills are displayed. If you turn to the right or to the left from these main streets, you get entangled in a labyrinth of narrow, crooked lanes and alleys, from which, however, it is not difficult to escape, because you cannot long miss the one or the other of the two main streets. . . . A couple of days ago, however, I was so completely bewildered, that I knew not which way to turn, and, although I assuredly should, sooner or later, have extricated myself, I preferred asking my way: I requested a stranger, who was passing by, to direct me to the Toledo; this is the name of the main street at Naples, and is given by the royalists to the *Cassaro*. The man, who was doubtless a good Sicilian patriot, exclaimed, with fiery zeal, '*Niente di Toledo, Signore, niente di Toledo! Si dice Cassaro.*' (No Toledo, Sir, no Toledo! It is called *Cassaro*.) And, as he spoke, he made an expressive, but nearly indescribable, Sicilian gesture, as if shaving the beard from the throat with the back of the hand. He then, with ready obligingness, led me to a place whence I could not miss the line of the *Cassaro*."

It will not be irrelevant to this labyrinth of narrow streets, and to the apparent ill-

\* Are we more sons of the North than the less rigidly decorous Germans?



will born by the insular to the continental Sicilians—the two Sicilies, it will be remembered, are divided into Sicily on this, and Sicily on that, side of the *Faro*—to give a detached scene of the revolution of 1820, as related to our traveller by a newspaper writer of the liberalist or movement party, who seems to have escaped with no other infliction than the temporary, though indefinitely so, suppression of his opposition journal. But, as the main interest of this particular scene turns upon the quelling the pride of the Palermo tanners, we must begin with the narrator's account of that, and of them and their corporation:—

"The corporation of tanners had, time out of mind, enjoyed great privileges at Palermo, and, during the tutelage of Ferdinand VII.,\* had achieved an independence so complete as to form them really into a state within the state. Their quarter, *la Conciattoria* (the Tannery), which comprehends the very narrowest and filthiest streets, they had so strengthened, that it had repulsed many an attempt of the city *gens-d'armes*, or police, and even, as the narrator averred, of the bravest Neapolitan troops. Their banner flaunted on their guildhall, and the first alarm assembled the sturdy tanners around it. They were assessed at a fixed sum by the government, which, for some years prior to 1820, had remained unpaid.

"During the revolution, the tanners were always foremost when murder and plunder were going on. The insurrection broke out at Naples, on the 1st of June, 1820; and, on the 15th of July, the Spanish constitution (which had been adopted by the Neapolitan insurgents), was proclaimed at Palermo. General Church, an Englishman, who took away several tricolor cockades from their wearers,† was nearly torn in pieces by the populace: General Coglitore, who threw himself before him, rescued him with great difficulty, thus enabling the detested foreigner to embark for Naples. His house and property were burnt by the populace. On the 16th, General Naselli, commandant of Palermo, and an especial object of popular hatred, attempted to put down the disorder by force; but the tanners broke open the prisons, setting the prisoners at liberty: and now the rioters, one Gioachimo Vaglica, a monk of Monreale, at their head, possessed themselves of several cannon. Naselli saw that he could make no stand against them, and fled to Naples. The people, left to themselves, committed the most revolting atrocities. The prisons were filled with soldiers and policemen; the offices of government were plundered and burnt; the money found in the treasury was distributed amongst the people. An artillery smith, who, to revenge his comrades, was spiking the guns, being detected, was beheaded; his hands were cut off, and, with his head, nailed up in the different quarters of the town. And now the ready way of getting rid of a private enemy was, sily to slip a long nail or two into his pocket,

and then to denounce him as a spiker of cannon, whereupon the infuriated mob instantly fell upon the accused wretch and made an end of him.

"The tanners now chose a Consul, Don Carlo Leone, who, under this title, for several weeks governed Palermo with absolute authority. The Prince of Jaci, whom the people seized, he sentenced to death, and the victim was instantly shot. Vainly did the aged Cardinal Gravina, and the Prince of Villafranca, strive to soothe the multitude; the Prince's palace was plundered and burnt. Gradually the insurrection spread over the neighboring districts. The arsenal was broken open, and 30,000 stand of arms distributed; but the peasantry understood the use of the knife better than that of fire-arms. Civil war raged in the streets of Palermo, where the tanners and the populace fought with the civic guard; 300 or 400 men were killed.

"At length General Pepe landed at Milazzo with 4,000 men, and marched upon Palermo. The Prince of Paternò, a martyr to the gout, which confined him to his couch, found means nevertheless to win the confidence of the people, and was authorized to negotiate with Pepe, to whom Palermo surrendered by capitulation upon the 5th of October. This capitulation the Neapolitan parliament refused to ratify, insisting upon unconditional submission; when Pepe, whose magnanimity upon this occasion is acknowledged even by the Sicilians, resigned his office, and returned to Naples. He was succeeded by General Coletta, who distinguished himself by his severity, and filled the prisons with new victims; but the tanners were beyond his reach. They had assumed such a posture in the stronghold of their own quarter, which had become an asylum for all malefactors, that the Neapolitans durst attempt nothing against them. This lasted till May, 1821. Then the Austrians garrisoned Palermo; the tanners persevered in their contumacy, and their fellow-townsmen remained in the highest state of excitement, wondering whether the quiet Germans would let this handful of refractories take their own course, or would formally lay siege to the *Conciattoria*. They did neither. Two hours after midnight the Austrian commander sent several brigades of Tyrolese and Bohemian riflemen to surround the *Conciattoria*. Other troops, guided by the *gens-d'armes*, penetrated through the narrow streets and passages to the guildhall, and took possession of it without difficulty. Here and there a single shot was fired from the houses; but the tanners had now no rallying point, and were utterly unprepared for such unlooked-for vigorous measures in the middle of the night; consequently, within a couple of hours, the Austrians were masters of every house in the *Conciattoria*. Abundance of arms and ammunition were found, and, in the guildhall, even cannon, but without carriages. The worthy corporation of tanners was now assembled once more, but for the last time in the guildhall; when it was notified to them that they must forthwith evacuate the *Conciattoria*, and establish themselves outside the town, but no where more than three in one place. Immediate obedience to this decree was enforced, and the reform of this hitherto unknown region of the town followed. Numbers of crazy old houses were pulled down; the streets were widened as much as might be, and military posts marked out. The majority of the houses remain to this day untenanted, and many are inhabited by *gens-d'armes* and their families.

"Since this able and successful achievement, which has prodigiously raised the Austrians in general estimation, the town has been at peace, but the lackless tanners are become the established objects of universal ridicule; and any man who appears in the streets with head depressed and downcast eyes, is at once set down for a tanner."

Before quitting Palermo, we must take

\* We suppose this must be a mistake, for Ferdinand IV., both because he is the last king whose minority has subjected him to tutelage, and because there has been no Ferdinand VII. of the two Sicilies: the present king is Ferdinand V., or, in revolutionary parlance, II., Ferdinand IV. having become Ferdinand I.

† What natural affinity can there be between liberty and this combination of colors? When the English constitution of three balanced powers was the fashion, we might have seen some analogy; but now that a House of Lords is held to be an obsolete absurdity—*perruque*, in the language of young France—we can find none.



a glance at the gardens of the Princess of B., partly on account of the mode of their irrigation. This Princess, by the by, has married a Hanoverian officer, who was with the English army in Sicily, and she has obtained his elevation to princely rank; another Hanoverian, a joint friend of the new-made Prince and of our Wanderer, occupies the Princess of Palermo's villa. The Wanderer of course wandered thither, and, after describing his reception, thus proceeds:—

"My friend led me into the cooler garden, which he had himself planted. It was a pleasure to see how all has shot up and thrives. Slender twigs have in three years become respectable trees, that, with proper care, bear excellent fruit. You need but stick the smallest scion in the ground, leaves and blossoms burst forth, and presently it shades the astonished planter with its spreading branches. Vines wreath themselves in equal abundance on the north and south sides of the buildings, and the only difficulty is to repress their wild luxuriance. Acacia hedges, scarcely two years old, show stems as thick as my arm, and orange twigs of the same have formed an embowered walk, planted here for the sake of the thick shade, not of the fruit.

"But not the least striking thing in the garden is the small quantity of water by which all this is produced and supported. Palermo, like Rome, derives its supply of water from a system of pipes, that mostly branch off into the separate houses—an arrangement ascribed to the Arabs;—but for the gardens and plantations there are, in the southern hills, pond-like reservoirs, filled from the neighboring springs, from which the water is from time to time drawn. The utmost strictness of regularity is observed in the allotment of the stream amongst the several estates: our friend D. is allowed the use of the water for the princely gardens only from six o'clock till nine every Saturday morning. At six o'clock a sluice at the upper end of the grounds is opened, and the fertilizing element flows, in many a serpentine winding, over the whole domain for three hours; during which the thirsty soil must imbibe enough to last it for a week. Precisely at nine o'clock a lower sluice is opened, and the water pours down on to the next neighbor's land. As a thousand little advantages are taken upon these occasions, it is evident that the estates nearest to the hills must be better supplied than those situated lower down; the Princess's gardens are of the latter class, and yet does every plant and vegetable luxuriate there, in an exuberance not to be described."

Our Wanderer leaves Palermo in company with two friends, a Count Cesarotti and a Dr. Longinus, attended by a French servant and a guide; all, the guide excepted, armed *jusqu'aux dents*, in preparation for being forthwith robbed and murdered, as the established concomitant of a Sicilian tour. No such disaster however befalls them; not even an alarm of the kind occurs; and they are further informed that the robbery and murder trade has been abandoned;—why is not explained to us, if it was to the travellers. The abandonment, however, is not so complete—or if it was then, had not long been so—as actually to insure the life and purse of all and

every stray tourist; for we have a sad story of a worthy botanist, Professor Schweigger, from Königsberg, being knocked on the head by his guide. But then this professor was, it seems, an imprudent, grumbling, abusive person, who heedless of southern antipathy to fatigue, dragged his weary, sleepy guide up and down every mountain he could find, even at noon-tide: and it is held to be doubtful whether the tired and overheated assassin was instigated by sheer ill-humor, fear of being prosecuted for some petty pilfering, or a longing desire for the store of gold coins which he took from the dead man, and which betrayed him.—But, whatever were his motive, he was hanged, and Professor Schweigger is, or then was, the last traveller who had been murdered.

Of all the places visited, and not merely skirred through, by our travellers, we think Girgenti (the ancient Agrigentum) one of the most interesting, as also one of the least generally known. To Girgenti then we will hasten, first, however, pausing a moment at the last stage, Sciacca, of which we are told:

"The kindly-looking little sea-port town lay before us upon a green hill in the loveliest sunshine. Such a profusion of the cactus we had never before seen. It not only forms the enclosure of the gardens and fields, but runs far along the town walls, where it so completely conceals them, that from a distance Sciacca seems to be merely hedged round with cactus. As there is no inn in the whole town, we sought the hospitality of a monastery."

The party were often obliged to do so, and were generally well received, and as well entertained as the means of the community allowed.

"Cesarotti had letters of recommendation to all the priors in Sicily; but in spite of these, our reception here was so ungracious that we resolved to embark at once in a *speronara* (a species of Sicilian small craft), and sail that very evening for Girgenti, where the sailors promised that we should be by morning. . . . At first all went well. The sailors rowed lustily out of the harbor, singing merry songs as they pulled. The town upon its hill shone in the bright glow of evening, and was gradually lost amidst the rich green of the encircling mountains. . . . By sunset we had reached the open sea; the land breeze filled our sails, and the keel cut through the long swell with an agreeable undulation. We settled ourselves for sleep, but the restless activity of our tormentor-fiends (*anglicè*, vermin) made repose impossible, and we spent a wakeful night in the most inconvenient situation possible.

It had not yet dawned when we were beside the *molo* or wharf of Girgenti; but our sailors had said nothing of the quarantine regulations enforced all round the island. We were obliged to wait several hours, till the proper officer could be fetched from the town, which lay half a league off. The sun grew hotter, and so did our impatience. At length the eagerly desired guardian of the public health appeared, riding on an ass; our Captain took two steps towards him, unfolded his papers, and read aloud that we came



from Sciacca, an unsuspected place. Thereupon we were permitted to *prender pratica*, the technical phrase for landing under quarantine regulations.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 "The quarantine functionary, upon hearing that *forestieri di gran merito* (meaning distinguished foreigners) were on board the *speronara*, had brought several donkeys with him, upon whose backs we climbed the steep ascent to Girgenti, which lies 1,100 feet above the sea. . . . The sun burnt hotter and hotter, and on the summit of the hill arose a tempestuous wind, that drove all the dust of the unclean town upon us. The only inn in the place was full, and we were sent to a remote private house. Here too we could not gain admittance, and all we could at last obtain was a couple of miserable unfurnished rooms opposite to the inn. A table and two or three chairs were a laborious acquisition, and a heap of straw was spread upon the floor, the substitute for beds. In short our entrance into Girgenti was in no wise agreeable, and clearly proved that little provision had been there made for the accommodation of *forestieri di gran merito*. . . . The milk for our coffee was fresh milked from the goats that traverse the town at day-break in large droves. The goat-herd blows a small horn of a peculiar and fine tone, which impresses itself upon the soul, and interrupts the morning's sleep agreeably from its association with the idea of breakfast.

"For some days we could not visit the antique temples, for after so much fine weather we were now to experience the disfavor of the heavens. A tempestuous rain was almost incessant. The sea, which is seen from many parts of the town, showed no trace of its beautiful azure. Overhung with heavy clouds, it had assumed a thick gray color, and looked really frightful.

..... "We found some compensation in the acquaintance of a highly respected ecclesiastic, by name, Ciantro Panitteri, who is considered as the *Mecænas* of Girgenti. He employs his considerable fortune chiefly upon works of art; a merit which every day becomes more uncommon in Sicily. He has had his fields near the town dug up, and his labors have been repaid by the discovery of several fine statues, which adorn his country-house: but the most valuable fruit of his researches is a splendid collection of vases, mostly of pre-eminent beauty."

We pass by the author's raptures, now somewhat common-place, about the beauties of antique statues and vases; but we must here observe that in the often rifled Sicily, Agrigentum seems to be the only ancient store-house of the treasures of sculpture where any thing really valuable is still to be found, coins and medals excepted. To return to the Girgenti *Mecænas*, whose collection is second only to the Prince of Bisicari's at Catania, meaning of course second in Sicily.

"The walls of the room that contain these vases are suitably decorated with paintings after Grecian models, and the ceiling is covered with good *frescoes*. The artist who executed them, Politi, was formerly the intimate friend of the vivacious Ciantro, and guided his love of the arts: he has not long since very judiciously arranged the position, at the appropriate height, of a frieze dug up in Ciantro's garden. But the artist and his clerical patron have now quarrelled violently. Politi would not tell us upon what occasion; but lamented that, in consequence, his *teatro civico* (civic theatre), which can succeed only under the protection of the liberal Ciantro, was closed, which prevented his giving a representation,

in which he and his two daughters would have performed, in honor of the *signori Inglesi*, (English gentlemen).

"We were at first annoyed at being every where taken for *signori Inglesi*, but soon found that this is now merely a common name, equivalent to travelling foreigners, so employed from the English being the most numerous travellers, and especially the first explorers of Sicily. Since the recent Austrian occupation, a distinction begins to be made between *Inglesi* and *Tedeschi* (the proper Italian for Germans), much to our advantage. The Austrians are feared on account of their military strictness, without being altogether hated; they are even preferred to the Neapolitan bloodsuckers. A new distinction now has to be made between *Tedeschi* and *Germani* (Austrians and Germans), whom the people here take for distinct nations; and as we always called ourselves *Germani*, whilst we were seen to converse with the Austrian officers, we were often asked if the two languages were not distinct.

"As to the *teatro civico*, as Girgenti, which contains but 12,000 souls, cannot possibly support a public theatre, the active Politi, chiefly from his own means, has fitted up a private theatre, where he from time to time entertains the play-loving Girgentines with dramatic performances; and as comedies only come upon his stage, he calls his theatre the civic, or burgher, play-house. . . . Politi boasts of having been much applauded in his favorite parts in the *Padre di Famiglia* and the *Uomo del Mondo* (Father of a Family, and Man of the World), two plays of Goldoni's.

"But Politi's acting is a mere subsidiary talent. He is especially an architect, a painter, an engraver, and, a matter of course upon this classic ground, an antiquary. He has been occupied these two years in drawing an old sarcophagus that stands in the cathedral, and explaining the *bas reliefs* from Euripides. This cathedral stands at the very highest point of the town; we climbed thither in a fearful storm, but our trouble was well repaid; the *bas reliefs* are wonderfully beautiful. ....

"From the front of the cathedral you command the ancient and new town. . . . The new town, not a tenth of the former in size, appears to be built upon the site of the ancient citadel. . . . So soon as the rain ceased, we descended to the temples, and it was a pleasure to see the powerful and immediate action of the sun. In less than half an hour the hill side facing the sun was perfectly dry, whereupon the little gray lizards crept out of their hiding places, and chirped over the lofty stones."

The ruined temples in question seemed to have been dedicated to—

"Juno Lucina, Concord, Hercules, Jupiter Olympius, Castor and Pollux, Vulcan. . . . South of this line towards the sea, are the temple of *Æsculapius* and the monument of Thero; to the north a chapel of Phalaris, (it may be presumed a fancy name), and the villa of Ciantro Panitteri, no antique certainly, but a landmark visible from afar, and our usual resting place."

Of these temples how much is standing, how much fallen, (the Temple of Concord alone seems to be in tolerable preservation), we confess we care not greatly, at least in a book, and least of all in a review. Where the notice must be so brief and vague, it is the general effect, in the landscape and upon the imagination, from the abundance and richness of ruins, (which here at Girgenti are surely great for a nook of Sicily) that interests us:



and our Wanderer, evidently an amateur artist, at least, seems in the following passage partly to agree with us.

"Each of the preserved temples offers singly abundance of picturesque aspects and views; but I was fortunate enough to combine them all in one agreeable picture, upon which occasion I had a hearty laugh at our good Politi. He had lately completed, for a travelling Russian, whose name no Sicilian organs could pronounce, a drawing in which appeared the two chief temples, the tomb of Thero, the sea, the town of Girgenti, and Ciantro Panitteri's villa; and he made such a mystery of the point from which this view was obtained, that I was on fire to discover it. And this I effected by bearing in mind his remark that one of the temples appeared only in part in the landscape. . . . I went zealously to work, and the very next day laid my sketch before Politi. His amazement was both comic and tragic. He knew not whether to laugh or be angry; and seemed to suspect me of dealing in the black art, since I had copied his drawing without having seen it.

"Upon my way home from the temple, towards evening, along a path winding through the richest verdure, I saw a party-colored throng of figures coming towards me. It was a rustic wedding party, moving homewards with music and singing. They had probably been to the town for the ceremony, and were now conducting the bride with clamorous rejoicing and merriment, to the house of the bridegroom. First came a violin and a clarinet, then a number of women, dancing and singing; amongst whom frolicked a petulant *dajazzo* (buffoon or merry Andrew) walking oftener on his head than on his feet. Behind the women came the young couple, hand in hand, and really loaded with ornaments; then a crowd of relations and wedding guests. Amongst the men there were some fine tall figures; the women pleased me less; they were embrowned with toil, and little resembled the Hellenic Hebes that had floated before my eyes whilst drawing the temples; yet there was no denying the thoroughly national character of the whole procession, to which a part of the ruinous wall and the gothic arch of the city gate formed a fitting back-ground. . . . The dissonant music and the jocund shouts gradually died away in the distance.

"At six o'clock in the morning, we were on horseback to visit the mud-volcano called the *Moccaluba*. . . . The way thither trends northwest from Girgenti, leading amongst the mountains, but passing uninterruptedly over an elevated plain, covered with corn, affording an extensive but uniform view. The most insignificant hamlets lie at a great distance, and generally upon the ridges of steep mountains; some of the fields are tilled by laborers, who dwell many miles off. Scarcely did we meet a couple of human beings during our long ride; and I must say that this fruitful solitude was to me more and more wearisome the longer we journeyed through it. . . . The want of trees, so prevalent in Sicily, is closely connected with the want of springs and brooks, whilst the farinaceous grasses (*cerealia*) will thrive with but little moisture.

"At length we were amongst the desert mountains, but continued at their foot, upon an extensive, uneven plain. When our guide pointed out the distant *Moccaluba*, we looked in vain for any sort of eminence. We had been warned at Gergenti not to expect any sharp and prominent cone, like that of *Vesuvius* for instance; but there was not even a respectable hill, to announce the vicinity of this singular phenomenon. We now dismounted, and walked up the gentle slope of a field; at the summit, a wondrous spectacle awaited us. All over the ground

opened numbers of scarcely perceptible apertures, from which, at regular intervals, and with a hissing sound, burst little explosions of gas. At the same time, a white and very delicate marly slime welled out, and flowed in the laziest stream possible from the higher region downwards. The further it flowed from each little air-hole, the grayer it became; and we soon ascertained that the whole field upon which we stood was covered with it. . . . Vulgar as the image may be, I can compare the welling out to nothing but an ill-corked bottle of ale, whence the air, as it escapes, carries along with it froth and dregs, which cling about the opening. But, though this scene be in no wise awful, hardly even striking, we did not regret our ride; the phenomenon has not its fellow in Europe, and only in America is any thing resembling it to be found. As the holes are so small, we tried the experiment of stopping one of them: the explosions ceased at once; but, in a lower spot, some five or six feet off, another tiny crater suddenly opened and spurted out its white mass with much greater violence. The experiment was again and again repeated, and the result shows that these small air-tunnels communicate with each other a very little way below the surface.

"Although we had not accepted Ciantro's hospitable invitation to be his guests, he invariably showed us the utmost friendliness, and the day after our arrival sent us eight bottles of the best Muscadine wine, which we almost took as a hit at German intemperance. Afterwards, he never let us want for fruit, cakes, &c.; so that at length we expressed to Politi, with whom we were grown quite confidential, our uneasy feeling that his respected patron was doing too much for us. This provoked from him a vehement burst of asseverations that we should irremediably vex and offend Ciantro if we refused such trifles. This is a *trait* of Sicilian generosity, such as we have before occasionally met with, but hardly should find at home. Whatever there may be to censure in the Sicilian character, its fair sides should not be cast into shadow, according to the practice of many ill-disposed travellers. If the instability of the Sicilians be complained of, as unfitting them for intimate friendship, they might object to our German roughness, as uninviting to such a connection. On the other hand, they are hospitable, serviceable, and extraordinarily good-natured. We have found nothing of that intolerable selfishness, so common in Italy, and especially at Naples. The higher classes are distinguished for refined politeness, and we have hitherto got on so well with the common people, with porters, sailors, and muleteers, that our dreaded Sicilian journey has metamorphosed itself into a very agreeable, if not always convenient, excursion."

We have lingered so long at Gergenti, with its ruins, its *Mecænas*, and its one multiform artist, that, like our Wanderer, who is always too much pressed for time to do and see all that should be done and seen, we must hurry through the rest of Sicily. We shall, therefore, despatch Syracuse, which is more interesting from historical recollections, than from its present state; very shortly, although two or three points relative to the latter must not be passed by. In the first place, we grieve to say, that *Arethusa* has lost the translucent purity of her virgin waters, which have become turbid and muddy; and that, being further defiled by her condemnation to serve the base office of



cleansing all the foul linen in Syracuse, she is any thing but a fair bride when she falls into the arms of Alpheus, who still fondly awaits her upon the margin of the sea-shore. In the second place, Syracuse lies, it should seem, under especial obligations to England's Nelson.

"As the town decayed, the port was less visited; and, by degrees, a notion was adopted that Charles V. had blocked up the entrance to the harbor by Cape Plemmyrion, as a measure of defence against the Barbary corsairs; and, as it often happens that a casual assertion, thoughtlessly repeated, grows into certainty, the Sicilians positively believed, towards the end of the last century, that the fine port of Syracuse was inaccessible to large vessels. This opinion was brilliantly refuted, in the year 1798, by Nelson. Traversing the Mediterranean in all directions, in his restless pursuit of the French fleet, he appeared off Syracuse, and relying upon the friendship existing between Naples and England, he, to the astonishment of the whole town, sailed right into the harbor. The whole fleet, of fifty sail, comprising eighteen ships of the line, and many frigates, found excellent anchorage, supplied itself with fresh water, and then renewed the chase, which soon afterwards terminated in the naval battle of Aboukir."

Thirdly, a worthy Syracusan is laudably endeavoring to supersede the use of loathsome rags in paper-making, and to restore the *papyrus* to its ancient office. His labors are thus described:

"It was reserved for the indefatigable Landolina to discover anew the ancient process of paper-making from the *papyrus*, which, if not very useful, is highly interesting to science. He softened the lower part of the stalk in water, loosened the external green skin, and cut out the soft white pith in the thinnest slices possible. These were laid upon each other crosswise, pressed, carefully dried, sized, and, after many failures, at length produced a perfectly usable, dazzlingly white writing paper."

Lastly, we will record an instance of modern Syracusan piety, and then turn our faces toward the mighty Mongibello (Etna).

"Strolling through the town, I passed the open gate of a court-yard, and, casually looking in, saw so extraordinary-looking a wooden frame, that I could not forbear stepping nearer, and questioning a sort of superintendent or foreman, who came up to me. It was a monstrous carriage, at least twenty feet high, and coarsely fashioned, although with the most whimsical convolutions. It seemed to be intended to match the often described carriage of St. Rosalia at Palermo, and so, in truth, it was. The Syracusans, whose commerce has lately revived," (since Lord Nelson showed their port to be accessible, we presume,) "begin to feel their consequence, to recollect their former power and grandeur,—and they are building a state-carriage for St. Lucia, a native Syracusan saint. The clergy provide the cash for this tasteless plaything by means of the voluntary contributions of their flocks; from 2000 to 3000 *colonati* (a Sicilian coin of which we know not the value) have already been subscribed; as much more will be wanted, and this likewise, it is hoped, will soon be supplied. The superintendent eagerly told me that they might, perhaps, have funds sufficient to make the carriage still loftier by some feet,

supposing the wheels should be able to carry such a load. The boards and lattice are gaudily covered from top to bottom with gold paper and silver tinsel, and stuck all over with quantities of lights. The court-yard gate appeared to me far too narrow for the width of the carriage. My *Cicerone* quietly answered, that it certainly was; that the disproportion had not been observed when the carriage was first begun, and after all it mattered little, since the master of the house, who had freely given the use of his court-yard for building the carriage, would not mind pulling down a few feet of wall in honor of St. Lucia. On taking leave, I did not neglect to deposit my contribution towards the completion of this wondrous piece of workmanship in a large box provided for the purpose. But I have since listened with less of painful sympathy to Sicilian complaints of oppression and extortion."

As they approach Etna, our travellers seem to re-enter the sphere of British influence, since they find, in proof of advanced civilization, that extraordinary accommodation, a ferry-boat, in which to cross a river.

"The mighty Etna now appeared to draw nearer and nearer, forming an incomparable back-ground to the flat and thinly inhabited valleys through which we were travelling. Now we entered upon the plain of Catania, which encircles the foot of the mountain, and declines by an imperceptible slope to the sea. The *Fiume* (river) Jaretta, the most considerable of the small Sicilian streams, slowly winds its serpentine course across the plain; during the hottest season this stream retains an abundant supply of water, being formed by the union of three smaller streams, that rise far off, in the lofty central mountains of the island. For our conveyance across Fiume Jaretta we actually found a ferry-boat, the first we had seen in Sicily. Desirable as such conveniences might seem in many places during the winter floods, people are left to get over the streams as they best can.—Bridges are great rarities; where an old one, built by the Romans or Normans, chances to be still standing, it is used, but no one dreams of repairing it; and, when one of the old arches, undermined by the floods, falls in, travellers ride resignedly through the water. In this manner is every thing advancing to decay and destruction, and one should be really distressed for the future prospects of Sicily but for the single consolatory reflection that this ruinous negligence has now gone on for centuries, and that, amidst it, one generation after another has spun out its life upon this fortunate island. The last persons who built upon the island were the Jesuits; and, if they chiefly erected churches and cloisters, they did not quite forget schools, magazines, dwelling-houses and the like. Neither the style of their architecture nor the drift of their actions might be praiseworthy, but still they did something, and supported many laborers. The suppression of the order has been followed by a perfect vacuum."

It is evident that bridges formed no part of the Jesuits' building speculations; but, indeed, how should we look for bridges in a country without roads? and our Wanderer had previously informed us that there were but two in the island, one of which, a short one from Monreale to Palermo, had been made by a public-spirited bishop of Monreale, for the especial convenience of his own diocese.



Catania, where we must needs halt with our party before attacking the volcano, is the second town in Sicily, and, we rather suspect, the most agreeable residence. Here the travellers made two valuable acquaintances. One was the skilful architect, Signor Zara-Buda, in whose possession they found objects as rare in Sicily as roads, ferry-boats, or bridges, to wit, two barometers: yet the discovery did not prove as beneficial as might have been hoped.

"Throughout our Sicilian tour, and especially upon Mount Etna, a barometer would have been a most desirable companion, and we had vainly tried to procure one at Naples, as vainly at Palermo; and throughout the rest of the island the individuals who had ever heard of such an instrument might easily be reckoned up. We were therefore not a little delighted when we saw two barometers hanging up in Signor Zara-Buda's ante-room. . . . But, vain hopes! one barometer was broken, and the other out of order, and in the whole town there was not a soul who could repair them. Zara-Buda tried the whole circle of his friends and acquaintance, but no usable barometer could he find for us."

Their second Catanian acquaintance was the Abbate Gemellaro, a natural philosopher, who entertained them with his own newly devised theory of volcanoes; who, besides theorizing, employs himself more usefully in observing and noting down the eruptive phenomena of Mount Etna; and who has moreover built, or at least helped to build, a refuge for the destitute high up on the mountain; an invaluable resting place, it should seem, to judicious volcano tourists.

From Catania begins the proper pilgrimage to the shrine of subterranean fire.

"Several countrymen, whom we had met with at Rome, and since in Sicily, joined our party. Not content with merely climbing the mountain, we wished to behold the sun rise from the summit, for which purpose we were obliged to dedicate nearly the whole night to the ascent. As soon, therefore, as the noontide heat subsided, we left Catania, all well mounted and supplied with refreshments, not omitting the excellent Syracusan muscadine. Upon quitting the town, the road begins gradually to ascend, passing now between high walls, now between magnificent vineyards, through large well-built villages, and under the shade of wide-branched chestnut trees. . . . As the shadows lengthened, that peculiar magical light, which distinguishes the Sicilian from the Italian landscape, and of which the most successful pictures scarcely give an idea, diffused itself over the scene. Combined with the utmost transparency of the atmosphere, the most distinct demarcation of all objects is a deep azure tint, that heightens and sets off all colors; and then, what a wonderful play of these colors, in ever varying and progressive change,—from the burning yellow of mid-day, through the crimson hues of the later hours of afternoon, and the violet splendors of the lower sinking sun, to the bluish gray shadows of the short twilight! I had, indeed, observed these variations before, but never under circumstances so favorable. In fact, the foot of Etna possesses all the beauties of scenery that one misses

throughout the greater part of the island. The rich corn fields, elsewhere producing only sameness, are here broken by vineyards and olive groves; the dark oranges stand not in large plantations as at Palermo, but scattered about the houses; and, above all, the variety of foliage is such as perhaps can be seen in no other part of Europe. Finally, the district at the foot of Etna acquires a peculiar charm from the gradual rise that ranges all the various aspects, amphitheatrically, one above another, whilst the summit of the mountain or the eternal ocean are always visible.

"Before sunset we reached Nicolosi, the highest and last village, standing on the boundary line between the cultivated foot of the mountain and its forest girdle. The luxurious vegetation disappears; one has to wade, from house to house, through a depth of black lava-ashes; but the shelter from the north, afforded by the mountain itself, allows of corn cultivation, and even vines and oranges are still to be seen."

Here Gemellaro had prescribed a few hours' sleep, till the full moon should rise; but our travellers, too much excited for repose, spent the interval in visiting another Gemellaro, the Abbate's brother, who resides at Nicolosi, and apparently devotes his whole life, with all his faculties, to the volcano.

"From him we learned that a party of English was above, who had set out earlier, and were spending the night at the *Casa degli Inglesi*, or House of the English. This is a place of shelter provided for travellers, immediately below the sulphur-cone. The officers of the English army of occupation bore, indeed, the greater part of the expense, but the chief merit belongs to the indefatigable Gemellaro, who superintended the construction, and still pays constant attention to its preservation. Accordingly, the house is called *Casa di Gemellaro* by all the inhabitants of the neighborhood, and by all travellers who are not English. He himself, however, always spoke of it as the *Casa degli Inglesi*."

"The impatiently awaited full moon now lifted up her large shield of the purest gold from behind the dark and distant Calabrian mountains; after offering us the remarkable spectacle of a perfect moon-twig, which can never be beheld in such beauty from less elevated regions. . . . So long as we rode in the broad moonlight, all surrounding objects could be plainly distinguished; but when we entered the forest belt, immediately above Nicolosi, we were in a dim twilight, that brought the near and the distant confusedly together; and in which there was nothing to be done but, with slackened rein, to trust wholly to the mule. An attempt to guide or urge the hard-mouthed beast incurs the risk of running against a tree or falling into a hole. One of our party did, through such awkwardness, roll, with his mule, down a steep precipitous descent, which in the uncertain light, he had taken for the broad moon-lit road. The fall was a marvellous lucky one, for neither man nor beast was in the least hurt, and, after a moment's delay, we again moved forward.

"The forest belt consists principally of grand oaks, that may bear a comparison with the German; but as they grow closer together, Etna cannot boast such magnificent single trees, as Dessau, for instance. They are intermingled with beech, chestnuts, cork trees, and some other kinds. . . . As we rode deeper into the forest gloom, while a broad, gray field of lava (from the eruption of 1669) spread wide to our left, my very soul was impressed by the profound loneliness of our caravan. . . .



We rode, not in line, one after another, but dispersed amongst the trees, without however losing sight of each other. . . . . The moon shone bright; but against the clear sky we saw the tops of the oak beaten about by a violent north wind, of which we were soon to experience the full force, as we reached the extremity of the forest belt, and entered upon the barren region. This is again divided into the lava region and the snowy summit, on the very crest of which is the crater. The forest belt is sharply separated from the lava region, and most likely forms an exact circle round the mountain, but the regions of lava and of snow run into each other, so that no boundary line can be drawn. . . . . As we issued from the sheltering forest, the cold became sensibly painful, whilst even at Nicolosi the heat had been oppressive. . . . .

"At length we saw that object of our desires, the *Casa di Gemellaro*, before us. The mountain had now become so steep that our mules could only labor up ten or twenty steps at a time, then pausing to take breath. Many of our company alighted to warm themselves by climbing on foot, and they soon left the riders far behind. . . . . The road winds repeatedly to the right and to the left, till it reaches a great step of the mountain, upon which, 7000 feet above the sea, in a dreary waste, amidst interminable lava fields, stands the *Casa di Gemellaro*. By the first glimmering of twilight we reached the sheltering roof. The English had just left it. Like tiny, moving, black points, we saw them at some distance, climbing the summit. They had proceeded more wisely than we had; by passing the night here above, they were enabled with fresh energy to attack the sulphur-cone, which is far steeper than the lower part of the mountain, and rises from this spot the full height of Vesuvius, namely, 3600 feet. We were obliged to be satisfied with a little hastily prepared coffee, which wonderfully refreshed the weary animal spirits, and then began, on foot, the last portion of our toilsome journey. The mules remained behind, on account partly of the steepness of the cone, partly of the badness of the path, obstructed as it is by blocks of lava. The light was increasing, and we could now distinguish sea from land. The sea lay like a broad stripe of shadow, of one uniform tint. Over the land spread several shadows, side by side, darkest and sharpest at the mountain's foot. The air was pure and clear: neither over the sea nor in the island valleys was the slightest mist to be seen, and the stars shone with such unwonted brightness that it seemed as though we had arrived much nearer to them. For the first half hour we were alternately amongst snow and fields of lava: then came a long tract of solid snow and ice. Nowhere had we ever seen masses of lava flung about in such wild disorder, whilst masses of ice started forth abruptly amongst them. . . . .

"It was now so light that we could easily discover the yellow particles of sulphur that more and more thickly strewed the ground. The greater rarefaction of the air was proved by our increasing weariness, which produced more frequent halts. . . . . On approaching the very summit, one plainly feels one's self to be upon volcanic ground. From innumerable rifts, larger and smaller, in the sulphur crust, arises a thick yellow vapor, loaded with sal-ammonia, salt-petre, &c., which much increases the previous difficulty of breathing. The continuous north wind did not suffer these vapors to conglomerate, but drove them rapidly southwards and dispersed them. In order to avoid them, we had so turned that the last part of the cone was climbed on the eastern side. With great fatigue, I at length reached the brink of the crater, and could now look down into the cauldron, which shelves gradually to a depth of some hundred feet or so; the circumference being, according to Gemellaro's computation, above two miles. There would thus have been no difficulty in walking

down into it; but the sulphureous vapor rising from thousands of small openings was an insurmountable obstacle; and yet the guides assured us that the smoke was so inconsiderable, that it would not be seen from Catania. In the middle of the bottom of the crater opened many deep black holes, from which issued the thickest smoke. When a gust of wind swept into the cauldron, its bottom would for a short moment be cleared, and then displayed a large field of sulphur, strewed over with stones and fragments of lava. The main color is a decided yellow, which, through innumerable shades, softens into the palest white, or darkens to a red brown. From the side walls single lava rocks here and there jut out, upon which this play of colors is most apparent. They are covered on the upper side with a coating of sulphur of the liveliest yellow; the shady side passes through a magnificent orange into strong red and a rusty brown. We went northwards along the edge of the crater, and soon met the English party, who had advanced much farther, but been driven back by the vapor. By this time it was bright dawn, and we all turned back together to our former station, and, passing it, went yet more eastward, and a little way down the cone, where each nestled himself, either behind stones, or in little hollows, sheltered from the wind and the sulphur vapor, there to rest his exhausted lungs and leisurely indulge his eyes. Below us lay the whole island, shrouded in profound darkness, but on the summit it was already broad day-light, and over the Calabrian mountains, that lay stretched beneath our feet to the east, glowed a fiery brightness."

The description, or more correctly the enumeration, of the various, very many places, near and distant, seen from the summit of Etna, is scarcely worth extracting; we will therefore descend with our travellers to the Philosopher's Tower.

"Of this only part of the foundation wall is now to be seen. Judging from these remains, which are very strong, very extensive, and, it is said, evidently of Roman workmanship, it must have been a large, many-roomed edifice.

"This tower has been assigned as a residence or an observatory to several ancient philosophers; but Gemellaro is clear that it was built as a halting-place for the emperor Adrian, who, during his pedestrian tour through the Roman empire, at the age of seventeen, would not neglect to visit Mount Etna."

We must add an extract or two concerning Messina, which, as a busy commercial port, differs strikingly from other Sicilian towns, and, amidst its activity of life and bustle, still presents impressive reminiscences of the earthquake of 1783. Our Wanderer thus describes this reviving ruined town:—

"The very approach announces a great city. High stone walls, instead of cactus hedges, inclose the gardens of the wealthy merchants, and through the iron trellis-work of the gates we could cast, as we rode by, a wistful look at the long shady avenues within them. Here and there an elegant country-house, its airy balconies protected by Venetian blinds, stands by the road side; but what most delighted me was the quantity of flowers decorating every window under which the dusty road passes. In the town itself we do not, indeed, find the architectural pomp of Catania, but every thing announces business and life. Hardly could we wind our way between a line of laden mules and rows of large barrels. Giovanni (the guide) conducted us safely however to the



*Leone d'Oro* (Golden Lion), close to the port, where we found good accommodation—after the fashion of Sicily. The constant coming and going of ships has here induced some degree of arrangement for the reception of strangers; and as there are many consuls here, who protect and attend to the wants of their respective countrymen, one feels more at home than in other parts of Sicily.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The town ranges in a semicircle round the harbor, which is so good and convenient that merchantmen have no need to cast anchor, but are at once moored to posts on shore, where they load and unload in perfect quiet and with great despatch. . . . . Messina is the first commercial town of the kingdom, and flags from all the quarters of the globe are seen in her port: the whole north of Europe is supplied with oranges from this place. . . . . The traffic with Greece is considerable, and the number of trading Greeks is so great at Messina, that they have a coffee-house of their own, which the English consul recommended to us for the excellence of its ices.

"Before the earthquake of 1783 the principal ornament of the Messina harbor was the *Palazzata*, as it was called, a line of palaces forming a semicircle next the sea, and inhabited by the grandees of the town. In the night between the 5th and 6th of February of that calamitous year, all these magnificent abodes were destroyed in a few seconds, and the greater part of their inmates buried under the ruins. Most of these unfortunate persons perished; but in immense disasters extraordinary escapes are never wanting, and many such occurred upon this occasion. The earthquake was repeated with equal violence in the evening of the 7th, when several persons who were still alive in vaulted cellars, or under the protection of sloping beams and rafters, were thrown out again, and thus saved. . . . .

"When the earthquake and its frightful effects were somewhat forgotten, the reconstruction of the *palazzata* upon one uniform plan was begun; but the windows of the ground floor were scarcely completed when government very properly interfered, and prohibited the erection of lofty stone edifices upon so dangerous a site. And now nothing is to be seen around the harbor but one line of windows in the front wall of a line of unfinished palaces. Here and there huts and stalls, for the convenience of the sailors, have been stuck against these walls, and filth and rubbish have accumulated in all the unoccupied places; so that this once superb *palazzata* presents the image of a recently destroyed, not of a rebuilt town. What is most offensive to the eye, however, is the abrupt breaking off of so many architectural ornaments, as the pilasters, &c. which were designed to reach to the upper story; especially where a vulgar tiled roof projects over these unfinished ornaments, or two small windows, with their wooden lattices, are squeezed into the half-walled up large window."

To review a tour through any part of Italy without alluding to modern art, would be unnatural: a few words, therefore, upon this subject before we quit Sicily—a few will suffice. Although the island connoisseurs themselves call some of their compatriot painters Sicilian Raffaello, our wandering amateur artist holds their school of painting too cheap, almost, for criticism. The only art he mentions, as now cultivated in the island with tolerable success, is that of delicate carving in ivory, coral, amber, &c.; and even that seems to have declined. At Trapani,

where there is a great coral fishery, we are informed that

"Part of the coral is wrought into simple pearl necklaces, (this is a manufacture utterly beyond our comprehension, unless, indeed, *pearl* here stands as a more honorable name for bead,) destined for the East Indies; and it is remarkable that these delicate wares still travel the road followed in the middle ages, namely, by Alexandria; thence overland by Bagdad, and so forward. The industrious Trapanese early began to carve their coral. A large school of carving formed itself; and no longer content with their coral, they proceeded to work in ivory, alabaster, amber, mother of pearl, &c. In the churches some admirable pieces of extraordinary delicacy are still preserved. . . . . In later works the technical skill is more developed, but the design is bad, and art is smothered under artifice. What pure taste can take pleasure in a manger, (containing the infant Saviour,) upon which the tiny figures are formed of ivory, the landscape of amber, the projecting flowers of mother of pearl and shell? These shells, which are named *brogne*, and found upon the north coast of Sicily, are besides beautifully carved into cameos, buttons, and the like."

Of Sicilian poetry our traveller thinks more highly, and gives us several specimens, including songs, with their music. But the Sicilian dialect, in which the island bards love to write, renders their poetic beauties nearly inaccessible to all who have not made an especial study of this *patois*. As a sample of its unintelligibility to mere Italian scholars, we copy a few lines of Meli's *Fisher Idyl*, and, as we pretend not to be perfect masters of it, shall gladly avail ourselves of a subjoined Italian version, rather than hazard one of our own from the original.

"Pidda, (the abbreviation of Apollonia.)  
Mentri lu Gnuri è a mari cu la varca,  
E la mia Gnura mà Pammari 'nerocca,  
Jamu a ghiucari ntra la rina e l'arca?"

Lidda, (Elisabetta.) Jeu vegnu ddocu chivi? E  
chi su locca?

Ddocu ment'reu sidia, mi' ntisi diri:  
Beata chidda rina, chi ti tocca."

"Pidda. Whilst the Signor is at sea with the bark,  
And my Signora mother the net twines,  
Go we to play between the sandy beach and  
the coffer?"

Lidda. I go there more? And who am I then?  
There whilst I sat, I heard said to me—  
Blessed that sand that thee touches."

We must now attend the Wanderer to Malta, and are glad to find that our fellow-subjects at once made a favorable impression upon his mind, for which, as far as we may judge from his first words upon landing, no kindly predisposition had prepared the way: since he slightlyly says:—

"We shall, of course, only stay till we can obtain a passage to Alexandria. . . . .

"Città-Valetta makes a pleasing impression upon the stranger who arrives by sea. The lower part of the town adjoining the harbor, which in most sea-



ports is nearly impassable from the filth of the fish-market, the tar-barrels, &c., is here cleanly paved with flag-stones; and so one ascends, by a flight of broad stone steps, to the upper town, where the streets and alleys, often very steep, are all neatly paved.

"This external cleanliness forms the most striking contrast with the dirty Sicilian towns, amongst which Catania alone can compare with Città-Valetta. The natives, likewise, are a much finer race of men in Malta than in Sicily. The sailors, porters, and laborers, are generally tall and well made; they dress in bright colors, as green, light blue, and red; and set off their fine figures by a showy sash twisted round the hips. The women are fairer than the Sicilians, and wear the peculiar Maltese garb. A light black silk mantle is thrown over the head and held fast to the waist by the left arm, whilst the ends, hanging down over the forehead, conceal either the right or the left eye; for it would be a terrible breach of decorum did a maiden look with both eyes at a person she may chance to pass in the street. In this, as in other things, Malta forms the point of transition between Europe and the East, where the women are completely veiled. But the Maltese fashion is attended with a great disadvantage; the constant closing of one eye produces a squint, which cruelly disfigures the most beautiful faces."

At the British hotel, where he takes up his quarters, our Wanderer finds English comforts, which, as usual, he seems duly to prize, and an amusing *table d'hôte*.

"At the *table d'hôte*, round which assemble a mixed society of merchants, ship-clerks, officers—civil and military, &c.—one learns all the news of the day, and often gains, from anecdotes related by the guests, a deeper insight into Maltese life. Here, the very reverse of the Babylonian confusion of tongues occurs; if there no one understood the other, here everybody understands everybody. All languages that border upon the Mediterranean, are here brought together. The most opposite Oriental and Occidental elements have here blended into a peculiar language, easy enough to be understood.

"English is the language of government, and of the majority of the military, public functionaries, and merchants, who constitute the first class of society; Italian ranks next, and, at Città-Valetta, may be considered as the language of general intercourse. Maltese, which is nearly related to the Punic language, is spoken only by native Maltese, and would scarcely repay the trouble of learning it, (unless with philological views,) since every islander, down to the sailor and porter, blunders out a word or two of English and Italian, often oddly enough distorted."

At Malta our Wanderer professes to have first discovered the exquisite propriety of one of the epithets given by Homer to the sea; which epithet, we must fairly confess, has often perplexed our untravelled selves, acquainted only with our own Northern Ocean, and its tints of deep blue or transparent emerald green. The epithet we mean is *ῥινόψ*, purple, or red-wine color.

"A peculiar charm is found in the tints of the sea, varying with the time of the day; it is impossible to tire of looking upon them, and we here find the complete justification of father Homer, when he speaks of the 'purple waves.' Not that we are to think of the purple as meaning violet—so taken, what would become of the purple roses?—no; the epithet is lite-

rally correct; it depends, like all the immortal poet's images, upon unprejudiced perception, and needs no far-fetched sophistical interpretation to be alike intelligible and natural. The sea actually does assume, in place of its deep azure, a purple hue, that is to say, a dull red hue, beheld not immediately at one's feet, but further off towards the horizon. This unusual color appears in full magnificence towards evening, provided you have the open sea before you, for it is never perceived in bays and harbors."

The Wanderer's admiration of English nautical skill, and of the arrangement of an English man-of-war, is satisfactory, but not worth translating, any more than his civilian description of the appearance of Città-Valetta's impregnable works. We should equally incline to pass over his vehement complaints of the heat, "which it needs no ghost to tell us must be oppressive upon a rock in latitude 36 deg., did they not give rise to a description of the manner of life at Malta, with which we shall conclude.

"The houses are built of limestone. . . . The streets are paved with the same; so that, wherever the eye turns, it falls upon a dazzling white surface. It is best to learn of the natives, who at every sunny spot, carefully wink or half close their eyes, to save them from injury.

"In the hotel the only resource for alleviating the heat is opening doors and windows to let the air circulate; and then one is in constant danger of seeing open books and scattered papers thrown into disorder by sudden gusts of the sea-breeze, and some of the latter even carried out of the door or the window. Besides, in the afternoon the whole atmosphere is so heated, that opening the windows produces little coolness. All these inconveniences are avoided in the library, where I have now almost domiciliated myself.

"About 4 or 5 o'clock we rise, and take our walk along the ramparts, or the wide and clean main street. In the port the sound of the hammer and the hum of the undulating throng are now hushed; but upon the open sea the first glimmering of twilight shows a line of fishing boats, that, having gone out in the night, are now returning with the fruits of their labor. We tried bathing at this early hour, when the water is coolest; but the refreshment lasted not long, and we have returned to our accustomed evening bathe."

Yet this must have been still less refreshing, if as he tells us, the sea is, in the evening, by the thermometer, full three or four degrees hotter than the air.

"At eight o'clock to the library, there to remain till dinner-time at the *table d'hôte*. Here, as in Sicily, it is customary, and therefore no solecism in good manners, for gentlemen to throw off their heavy cloth coats, and every one fans himself with an enormous fan. Most persons indeed wear only white linen jackets, in which it is even allowable to make visits, provided they be not visits of introduction, or of especial ceremony. The immoderate heat authorizes these measures.

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"The next hours of oppressive heat are dedicated to the *siesta*, a custom to which, only here, have we begun to conform regularly, in compensation for early rising and late going to bed. . . .

"One inconvenience peculiar to Città-Valetta, is



the incessant violent ringing of church bells, to which I cannot inure myself. In the south, if once the innate indolence be overcome, every thing is done with increased vehemence and impetuosity, ringing amongst the rest; and here, at Malta, the sole object seems to be to make a stunning noise. The great bells are accompanied by many smaller ones, which the alert boy-choristers pull with indescribable zeal. Almost all day long, for mass, matins, vespers, complines, &c., resounds this assuredly not harmonious ringing, which we enjoy in full perfection at the British hotel, being close to a church. On Sundays and holidays the crashing clatter is still worse, and upon a favorite saint's day it can hardly be endured. Every polished Maltese complains of this nuisance; the English complain, foreigners complain; the very priests would fain moderate the din: but the government will not interfere, inasmuch as it is a fundamental principle of English colonial policy not to disturb or repress such external practices as, proceeding directly from, are chiefly interesting to, the people; and, in general, not to govern too much. A good rule, but I could wish for one exception, if it were only to prove it.

"Towards sun-set every one hurries out of doors to breathe freely. Such a *passaggiata* or *promenade* is here indispensable, and to remain at home at this time were to violate the first rule for the preservation of health. The houses are now so heated through and through by the sun, that no cool nook can be found in them; on the port, out of the town, in sight of the dark sea, one breathes under less oppression. The Maltese *passaggiata* differs strikingly from an Italian and a Sicilian, in the entire absence of carriages, which are useless upon this uneven ground. Great and small, all walk indiscriminately along the smooth pavement, beside the harbor, and out through the gates. South of the town lies the only Valetta garden, where several contiguous rows of trees are to be seen; a rarity throughout the island. Amongst the fortifications indeed, and under the shade of the high walls, a custom-house officer or a bridge-inspector has here and there insinuated a little garden, at which the government, in the expectation of a long peace, connives. There, looking down from the precipitous ramparts, one sees the neatly ordered beds of culinary vegetables; the eye reposes refreshingly upon their soft verdure, upon the varied tints of the numerous flowers. Here and there are seen orange hedges and different fruit trees; and, beside an inner gate, a banana tree spreads wide its gigantic leaves, six or eight feet in length; a strangely marvellous apparition, that distinctly brings the vicinity of the tropics before the astonished eyes of the son of the north."

We now lay down the pen, but look forward with pleasure to our traveller's wanderings in the Levant, which we shall lose no time in presenting to the reading public of England.

Charles Falkenstein, Royal Saxon Librarian, &c. &c.) 8vo. Leipzig, 1834.

THERE is in the Polish character a something of barbaric splendor and rudeness, of the very spirit of Orientalism, mingled with European education and refinement, an ardor of patriotic valor, alloyed by versatility,—both no doubt heightened, if not produced, by the strange, exciting, or rather distracting constitution of the old and truly republican monarchy of Poland,—combined with such a gay, light, mirthful gallantry—whence the Poles were once termed the French of the north—that all, blending together, give the nation a peculiar hold upon the imagination. Then, although the history of Poland is but little known to the general reader, what is known breathes a tone of romance, yet further enhancing the effect of those qualities with which it so well harmonizes. Nor has this tone of romance in actual life even now faded, however sadly or harshly colored in later years by those reverses, that desolation, and ruin, which, in some measure, originated in the very qualities we have enumerated. No! Never, even in these our utilitarian days, has Polish romance been deadened into the cold common-place of modern philosophic civilization.

The interest which this gallant and vivacious, but somewhat fickle nation, is certain to awaken in every breast, has within the last few years been wonderfully augmented and enlivened by the fearful struggle, more nobly and generously than judiciously audacious, in which they have been engaged against the northern Colossus, with whose overwhelming might they had already been proved utterly unable to cope, even when they themselves were still a nation, and when that Colossus was not yet further strengthened by provinces torn from Sweden, Persia, and Turkey, as well as by a large portion of their own territories. The Poles were no doubt unwise, we have already said so, in rising against Russia; but even the extravagant temerity of enthusiastic patriotism and love of liberty kindles a sympathetic glow in the heart, whilst the calculating despondency of selfish prudence is approved with feelings more akin to dislike than to indifference. And if, as we doubt there is but too much reason to apprehend, that rash insurrection, which has deprived Poland of even the poor shadow of nationality restored to her by the congress of Vienna, was instigated by the liberal party, as they proudly style themselves, in France

ART. V.—*Thaddäus Kosciuszko, nach seinem öffentlichen und häuslichen Leben geschildert, von Karl Falkenstein, Königlich. Sachsischem Bibliothekar, &c. &c.* (Thaddeus Kosciuszko, delineated in his public and domestic Life, by



and England, if this same party—from a cautious fear of provoking either the active enmity of Russia, or the equally formidable active hostility of the tax-payers at home,—afterwards left the Poles whom they had instigated to insurrection, to perish unaided,—if, we say, England has thus even in the remotest degree co-operated in the final annihilation of Poland, although a bitter and remorseful shame must rob our sympathy of the pleasing self-satisfaction usually blending with and sweetening that emotion—those very painful feelings must needs deepen our sympathy in every thing relative to a country, once, under her great Sobieski, the deliverer of Austria, perhaps of Europe, from Turkish bondage.

Touched with sympathies such as these, combined with a desire to institute a comparison between the struggle and the disasters of 1794, and those of 1831, we took up Falkenstein's *Life of Kosciuszko*, which, though originally published some few years ago, has, from feelings in a great measure analogous to our own, been lately reprinted with additions and corrections. Our main object in opening the volume was disappointed. Of the political condition of Poland prior to the new constitution, or even to the year 1794, of the circumstances which immediately produced the insurrection, and led to the final partition of the remnant of the kingdom then left, the author tells us no more than is actually indispensable to the intelligibility of Kosciuszko's share in the transactions of those unhappy times; and for this reserve he assigns a reason more satisfactory we trust to himself than it is likely to be to his readers. He says in his preface:—

"The narrow limits of biography do not allow of a regular development of the origin, progress, and final catastrophe of that insurrection, in which oppressed Poland was compelled to seek her last hope of deliverance. It will not therefore excite surprise that no more is said of the revolution than what, as being the result of Kosciuszko's influence, is absolutely necessary to place his mode of thinking and acting in the proper light."

But must not the professionally distrustful critic suspect that this development may be purposely reserved, with other matters, for the new work which the author soon afterwards tells us that he meditates?

"The rise and growth of the Polish kingdom, together with the delineation of the characters of their greatest kings, are reserved for a new historical work."

The life of a man who owes his celebrity to his having been the leader and instigator

of his countrymen in a desperate and splendid although unsuccessful attempt to maintain or recover the independence of their common country, seems to be so inextricably involved with the history of that country, at least during the period of his own activity, that, upon reading the first of these passages we were about to throw aside the volume with a sneer at its absurd plan, but the charm which resides in the mere name of every martyr to liberty, tempted us forward; and although, as we read on, the author did not greatly rise in our estimation, we still read on, and now are glad that we did so. Nor, we think, will our readers be otherwise than pleased when we shall have imparted to them a sketch, although but little political, of the life of this eminent public man. In fact what we have said of the Polish nation applies with peculiar force to the nation's champion, Kosciuszko. His whole life is a romance, and as such really quite refreshing in these matter-of-fact days of steam-engines, rail-roads, and compendious compilations of cheap literature.

Of this romance, the Polish insurrection against Russian ascendancy forms scarcely a volume; a few chapters merely, or an act or two of the great drama: and, perhaps, not the least extraordinary of its features is, that Kosciuszko should have become so decidedly a public character, so thoroughly the idol of his country, the *one man* without whom resistance was impossible, whilst so very short a period of his life was dedicated to the active service of his country, at least in any prominently public character. The insurrection of which he was the leader was put down in less than a year, and prior to that, he had little opportunity to signalize himself at home except in one battle.

Our sketch of his adventurous life must be prefaced by a few words concerning the qualifications of his present biographer. It appears that Falkenstein, as a youth was intimately acquainted with Kosciuszko during the last years of his life, from the circumstance of his (Falkenstein's) being the chosen associate of one of the young Zeltners, in whose family the exiled veteran in his declining years resided, and by whom he was most tenderly revered and cherished. From Kosciuszko's own lips Falkenstein thus heard many details, many incidents of his early and eventful career; others he learned from the Zeltners; and yet more he gathered from those Poles, whether exiles or Russian subjects, to whom his connection with the venerated patriot introduced him. He



thus seems peculiarly well calculated to give those slight or familiar anecdotes to which biography owes its chief fascination, and the regular historical web into which these are to be interwoven he professes to have derived from a variety of publications upon Kosciuszko and Poland in almost every living language. Did his talent for arrangement and composition equal his diligence in collecting materials, and his honest zeal for his hero, we could have desired no better biographer. We shall endeavor in our sketch to spare our readers any inconvenience from the disproportion between the former and the latter qualities.

Thaddeus Kosciuszko was a Lithuanian, and born in the year 1746, according to Falkenstein. We wish he had given his authority for this date, inasmuch as other writers place Kosciuszko's birth in 1756, and some circumstances in his life rather tend to render this last the more probable epoch. He was the only son of Casimir Kosciuszko, a nobleman, but of the class denominated the lesser nobility, of which the most that can possibly be predicated is, that it may perhaps answer to the English small squirearchy, though we are not very sure whether it approach not nearer to our yeomanry, since we are told that—

"Only by the clear judgment and unwearied diligence with which he constantly applied himself to agricultural improvement, could he augment his income sufficiently to support himself with his wife, Thaddeus, and two younger daughters, in comfort and respectability. \* \* \* Through the instrumentality of this noble friend, (Prince Adam Czartoryski, under whom Casimir Kosciuszko had served in his youth,) the father, whose indigence prevented his either paying instructors for his children at home, or sending them to school, obtained admission for Thaddeus into the Cadet Institution which King Stanislaus Poniatowski had recently established at Warsaw."

By those means of instruction, for which he was thus indebted to the honorable patronage of friendship, and to the wise liberality of the well-meaning, although unhappily feeble-minded king, the youthful Thaddeus labored, with a diligence well-nigh unexampled, to profit. We are assured, upon the authority of one of his brother cadets, that—

"Such was Kosciuszko's ardor for the acquisition of knowledge, that, in order to make sure of rising at three o'clock every morning, he commissioned the stove-heater to wake him by pulling a string, of which one end was tied about his arm, while the other passed out under the door of his room. If, when sitting up late at his writing table, sleep overpowered him before he had completed his day's task, he kept himself awake by either putting his feet into cold water or repeatedly bathing his forehead and neck.

"His favorite studies were now, as they had been in early childhood in his father's house, mathematics and history; and the susceptibility of his imagination for every thing elevated, probably led him to anticipate the fair fruits that these studies would produce during his future career. . . . Such was the esteem he inspired, that he was one of the twelve youths selected by the professors as entitled, by their superiority in character and in science, to contend for the prize of a travelling allowance—the King of Poland having deposited a sum of money, from which annually the travelling expenses of the four most distinguished youths of the Warsaw cadet corps were to be defrayed, that they might improve themselves in mathematics and other sciences under the tuition of foreign instructors. These twelve underwent a severe examination, when Kosciuszko's industry and pre-eminent talents insured his being one of the chosen. For some years he prosecuted his studies in the military academy at Versailles, under the especial protection of his original patron, the highly meritorious Prince Adam Czartoryski, who did so much for the intellectual cultivation of Poland."

Upon his return to Poland, Kosciuszko entered the army, and, as a proof of the king's approbation of his abilities and application, almost immediately obtained a company. But this, the natural career of a poor nobleman possessing military talents, was speedily interrupted, at least in his native land, by the influence of that most universal of passions, against the arbitrary power of which not even the wisest can shield themselves. Kosciuszko fell in love with a maiden, raised, by birth and fortune, far above his pretensions, inasmuch as she was the daughter of one of the grand dignitaries of the kingdom, Joseph Sosnowski, marshal of Lithuania and vice-general of the crown. Towards the end of the year 1777, circumstances which he then esteemed most fortunate, quartered Kosciuszko's regiment in Lithuania, and the enamored officer himself in the marshal's castle. He made good use of the opportunities thus afforded him to gain the affections of the Lady Louisa Sosnowski. But, once secure of her heart, Kosciuszko adopted a frank and honorable course.

"The young lady first confided her attachment to her mother; and then Kosciuszko, with tears, and kneeling at the father's feet, confessed his pure, but unconquerable passion. The parents, blinded by hereditary pride of ancestry, and exasperated at the idea that the splendor of their ancient house should be dimmed by their daughter's marriage with an officer of rank so inferior, prohibited all intercourse between the impassioned lovers; and, to insure the observance of their prohibition, placed spies upon all their steps. But love found means to deceive the Argus eyes placed over them, and knit two young hearts closer and closer to each other.

"Kosciuszko, now driven to despair, proposes an elopement. The lady agrees; all is arranged, and the happiest result promises to crown their hopes. Under the shade of a dark night, they effect their escape from the castle, attain, seemingly unpursued, to some distance, and a warm embrace speaks their mutual congratulations, and the bright hopes of union that are dawning upon their hearts. But a sudden



noise startles the lovers from their dream of bliss: the marshal's people surround and attempt to seize them. Kosciuszko draws his sword, and desperately strives to defend his beloved. A sanguinary conflict ensues, but the issue could not be doubtful. Kosciuszko, wounded, exhausted, senseless, sank to the ground, and the Lady Louisa was dragged back to her paternal home.

"When, after a three hour's swoon, Kosciuszko regained his consciousness, he crawled, feebly and despairingly, to the nearest village, where one of his friends was quartered, carrying with him no relic of his vision of happiness, but its recollection, and a white handkerchief, which his idol had dropped in her agony. This treasure never afterwards quitted his bosom, not even in the hottest battle, and death only could part him from it.

"Kosciuszko formed no second attachment; and although, in after years, several advantageous matches were proposed to him, both in Poland and in France, he never could be prevailed upon to marry. Even to an advanced age he remained faithful to the love of his youth, and spoke of the object of his only passion with all the fire of early life."

The friend with whom the broken-hearted and wounded lover sought refuge was Julian Ursyn Niemcewicz, the most celebrated of Poland's living authors, we might perhaps say, of her authors, dead or living, and one of her most ardent and constant patriots.\* And that this man should be Kosciuszko's most intimate friend, is a remarkable point in both their lives. Niemcewicz carefully concealed his unhappy comrade from any search that might be made after him; whilst Kosciuszko, with an impetuosity of feeling, which we confess appears to us more consonant with the age of two and twenty than of two and thirty,† immediately wrote to the king, requesting his royal leave to resign his commission. The king granted the request, and the dejected lover repaired with all possible despatch to America, where, as we scarcely need remind our readers, the revolutionary war was then raging. Kosciuszko reached the New World utterly unprovided with letters of recommendation or introduction, and nearly penniless; he however asked an audience of Washington, to whom he boldly presented himself.

"What do you seek here?" inquired the General with his accustomed brevity.—"I come to fight as a volunteer for American independence," was the equally brief and fearless reply.—"What can you do?" was Washington's next question; to which Kosciuszko, with his characteristic simplicity, only rejoined, "Try me." This was done, occasions soon offered, in which his talents, science, and valor, were evinced, and above all his great character was duly

appreciated. He was speedily made an officer, and further distinguished himself.

"He had not been long in America, when he had occasion to display his undaunted courage, as captain of a company of volunteers. Generals Wayne and Lafayette, notwithstanding the heat of the battle in which they themselves were fully engaged, observed with satisfaction the exertions of that company, which advanced beyond all the rest, and made its attacks in the best order.

"Who led the first company?" asked Lafayette of his comrades, on the evening of that memorable day (the 30th of September).

"The answer was 'It is a young Pole, of noble birth, but very poor; his name, if I am not mistaken, is Kosciuszko.' The sound of this unusual name, which he could hardly pronounce, filled the French hero with so eager a desire for the brave stranger's acquaintance, that he ordered his horse to be immediately saddled, and rode to the village, about a couple of miles off, where the volunteers were quartered for the night.

"Who shall describe the pleasure of the one, or the surprise of the other, when the general, entering the tent, [would it not rather be a room or hut?] in a village, saw the captain, still covered from head to foot with blood, dust, and sweat, seated at a table, his head resting upon his hand, a map of the country spread out before him, and pen and ink by his side. A cordial grasp of the hand imparted to the modest hero his commander's satisfaction, and the object of a visit paid at so unusual an hour."

The friendship thus and then begun continued through life. We cannot pretend to follow our hero throughout the American war; it may therefore suffice to say, that he took part in many of its most important battles and sieges, that he became a great favorite with the penetrating and judicious Washington, and was as much distinguished by his humanity, and by the extraordinary influence which he, a foreigner, exercised over the American volunteers, as by his military skill and daring valor. With an anecdote or two, illustrating the former qualities, we shall close our account of his American campaigns. The soldiers of an English regiment were, upon one occasion, surprised and nearly cut off in their sleep.

"Only about 40 privates and a few non-commissioned officers were made prisoners, and they owed their lives to the humanity of Kosciuszko, who, in opposition to his general's commands, ordered the lives of all who asked quarter to be spared, on pain of death.

"How much he was beloved and feared by those under him was made manifest during the bloody siege of Ninety-six. A detachment of militia had been detained in the army long after their term of service had expired, because the detachment ordered to relieve them did not arrive to take their place. The complaints and murmurs at this detention grew louder and louder. Kosciuszko, well aware both of the justice of these complaints, and of the inconvenience which a longer absence from their homes might occasion these militia-men, with kindly earnestness addressed them as follows:—

"My good friends, you have been promised

\* Niemcewicz, since the failure of the last Polish insurrection, in which he took an active part, has lived a voluntary exile in England.

† The reader will recollect the different dates assigned to Kosciuszko's birth.



your dismissal, and to me this promise is sacred: if you are not willing to stay, go home in peace. You are dismissed! As for myself, I cannot desert the post intrusted to me, and shall remain here with our few regular troops."

"These words were more powerful than argument or entreaty; all unanimously exclaimed, 'We will stay! We will not desert our leader!' And afterwards no one of these militia-men could have been induced to leave the army, except by giving him a certificate that illness, or some other cause actually compelled his departure."

Upon the signature of peace between Great Britain and the United States, Kosciuszko returned to Poland with the American rank of general of brigade. He was kindly received by Stanislaus, and re-entered the Polish army, retaining his American rank; he was before long raised to that of major-general in the service of his native king and country. For some years after his return, he appears to have lived in great retirement, from which he was in some measure called forth when Stanislaus endeavored, by introducing really great improvements and reforms into the Polish constitution, so to increase the energies of his kingdom as might enable him to shake off the ascendancy of Russia. Stanislaus drew up a new constitution, certainly very far from a perfect scheme of civil polity, and too like the equally unsuccessful and equally short-lived French constitution of the year 1790, but still very much better than the anarchy which had previously reigned in Poland; especially inasmuch as it obviated the tremendous evils almost always incident to the election of a king, by making the crown thenceforward hereditary. This Stanislaus could do with better grace from having no children.

"On the 3d of May, 1791, in spite of the opposition of all the partisans of Russia, the king swore to observe the new constitution; the whole assembly (a sort of national assembly convoked for the purpose,) followed him into the church, where the evening twilight, dimly illuminating the primeval arches, heightened the solemn effect of the oath-taking scene. Two days afterwards, the new constitution was accepted by the whole assembly. And Kosciuszko, to whom the independence of his native land was the first of blessings, loudly declared in favor of this new charter, and received with deep-felt joy from the hands of the king, who was now wholly bent to avert Russian influence, his promotion to the rank of lieutenant-general."

Enthusiasm like Kosciuszko's was unluckily far from universal in Poland. The new laws deprived the haughty nobles of many of those proud and elsewhere unparalleled prerogatives, in which they had so long gloried, through which they had already well nigh destroyed their country; and their reluctance to part with them,

though for a while brooded over in secret, at length produced the confederation of Targowica. This was a professedly patriotic confederation, instituted for the sole purpose of saving the old republic, as the kingdom of Poland was designated.

"The confederates bound themselves to annihilate the constitution of 3d of May, as the grave of liberty. Potocki declared himself marshal-general; Branicki and Rzewuski appointed themselves counsellors to the confederation."

And so blinded were these Polish magnates by political prejudice, and surely we must add by selfishness, that in their frantic detestation of the royal innovations,—

"They published an address to the nation on the 22d of February, 1792, in which, among other things, they said, 'No hope remains for the republic, save an appeal to the magnanimity of the incomparable Catharine. Should the Poles not listen to the counsels of this exalted Princess, they will themselves precipitate the ruin of their country. Upon this consideration, and in the name of that country so infinitely dear to us all, we implore the inhabitants of Warsaw, and of the provinces, not to take any hasty step that may undermine the general safety.' . . . .

"The Empress Catharine simultaneously announced her entire disapprobation of the new constitution, and her intention of sending a body of troops into Poland, to support the confederation of Targowica."

Poland was now divided into two hostile parties, the constitutional royalists and the confederates of Targowica, in arms against each other: the first headed by a timid, vacillating, and nearly powerless king; the other supported by the able, ambitious, and unscrupulous Catharine, wielding the power of Russia. The issue of such a contest could hardly be doubtful; but whilst it lasted it afforded Kosciuszko some opportunities of displaying, in the cause of his native land, the skill and valor he had already proved as the champion of foreign liberty. Many slight encounters occurred, with fluctuating success. These are not worth dwelling upon; but the battle of Dubienka, (pronounced Dubienkon) was more important, and upon it Kosciuszko's Polish military fame seems, at the period in question, to have rested. The orders of the government were to defend the passage of the Bug against the Russians.

"This river, which joins the Vistula, near Warsaw, is broad, but so shallow as in summer to be fordable in many places. Prince Joseph Poniatowski was to guard the banks from Dubienka to Brzesc, in Lithuania: Zabiello, from Brzesc to the Vistula.

"Kosciuszko was posted at Dubienka. . . . . The main attack of the Russians, led by their general-in-chief, Kochowski, at the head of 18,000 picked troops, with 40 cannon, was made upon Kosciuszko. The Polish commander had but 4,000 men and eight pieces of cannon, to defend a post, strengthened only by such works as he had been able to throw up in



the four and twenty hours that he had been there stationed. Yet, with these feeble means, did he repulse every attempt of the Russians, and maintain his ground for five whole days. Then, finding his position menaced from Galicia, he retreated in good order, the Russians having lost 4,000 men, the Poles barely 900. The best military judges pronounced with one accord that the affair of Dubienka might stand a comparison with Greek and Roman deeds, and that Poland, if she had no Thermopylæ, yet boasted a Leonidas upon her open fields."

But the efforts of the Polish Leonidas were less beneficial in their result than those of his prototype, perhaps in proportion as the sacrifice at which they were made was less. The Bug was now passed; and Stanislaus, already terrified by the menaces of her, under whose superior mental energies he had doubtless painfully quailed, even when revelling in her guilty tenderness, was completely subdued when he beheld her troops ready to pour upon his capital. Exactly a week after the attack upon Dubienka, on the 23d of July, 1792,—

"Stanislaus summoned his ministers, and the marshals of the confederation of the realm, showed them the last letter of the Empress, spoke of the league of the three neighboring states, of the impossibility of resistance, of the necessity of obtaining the protection of Russia, and concluded by saying, 'I have determined to sign the Targowica Confederation.' . . . . Kosciuszko could not remain a witness of the consequent degradation of his country. He rejected the most brilliant offers of advancement in the Russian service, preferring poverty and exile to any sacrifice of principle. He resigned his Polish commission; and with the words, 'Grant, oh my God, that I may once more draw my sword for my native land!' entered the carriage that conveyed him to Dresden. Thence he proceeded to Leipzig. His example was followed by sixteen young men of the first families in Poland."

At Leipzig, Kosciuszko received a diploma making him a French citizen, a compliment paid him by the French National Assembly, in acknowledgment of his services to the cause of liberty, as well in America as in Poland. This compliment did not however then lure him to Paris. He was at that time too much engrossed by the calamities and prospects of Poland to visit foreign countries. His heart and soul were engaged in organizing the insurrection which broke out in less than two years afterwards; and he remained in great retirement and privacy at Leipzig, whence he could easily superintend and regulate the proceedings of the conspirators, until an alarm of premature discovery induced him to remove to a greater distance. He then repaired to Italy with a show of secrecy and incognito. The newspapers however loudly and repeatedly announced his journey, and his arrival in the transalpine peninsula; and

the announcement that the dreaded Kosciuszko was amusing himself upon a distant tour was so well calculated to serve the schemes of the confederated patriots, by lulling the Russian authorities into perfect security, that we cannot suppose it more than a seeming contravention of the traveller's wishes and designs.

The King, "infirm of purpose," was now a mere puppet in the hands of the Targowica Confederation, the heads of which were themselves equally puppets in the hands of Catharine, whose troops, pouring in, occupied and tyrannized over great part of Poland. On the 14th of October, 1793, the second partition of Poland by Russia, Prussia, and Austria was completed.

"The popular ferment was now at its height, but the prudent Kosciuszko remained quiet, like a volcano consumed by its internal fires. . . . . A proposal, in the nature of a command, made by the Russian envoy, General Baron Igelström, to reduce the Polish army to 16,000 men, incorporating the rest of the troops with Russian regiments, provoked the explosion.

"Madalinski, commander of a brigade of national cavalry, learned that his brigade was one of those to be reduced. His resolution was immediate, to kindle at once the torch of insurrection. He made some Prussian officers prisoners, seized the Prussian military chest, outwitted Igelström by a stratagem, and, marching southward, reached the woiwodship, or palatinate of Sandomir. Here Madalinski proposed to the nobles a confederation to rescue Poland. But they dreaded the foreign armies. . . . . The patriots wanted a leader, upon whose experience and abilities they could rely, to whose hands they could entrust their country's cause. . . . .

"Under these circumstances General Igelström called Russian troops from all sides to Warsaw: but his military force could not check the growth of the popular fermentation, which abundantly revealed itself by incendiarism, red caps, (copied from France) and other symptoms. In Cracow affairs looked more serious.

"Kosciuszko, who had watched the progress of events, now thought that the hour of need was come. Hastily he retraced his steps, hurried to Cracow, and, in the night of the 24th of March, 1794, entered the old capital of Poland at the head of a few friends.

"The people thronged to meet him. Torches were lighted and the night turned into day. Even ladies hurried into the streets to gaze upon the great Captain, who, in his dusty travelling dress, repaired to the town-house, whence he issued orders to close the gates of the city, and to bring in all the arms that could be found. Meanwhile the multitude shouted incessantly, 'Kosciuszko for ever! Poland for ever! Long live the deliverer of the country!' The assembled nobles solemnly declared him commander-in-chief of all the Polish forces, and an act entitled the Insurrection-act of the Citizens and Inhabitants of the Woiwodship of Cracow, which placed unlimited dictatorial authority in his hands, was signed."

This extraordinary document, which received many thousand signatures, not only committed unlimited authority, military and civil, to Kosciuszko,—it further



authorized him to name the members of the National Council, which (after the manner of the French committee of public safety) was to supply his place in political and administrative concerns, when his time and attention should be exclusively dedicated to conducting the war against the three Great Powers who had appropriated to themselves so large a part of Poland. But he it observed that this appointment of a kind of provisional government indicated no purpose of superseding the King. The object was to provide a substitute for his authority so long as he should remain, in fact if not in name, a prisoner to the Russians, and the case very much resembled that of Spain, during the peninsular war, when Ferdinand the Seventh was a French prisoner. To return to Cracow.

"Scarcely had the morning dawned when the *Naczelnik* (a Polish title meaning Supreme Chief,) Kosciuszko was escorted to the market-place by the whole body of citizens. Here he harangued the people, pointing out the importance of the present moment to the future weal or woe of Poland, and demanding a cordial reception for his warriors, and vigorous co-operation. Shouts of exultation, and unanimous cries of 'Kosciuszko for ever! Liberty and Poland!' told the dictator that his exhortations would be obeyed."

After naming the members of the National Council and proclaiming anew the Constitution, abrogated by Russian command, Kosciuszko repeated his call for vigorous co-operation, and made it more general, by a proclamation of which we extract a few passages; the whole being somewhat lengthy:—he, perhaps, had learned the thing, as we have the word, beyond the Atlantic.

"Fellow-citizens! Called upon from all sides to save our country, I appear, in obedience to your will, at the head of the lovers of liberty. But I alone cannot shake off the yoke of slavery, and break our chains. Every one must do his part; and then I can and will effect our deliverance. . . . . In our common cause, one spirit must ensoul us, one zeal fire our hearts. Each for all and all for each! Consecrate to your country a part of your property, now not so much yours as the destined booty of despotic mercenaries! Fill our ranks with armed men! . . . . . Sacrifices made to liberty and our country will be worthily rewarded by a nation's gratitude! . . . . . The first step towards liberty is the resolution to be free; as the first towards victory is the knowledge of our own strength.

"My dear fellow-countrymen! I expect every thing from your zeal. . . . . 'He who is not with us is against us!' He who is not ready to sacrifice his life for his country means to oppose her, or to remain neutral; and both are sins against Liberty, against Patriotism!"

A proclamation, more original, as also

much shorter, was addressed by the *Naczelnik* to his countrywomen.

"Ornaments of the human race! . . . . . You too, noble ladies, have felt the sad lot of our country, pining under the iron yoke of her enemies. Learn that we men will free you from this yoke! But allow me to make a request of you. Your tender sensibilities will awaken; you will feel that an oppressed nation can only recover her rights and liberties by the greatest sacrifices on the part of every man and of every woman.

"Your husbands, sons, brothers, gird them for the fight—our blood must lay the foundation of your liberty. Women! Be it your's to care for us when that blood streams. Prepare lint and bandages [alas! for the necessary bathos!] for the army. The work of such fair hands will allay the pangs of the sufferer, of the wounded!"

"These manifestoes acted like an electric shock upon the whole nation. The clang of arms resounded. The handicraftsman left his work, and presented himself with his axe; the peasant came with his scythe, the day-laborer with his spade, the townsman with his sword and pike. The nobleman opened his castle, distributing guns and hunting weapons to the unarmed men who asked for them. Kosciuszko had required a soldier for every five hearths, but additional volunteers flocked from all sides to the banner of their *motherland* [this is the Polish tenderer, and, we think, more appropriate form of the German *fatherland*] to stake life and property for freedom. Side by side stood the noble and the bondsman, the graybeard and the boy; nor was it uncommon to find in the ranks women, wrapped in large coats, and with pikes on their shoulders, confronting death, braving toil and hardship; oft-times their sex remaining unsuspected till they were wounded or slain.

"From women whose patriotism was more feminine were received in abundance shirts, garments of all kinds, bandages, lint, plasters, balsams, tea, all that could be wanted to dress wounds or to alleviate the toils of war. The noblest ladies of Warsaw secretly sold their jewels, and sent Kosciuszko the produce."

On the 4th of April, Kosciuszko, with 4,000 soldiers, and a body of these half-armed, untrained volunteers, without cannon, encountered a corps of 6,000 or 12,000 Russian troops.

"Several Russian battalions boldly attacked his left wing; the Poles resisted valiantly, and the Russians retreated. A new attack upon the centre;—similar resistance, and a similar result. Now a second column advances upon Kosciuszko's left wing and a third upon his right. The patriots, animated alike by the valor of their *Naczelnik* and by the prosperous commencement of the affair rushed dauntlessly forward. Twice only can the Russians fire their artillery; the Poles are amidst their ranks; three guns are in the hands of the peasants. On all sides rages an obstinate, a bloody battle. . . . . Neither party gives or asks quarter. The Russians fight desperately, lest they should be conquered by men whom they despise: but the impetuosity of the Poles is irresistible. The peasantry, shouting 'Kosciuszko and Liberty!' wield their scythes and pitchforks with inconceivable fury, and enable the few regular troops to gain a complete victory. . . . . Two of the scythe-armed peasants so distinguished themselves in this sanguinary conflict, that Kosciuszko, in his *bulletin*, placed their names before those of all the other heroes of the day. . . . . They were Pawle Glowacki, and Thomasz Switacki."



Meanwhile, the insurrection had spread so generally that Igelström had been obliged to send out detachments from Warsaw in all directions.

"He thus reduced the Russian garrison of Warsaw to 6,000 men. . . . Encouraged by this diminution of numbers, and reinforced by an influx of peasants, artisans, and even of soldiers, the leaders of the malcontents deemed this a favorable opportunity for effecting their object. The popular rage daily increased, and acquired a more serious aspect. Polish plays, even such as under other circumstances would have been altogether insignificant, now produced first sullen murmurs, then satirical allusions, and finally loud threats. . . . Igelström sent an express to the Prussian General Wolki, to hasten his approach, and required of the king the immediate disarming of the Polish troops, the surrender to him of the arsenal and powder magazines, and the execution of twenty of the most suspected persons.

"The king, shocked at these demands, sends a person to remonstrate with Igelström, who persists in his requisitions. The crown high-chancellor, Prince Sulkowski, seeks the Russian in his palace to soften him, if possible. In vain! Igelström is inexorable; he issues commands, he utters taunts; the deeply touched chancellor faints away, and is carried home insensible. The iron commander now requires the outlawry of all the insurgents: and on the 2d of April the feeble Stanislaus blindly signs the condemnation of Kosciuszko, of his adherents, and of the declaration of Independence.

"The announcement of this act inflames the public exasperation to the uttermost. . . . On the Thursday of Passion Week, April 17th, soon after midnight, the men of Warsaw occupy the streets leading to the gates, the arsenal and the powder magazine: and with the first gray dawn a crowd of Poles, nobles, citizens, and clergy, appear before the castle, demanding to speak with the king. . . . The crowd augments every minute. Arms are distributed. . . . The royal guards, horse and foot, the Dzialynski regiment under Colonel Haumann, the artillery, in short all the Polish troops leave their barracks; and at five o'clock in the morning Count Mirsch's cavalry makes the first attack upon a Russian post, cutting down the men and spiking the cannon. . . . With shouts of 'Liberty! Kosciuszko!' the Poles assail the Russians, drive them back, and bring one gun in front of the arsenal. But that was already in possession of the gallant General Cichowski, who had beaten the Russians, and taken their commander. The alarm-bell sounds. Citizens rush out of their dwellings, with guns, pistols, sabres: boys, women, all are ready for the struggle. They who dare not confront the enemy in the street, fire pistols from the windows, and graybeards and children fling stones from the roofs of houses. . . .

Igelström's troops, familiar with battle, unacquainted with defeat, fight with the courage of desperation. The Poles are equally resolved to conquer or die. . . . Every where the Russians are overpowered, and no retreat offers. At length they fortify themselves in Igelström's mansion, a chapel, and three adjoining houses, barricading the doors. . . . They are besieged there. . . . Igelström, with his subordinate generals and 900 men, all that remain of his troops, and many of them wounded, effects his escape through his garden, through court-yards and alleys, and over a ruinous part of the city wall. But all his riches, his official papers, his artillery, and the baggage of his army, are the prize of the victors."

This most legitimate insurrection, in

which the insurgents rose only to expel foreigners and restore the constitution spontaneously granted by their lawful king, was now triumphant, and it seemed as though there were nothing to regret but the native bloodshed with which the stormily-vindictive passions of the unbridled Warsaw populace occasionally defiled their success. Kosciuszko hastened to Warsaw, repressed such outbreaks, and ruled Poland with absolute power, administered with wisdom and moderation. His regular forces daily increased, and, for a few months, although the fortune of his arms was not unvaried, he had reason to flatter himself with the prospect of ultimate success. During this period of prosperity, Kosciuszko's fearless and generous disregard of consequences, when the path of duty was clear, was evinced on occasion of a burst of sanguinary popular violence, provoked by the tidings of the defeat of one of their armies.

"The hatred for suspected traitors now burst forth. With wild shouts of 'Kosciuszko for ever! The free nation for ever!' the populace stormed through the streets, set up gibbets, and tore out of the prisons all persons confined under suspicion of treachery. In vain did the most revered patriots (Kosciuszko was not in the city,) rush amidst the crowd to stay the arm uplifted for murder: in vain did the executioner refuse to perform his office at their lawless bidding. Passion conquers all impediments: hundreds of hands were put forth to supply his place, and the women twisted cords of their ribbons. On the 28th of June, eight men of the first Polish families, all, probably, more or less guilty, fell victims to mob vengeance. They were Prince Anton Czertwertenski, Ignaz Massalski, Prince-Bishop of Wilna, the Privy-Councillor, Boscamp-Lassopolski, the financier, Grabowski, Majewski, Raguski, Pientka, and the lawyer, Wulfers, who was suspected of having suppressed papers of Igelström's, that might have inculpated important personages, perhaps the King. A ninth only, Count Moszcinski, could be rescued even by the favorite demagogue, Zakrzewski.

"On hearing of the tumult, Kosciuszko sent a body of troops from his camp to Warsaw, with orders to imprison the ringleaders, and march off a number of the most active rioters to his army, where they might expend their fury upon the enemy. He at the same time admonished the towns-people to prevent such excesses, lest the hirelings of tyranny or extravagant revolutionists should confound the sacred cause of freedom with licence and murder. The author of the rising, Casimir Konopka, who afterwards distinguished himself in Napoleon Buonaparte's Polish legion, he banished.

"Kosciuszko said to those about him, that the loss of two battles would not have grieved him like the barbarities perpetrated at Warsaw in his absence; nor could such defeats have been so detrimental to their great cause as the bloodshed on the 28th of June."

These are the sentiments that we love to find in a champion of liberty: and it is grievous to think that the excellent Kosciuszko failed, whilst the execrable Robes-



pierre and his brother terrorists succeeded in repulsing foreign aggression. But let not these opposite results be ascribed to the opposite courses respectively pursued. The virtuous Washington succeeded, if his Polish disciple failed; and the failure of the latter was the almost inevitable consequence of numerical inferiority, aided by the national character already described. Warsaw submitted quietly to the rebukes and chastisement of the *Naczelnik*, and, doubtless, honored him the more for them, when the momentary frenzy had subsided. But in the field the aspect of affairs changed, and the hopes of Poland vanished, on Suwaroff's nomination to the command of the Russian army. Kosciuszko posted himself in an intrenched camp, protecting Warsaw.

"The *Naczelnik* took possession of the works amidst the rejoicings of the people, and his presence inspired all with hope and resolution. Senators, artisans, clergy, and soldiers, all hastened to labor under Kosciuszko at the intrenchment. Whole corporations, whole families went to work. Such was the enthusiasm that numbers of women, of all ranks, repaired to the fortifications to assist in their completion. They were led by a lady mounted and armed, and escorted by fife and drum."

Here Kosciuszko long maintained his ground, repulsing many attacks. But at length the insurgents in other quarters were overthrown, and it became necessary to march against Suwaroff.

"Kosciuszko, at the head of 20,000 men, crossed the Vistula, towards the end of September; and then, before prosecuting his hazardous march, thus addressed his troops:—'Brave comrades and dear brothers in arms! Are you still determined, like me, to conquer or die? If there be one who feels discouraged, let him stand forth, lay down his arms, and go home in peace.' No answer; no movement in the ranks. 'Once more,' exclaims Kosciuszko, 'I pledge my word as commander, to any one who hesitates, a release from our service!' Scarcely were the words spoken, when unanimous cries arose—'With thee, *Naczelnik*! We'll fight to the death with thee!' 'Then, march!' rejoined the deeply-affected General."

Unfortunately, all Kosciuszko's plans for defeating the Russian armies separately were foiled by the interception and capture of the messenger who bore his orders for co-operation and various important manœuvres. The Russians, in possession of his intentions, resolved to surprise him in his camp at dawn of the 10th of October.

"'Warsaw and revenge!' was the cry of the Russians: 'Victory or death,' the answer of the Poles. The Russian boldly assaults the works; a deadly fire receives him. His first step upon the bulwark is his last. Thus repulsed, Fersen again leads his infuriated soldiers to the assault. . . . He has only led them to death."

"He orders a third attack. . . . At the point of the bayonet the Russians carry the first redoubt. 'Forward, lads!' cried the brave Denisow to his Cossacks! 'If we fail, may none escape to report our shame!' A second, third, fourth redoubt is carried: no Pole surrenders; no Russian gives quarter. . . .

"Undistinguished by his dress, recognisable only by his almost incredible daring, Kosciuszko was in the thickest of every danger. Three times had he repulsed Fersen, when Suwaroff appeared with a fresh army, and the two great Generals stand face to face; but with most unequal forces. The Russian has double Kosciuszko's numbers, and his well-armed troops are tried soldiers. The Pole is armed with little more than love for his *mother-land*, and whatever had first come to hand, whether musket or scythe. No wonder if the weaker army gives way. The Polish infantry could not resist the Russian; and vain were Kosciuszko's efforts with the cavalry. Three horses had been shot under him, when a wound in the shoulder prostrated him on the ground. Then did the Poles begin to tremble. Kosciuszko recovered himself, and, with the aid of his friend, Niemcewicz, who fought as his adjutant by his side, mounted a fresh horse and hurried after his flying cavalry, to rally them and restore the fight. But, in leaping a ditch, his horse fell. Cossacks and carabineers are upon him: one wounds him in the head, another in the neck. Completely exhausted, with the exclamation '*Finis Poloniae*' (the end of Poland), he swoons."

Our author gives several other narratives of this fatal battle of Macziewice, from various writers, differing only in immaterial details; but this one is enough for us.

Kosciuszko's falling exclamation was echoed throughout Poland. The tidings of his capture and reported death produced indescribable dismay at Warsaw. Eye-witnesses affirm that—

"Invalids were seized with burning fevers, and some pregnant females with madness, whilst many infants were prematurely born. Men and women were seen running about the streets, wringing their hands, dashing their heads against walls, and shrieking, in despair, 'Kosciuszko is dead! Our *mother-land* is lost!'"

They were in the right. Within a month of the battle of Macziewice, Suwaroff was master of Warsaw, and Poland was conquered. The following year, Stanislaus was commanded by his once fond and now imperious mistress to abdicate. The small remnant of his kingdom was then allotted amongst the three original partitioning powers, and the very name of Poland disappeared from the roll of European states. But our business is with Kosciuszko.

The hero was kindly treated by his military captors; but he was insensible from loss of blood, and the Russian surgeons would not dress his wounds until the following day, lest a renewed hemorrhage should prove fatal. This, to us, who are unprofessional, seems odd leechcraft; and not the less so when we find that he was afterwards surgically neglected at



Petersburg. Right or wrong, however, we are further told that, when, 23 years afterwards, Kosciuszko died, the Swiss surgeons who opened his body, ascribed his death to continued debility, produced by the loss of blood at Macziewice. But he is not yet dead, and we must give an anecdote of his captivity.

"Kosciuszko was seated at a table, resting his head upon his hand, silent, and thoughtful, whilst an obstinate engagement was in doubtful progress at no great distance. At length an officer came in with tidings, that the Russians had, after a desperate struggle, broken through the enemies' ranks with the bayonet. 'God! God!' exclaimed Kosciuszko, starting up and striking his forehead, 'Why had not I such soldiers to fight in such a cause as mine!'"

Kosciuszko was taken to Petersburg, and there confined in the fort Petro-Pawlosk, but not, according to a popular error, sent to Siberia: nor does it seem that a heavier evil than perpetual imprisonment was contemplated for the invalid warrior even by the angry Catharine. But in December, 1796, she died, and we are glad to relate a pleasing trait of her unpopular and assuredly partially insane successor:—

"Paul, accompanied only by his two eldest sons, the Grand-Dukes Alexander and Constantine, repaired, in person, to the castle in which state prisoners were confined, released the Polish Phocion, and, in the following words, did homage to his virtues:— 'I restore you your sword, general, asking you to pledge your word never more to use it against the Russians.'"

Kosciuszko is said to have declined the sword, saying, "I need none, having now no *mother-land*;" but pledged his word as the price of his liberty.

"The Czar then inquired whither the released prisoner would go. To which Kosciuszko firmly replied, 'To America, where I shall find brothers in arms and glorious recollections.'"

\* \* \* \* \*

"The Czar bestowed on Kosciuszko 1500 peasants; \* and, knowing that he and his friend, Niemcewicz, proposed to share one and the same fate, he likewise gave the noble poet his liberty, with a present of 1000 peasants. The further imperial offer to Kosciuszko of 6000 rubles a year, with the rank and title of a field-marshal in the Russian service, were, of course, rejected by him."

Kosciuszko, accompanied by Niemcewicz, now visited England, where he was received with the kindly respect befitting a country proud of her own liberty. Thence the two friends sailed for America, where Kosciuszko's arrival and short stay were marked by honors analogous to those since paid to his American commander, Lafayette. The Congress likewise conferred upon him a substantial

mark of gratitude, that could not but be welcome to the impoverished exile; they discharged the apparently long arrears of his pay, with interest, and by additional gifts made the whole a sum of money, (Falkenstein calls it a capital,) which enabled him

"To repay the Russian emperor the money received of him, and, with the warmest expressions of respectful gratitude, to implore that monarch's permission to decline the other gifts of his bounty, (including the 1500 serfs,) and depend for his future support upon that which he had fairly earned in America."

We do not propose to detail the profuse demonstrations of reverence and respect showered by brother Jonathan upon Kosciuszko, which seem to have soon become painfully oppressive to our modest hero. One or two anecdotes of this visit to the scene where his earliest laurels were gathered are however worth extracting. The first shows that his celebrity had spread into the yet uncleared native forests of the New World, and excited the admiration of the red men.

"The Chief of the Creeks, bearing the appellation of Little Turtle, was then at Philadelphia, and chanced to be in company with a party of statesmen and officers, whose conversation turned upon the division of Poland and the artifices of the Empress Catharine. The Little Turtle suddenly rose from his seat, walked rapidly about the room, with angry gesticulations, and swinging his tomahawk; and then, in accents of bitter contempt, exclaimed, 'The woman had best bethink her of what the man who is my friend can do.' General Harrison afterwards explained to the Creek chief, that the last king of Poland, Stanislaus Poniatowski, was a very handsome man, by which personal qualification chiefly he had gained the Empress's favor, and through that had obtained the Polish crown. He answered disdainfully, 'Had my friend, Kotscho,' (this was the nearest approach to Kosciuszko that his unpractised organs could accomplish,) been ever so handsome a man, he would not for that have undone his country."

Those whose organs can better pronounce the Polish name, even to this day, mark their respect for their former champion by christening their children by that name, in common with those of Washington and Lafayette.

"Before leaving America, Kosciuszko deposited in the hands of his beloved friend Jefferson a sum of money, to be afterward employed, if Jefferson should think it good, in founding a school for negro children, and such others as their slavery excluded from the usual means of education. . . . It appears, that afterwards Jefferson did so employ the sum intrusted to him, which, under his management, had then increased to 15,000 dollars, and that the school prospered, proving most useful. Kosciuszko is said to have also assigned a considerable sum for educating and portioning slave girls, but above all for purchasing their freedom."

\* This is, we believe, the Russian mode of denoting the size of an estate.

Kosciuszko's military career being closed by his promise to the Emperor Paul,



his admiring German biographer appears to deem it requisite to exhibit his courage, and his constancy of body as well as of mind, under different circumstances. He accordingly informs us that, upon his return to Europe,

"The ocean wished to try Kosciuszko's spirit. A fearful storm arose in the Atlantic; the sea raged more and more fiercely: the vessel was repeatedly in imminent peril of being dashed in pieces, or swallowed up by the waves. The danger increased; death seemed inevitable. The crew had already abandoned themselves to despair, and to the wild oaths and imprecations of the sailors had succeeded silent prayer. Then did Kosciuszko, the hero who had braved death in so many battles, come upon deck; he walked calmly (qy. steadily?) from place to place, gave advice, and often assistance. This splendid example of courage and contempt of death revived the crew; they exerted their last energies; the storm gradually abated, and all were saved."

M. Falkenstein really should have told us to what nation belonged the vessel, (we feel pretty confident it could be neither English nor American,) of which the crew, and of course the captain, required in the hour of peril, to be thus encouraged and directed by one, whom, in spite of his well merited title of a patriot hero, they would assuredly think little better than a land-lubber, unless indeed his wonderful power of keeping his feet in such a storm saved him from the ignominious designation. But we have already intimated that the biographer was scarcely equal to his subject: no more therefore of this marvellous adventure.

In 1798, Kosciuszko took up his abode in France, and was, after the fashion of French demonstrative enthusiasm, much made of. His friendship with Lafayette was renewed, and every distinguished person sought his acquaintance. Of all this an instance or two may suffice.

"Kosciuszko's arrival at Paris was celebrated by a banquet, at which 500 persons attended. The first toast given was 'The independence of Poland,' and in giving it, the District-President Bonneville exclaimed 'Liberty is rescued—Kosciuszko is in Europe!' Tears of emotion and confusion burst from the eyes of the modest general. He attempted to answer, to disclaim such exaggerated praises, and to give as his toast, The liberty of France. But the whole company interrupted him, to drink with joyous acclamations to 'The tears of Kosciuszko.'

\* \* \* \* \*

"In proportion as Kosciuszko shrank from great diplomatic assemblies did he love the society of distinguished statesmen and men of letters, and he particularly enjoyed the conversation of agreeable women. . . . .

"It was in such a circle that he met the Swiss *Chargé d'Affaires*, Peter Joseph Zeltner, a man of equally plain republican honesty, depth of judgment, and abundant knowledge, who was then in political relation with the greatest European diplomatists. . . . His wife was adorned with every quality of mind and heart. Kosciuszko presently became the inti-

mate friend of the family, and soon afterwards their inmate. . . . When political relations were altered, and Zeltner, resigning his post in consequence, condemned himself and family to great privations, the connection between the friends remained unchanged. Kosciuszko shared every privation, every sorrow of his friends. His occupations were as characteristic as were his every word and action. One half of the day he dedicated to private study (generally in history and mathematics); the other half to the education of his friend's children, to whom he supplied the place of their always over-occupied father. . . .

"Beyond the circle of the Zeltner family, he kept up most intercourse with the talented Madame General Fiszer, (by birth a Countess Kulieska,) the widow of his former adjutant. With her he loved to converse in their mother-tongue of their *mother-land*. After a while, he regularly drank tea with her. Those who wished to make Kosciuszko's acquaintance, procured an introduction to Madame Fiszer. One evening, this lady met her countryman, as he entered her apartments, with the information that he would now have an opportunity of admiring a very interesting woman, whose most earnest wish it was to make his acquaintance. 'With all my heart,' said Kosciuszko; 'provided it be not a learned lady, for to learned ladies I have a natural antipathy.'—'A learned lady it certainly is,' was the reply; 'and the most celebrated in the French literary world—Madame de Stael Holstein.' At these words Kosciuszko snatched up his hat, and, with a civil apology to his fair friend, hurried out of the house. When Madame de Stael appeared, full of eagerness for the anticipated pleasures of the evening, the Polish Countess frankly told her what had passed. . . . . Madame de Stael invited herself, for the following evening, and requested the lady of the house not to announce her visit to Kosciuszko, with the observation, 'Perhaps the oddity likes to be taken by surprise.' She soon afterwards withdrew. Next evening, Kosciuszko came as usual, found several countrymen, and was conversing with them, when Madame de Stael entered unannounced. When the established forms of presentation were over, she went up to Kosciuszko with her innate, vivacious eagerness, loaded him with flattering speeches, and concluded with the words, 'General, tell me your history. Pray relate to us the principal events of the Polish revolution.' With perfect composure and self-possession, he laconically replied, 'Madam, I made, but cannot relate it.' "

The First Consul received Kosciuszko, upon his presentation, with compliments, and endeavored to engage him in the service of France. The exile steadily rejected his offers, and to the proposal of a seat in the senate, answered, "What would you have me do there?" Falkenstein assures us, nevertheless, that with Kosciuszko had already originated the formation of the Polish legion in the French service. He however quotes, as his authority for this statement, a French author, M. A. Jullien, in his *Notice Biographique sur Th. Kosciuszko*; whence we may conclude that it does not rest upon a verbal communication of the exiled patriot, or of any Polish survivor of that legion. And it is in great measure refuted by the course of Falkenstein's own narrative, since, a page or two afterwards, he inserts a proclamation of the Polish gene-



ral, Dombrowski, addressed to his countrymen, announcing the formation of Polish legions as a part of the army of Italy, and inviting them to swell the numbers of those legions, which proclamation is dated "Head Quarters at Milan, 1st *Pluviose*, fifth year of the French Republic, one and indivisible." This, being translated, means the 20th of January, 1797: at which period Kosciuszko was in America, or on his way thither. But, whether he were or were not the proposer of the formation of the Polish legions, he was an object of enthusiastic love and reverence to those legions, however formed; of this, our biographer gives us a pleasing anecdote.

"The Roman Consulate, in token of Roman gratitude to the victorious Polish legions under the Generals Kniazewicz and Rymkiewicz, resolved to present them with two trophies of old Polish renown. These were the Mahometan banner, taken by King John Sobieski, at his glorious deliverance of Vienna from the menacing arms of the Turks, in the year 1683, and the same heroic monarch's sword, with which, upon that occasion, he put the Ottomans to flight. Both had ever since, in fulfilment of a vow, been hanging up in the chapel of our Lady of Loretto. They were now to be restored to the Poles. Dombrowski joyfully received authority to take them, and ordered Captain Kosakiewicz to march through Loretto for that purpose. The captain found the banner of Mahomet at Loretto, brought it to Rome, and deposited it, with all military honors, in the house of his commander. This trophy was thenceforward kept at the Polish head-quarters, until the end of the war, or the wars rather of the French Revolution, and of Napoleon. In 1818, it became the ornament of the National Museum, founded at Warsaw, by The Society of the Friends of Science. But, in the fatal year 1831, it fell, together with the library and other treasures of the society, a prey to Russians.

"Sobieski's sword was not at Loretto, nor had it retained the diamonds that had once adorned it. The jewels had been turned into money to supply the Pope's urgent necessities in the recent times of difficulty and distress; and the despoiled sword was in the custody of the Consul Angelucci. It was now presented to Dombrowski, who deemed that the *worthiest* of Poles was its only fitting owner. He consulted the officers of the legions; who exclaimed, with one accord, 'None should wear, none possess, Sobieski's sword, but Poland's champion, Kosciuszko!'

"The bravest of the leaders, it was resolved, should be the bearer of the gift. . . . The choice fell, and worthily, upon General Kniazewicz, who ranked second to Dombrowski alone.

\* \* \* \* \*

"With tears of joyful emotion, Kosciuszko embraced his old fellow-soldier and friend whom he had not seen since the battle of Macziewiec, and received from his hands the sword of Sobieski, as the last pledge of the nation's gratitude."

The next material incident in Kosciuszko's life occurred in 1806, when France, attacking Prussia, became involved in war with Russia. Upon this occasion Napoleon desired to make use of the exiled patriot's popularity in Poland.

"Kosciuszko promised his aid upon condition that the emperor should preliminarily bind himself by a public instrument to re-establish Poland as an independent state."

For Napoleon's rejecting terms, alike useful and honorable to himself, it is difficult to find any reason, unless we suppose him actuated by his natural abhorrence of popular energies and national movements. But reject them he did, and in consequence all the assistance he received from Kosciuszko consisted in his exhortations to such of his banished countrymen as were not, like himself, pledged to inactivity, "to consider that the future prospects of their common country, as well as their own, depended upon France, and that they would therefore do well to join her, without however suffering themselves to be dazzled by Buonaparte's personal qualities."

Still, however, the emperor did not despair of gaining the more effective support of Kosciuszko's name and presence at head-quarters; and Fouché was employed to lure the patriot to violate the spirit, if not the letter, of his promise to his liberator, Paul,—a breach of faith, of which it seems he would have incurred the personal guilt, for the sake of his wronged *mother-land*, had he been sufficiently assured of the beneficial effects to her. How far this might or might not have been justifiable, is a question of political morality, which we are very glad that we are spared the task of here discussing, by the imperial arrogance of Napoleon in refusing the required engagement.

"Fouché employed every art of persuasion, and menaced the most terrible consequences in case of obstinate refusal. . . . Kosciuszko, in the last of these conversations, replied: 'I will have no concern with your enterprises in Poland, unless a national government, a liberal constitution, and her ancient limits, be preliminarily insured to my country.' 'And suppose you were conducted thither by an armed force?' asked the Duke of Otranto.—'In that case,' rejoined Kosciuszko, 'I will proclaim to the whole Polish nation, that I am no free agent, that I take no share in any thing.'—'Well then, we shall do without you,' were the concluding words of the angered Fouché."

And they "did without him," although not exactly in the way in which Kosciuszko had understood the words; for they did without him really, but not nominally. A proclamation in his name, calling upon all Poland to arm in support of Napoleon, and declaring that he himself, the *Naczelnik*, was setting out to head the national army, was published by the command of the French emperor; and it was not until Paris was in the hands of the allies, that



Kosciuszeko was enabled publicly to disavow this fraudulent abuse of his name.

From the period of this refusal to obey Napoleon, Kosciuszeko lived undisturbed in the retirement already described, in a country-house called Berville, until the eventful spring of the year 1814. Then, if he did not resume his sword in defence of the country that sheltered him, he, without so doing, effectually protected his French neighbors against the hostile troops that were desolating the district.

"The aged hero could not endure the sight of such horrors. . . . He mounted his horse, and rode off alone towards the village of Cugny, where the thickest smoke proclaimed the greatest danger. There he found Russians, Cossacks, and Poles, firing the miserable cottages of the peasantry, thinking amidst the confusion to plunder the more undisturbedly.

"He galloped into the midst of them, and, turning to the Polish battalion, known by their uniforms, shouted 'Hold, soldiers! When I led brave Polish troops, no one thought of plundering: and severely should I have punished any inferior officer who, regardless of my commands, had dared to suffer such disorder. But the leaders are yet more blameable,' he added, addressing the officers, 'who by their example or their neglect tempt the privates into such conduct.'

"'And who are you, to talk to us?' resounded on all sides.—'I am Kosciuszeko!'—At this name, officers and men flung away their arms, and, according to the custom of their country, fell down before their *Naczelnik*. Those nearest to him touched his knee with their right hands, whilst with the left they uncovered their heads, which they strewed with dust in token of repentance. . . . The kindled fires were promptly extinguished; what could be saved was saved. He assisted actively in the operation, and remained till all the stolen property that could be collected was replaced."

This power of a name is so fine, that it has been made the subject of a drama by a Prussian poet, Karl von Holteiv. This piece, *Der Alte Feldherr* (the Old General), was very successful. The occurrence was much talked of at the time, and attracted the attention of the Emperor Alexander, who invited Kosciuszeko to visit him at Paris.

"The frank republican, who was no longer to be blinded by words, lured by promises, or deluded by hopes, hesitated to accept the invitation, when an imperial carriage and aide-de-camp, sent to fetch him, appeared. . . . The Czar received him, not as a mere general officer, still less as a former enemy and prisoner. He welcomed him, as a friend, with an embrace upon the palace steps. . . . After a while, the Czar turned the conversation upon the condition and prospects of Poland. Kosciuszeko pointed out, upon an open map, the old frontier line between Poland and Russia, and urged the necessity of its being so fortified as to protect the former from invasion.

"After this conversation, the Grand-duke Constantine declared in the Parisian salons that the decrepid old man was in his dotage. But the Emperor au-

thorized Kosciuszeko to explain and detail his views by letter."

The letter is long, but deserves to be generally known, as well for its simple disinterestedness, as because the Polish patriot herein recommends the very plan which the late Lord Londonderry successfully urged at Vienna, when, from the ambition of Russia and the selfish coldness of the other allies, he despaired of effecting more for Poland. The letter is in French, and it is not improbable that this language, so general upon the continent, might be the medium of communication between the Pole and the Russian. But Falkenstein gives in French other letters and speeches, which we feel morally certain must have been written and spoken in Polish, thus proving them to rest upon French authority, not upon Kosciuszeko's or that of the Zeltner family.

"Sire!

"If from my obscurity I venture to address a petition to a great monarch, a great captain, and above all a protector of humanity, it is because his generosity and magnanimity are well known to me. I ask three favors of you.—The first is to grant a general amnesty, without any restriction, to all Poles, allowing the peasants who are scattered abroad to be free upon returning to their homes. The second is that your majesty would proclaim yourself King of Poland, with a free constitution, something like the English,—would establish schools at the expense of government, for the education of the peasants,—would abolish the villenage of the peasants in the course of ten years, and allow them to hold their possessions as freehold property.

"Should these my prayers be granted, I shall hasten, ill as I am, to throw myself at your majesty's feet, there to express my gratitude, and to be the first to do you homage as my sovereign. And, should it be thought that my poor abilities could be of any use, I would instantly set out for Poland to serve my country and my sovereign, honestly and zealously.

"My third prayer, Sire, though of a private nature, is deeply interesting to my heart and feelings. For fourteen years I have resided with M. Zeltner, a Swiss, formerly envoy from Switzerland to France. I am under great obligations to him; but we are both poor, and he has a large family. I ask an honorable post for him, either in the new government of France, or in that of Poland. He is well informed, and I will answer for his integrity.

"&c. &c. &c.

"Kosciuszeko."

"Berville, 9th April, 1814."

The Emperor's answer is autographic.

"It is with the greatest satisfaction, general, that I answer your letter. Your dearest wishes shall be fulfilled. With the aid of the Almighty, I hope to effect the regeneration of your brave and respectable nation. I have solemnly pledged myself to this, and the prosperity of Poland has long engaged my thoughts. Political circumstances alone have hitherto shackled my intentions.—Those obstacles exist no longer.—Two years of a terrible but glorious struggle have removed them. A little while, and prudent conduct, and the Poles shall recover their country,



their name; and I shall have the gratification of convincing them that it is he whom they have thought their enemy, who, forgetting the past, will realize their wishes. How satisfactory it would be to me, general, to see you my assistant in these salutary labors.—Your name, your character, your talents, will be my best support.

“Receive, General, the assurance of my esteem,  
“ALEXANDER.”

“Paris, 3d May, 1814.”

We know not whether the Polish patriot mistrusted the autocrat's sincerity, whether a revolutionary prejudice, by no means *unique*, made the constitutional charter of the restored Bourbons appear to him more inimical to liberty than the military despotism of Napoleon, or what other, perhaps immaterial, motive influenced him, but, even during the sitting of the Vienna Congress, he left France and the Zeltners, to make a tour through Italy.

“He had scarcely crossed the Alps, when a deputation from the Polish Senate overtook him, to entreat, in the name of the whole nation, that he would, in the fateful year of 1815, as heretofore, be the champion of Poland, and appear in their behalf at Vienna. . . . . The noble old man, although ill with a fever brought on partly by fatigue and partly by a severe cold caught in passing Mount St. Gothard, immediately set out for Vienna. . . . . He arrived too late; the Congress was dissolved; and only by a fortunate accident did he obtain an interview with the Russian Czar at Braunau.

“The monarch received him with the same cordiality as at Paris. In a long conference Kosciuszko explained the object of his journey: but, if he returned to Italy honored with every mark of personal esteem, he carried with him little hope of the independence of Poland. . . . . Alexander had said, among other things, ‘The destinies of Poland must be those of the Slavonian people.’”

Poland received a constitution, however, which, as Falkenstein thinks, might have made her very happy, had it been faithfully observed. But Kosciuszko either differed in opinion from his biographer, or, as a Lithuanian, he held himself released from his engagements with the emperor, inasmuch as the latter kept Lithuania as a Russian province, instead of re-uniting it to Poland: a re-union which was, perhaps, necessary to make the nominal restoration of Poland anything but mockery. Kosciuszko did not return either to Poland or to Lithuania, and this was the last public act of his life. We have now only to add some few details of his latter years.

After resuming and completing his Italian tour, Kosciuszko paused in Switzerland, and went to Solothurn to visit the family of his friend Zeltner, when he was so charmed with the Zeltner, there resident, a brother of Peter Joseph, that he domiciliated himself with him for the short remainder of his existence.

The following extracts will show the simplicity and benevolent tenor of the life he led at Solothurn:—

“For his meals, he partook of the ordinary frugal fare of the rather indigent family. He usually wore a threadbare blue great coat, with a rose or a pink in his button-hole. But this ornament was indispensable even in winter, and the Solothurn ladies took pleasure in supplying him with the requisite flowers.

“He slept upon a hard mattress, with very little covering upon him, and rose, in summer at five, in winter, at six o'clock. He felt no privation, except when he found himself without the means of relieving the distressed. He breakfasted with the Zeltner family, then withdrew to his own room, where he occupied himself with his correspondence, his studies, and the preparation of lessons for his little pupil.—[This was Emilie Zeltner, the eldest daughter, then about 12 years old, for whom he had conceived a parental affection, and whose education seems to have been one of his chief pleasures.] About ten o'clock he rode out, quite alone, avoiding the highroads and seeking the most unfrequented paths, where he might do good unobserved. . . . .

When he found a poor-looking cottage, he would tie his little black horse to a tree, or a hedge, go in, talk kindly to the inhabitants in his broken German, question them as to their circumstances, proportion his gift to the result of his inquiries, and then, hurrying away to escape their thanks and their earnest desire to know their benefactor's name, mount his horse and disappear.

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“If he heard of the illness of a poor person, he was wont to say to the Zeltners, ‘Do not wait dinner for me to-day;’ and, ordering his horse to be saddled, he would ride off, with a bottle of wine in each pocket and each holster, to the sick house; there, with his liberal donation, he bestowed the consolation of a father, the admonitions of a pastor, encouraging the invalid with hopes of the divine mercy and of eternity; and, at his departure, he would advise the sufferer not to drink too much of the wine, lest it should injure instead of strengthening him.”

This secret beneficence was revealed in various ways. One of his betrayers was his horse, which, Xavier Zeltner having one day borrowed, positively refused to pass a beggar without stopping for his rider to speak to and relieve the mendicant. One more trait of Kosciuszko's generosity and considerate kindness:—

“A young orphan girl, wishing to take the veil, and having no means of raising the sum required by the Solothurn convent, as a nun's portion, applied to Kosciuszko. . . . . In a grave and fatherly tone, he said, ‘I do not like to see a young maiden bury herself in a convent: go, therefore, and take a year to reflect maturely upon your project. If, at the end of that time, you persevere in your wish, your portion shall be ready.’ At the end of the year the maiden appeared, constant in her purpose, when Kosciuszko paid her portion, and attended at her pronouncing her vows.”

Kosciuszko was visited by many Poles, in whose society, or in Zeltner's, he made excursions about Switzerland. Amongst other spots, celebrated in Switzerland, Zeltner led him to Morgarten, one of the Alpine Thermopylae.



"Kosciusko grasped Zeltner's hand, and mournfully exclaimed, 'Oh, that I had had, at Macziewice, a Hennenberg to warn me, and that Poninski had been a Reding!'"

A fall from his horse on one of these excursions has been assigned as the immediate cause of his death. This his biographer, whose word upon this point is decisive, denies, averring that he perfectly recovered from its effects, and again enjoyed his usual health, which, however, at best, was but infirm, and had been so ever since the fatal battle of Macziewice. In the spring of 1817, Kosciusko freed the peasants upon his patrimonial estate from bondage; and although this article is extending to a greater length than we had contemplated, the public document is too characteristic to be omitted:—

"He appeared before Xavier Amiet, now chancellor, then accredited notary of the state-council of Solothurn, and directed him to prepare the following deed:—

"'Being convinced that villenage is contrary to natural law and to the welfare of states, I hereby abrogate villenage upon my Lordship of Sienowicze, in the Woiwodship of Brzesc, situate in Lithuania, from this time forwards to all eternity, for myself and all its future possessors. I declare the peasants of the village, dependent upon this lordship, to be free citizens and full proprietors of the lands they occupy. I exonerate them from all imposts, duties, and personal services, which they have hitherto owed to the lords of the castle; and only implore them, for their own sakes and the good of their country, to establish schools for the education of their children.

"'After this solemn act, I further declare that I, out of especial good will, give the said castle of Sienowicze, with the lands thereunto belonging, now and for ever, in full property, to my niece, the Lady Catharine Estkowa, and her children.'

"When the notary Amiet first called upon him respecting this instrument, a favorite canary bird was flying about the room. Amiet ventured to ask why he did not set this little bird likewise at liberty? He answered, 'The little creature is too delicate to be set at liberty; it would perish.'

Kosciusko's end was now at hand, but its approach was cheered by the sight of the object of his early and constant attachment, now Princess Lubomirska.

"The princess, who was travelling to Geneva and Italy, stopped at Solothurn to spend some weeks with Kosciusko, cheering the already declining old man by her agreeable pleasantry, and her rare gift of social wit. Kosciusko had a presentiment that he should not see her again, and, when she bade him farewell, with a promise to return the following spring, tears swelled into his eyes, and the agitated hero asked for a token of her remembrance. The princess accordingly sent him, from Lausanne, a ring, with the motto, 'Friendship to Virtue.' But when the ring reached Solothurn, Kosciusko was no more!

"On the 1st of October, 1817, he was seized with a nervous fever, then prevalent at Solothurn, which, in spite of his struggles, confined him to his bed. Foreseeing the event, he made his will, bequeathed

ample legacies to his friends, the Zeltners, especially to Emilie, and others to the town hospital, the orphan house, and the poor of Solothurn. . . . . He left 1000 francs for the expenses of his funeral, upon condition, that his body should be carried to the grave by six poor men. . . . . He ordered all his Polish papers to be burnt.

"After signing this will, he laid down the pen, raised his eyes towards heaven and said, 'Now I am easy!' He spoke often and long of his approaching end. His mind grew calmer and calmer, and voice and look bespoke the peace of his soul. . . . . His parting from his beloved friends, the blessing he bestowed upon Zeltner, his wife, and children, had all the august solemnity of a religious ceremony. According to the custom of the heroic times, he asked for his sword, that which had been shattered in his hand at Macziewice. To this broken sword he committed the guard of his ashes. The sabre of King John Sobieski, which he had received, in the year 1799, from his brothers in arms, he directed to be sent to Poland, and there preserved for other times and other deeds.\*

"He retained the full possession of his faculties to his last breath; but his pulse grew fainter. On the morning of the 15th, he awoke from a heavy sleep, and his eye fell upon the whole Zeltner family, assembled round his bed. He seemed stronger, cheerfully stretched out his hand, and bade them good morning, with his wonted cordiality. But whilst he spoke, his voice nearly failed, and he himself asked for his physician. . . . .

"Towards ten o'clock, he raised himself, as though wishing to say something that required all his energies. He gave Zeltner his right hand, Madame Zeltner his left, smiled to his little friend Emilie, who stood at the bed's foot, and, thus taking leave of three beloved beings at once, he sank slowly down, sighed, ——— and his pure soul was in the presence of his Maker."

The body was embalmed, and, as he had directed, borne to the grave by poor old men, relieving each other. The funeral was attended by all Solothurn, for he was mourned by the whole canton, especially by the class so indebted to his liberality. His death was lamented, and his praises were celebrated by poets and orators in all languages. In Poland, the grief and mourning were universal; and at Warsaw, the funeral oration was pronounced by the national poet, the friend of his youth, Niemcewicz.

But Poland grudged the remains of her noblest son to a foreign land, and Alexander readily sanctioned the national desire to bring them home. The body was asked of Switzerland by a formal Polish embassy, which having obtained, escorted it to Poland. At Cracow it was received by the senate, and with all military and civil honors, interred in the cathedral. But the Polish senate and the Polish nation wished to raise to their heroic champion a more peculiar and more durable monu-

\* It was preserved by Princess Czartoryska, in her noble collection of arms and other Polish antiquities, at her castle of Pulawy, until the year 1830, since then, who can tell its fate?



ment than other men can boast, at least in modern times—

"A monument that might be an object of general enthusiasm, of heart-felt veneration to all Poles. The Senate decreed the raising of a mound (in fact, a barrow,) upon the eminence called *Bronislawa* (meaning, the guardian of fame,) which commands the Vistula. At this mound, young and old, senators and citizens, nobles and peasants, even the magnates of the realm, and the most delicate ladies, labored with their own hands. A countryman, who came from Volhynia to assist, accidentally received a severe wound; and, in the fear that he might bleed to death, several persons were carrying him off in quest of surgical assistance, when he resolutely exclaimed, 'Oh, let me bleed here! it is the only tribute I can pay to the great *Naczelnik*.'

"From the 16th of October, 1820, to the 16th of October, 1823, the labor continued. The *Mogila Kosciuszki* (Kosciusko's Mount,) measures 276 feet in diameter at the base, and 300 feet in height. It is the largest ever formed by human hands.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The sepulchral mounds of Queen Vanda, and of St. Cracus, respectively on the left and right banks of the Vistula, meet the traveller's view at some distance from Cracow, reminding him of the origin of the actual inhabitants of the country. Kosciuszko's monument completes the triangle, and connects the present with the past. . . . . A convenient road, paved and planted with trees, for pedestrians, leads thither; for, since the beginning of the work, this has been the favorite *promenade* of the Cracovians. . . . . From the ample contributions of the whole country, an adjoining piece of ground was purchased, upon which, close to the old chapel of St. Bronislawa, houses were built for four peasants, who had served under Kosciuszko. It is their duty, and that of their families for ever, to plant the mound as pleasure-grounds, and to take the greatest care of the *pomnik* (monument.)

"The management of the purchase, of the construction, and of the whole affair, was intrusted by the Cracow senate to a committee of twenty persons, with General Franciszek Paszkowski as president . . . . The expense was defrayed by contributions, not only of the most considerable families of Poland, but likewise of peasants, artisans, and private soldiers. Count Arthur Potocki alone gave 10,000 *gulden*,\* with which (we presume the expense of the monument being paid) three orphan kinswomen of Kosciuszko's, whose existence had been but recently discovered, were portioned."

A view of this most extraordinary and most honorable monument, and a portrait of Kosciuszko, are the graphic ornaments of the volume, which we now close and lay down the pen.

Chronicles of that Age, and related by Tommaso Grossi.)

THE extraordinary success which this work has had in Italy, where it has recently appeared, and the great interest that it has excited there, would entitle it to our notice, did it even come less strongly recommended than it is by its intrinsic merits. The first edition (published, we believe, in Milan, about the end of last year) having been sold off in the course of a few weeks, a second edition of 10,000 copies has already been printed at Turin; whilst in Florence, Leghorn, and most of the other principal cities of Italy, large editions are either published or in preparation. No doubt this success is partly owing to the favorable circumstances under which the work has appeared. The historical novel, hitherto known in Italy only by translations of the works of Sir Walter Scott and of other foreigners, has lately been naturalized there by the production of "*I Promessi Sposi*" of Manzoni; and as that work stands as yet almost alone in this department of Italian literature, the field is still open to any new aspirant. The name, too, of Visconti—a name once celebrated throughout Italy—has no doubt had its effect in attracting attention. Besides, Grossi is already favorably known in Italy. In adverting to these auxiliary circumstances, we by no means wish to detract from the intrinsic excellence of the book before us, but only to account for the phenomenon that any work whatever should have been able to rouse, to such a degree, the dormant energies of the Italian press, bowed down as it is under the weight of a rigid and jealous censorship.

The author has chosen, for the date of his story, a very interesting period, rich in the materials of romance.

After the death of the emperor, Henry VII., in 1314, a long contest for the imperial crown having ensued between Louis of Bavaria and Frederic of Austria, Italy was left for eight years without a sovereign, and abandoned to intrigues and fierce struggles between the rival parties of the Guelphs and Ghibellines. At the head of the former party was Robert, King of Naples, who, possessing also several cities in Piedmont and the whole of Provence, being allied with the Guelphs throughout the rest of Italy, and keeping the papal chair in complete dependence, endeavored to take advantage of the interregnum to annihilate the Ghibelline party in Italy. But the Ghibellines had chiefs,

ART. VI.—*Marco Visconti: Storia del Trecento, cavata dalle Cronache di quel Secolo, e raccontata da Tommaso Grossi.* (Marco Visconti: a Story of the Fourteenth Century, extracted from the

\* In English money, about 1,000*l*.



whose great talents, supported as they were by the ardent zeal of their partisans, enabled them to make a long resistance, and even frequently to triumph over their rivals. Among these was Matteo Visconti, of Milan, (the father of Marco,) who, on account of his advanced age and the superiority of his forces and talents, was considered the head of the Ghibelline party. Against him Robert first directed his attack, but, having been unsuccessful, he caused the Pope John XXII. (who had recently been elected at Lyons, and who was entirely devoted to him,) to issue a bull, declaring that all those who had received the title of Imperial Vicar from Henry VII. lost their right to this title after his death. Matteo Visconti, against whom this bull was in particular levelled, unwilling to declare himself openly against the Church, but still more unwilling to resign his power, relinquished the title of Imperial Vicar, but prevailed on the people whom he governed to confirm his authority, and with their approbation he took the title of "Captain and Defender of the Milanese Liberty." This, however, was far from satisfying the Pope, who immediately excommunicated Visconti, and laid Milan under an interdict.

The struggles between the rival parties continued for some years, during which Matteo Visconti died, and his eldest son, Galeaz, assumed the sovereignty of Milan; while Marco, who was the second son, distinguished himself by many daring exploits. In the end, however, the Ghibellines were losing ground, when Louis of Bavaria, who had at length obtained undisputed possession of the imperial crown, sent assistance to Galeaz Visconti. The Pope, (John XXII.,) enraged at this, excommunicated Louis, and pronounced sentence of deposition against him. Louis, in his turn, having soon after descended into Italy and caused himself to be crowned at Rome, instituted a process against the Pope, whom he cited before his tribunal, and pronounced sentence of deposition against him as guilty of heresy and *lese-majesté*. He appointed as his successor Pierre de Corvanio, who took the name of Nicholas V. Thus there were, at once, two Popes, John XXII., who resided at Avignon, and was acknowledged in Italy by the Guelph party, and Nicholas V., whom the Ghibellines maintained to be the true Pope.

Such was the state of affairs in Italy at the opening of our tale, and it may be supposed that the struggle of the two hostile parties, the private jealousies and quarrels

among the leaders of even the same party, and the disputes and contests between the supporters of the pretensions of the rival Popes, give rise to abundance of incident. We will not attempt, therefore, an outline of the story, which the limits of this notice would not admit of, but confine ourselves to a few extracts, as specimens of the work, taking care to select such passages as will not lessen the interest to the reader of the book itself.

The people of Limonta, a small district on the lake of Como, pertaining to the monastery of St. Ambrose of Milan, continue to adhere to Pope John XXII. The abbot, who is one of the Visconti family, is of course the supporter of the antipope; and Pelagrua, whom he sends to Limonta as factor for the monastery, pretends to have discovered from some old deeds that the Limontese were not vassals, but serfs, of the monastery. As they, of course, are not disposed to allow this, the question, in the absence of sufficient evidence on either side, is settled by trial by combat, of which the following passage gives an account:—

"The two champions went to place themselves in face of each other, one at each extremity of the field. They were each dressed in a pair of drawers of chamois skin, tight at the waist, which, fitting close to their limbs, descended to their feet, and entered into red boots which met them above the ankle. The rest of the body was uncovered. They had each on the left arm a wooden shield, squared at the two ends, slightly convex, and covered with parchment, and in the right a thick and knotty club of oak."

Not being noble, these were the only arms allowed to them.

"Ramengo, the champion of the monastery, appeared to be about thirty-five years old, short, stout, broad in the chest and shoulders; he had a thick, bull-like neck, short, brawny arms, and red, thick, bushy hair.

"Lupo, better proportioned in limbs, higher by the head, more handsome, and more light and active than his opponent, was yet far from promising the strength of that herculean form.

"The crowd had become silent. Those at the back around the square, were mounted on chairs, tables, and benches; the balconies and roofs all around were crowded with spectators. Every eye was fixed on the champions, every heart was beating, and the looks of the greater part showed the interest they took in favor of Lupo—an interest gained for him both by the justice of his cause, and by the sympathy which at first sight his manly and handsome form and his beautiful and animated countenance excited.

"The young Limontine, whose back was turned toward the church, raised his eyes to the palace of the archbishop; and seeing the Count, Ottorino, and Bice, he saluted them with a slight nod, and then, casting down his eyes, he directed for a moment his looks to his father, Ambrose, who stood behind him, and that glance meant to say, '*Leave it to me—fear nothing!*'"

"The trumpet gave the last signal, and the champions moved towards each other with measured and



cautious steps, covering their heads with the uplifted shields, and making masterly flourishes with their clubs. Arrived at the middle of the field, and now within reach of a blow, Ramengo stretched out his legs, advancing one before the other and leaning slightly over his right thigh, planted himself firmly on the ground to await the attack of his opponent. Lupo commenced by trying him with various feints, moving round and round him; but the other, old in the art, purposed to allow the first ardor of his adversary to exhaust itself, and did nothing but turn round, describing a circle, of which his right foot traced the circumference, and his left was, as it were, the axis, which yielded to every motion communicated to it by the other. Thus this valiant champion defended himself from the blows of his antagonist, either with his club or his shield, with an agility, an address, and a settled and tranquil air, as if quite at his ease regarding the event. But all at once, when Lupo, in fetching a blow, left his flank uncovered, he, seizing the moment, struck him such a back blow in the middle as must have fractured his ribs, if the young man had not been nimble as a cat, and sprung backward. The club, therefore, merely razed his skin, swinging clear round with a whizzing noise, which resounded to the heart of poor Ambrose, who turned pale as death.

"The crowd, who took part with Limontine, drew an unfavorable augury from this, and began to fear for their favorite; but he, rendered furious by the danger he had incurred, and, burning with shame, returned to the assault with redoubled vigor; so that Ramengo, hotly pursued, was obliged to yield ground, and in defending himself he could no longer maintain the same measured and cool command of himself. So thick was the tempest of blows poured in upon him, that they defied not only the hand but the eye to follow them, so furious and violent was the onset of the young champion. His adversary, however, was watchful enough, in the continued retreat which he was forced to make, to take advantage of a false movement of his antagonist to strike him another blow, which struck his shield in the middle and split it from end to end. Lupo, seeing the broken shield hanging uselessly on his arm, threw it on the ground, and grasping, in desperation his club in both hands, he raised it high above his head, and with his whole force aimed a tremendous blow directly at the head of his adversary. He instantly covered the part threatened with his shield; but the thick and solid mass descended with such irresistible force, that the shield itself was struck back against his head, and he was completely stupned. He heard a whizzing in his ears, his sight grew dim, and, having reeled and staggered for a moment, he fell at full length on the ground like a corpse.

"Lupo's father, during the combat had never ceased to follow his son in every motion with his eyes, his arms, his whole body, and his mind. At one time, drawing back his head to his shoulders, he contracted himself, he shrank, he crouched, as if to escape a blow which he saw directed against the young man. At another, pointing his toes to the ground, grasping with all his force the rail against which he was leaning, he raised himself up as if to give more force to the blow which his son was in the act of levelling at Ramengo."

The following passage introduces the principal personage to the reader.

"Having now come to the point where this Marco, of whom we have already so often spoken, makes his appearance on the scene, it is necessary for us that we present our readers with, to use the usual expression, a sketch of his life and character.

"The second son of Matteo the Great, Marco Visconti, had followed his father with fidelity and

love both in prosperity and adversity, and had always been his favorite son. Of a generous disposition, of ready wit, and active of body, always the first in all the manly sports and exercises practised by the young men of his time, he forced his rival to pardon his incontestable superiority by the modesty of his manners—a virtue which was the more pleasing in him from the splendor of his birth, his beauty of countenance, and elegance of figure. But woe to him that crossed his path, who ventured to oppose his impassioned, impetuous nature, untamed in anger or in love! His father alone, whilst he lived, could temper his passions by the authority of his paternal word.

"A brave and fortunate leader of armies, he acquired, in course of time, a name celebrated among the first captains of that age. His most celebrated enterprise was that siege of Genoa, commenced and maintained by them, with a skill and perseverance that were reckoned marvellous, against the whole force of the Church, of the principal Guelph cities in Italy, and of Robert, King of Sicily. It was on this occasion that that prince, having sent a message to him, intimating that if he did not soon retreat from the Genoese territory he might expect to meet him under the walls of Milan, Marco returned for answer, that without going so long a journey Robert might find him when he pleased under the walls of Genoa, and, in short, challenged him to single combat; at which, the historians say, the king was highly indignant, but thought it better to take no farther notice of it."

In a subsequent part we have a farther picture of Marco, who had just unexpectedly obtained possession of the city of Lucca, which had lately belonged to his friend, Castruccio Castracani, now ruined and dead:—

"The hour was late, and, having dismissed the councillors and nobility of his new court, Visconti walked alone in a vast saloon of the palace, which but a few months before had been inhabited by his friend, the celebrated Castruccio, now and then turning his eyes towards a Gothic window which looked down on the square, from which window were seen towers and columns, then resplendent with an infinite number of lights; whilst below, in the square, an immense bonfire spread a red and unsteady light on the agitated crowd around it, who were feasting merrily and singing lays in praise of their new lord. In the distance, on the tops of the surrounding hills, were seen innumerable fires, and from every quarter was heard the sound of bells ringing the merry peal of rejoicing.

"Marco stopped a moment to contemplate this spectacle, like a bridegroom who contemplates the adorned and smiling beauty of his young bride on the marriage-day; till, turning his eyes from the window, the portrait of Castruccio, which was hanging on the wall over the chimney, met his view; and this sight at once withered every joy, and destroyed all the enchantment. He sat down, and keeping his eyes constantly fixed on the likeness of his dear friend, dead only a few months before, he said to himself:—

"At Rome, when, full of life and glory, he was the right eye of the emperor—when all the Guelph cities, king Robert, and the Pope, trembled at his name—when I felt proud of being his friend, and hoped by his means to obtain the government of Milan—if a prophet had come and told him, 'Castruccio, in a few months all will be over, and you will be beneath the ground'—what an amazement! Fresh in years and in vigor—in the flower of his strength—yet life is so uncertain, so frail!—and he



knew that he was mortal. But if the prophet had continued thus, 'Do you see this man who stands at your side—this man whom you seek to make great in his own country—this Marco, who has aided you, as far as was in his power, to rise to the height at which you have arrived, and who honors and loves you more than a brother—do you see him? Then know, that in a short time he will be lord of your city—that your house will be his house—that your widow and children will go wandering about, seeking an asylum which will be denied to them, and that he will obtain their heritage!'—Oh, what would that proud spirit have answered? what would have been the feelings of his heart? And I, what should I have said?

"He again approached the window, and stood some time looking down into the square, and casting his eyes around it. He then exclaimed, 'What a beautiful city is Lucca!—But it is not Milan!' he soon added, with a sigh—'To be prince where you have been a subject—to command where you have obeyed—to be great amidst friends to whom your greatness is dear, imparts a share of it to them, and—yes—also in the midst of your enemies, and to see them consumed before you, and to triumph over their abasement;—this is worth living for. Here are smiling hills, covered with vines and olives—here are gallant knights, fair dames, riches, and honor; but all is mute to the heart of Marco!"

We had marked another passage, in which the grief of a poor old boatman and his wife, for the loss of their only son, who had been recently drowned in the lake, is very simply and naturally described; but as we have been informed that this story is likely to be presented to the reader in an English dress, we abstain from farther extract.

ART. VII.—*Beiträge zur Aesthetik der Baukunst, oder die Grundgesetze der Plastischen Form, nachgewiesen an den Haupttheilen der Griechischen Architectur.* Von J. H. Wolff, Professor zu Cassel. (Contributions to the Aesthetic of Architecture; or the Fundamental Principles of the Plastic Form displayed in the principal parts of Grecian Architecture.) 1834.

HAD the work, of which we are now about to treat, made its appearance some months earlier than it did, we should certainly have referred to it in that article of our twenty-seventh number, where, while noticing some of the modern architects of Germany, and their productions, we adduced one or two instances of the change that has taken—or, we may say, is now taking—place in the tone of architectural criticism. In returning to the subject itself, little or no apology will, we conceive, be requisite, because the flattering

mention which that paper obtained in various quarters, leads us to suppose that it was not entirely devoid of interest, even for general readers; and, unless we greatly mistake what to us appear to be indications of a growing interest, more attention certainly is now given by the public to such topics than was formerly paid to them. One thing that has hitherto prevented architecture from being taken up otherwise than as a professional pursuit, has been the erroneous idea, that, as a mere study, it is nearly barren, both of instruction and amusement; and, moreover, beset with difficulties of the most formidable nature; than which nothing can be more remote from the truth.\* This unfortunate prejudice has been more or less fostered even by architects, who have frequently made pompous mysteries of things that are in themselves perfectly simple; and the injurious consequence has been that this display of seeming arcana has deterred most persons from attempting to make any acquaintance with the study. Hence, ignorance, on the part of the public, has produced indifference likewise,—an indifference in no small degree, and in various ways, prejudicial to the interests of the profession itself.

Undoubtedly, the study necessary to qualify a man for an able practical architect demands severe application; not so that which will enable the amateur to enjoy in its full relish all the delight which the art of architecture is capable of yielding. In the former case, much labor, much dry and repulsive routine, and no little drudgery must be submitted to; and, in proportion as the student is a mere plodder, so will they prove disgusting. In the other, all is or may be rendered pleasurable, from the acquisition of the very first elements, till such proficiency shall be made that further progress is instinctively pursued, in the full confidence of obtaining increased enjoyment. In this path we have

\* Until the appearance of Loudon's Architectural Magazine there was not a single periodical professedly and exclusively devoted to the pursuit, though it is one so exceedingly multiplex, and dividing itself into such various and widely spreading ramifications, linking it with archaeology, domestic economy, landscape gardening; with history, criticism, topography; with the opposite extremes of engineering on the one hand, and luxurious decoration on the other. Such a journal, which is open to all communications and remarks, becomes, in the course of time, a repository for a great deal of discussion, and for much information that might otherwise never come before the public in any shape. Besides a great mass of miscellaneous information, several very able papers have already appeared in it; those especially by Mr. Trotman, which contain not only original but sound and instructive criticism.



merely to cull the flowers that present themselves on every side; the toil of rearing them falls to the lot of others. The amateur, as such merely, has nothing whatever to do with the various processes of construction: the *art*, not the mechanical *science*, of architecture is his province; and to argue that no one can properly appreciate or fully relish the former without, at the same time being conversant with the latter, is like maintaining that no one but an anatomist can thoroughly perceive the beauty of the human face or form; whereas, according to our feelings at least, the reverse is more likely to happen. As the anatomist is apt to consider the structure and frame work of the body rather than the external graces of form, and of mind expressing itself through that form, so is the professional architect likely to have his attention engaged by other qualities in a building than those which have reference to art, and which, although they may be curious or laudable in themselves, have no æsthetic value because productive of no æsthetic effect.

Here it may not be improper to guard against a fallacy which we might otherwise seem to countenance: it is not to be imagined, from the analogical case we have pointed out, that the beauties of a fine building are like those of a fine face, self-evident—as apparent to the ignorant as to the connoisseur. Up to a certain degree, unskilled eyes can judge of architectural beauty as well as that of other things. Yet in architecture there is so much which is conventional, that it is also to be considered as having a language of its own; and unless we make ourselves acquainted with this language and its various dialects or styles, our enjoyment must be exceedingly limited and imperfect. Either self-sufficient, blundering ignorance, or a state of uncomfortable doubt, must be the condition of those who pretend to give an opinion, while ignorant of the simplest rudiments, of the mere “accidence” of such language. To be sure no one has any occasion to offer an opinion of the kind, more than upon any other subject to which he may be an absolute stranger; yet how frequently do we hear persons, almost in the very same breath that they admit their complete ignorance of architecture, express their unqualified approbation or disapprobation of some particular edifice! and unqualified of course it must be, because it is impossible for them to judge otherwise than according to mere fancy, or to assign any reason whatever either the one way or the other.

After all, it is not very surprising that architecture should be considered a sealed study—one exclusively set apart for those who are formally initiated into its high mysteries—when hardly a single attempt has been made to produce a popular and attractive elementary book on the subject. Of treatises of one kind or another there is abundance even to perplexity; yet in vain do we tax our memory for the name of one that can be confidently recommended for our purpose. The majority of them are little better than compilations, extracted without either judgment or taste; others are overlaid with a great deal that is more likely to bewilder and embarrass a beginner than to facilitate his progress; and the very best are, as may be supposed, rather calculated for the professional than for the amateur student. What appears to us a leading objection to nearly all is that they begin at the wrong end—namely, with the history of the art, while the learner yet knows nothing of the art itself. First, let the student make himself acquainted with the principal styles, the leading characteristics, and the component details of each, and then he will be able to attend to what are matters of historical information and inquiry with greater interest, when provided with such a fund or capital for the purpose. It is important, moreover, that every step should be made clear and intelligible, and that, for the dry technical rules now given, reasoning and critical remark should be substituted. A person who voluntarily enters upon such a study is not to be treated exactly like a child who is just beginning his grammar; but may very well be supposed capable of understanding the *rationale* of what he is learning, and of analysing, reflecting, and comparing. Although such a mode might be *lengthier*, it would be far less tedious than those now adopted, because there would be something to attract and interest from the very outset.

We cannot, indeed, affirm that Professor Wolf's book is exactly the one suited for such a purpose, because it is intended not so much as an elementary work for mere beginners, as a treatise for those who are already familiarized with the subject. Nevertheless it affords a sound basis for something more to the level of a tyro's capacity, something that might proceed upon the same principles and pursue the same course, without entering into the more abstruse and subtle metaphysical niceties here brought into view, although not in every instance perfectly evolved. The leading object of the treatise is to



trace and to explain the principles of æsthetic beauty, as they discover themselves in the purest monuments of ancient Grecian art, particularly in the Doric and Ionic orders. Successfully to establish such principles is of the highest importance, because they will be found to guide where mere rules stop short and authorities fail; consequently, to protect against servility, on the one hand, and caprice on the other—the Scylla and Charybdis of the art, ever since the moderns first professed to take their models from ancient Rome and Greece. The author himself points out, in his preface, this unfortunate compromise between pedantic bigotry and licentious extravagance; and proceeds to observe, very justly, that it is impossible to *imitate* the ancients, unless we previously make ourselves acquainted with those *laws* which they followed, whether instinctively, and in consequence of a more delicate apprehension of the essentials of architectural beauty, or owing to their having matured their taste by profound study and reflection. With equal correctness he remarks that, notwithstanding the assiduity that has been displayed in measuring and delineating again and again the remains of ancient edifices, very little has hitherto been done towards deducing satisfactory laws from such documents; laws applicable under all circumstances, and which, instead of excluding, rather promote originality in feeling and taste. Proceeding upon a fallacious empirical system, we have been in the habit of satisfying ourselves, with repeating, on every occasion, certain routine and proverbial phrases of the art; whereas we ought rather to strive to catch the ideas, and to adopt, if possible, the same modes of thought, so as to be able to express ourselves with ease and idiomatically, without repeating, parrot-like, just what we have been trained to; and without falling into the mere gibberish of the art, whenever we attempt to deviate at all from a precise model. We clearly perceive how widely the very best Grecian examples vary from each other, how each is stamped with a certain individuality of character, at the same time that it conforms to one general type; which was because that type itself was established on artist-like principles, and capable of numerous modifications without being destroyed. It is futile to argue that all that the art admits of in this way has already been exhausted by the ancients themselves, and that we have consequently no alternative, save either to abandon their system altogether, or rigorously to adhere to the

models which have come down to us from their stores; such certainly was not the case when little was known of either the Doric or the Ionic, except in the spurious and debased Roman examples of those orders. Then, at least, there was ample room for improvement, as the originals since discovered amply testify; yet these base and unworthy copies were as blindly and indiscriminately admired as the genuine specimens now are. We do not say that it is by any means easy to deviate from prescribed forms without departing from the spirit of Grecian architecture; and we are also ready to allow that it appears impossible to surpass some of them. As to the first point, that is one which every artist must determine for himself; to say that he cannot determine it, that it is impossible for him to step ever so little from the beaten track without instantly finding himself in sheer darkness, without clue or compass, or beacon, by which to direct himself—what is it but to proclaim that he is altogether unworthy of the name of artist, and that, whatever title he may assume, he is, in fact, no other than a mechanic? Many, whom nature never designed to adventure upon such a course, would undoubtedly sink; what then? that is one of the risks inseparable from attempting originality in art. There have been not a few shipwrecks in poetry, in painting, in sculpture; at the same time more power and mind have been brought out than could possibly have been the case under a fettering system of restrictive caution, and colder policy. What has just been said is almost a sufficient answer touching the other point; for by interdicting all attempts to deviate from what is admitted to be excellence, in despair of being able to produce aught of similar quality, we may indeed prevent many heresies in the art; yet that will not prevent the worst of all debasement, the extinction of the spirit which should animate it. Unless occasionally renovated by fresh accessions, the feeling of art gradually wears out and sinks into the imbecility of sheer mechanism. It has been asserted, and also by one, whom many will regard as almost the highest authority,—by Sir Christopher Wren,—that architecture admits of no fashions, although his own productions prove how little his practice accorded with his doctrine, they being in a fashion altogether different from anything Grecian, and some of them most grotesquely so. It is of little avail, therefore, to tie ourselves down to a superstitious reverence for certain



minutiæ, if we at the same time allow ourselves the greatest licenses in other respects.

This is so far from being the way to maintain architecture in its purity, that over-scrupulousness in regard to certain particulars almost necessarily leads to extravagances in all the rest, as the only means of avoiding sickening repetitions, and of manifesting aught that can be termed design. Hence it has happened that architects, while they have almost invariably discountenanced innovation, so far as it consisted in a departure from their own technical system, have admitted an exceedingly great number of licenses, quite at variance with the genius of the style which they professed to follow and to reverence, although they may not clash with positive authority, merely because ancient architecture affords no instances admitting any direct comparison. It is to little purpose, however, that we affect to follow the ancients ever so closely, as regards the positive examples they have left us, if we oppose them in all the rest, and thereby produce things more truly barbarous, owing to the discordant tastes which they exhibit, than would be the case if they made no pretension whatever to Grecian character. Far better would it be to emancipate ourselves at once from classical precedents than to adopt a wavering indefinite course, one that injudiciously challenges immediate comparison, by pointing to professed models, and so forcing into notice the discrepancies engrafted upon them; greatly, therefore, do we prefer many specimens of the *ante-reformed* architecture of Italy, if we may so term it—when, although columns and circular arches appear, even the latest Roman style was entirely lost sight of, and one altogether different substituted for it—to the productions of the Palladian school, which seem, for the most part, blundering copies, undertaken in utter ignorance of the works from which they pretend to be derived.

Of late, some have not only felt that the trammels which architects impose upon themselves operate injuriously upon their art, even to debasing it from the rank of one, but have spoken out their opinions explicitly enough. Mr. Purser, in his pamphlet on the National Gallery, very justly remarks that, instead of copying from Grecian examples, we ought to found a style upon Grecian principles, because “although the architecture of ancient Greece was undoubtedly the simplest and purest of all antiquity, and may be considered as perfect—so far as it went

—yet, in reference to its application to modern wants and circumstances, and the subsequent advances of science, it does not go far enough.” Copying—and that too very imperfectly and partially—their productions, is, he continues to say, “not in conformity with, but in *opposition* to, the example of the Greeks themselves.”\* They studied the Egyptian temples, not in order to produce copies of them, “but with a view to investigate the general principles on which the Egyptians wrought—to translate, not to transcribe,—to engraft so much of their masters’ art on the altered circumstances of their own as their truth and judgment might dictate.” If, then, the differences between the religious edifices of Greece and those of Egypt demanded such change in order to produce perfect consistency of style, how much more necessary is it that we moderns should adopt a similar course, our buildings being so totally unlike in purpose those of the ancients that it is rarely possible to do more than transfer some detached parts from the latter? We do not even blend together what we appropriate from that source and what we are compelled to add of our own, but merely place them in juxtaposition and in harsh contrast with each other. If we are determined upon retaining the Greek orders, without any change or modification, at least we ought to take care that every other feature shall be in perfect accordance with them—all uniform as to style, the same character of detail supported throughout—the same finish kept up, and extended to every part; which is so far from being the case, that this exceedingly obvious principle is violated even as regards the orders themselves, and that, moreover, by architects who profess to be ultra-classical. Although it would almost be deemed a profanity to deviate from the original in a single moulding or any of its proportions, it is considered a matter of perfect indifference whether a

\* Another writer has the following remark of the same tendency: “Buildings are as capable of as many varieties of perfection as of destination; each may be perfect in its kind, if perfectly suited to its end. But, therefore, it follows, as a necessary consequence, that it is impossible to transfer its merit to an ‘example’ erected for another purpose, amongst other people, and in another climate: the more its imitation is correct, the more is its application falsified by its original character.” As far as climate alone is concerned, we ourselves do not think that it presents any obstacle to the adoption, or we would say, the adaptation, of Grecian architecture in this country. The flimsy and fantastical mode of building employed by the Chinese would undoubtedly be unfit for our climate, yet that of Greece is assuredly unobjectionable, inasmuch as it is of durable construction, and, moreover, affords considerable shelter from the weather.



plain frieze be substituted for the carved one in the original example, and whether the pediment be similarly treated, notwithstanding the very great difference of effect thus occasioned. Several recent and sufficiently striking examples of this kind might be pointed out, in which the entablature and pediment appear most cold, naked, and unfinished, in comparison with the columns themselves, and the capitals of the latter are thereby rendered so many spots, there being nothing answering to them in richness, or any way in keeping with them. When the decoration of the frieze is thus omitted, the more requisite is it that greater embellishment should be bestowed on the cornice than was done originally, and that it should be a more important feature, so as in some degree to restore unity of character and effect in the columns and in the parts which they support. The monument of Lysicrates, which seems at first to countenance an opposite mode of treatment to what we deem correct, the capitals of the columns being elaborately worked and the mouldings of the cornice quite plain, strongly supports our doctrine, since the whole of the roof is richly sculptured, and the architectural unity of the design thereby fully preserved. We may further remark that the *antefixa*, or ornamental tiles, immediately above the cornice of most Grecian buildings, although not considered as belonging to that member of the entablature, as far as effect is concerned, add to its height, and impart to it an additional finish. Matters of this kind seem too palpable to be overlooked, and yet how rarely do we find them attended to! Still more rare is to meet with a building in which the subordinate parts are in perfect accordance with the order itself, and every thing so duly proportioned that while the character of that order is fully maintained, it does not overpower what it accompanies, causing the other features to appear trivial and insipid.

We shall, perhaps, be accused not only of forgetting Wolff, but of so far forgetting his object as in some degree to be running from it, his purpose being to analyse the beauties of Grecian architecture, and to account for them; while, from the tenor of some of our remarks, we may seem to undervalue the style itself as one hardly sufficient for present purposes. What is his immediate aim, however, must, more or less, tend to conduct the architect to originality, by disclosing wherein lies the proper power and resources of his art, and how by adopting the same course we

may attain similar excellence without servilely treading in exactly the same footsteps. Without properly directed study there can be little real originality in any art; least of all in architecture, where fancy ought ever to go hand in hand with severe judgment, and submit to its counsels; and in whose productions we should discover some satisfactory, at least some assignable, reasons for all we behold.— Unless we are acquainted with the primary laws and essential conditions of the art itself, we cannot very well judge how far we can go without infringing them, or whether the course which we are pursuing will not convey us beyond their limits.— Little, therefore, need we be surprised at so many instances of complete failure among modern architects, whenever they have attempted to deviate at all from the beaten track and to introduce any innovations; because, instead of searching for novelty within the proper boundaries of the art, and where, although latent, it may nevertheless be discovered and brought to light, they have generally launched out into extravagance. They have ventured to make material changes in particular parts, without any reference to what they have left unaltered; they have made just change enough to destroy the unity and character of their model, yet not sufficient to obtain such consistency of expression as would compensate for that which is thus broken in upon—greatly impaired, if not altogether expunged.

How studiously observant the Greeks were of this consistency of expression in architecture in all its minutest shades, is satisfactorily shown by Wolff, whose scrutinizing study nothing seems to have escaped. Indeed, he is likely to be considered somewhat too subtle and refined in some of his observations and the reasonings upon them; too abstrusely metaphysical for the generality of students, few of whom may be able to follow up his theory, and apply his doctrines in whatever case may occur. As preliminary to his examination of Grecian architecture itself, the author sets out by investigating the fundamental qualities of the art, which he deduces from the laws of gravitation, equipoise, counterpoise, and those of symmetry and proportion, arising from them. These qualities, he observes, present themselves in the animal structure, although there more or less modified by an inner working and directing force; consequently they require to be more decidedly manifested in the productions of architecture, where the principle of gravitation alone operates. This latter is main-



tained by the prevalence of horizontal and perpendicular lines; and when even any interruption of, or deviation from these occurs, in order to avoid monotony, their continuation is indicated to the eye in some way or other. Thus, in columns, whether with or without bases, strict verticality is kept up by such projection being given to capital, either in its abacus, as in the Doric\* and the Corinthian, or in its greatest width, as measured across the volutes of the Ionic, as renders that extremity of the column equal to the lower one, so that the same perpendicular line would touch both. With the same view, in windows that are narrower at top than at bottom, a break, or *knee*, as it is termed by workmen, is made towards the top of the architraves surrounding it, projecting till within the line of the base. The same kind of verticality Wolff contends, may be traced in Gothic architecture, where pinnacles are employed for the purpose of contrasting with and counteracting the inclined lines and curves of gables, pediments, and arches. In like manner acroteria were introduced at the angles of Grecian pediments, in order to preserve both verticality and horizontality of lines, and suggested parallelism with the entablature,—perhaps also with the sloping cornices; at the same time, that some play and variety of outline were thus obtained. Conformably with this principle, the more acute gable and arch of Gothic architecture are harmonized by corresponding height in the pinnacles accompanying them, and such we find to have been the general practice.

Our author's next step is to show that, though the rule admits of some latitude and exceptions, the best general proportions may all be traced to the application of squares, whether for the entire building, its leading divisions, or its apertures. He does not mean to assert, that the front of a building should present to the eye a single square mass: it may be composed of a double or triple square—or, in fact, of almost any series and disposition of that figure. Neither does this system exclude variety of outline, it being sufficient that the whole be comprised within one or more such squares; for Wolff shows, in illustration of this part of his theory, what would generally be referred to the pyramidal principle of composition, namely, a building so arranged, yet answering his

purpose, because its greatest height corresponds with its greatest width. For our own part, we are not quite sure that there is not almost as much of the fanciful as of the solid in this doctrine, since it probably would not be difficult to produce many excellent examples that would appear to overthrow it. Still it may not be unserviceable as a sort of general guidance, although it can never be closely adhered to, unless as far as regards certain parts of a façade, because uncontrollable circumstances will generally interfere with it, where a building is not completely insulated from all others. Perhaps it would be better, instead of striving to accommodate circumstances to any rule of the kind, to consider how the most can be made of them, and what mode of treatment is the most likely to produce the happiest composition.

We are far better satisfied with the author's ideas on the subject of intercolumniation, which has hitherto been regulated by the diameter of the column, without regard to its height; whereas he shows that it should be governed by the latter rather than the former. Whatever be the height of the column, that will give the distance from the axis to that of some other in the same range, whether it be the third or the fourth—according as it is intended to have them closer or wider apart; and this, of course, determines the spaces between these and the intermediate column or columns, and all the succeeding ones. By this means, an harmonious succession of squares formed by each column and the third or fourth from it is obtained; neither, as he further observes, is it necessary that such squares should invariably be restricted to the measurement from the axis, and admit of no other change than that arising from the number of intermediate columns, because the fourth column may either be included in or excluded from such figure, whose boundary will then be defined by one of its sides. He also shows how, in the Doric, the measure may be regulated, not by the height of the column alone, but by that to the top of the triglyph in the frieze, as that gives an extent of vertical line.

We are not among those who attach much importance to the precise origin of different styles of architecture: unless founded upon direct historical testimony, questions of that kind are apt to lead into chimerical and bewildering hypotheses—mere ingenious speculations, that afford scope for fanciful conjecture, but are almost utterly barren of any advantage to the

\* It is true that the width of the abacus in this order generally exceeds the diameter of the columns, yet in so very trifling a degree as merely to occasion optical equality between them.



art itself. There has been too much of this vague inquiry in regard to Gothic architecture, relative to the origin of which various contradictory and nearly equally plausible theories have been started, that leave the point at issue as undecided as it was at first. Controversies of this kind may in some degree be useful, because they excite public interest in behalf of the subject; yet, on the other hand, they are apt to engross attention too exclusively, and to withdraw it from more profitable and important considerations. It is, however, a matter of something more than mere historical curiosity, to settle whether we ought to attribute the formation of the Greek style to an original stone or timber construction, because much turns upon that point, inasmuch as we shall accordingly be able to judge how far Greek taste refined upon the earlier elements of form. Many, if not most, still adhere to the theory of Vitruvius, and trace back the rich marble temple to the primitive wooden hut; yet both analogy and internal evidence oppose such an idea, for construction in timber would undoubtedly have led to a far more fanciful and lighter style. We cannot do better than let our readers see what Wolff himself says upon this subject.

"The entire character of Grecian, as well as of Egyptian and of our own German style, is essentially connected with construction in stone, which alone is capable of accounting for the architectonic principles that it exhibits. These, together with the forms deduced from them, the disposition of the masses as regards bearing and support, the collocation of the different members, their profiles, and other circumstances, become quite unintelligible and inexplicable, as soon as we substitute mere beams of wood and light timber materials,—which although easily supported, do not keep compacted together by their own weight,—for massive blocks and ponderous architraves of stone, which require corresponding massiveness in the parts that sustain them, and by their pressure upon them give great firmness to these latter. Even where, either owing to scarcity of stone, or for some other reason, wood has been employed, it is evident that the forms are derived from construction in stone, and as closely copied as possible from such prototype; for the nature of wood itself affords no motives whatever for the forms adopted. The contrary opinion, maintained by Hirt in his work on the Architecture of the Ancients, where he endeavors to account for every thing on the supposition of its having originated in timber construction, has misled that able writer, and by this one leading error, has considerably lessened the value of his otherwise important inquiries. The proofs that stone construction manifests itself in Grecian architecture, both in its very rudiments and in the minutest parts, are so numerous and so obvious that they cannot be overlooked by any one who considers them impartially and without prejudice. We shall have opportunities of noticing them more particularly as we proceed, and shall therefore now pass to some general remarks on the columns.

"We are certainly warranted in supposing that

the form of these supports was originally square, especially in cavern structures and the interior of buildings, and the angles began in time to be splayed off, until it gradually became polygonal and afterwards cylindrical; which successive mutations might easily be corroborated historically by Egyptian examples. We shall, however, content ourselves with taking up our observations at the period when the Greek column had assumed this latter shape, after which it was left for art to refine it into beauty, so as to contribute to its æsthetic effect in architecture.

"The very nature and purpose of such supports prevented their having any perfect *architectonic* form. They possess no *entireness* of character in themselves; but rather, by their loftier proportions and shape, seem to rear themselves up, not like so many inert masses, but as if endued with internal organic power. It remained, therefore, for art to develop this idea, to remove them from the class of unorganic shapes, to round off all their angles, and, moulding them by degrees to some similarity of vegetable character, to render them more attractive to the eye. —For effecting this purpose, that refined and reflecting taste, which taught the Greeks to observe the due limits of every art, contented itself with merely indicating the principle of organization, still maintaining the expression of mathematical form."

As further proof that Grecian architecture is not derived from an original construction with wood, the author observes that a like regard to æsthetic beauty of form is apparent in the cylindrical pillars of the Egyptians, whose country affords no timber materials for buildings of any magnitude. Having thus, as he conceives, ascertained the principle of *form*, his next object is that of *proportion*; which he says cannot possibly be derived from the vegetable world, since that hardly affords any law for fixity of proportion. This, therefore, he is inclined to attribute to a free imitation of the general proportions of the human figure; but certainly not that mechanical, fancifully exact, and immediate imitation to which Vitruvius would refer us. Wolff sees in this kind of imitation no more than a *motive*—an indirect aim, just sufficient to catch and preserve similarity as far as regards general impression. Conformably with this aim, he considers that deviations from a fixed standard of proportion are not only allowable but advisable, since such shades of distinction are favorable to that particular individuality of character, which may best accord with other circumstances in the building.

We cannot pretend to follow our author throughout his reasonings, or even to enumerate the leading particulars which he minutely examines; we shall, therefore, before dismissing the book, briefly refer to one or two detached points, that, as far as they are concerned, may suffice to indicate how fully the rationale of every circumstance is here explained. In his remarks upon the capital and its



abacus, he shows that independently of its supposed office, the propriety of beauty and æsthetic consistency demand this member as a completion, of integration, of the whole column. Not only is the upper extremity thus made to accord with the lower, and, as before observed, the verticality lost by the diminution of the shaft upwards restored to the eye; but it is indispensable, as preparatory to the architrave resting upon it. Since the architrave stretches only in one direction, a circle inscribed upon it by the capital terminating in that form, would ill agree with the merely horizontal expansion of the soffit. By inscribing the circle within a square, the imperfection is overcome: both forms have then one common centre, while the overhanging angles of square produce the effect of an harmonious contrast between the two. Another inconvenience is moreover avoided, and another beauty obtained; because the intervention of this square plate allows the soffit to be made somewhat narrower than the diameter of the upper part of the capital, and while the architrave is thereby rendered less heavy in appearance, the abacus displays itself to greater advantage, and produces greater perspective variety. The value of fluting, as contributing to the play of light and shadow on the shaft of the column, as well as to finish of surface, has been pointed out by others; yet we do not recollect that any preceding writer has assigned to it that particular æsthetic quality which Wolff has explained and illustrated by analogical examples. By their all tending to and indicating one common centre in the axis of the column, he says that the channels and their arrises, or filets, render the circularity of the shaft more apparent, less vague, and less indefinitely expressed to the eye, than is the case when the surface of a cylindrical or conical body is left plain. Perhaps this is rather a super-refinement of reasoning, because, though only half of such an object is visible, the eye instantly recognises its true form, even when it is little assisted by direct light and shade. Some modern architects have taken great and very useless pains to determine the proper pitch for pediments, according to their width, without much regard to other proportion; whereas Wolff is of opinion, and herein we perfectly agree with him, that the height of the pediment admits of little variation under any circumstances, since it must be regulated by that of the entablature beneath it. It never ought much to exceed this; consequently, the

wider a building or portico is in proportion to the height of the order, the lower must the pitch of the pediment be made, in order to preserve harmony and consistency between the height of the building and that of its roof.

Here we must take our leave of Professor Wolff for the present, hoping that it will not be very long before the appearance of the continuation which he promises will enable us to return to his interesting and able inquiries. Even as mere speculative opinions, his observations are highly deserving attention; but we are willing to anticipate much practical good from their dissemination,—more discriminating and enlightened views of the art on the part of criticism, and emancipation from that servile spirit of routine, which, while it damps all inventive energy in the architect, and in fact degrades him to a mere mechanic, is, as daily evidence too clearly proves, no protection against the extravagancies of perverted taste and caprice. Nor is caprice rendered at all less offensive by its being associated with hopeless dullness.

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ART. VIII.—1. *Des Pauvres, des Mendians et de leurs droits*, par Loubens, Avocat. Paris, 1829. 8vo.

2. *Economie Politique Chrétienne, ou Recherches sur la Nature et les Causes du Paupérisme &c.*, par M. le V<sup>e</sup>. Alban de Villeneuve-Bargemont, ancien Préfet du Nord, &c. Paris, 1834. 3 vols. 8vo.

3. *Etat numérique de la Population indigente de Paris*, 1832. Sheets, 1834.

4. *Procès-Verbal de l'Assemblée générale du Bureau de Bienfaisance du 5<sup>me</sup> Arrondissement*. Paris, 1834.

5. *Rapport de M. le Comte Rambuteau, Préfet de la Seine, au Conseil Municipal*. Paris, 1834.

“Si quantum pauperum est, venire huc, et liberis suis petere pecunias cæperint, singuli nunquam exsatiabuntur; res publica deficit; \* \* et securi omnes aliena subsidia expectabunt, sibi ignavi, nobis graves.” Such was the reply of Tiberius to some importunate applicants for places in the Roman *Black-book*. Although spoken of the high born, it may likewise be addressed to such as seek to be entered in the *Black-book* of the parish. And



unless the new Commissioners find means to stop the mischief as successfully as the old emperor, we may hereafter find reason to exclaim—*deficit respublica*.

But, though most sorely afflicted, our own country is not the only one suffering under the disease. In Great Britain the paupers compose one-sixth of the inhabitants. In Holland and Belgium they are one-seventh, and in Switzerland one-tenth; whilst in France and the German confederacy they are one-twentieth; in Austria, Italy, Sweden, Denmark, and Portugal, one-twenty-fifth, and in Prussia and Spain only one-thirtieth.

Of the causes of this great discrepancy it is not our present business to speak. Let us content ourselves with laying before our readers some of the information concerning *pauperism in France*—the most important of the continental nations—which is afforded by the productions prefixed to this paper, and resulting, in part, from our own investigation.

The calculations of M. de Villeneuve are based upon inquiries made immediately before the events of 1830. Affairs of more pressing importance have engaged the attention of the Government, since that period, to the exclusion of inquiries of this kind; so that no late information can be obtained. But it may be safely assumed that the number of paupers has not diminished. It is more likely to have increased. M. de Villeneuve seems to have conducted his researches with diligence and care, and his account may be safely taken as a fair approximation to the truth, which is almost all that can be said of arithmetical statistics.

By a French pauper, we mean any Frenchman subsisting permanently, or for a considerable time, and either in whole or part, upon public taxation, charitable endowments, or private charity.

In 1830, the population of France was 31,880,674,\* and the number of paupers (exclusive of aged persons, foundlings, and others maintained in hospitals) 1,583,340. In the department du Nord, every sixth inhabitant is a pauper; in the Pas de Calais every eighth; in the department du Rhone the proportion of paupers is one thirteenth; in the departments of the Aisne, Seine, and Somme, one fourteenth; whilst in those of the Meuse, Meurthe, and Moselle, it is one-thirtieth; in those of the Lozère and Lower Rhine one-fortieth; and in that of the Creuse only one-fifty-eighth. For convenience, France

may be carved into three sets of departments, taken without reference to geographical bearing; viz.:—

The *worst set*, containing 20 departments and 10,062,769 inhabitants, of whom one-thirteenth are paupers.

The *middling set*, embracing thirty-eight departments and containing 13,043,514 inhabitants, of whom one-twenty-third are paupers.

And the *best set*, comprising twenty-eight departments and 8,774,391 inhabitants, of whom one-thirty-third are paupers.

The proportion of paupers varies greatly between town and country. If all places above fifteen hundred souls be reckoned as towns, it will be found that, of their 7,762,450 inhabitants, 767,245, or about one-tenth, are paupers; whilst 819,195 persons, or about one-thirtieth, are paupers out of the 24,205,718 country people.

The geographical division of France in familiar use, exhibits the following proportions, viz.:—

The nineteen departments of the *centre* comprise a proportion of about one to twenty-three—the fourteen *Eastern* departments, one to thirty—the thirty-two *Southern* departments, one to twenty-three—the fifteen *Western*, one to nineteen—and the six *Northern*, one to nine. The difference is surprising, and shows that a large portion of French pauperism exists, as with ourselves, *in masses*. Of the *worst set* of departments only three are comprehended in the *centre*,—those of the Loiret, Seine, and Lower Seine; whilst none are to be found in the *East*. The general features of both these districts (some of which are obviously connected with the growth of pauperism) are the same. The climate is temperate. Wine, maize, and nearly all the produce of French husbandry are grown throughout. The population is essentially agricultural, and the number of small owners great. Nearly every village possesses public property from which the poorer sort derive benefit. The *droit d'affouage*, or right of taking fuel in the national and village woods, for a small consideration paid to the village and oftentimes free of charge, is almost universal. In a great number of localities the larger portion of the village property is divided by rotation amongst the inhabitants for short terms and at low rents, and the funds from these sources are applied towards diminishing the local expenses. The *droit de parcours* and *droit de vaine pâture*, or common rights of

\* Census of 1827.



feeding stock on the plough and grass lands of private persons, after the harvest and aftermath till seed and spring time, are equally general, and, although great hindrances to farming improvements, afford important conveniences to the peasantry.

The *South* likewise comprises three departments of the bad set; viz., those of the Rhône, Bouches du Rhône, and Tarn and Garonne. The climate is warm and the winter short, by which the suffering from cold and the necessity for outlay in fuel and clothing are diminished. Landed property is more divided than in the rest of France. The villages are generally possessed of common rights and property, and, in addition to the produce of the centre and East, this district possesses the chestnut and olive trees and the silk-worm.

The *West* comprehends nine of the bad departments; viz., those of the Côtes du Nord, Finistère, Ille and Vilaine, Lower Loire, Morbihan, Mayenne, Orne, Sarthe, and Two Sèvres. The first five of these compose the territory of Brittany, and exhibit a proportion of one-sixteenth as paupers, which is partly attributable to the great and sudden diminution of the linen manufacture, occasioned by the introduction of cottons, and to the political disorders to which Brittany has been so long exposed. The four other unfavored departments labor more or less under the same disadvantages; whilst the rest of the Western district, partaking of most of the advantages of the South, exhibits an equal exemption from pauperism.

Of the six *Northern* departments, five are comprised in the worst set. In this district the climate makes fuel and clothing objects of first-rate necessity. The population is more abundant than elsewhere. There are but few villages in the possession of forest or common rights. Landed property is but little divided, agriculture is carried on with considerable capitals, and the farming peasants are day laborers. The towns are engaged in the cotton manufacture, which has been exposed for a long time to extreme fluctuations.

The proportion of one to thirteen, appearing in the bad set of departments, is a mean proportion. The actual proportion varies in each. In the department of the North it is one to six; in that of the Pas de Calais, one to eight; in those of the Rhône, Aisne, Seine, Somme and Finistère, one to fourteen; Bouches du Rhône, one to fifteen; Côtes du Nord, Ille and Vilaine, Loiret, and Lower Seine, one to sixteen; Mayenne, one to seventeen; and

Lower Loire, Morbihan, Oise, Orne, Tarn and Garonne, Sarthe, and Two Sèvres, one to eighteen.

The paupers in the middling set vary from one in nineteen in the department of the Ain, to one in twenty-eight in that of the Puy de Dôme. Half have a mean proportion of one to twenty-one, and half from one to twenty-five.

In the best set the proportion varies between one to twenty-eight in the department of the Côte d'Or, and one to fifty-eight in that of the Creuse. Half average rather more than one in thirty, and half somewhat exceed one in fifty.

In the department du Nord, where pauperism has reached a height surpassed in few districts even in England, we find a population of 962,848, of whom 568,116 are engaged in agricultural pursuits, and 394,732 in manufactures, chiefly cotton. The entire number of paupers is 163,453, exclusive of 7667 aged persons and others subsisting in the hospital. The proportion of agricultural paupers is about one in thirteen; the others belong almost entirely to the manufacturers, and in some places form a fearful proportion of the whole number of inhabitants. Thus, in

Lille, the population is 70,000, and the paupers are 22,281	
Valenciennes . . . 19,841 . . . . .	5,047
Cambrai . . . . . 17,031 . . . . .	4,150
Dunkirk . . . . . 24,517 . . . . .	4,880

The quantity of mendicancy in France is below what would be inferred from the spectacle presented in the districts to which the majority of our countrymen confine their excursions. The entire number of beggars is 198,153, which exhibits a proportion of one to one hundred and sixty-five upon the aggregate population, and one to eight upon the body of paupers. In the *Centre*, every fourteenth pauper is a beggar; in the *East*, every ninth; in the *South*, every seventh; in the *West*, every fifth; and in the *North*, every tenth. In the bad set of departments the proportion of beggars to paupers is about one to eleven; in the middling set, about one to twelve; and in the best set, one to eight. The minimum is in the department of the Seine (Paris), where it is only one to forty-six; and the maximum in those of the Finistère, Ille and Vilaine, and the Creuse, (the last being the most exempt from pauperism,) where it is as high as one to two. It would, therefore, seem that, if the absolute quantity of beggary is a useful fact to be known in statistics, its quantity relative to the mass of pauperism is not much worth knowing, except as showing the value of the measures which



are adopted for its prevention or repression.

We had intended to furnish the comparative amounts of pauperism and crime from M. de Villeneuve and the late *Compte Rendu* of the French minister of justice; but as the facts do not appear to correlate, as they are well known to do, it would be a bootless task, without entering upon a minute investigation than we have space for.

Of the French institutions connected with pauperism, the first in order are the laws against vagrants and beggars, the history of which may be briefly sketched. One of Charlemagne's capitularies forbade the giving of alms to beggars, and, by a sort of anticipatory relief-law, enjoined each locality to support its own paupers—*suos quæque civitas pauperes alito*. In the twelfth century the beggars by profession were an object of alarm in all the leading cities, and during that and the following centuries they formed, according to Dulaure, (*Histoire de Paris*.) one fifth of the population of Paris. Saint Louis ordered them to be banished from that city. In 1350, King John ordained that the able bodied poor should quit Paris, and not beg, under pain of whipping and the pillory, and on a third offence, of being branded with a hot iron, and banished. These injunctions were renewed in 1524. Two years afterwards the parliament of Paris ordered able-bodied beggars to be chained two and two, and employed in cleansing the streets and sewers; and, in 1535, such as were not natives of that city were commanded to withdraw to their birth-places, and work for a livelihood, on pain of being hanged—*sous peine de la hart*. About the same time a royal ordinance was published for the whole kingdom, enjoining the able-bodied poor to work, under pain of banishment, and forbidding women, children, and infirm persons to beg, under pain of whipping. Ten years later, an ordinance was issued by Henry II. ordering male beggars to be sent to the galleys, to which the local magistracy of certain towns added mutilation. In 1656 an edict put the ordinance of Henry II. into fresh vigor, and forbade almsgiving to beggars, on pain of being fined four livres parisis; and the public were bound to hand them over to the police. These regulations were made in order to ensure the enforcement of certain rules, by which a general hospital was established in Paris for the maintenance of the aged and infirm, and the employment of the able-bodied poor. The

directors had power to imprison, whip, and put in the pillory its inmates; and, as an additional guarantee, an edict of 1661 ordered beggars, who had thrice incurred punishment in the hospital, to be sent to the galleys. In 1685 and 1687, three edicts appeared, ordering the ordinance of Henry II. to be put in force throughout the entire kingdom. All houseless beggars and vagabonds, such as passed for old soldiers, or should assemble to above four in number, were to be tried by a species of martial law (*prévôtalement*), and condemned, the men to the galleys, and the women to be whipped, branded and banished, with pain of death in cases of resistance. Domiciled beggars were to be whipped and marked for a second offence, and on a third were to be sent to the galleys, or if women, to bridewell (*maison de force*). The injudicious severity of these measures prevented their execution; the galleys would not have held all the condemned. In 1709, in consequence of the scarcity, the number of beggars in Paris had increased to 50,000. Some years afterwards, the regent entertained a plan for banishing them to the colonies, but he was opposed by the parliament; and another project for employing them at convict labor on the roads was abandoned from apprehension of the danger to travellers. Various edicts of Louis XV. ordered beggars to be imprisoned, branded, and for certain offences, sent to the galleys. At the beginning of his successor's reign, their number had again become so alarming, and the previous regulations were found so inefficacious, or had been so much neglected, that an ordinance was issued, (13th July, 1777,) by the advice of Turgot, which surprises by its severity. Able-bodied male beggars and vagrants, from sixteen to sixty, without means of livelihood, and who should have exercised no regular calling for six months, were to be sent forthwith to the galleys; and women, children and old men, engaged in the same pursuit, shut up in an hospital. At the same time various beggars' houses were to be established for the reception of aged and infirm paupers, and for the employment of the able-bodied; but so little progress was made with these receptacles, that no more than thirty were in existence at the Revolution. The Legislative Assembly took up the subject of mendicancy, but did little more than declare, that the legal regulation of beggars was not an infringement of the new invented "Rights of Man." The Convention supplied the deficiency. "Ce mot



honeux de mendiant ne fut jamais écrit dans le dictionnaire du républicain," said the Report of Barrère, and thereupon the assembly decreed, (law of 15th October, 1793,) that in each district work should be found for paupers, with wages one fourth beneath the average rate; and, to punish such as should prefer begging to this resource, each department was to have a beggars' bridewell (*maison de repression*), where beggars were to be sent to hard labor for one or two years; and on a third offence, or if not domiciled, on a second, were to be transported to Madagascar. The confusion of the times prevented the establishment both of bridewells and colony, and matters remained on their old footing till 1808, when Napoleon, taking the subject in hand with his usual precipitancy, ordered a beggars' workhouse (*dépôt de mendiants*) to be established in each department; and to give further efficacy to this provision, articles were inserted in the new Penal Code for the punishment of vagrants and beggars with from three to six months' imprisonment, (Art. 271, 274,) and the latter were to be sent to the dépôts at the expiration of their sentences. In departments unprovided with dépôts, able-bodied beggars were to be sent to goal for from one to three months, and if found out of their cantons, from six months to two years, (Art. 275). And both vagrants and beggars punished under these articles were afterwards to be at the disposal of the government, *i. e.* subject, if necessary, to a forced residence in a particular spot, for the purpose of being watched by the police.—(Art. 44.) The dépôts, like most of Napoleon's establishments, were but partially erected, and those which were erected instead of being reserved for beggars sunk into indiscriminate receptacles for paupers, whom their own ingenuity, or the suggestions and assistance of the petty local authorities, readily qualified for admission. The abuses were so great that the Restoration abolished most of those that had been established, and the tribunals have since limited the operation of the law to Art. 275. But this is seldom enforced except in the capital and certain large towns, or on particular occasions, requiring an extraordinary riddance of persons become dangerous to the public peace: so repugnant does it seem to the feelings of judges to punish men for doing that which it is difficult to prove they have any means of avoiding. The annual number of beggars convicted does not exceed 500—a very small portion of the 198,000 mentioned by M. de Ville-

neuve. The law against vagabonds is executed with greater severity. But neither law, in practice, deserves the severe strictures with which both have been visited by several French writers, by whom it is contended that, in addition to their inhumanity, these laws present unjust obstacles to a free circulation of labor. Such laws are to be judged of rather by local or temporary peculiarities than by considerations of so vague a character.

"At the present day," says M. de Villeneuve, "the right of the poor to legal relief (*assistance obligée*) is not recognised in France." A mighty contrast with the principle which, according to some, makes the right to relief the poor man's freehold! With the exception of the faint trace appearing in Charlemagne's capitulary, and of an alleged assignment of a fourth of the church revenues to the poor, the first mention of legal relief occurs in some letters-patent of Francis I., of 6th of Nov. 1544, by which a general board was formed at Paris, composed of thirteen citizens and four counsellors of the parliament, with powers to raise annually upon the princes, seigneurs, ecclesiastics, and other proprietors, an alms tax (*taxe d'aumône*), and jurisdiction to constrain the rate-payers (*cotisés*.) This rate was destined for such of the poor as could not get admission into the endowed charitable institutions, and was distributed in kind by the clergy. The liability of the rate-payers, distinctly established by this instrument, was repeatedly recognised during the same century by several subsequent ordinances, particularly in 1566 and 1586; but neither the means of enforcing the administration of relief, nor even the abstract right to it, were allowed to the poor. The ordinance of 1586, due to Chancellor de l'Hôpital, enjoined the inhabitants of other towns to support each its own poor by tax (*contribution*) or otherwise, and according to proper ordering. The Paris boards seem to have fallen into disuse during the succeeding century, and to have been replaced by a board in each parish, the ecclesiastical division being adopted instead of the civil, doubtless for the convenience of the parish clergy, who were the chief managers of the indigent. In 1740, the parliament of Paris ordered that the curates, church-wardens, and leading (*notables*) parishioners should meet at the parish board to provide relief, and should make out two lists, one of the poor, and another of the householders (*habitans*), and the latter were to be forced to contribute according to their means; and, if need were, recourse



might be had to an additional levy of king's taxes. The pauper's right to be inscribed on the list of the poor, if such a right existed, seems to have been ascertained by the laws against beggars, which, as we have seen, empowered the police to confine beggars to their birthplaces; the difficulties resulting from such management being doubtless eluded by the habitual irregularity with which public business was transacted. In the rest of France, the practice of forced contribution was gradually abandoned; only a faint show of it was kept up in Paris. In 1783, according to a writer of that day,\* the *bourgeois*, or better sort, paid annually from thirteen to twenty-six sols, and the wealthiest only fifty. The National Assembly referred the subject of indigence to a committee, whose report, although followed by no measures of importance, is worthy of remark, from its stating in loose, but intelligible language, that the "right" of the poor to relief was a "national debt." The committee likewise reported that relief was a *national* and not a *local* charge, on the ground of inequality of pressure, and proposed that the revenues of all charitable institutions—hospitals and the like—should form a single fund, distributable amongst the departments, according to their wants; the deficit to be supplied out of the king's taxes. The money was to be applied towards maintaining hospitals, succoring paupers at their dwellings, and instituting *ateliers de charité*, or establishments of various sorts, where the poor might find work, which, according to the notions of the day, was supposed to be creatable at pleasure. In spite of its disorderly philanthropy, the Assembly was alarmed at this new "national debt," and let the matter drop; but the Convention was less timorous. By a law of 19th of March, 1793, it solemnly recognised this "national debt." Hospital and other charity property was to be sold for the state. "Plus d'aumônes, plus d'hospitaux!" said the reporter Barrère: "c'est la vanité sacerdotale qui créa l'aumône!" The poor were to be relieved out of the national property, and public revenue. By another law, of 26th of June, 1794, a book of "national beneficence" was to be opened, in which each department was to have the right of entering about 1000 names of paupers (*patriotes indigènes*), who were to have yearly pensions of from 160 to 60 francs, whilst relief was to be granted *per capita* for all

children above a certain number in each poor family. Honorific annuities of 120 francs were awarded to unmarried mothers, (*filles-mères*), for their services in giving children to the state. It is needless to say that the only part of these projects put into execution was the order for the disposal of hospital property, much of which was sold. The laws of the Convention were repealed by a law of 27th of November, 1796, and the hospital property remaining unsold was restored to those establishments.

The existing institutions for giving public relief are,—1. *Hôpitaux*, or sick hospitals. 2. *Hospices*, or hospitals for the aged, infirm, foundlings, and the like. And, 3. *Bureaux de bienfaisance*, or charity boards for administering the means of subsistence to the poor at their homes. The sick hospitals may be passed by; for, although the relief which they afford is for the most part gratuitous—we shall allude to their revenues presently—yet so large a portion of the patients, particularly according to the habits of France, do not belong to the strictly indigent population, that it would be impossible to ascertain their real bearing upon pauperism. The inmates of the *hospices* are all paupers, with the exception of a small number who pay pensions for their admission. In 1834, (*Rambuteau*, 69,) the number in the Paris endowments, exclusive of foundlings, was 13,737; the mean number at one time about 9,500, and the total yearly expenditure, 3,050,159 fr., or about 13*l.* each. Of the majority of the *hospices* in the departments, and, we may add, of the sick hospitals, no account exists, or, at best, the items are for the most part buried in the unattainable and inscrutable budgets of the *préfets*. Such of them as have 100,000 francs of income appear in the accounts of the ministers of the interior or of commerce, according to the changes of ministerial arrangement, and would seem to exist in fifty-eight of the principal cities, and to lodge 26,000 inmates. Of the foundling hospitals we have more information; and as they bear on our bastardy laws, we may dwell on them at greater length. The virtual foundation of the vast establishment at Paris took place in 1670. During its early years, the number of infants annually received was restrained within certain limits. In the first year it was 312; in 1680, 890; and in 1700, 1600. But in the following century the progression was more rapid. In 1740, it had advanced to 3150; in 1750, to 3789; in 1760, to 5032; and in 1780, it exceeded 7000. During

\* *Mercier, Tableau de Paris*,



the latter period, 2000 children annually arrived from the provinces round Paris by the hands of the common carriers; and of these, nine out of ten died during the journey, or shortly after reaching the hospital. It is needless to render an account of the various measures taken for the governance of these institutions. They sometimes succeeded in relieving particular hospitals from unequal pressure, but they entirely failed in diminishing the whole number exposed. Their present organization took place in 1811. Napoleon was possessed with the old fancy for encouraging population, and in that view he ordered a foundling hospital to be established in each *arrondissement*. A *tour*, or turning shelf, was to be adapted to the exterior wall, upon which the depositor was to place the infant; a bell, suspended for the purpose, was to be then rung; upon which the sister of charity, or guard was to turn the shelf from within, and receive the deposite. By this contrivance, the modesty of the depositor, who was supposed to be generally of the female sex, was meant to be protected. The pater-nity of the child was excluded from investigation, and likewise the maternity, unless at the instance of the woman alleging herself to be the parent. The regulations for the nurture and apprenticeship of the children resemble those in similar institutions, and adopted for parish children, except one (now abolished) for placing the male adults at the disposal of the minister of war, to be *used* as soldiers. At the same time, the new penal code was furnished with highly penal provisions against child-dropping and killing, and voluntary abortion (art. 302, 317, 349). Napoleon's plan has received its appropriate reward. Child-murder still maintains its usual proportion to other homicides; for it is not poverty, but shame that prompts to the practice; and neither hospitals nor the abominable machinery of secret midwifery\* can conceal pregnancy. In 1809, the number of foundlings in France was 69,000. Since the measure of 1811, it has advanced to 84,500 in 1815; to 102,100 in 1820; to 119,900 in 1825; to 125,000 in 1830; and during the last four years it has advanced with a still more remarkable acceleration. At Paris the proportion of foundlings to births was as one to ten; it is now little less than one to four. The number of foundlings in that hospital at the end of 1833, was 17,433; the number received in 1834, was 5693: making a

total of 23,126. Thanks to the improvements in the treatment of infants, the wholesale infanticide so justly imputable to these institutions\* (founded, be it kept in mind, to prevent child-killing by retail) has decreased. In 1780, the mortality during the first year was eight out of ten; at present, it is reduced to a trifle above seven out of ten; the average infant mortality of France, during the same age, being a trifle above four out of ten. We have no means of ascertaining the existing number of these hospitals, but there is hardly a department without a specific establishment or adequate accommodation in *hospices* of another character. The expense has advanced in a parallel proportion to the numbers. It amounts at present to 11,500,000 francs per annum; the Paris institution alone costing, last year, 1,731,239 francs. A useful inquiry might be made into the effect of these establishments on the married—a point on which we are only able to repeat a general, and, as we believe, a well-grounded suspicion that a large share of the children exposed are of legitimate birth. If we may trust a report of the Academy of Sciences upon the work of a French statistician,† the legitimate children form *one-half*. “*Nous observons*,” says the reporter, “*que parmi ceux qui sont venus à l'hospice (à Paris) il n'y a peut-être pas moins d'enfants provenant des nœuds légitimes que des fruits de l'inconduite* \* \* \*”. Sur dix enfans naturels portés sur les registres de l'état civil, quatre seulement avaient été abandonnés par leurs parens.” This reasoning would be conclusive if it could be shown that all the children came from the locality to which the numbers refer, which is doubtful, as is seen by what has been stated concerning the arrivals by the common carriers. \* \* \* “*Ce qui nous paraît prouver*,” continues the reporter, “*ce qu'on vient de dire, c'est que le nombre des enfans apportés à l'hospice est beaucoup plus grand en hiver qu'en été, et dans les années de disette que dans celles de l'abondance*.” It may be questioned, nevertheless, whether the peculiar evils created by the bastardy laws, before the passing of the Poor Law Amendment Act, were not more formidable, in many respects, than those resulting from these institutions; for, if each department possesses one of these hot-beds, with us each parish furnished the same encouragement, by giving the female parent the security of Bridewell against the

\* See Rousseau's Confessions, ii. 7.

\* The mortality is least in the Paris hospital, and greatest in the Dublin.

† M. Benoiston de Châteauneuf.



male. A curious inquiry might be made into the comparative frequency of illegitimate birth in the two countries. We doubt whether it would turn out to our own advantage. The average proportion in France is as 1 to 13.164; but it varies (almost in the same ratio as the density of the population) from 1 to 23 to 1 to  $2\frac{1}{2}$ . A second inquiry might be made into the number of children left chargeable to parishes by runaway parents, so as to form a second parallel with the practice of our neighbors.

But the institutions, specifically devoted to paupers, enumerated by M. de Ville-neuve, are the *Bureaux de Bienfaisance*. They owe their existence to the law of 27th Nov., 1796, already adverted to. According to that law, a board was to be established in each canton, to manage the hospitals, and also to make distributions among the indigent. The times were not favorable to putting the latter branch of the law into extensive activity, but the principle was not forgotten, and, on the first appearance of tranquillity, was eagerly recurred to by the consular government. In 1801, improvements were made in the regulations, and the system was realized in many of the principal towns. But these boards owe their present form and extension to the Restoration, the attention of the executive being forcibly drawn to the subject by the wide suffering that followed the reverses of 1814-15, and the contemporaneous failure in the harvest. According to the existing organization, in every considerable town, containing either an hospital or a *hospice*, a committee of management, composed of five of the principal inhabitants, under the presidency of the mayor, is appointed by the home minister, and, in the smaller towns, by the *préfet*. A charity board, composed in the same manner, is named for each canton and large city, if judged necessary by the local authorities. The committee and board can, and, in practice, generally do, unite in one body. The office is gratuitous. Each has its paid treasurer, and sometimes a treasurer in common, who is obliged to furnish deposit security, and to submit his accounts to an annual audit, by the council of prefecture. In Paris, where the difficulties are greater and more complicated, the mechanism is more extensive and minute. By an ordinance of the 2d of July, 1816, a charity board is appointed in each of the twelve wards (*arrondissemens*), consisting of the mayor of the ward, his adjuncts, or aids, the officiating priests, the protestant minister,

(if any,) and twelve of the principal (notables) inhabitants, the latter of whom are named by the minister of the interior, and are annually renewable by a fourth. Each board has its paid secretary-treasurer, furnishing deposit security. And the twelve boards act independently of each other, but under the superintendence of the council which manages the hospitals and *hospices*.

The revenues of the charity boards are derived from the following sources, viz: First—when acting in unison with the hospitals, they take all that can be spared out of the revenues of the latter, which, in their turn, consist of the income from hospital property, allowances from the town tolls (*octrois*), for the most part in the nature of an excise, tolls of markets, fines, and forfeitures in courts of justice, taxes on play tickets and public amusements, the profits of the *monts de piété*,\* money paid for admission, and arising from work done, by the inmates. Where no hospitals exist, the same revenues, or such of them as are available, are paid directly to the boards. Second—legacies,

\* The *monts de piété* were introduced in the middle of the last century, but their present organization did not take place till the Year IX. Their object is to protect the poor against usury. They are confided to a division of the hospital boards, and are divided into central and branch establishments. Each is managed by a salaried director, who has the necessary subordinates for transacting the business of pawning, and both directors and their subordinates furnish deposit security. The capitals of the *monts de piété* are made up of the security deposits of the responsible persons employed in charitable institutions, and of borrowed money, for which they pay interest at four per cent. for the deposits, and from three to three and a half for loans. The Paris *mont de piété* borrows at three and a half per cent. The net profits are paid to the hospital treasury, and, last year, the Paris establishment yielded 281,970 francs. The interest on pledges varies in different places, and in some degree, according to the wants of the hospitals. In Paris, it has lately been reduced from twelve to nine per cent. At Cambrai, it is fifteen; at Bergues, ten. In some places it is greater in the branch than in the central establishments; thus, at Lille, it is twelve per cent., and at Roubaix, and other places in that department, fifteen. There are certain go-betweens, who act ostensibly as agents to deposit and redeem pledges; but it would seem that their real business is to add to the loan of the *mont de piété*, but at an increased interest; securing themselves by a simulated purchase of the pawn ticket; and by these means, the pretended protection afforded by the monopoly is defeated. Clandestine pawning, without the intervention of the *mont de piété*, seems also to be extensively practised, notwithstanding the severity of the penal code (*Art. 411*) which inflicts from a fortnight's to three months' imprisonment, and a fine of from 100 to 2000 francs, on the lender. Strange as it may seem, it has been discovered that much of the pawning takes place to procure means for gambling in the petty lotteries. In 1829, it was remarked at Brussels, where the same institutions exist, that, when the lottery, termed the Genoese lottery, was suppressed in that city, the number of pledges during the succeeding five months, was less by 7,837, and of redemptions, more by 3,609, than in the corresponding five months of the



gifts, and the interest of savings. Third—church poor-boxes, and church-plates, public subscriptions, charity sermons, balls, and similar resources, as practised in England. And fourth—in cases of extreme necessity, a levy of an addition to the government taxes, under the name of *centimes additionnels*, sometimes made in and for a particular commune, and sometimes extending over a whole department. The government reserves to itself the right of judging of the cases requiring the local levies, and its rigor is such, that the amount annually levied for relief, including small surpluses of taxes accidentally remaining in the hands of the local tax-collectors, has hitherto not exceeded 2,000,000 francs. The portion of revenue yielded by each source may be understood by the following abstract of the last year's income of the fifth arrondissement at Paris, viz:—

	fr. c.
From Hospital-board, . . . . .	72,851 69
Donations and collections, . . . . .	13,962 60
Poor boxes and church plates, . . . . .	1,471 98
Interest of savings, . . . . .	665 72
Extraordinaries, . . . . .	563 34
	<hr/>
	94,522 33

of which about 33,000 francs would appear to be derived from the *octrois*, or public taxation. There was also a balance from the previous year of 22,727 fr. 78c. (*Procès-Verbal*.)

The principle by which the boards are guided in administering relief is the salutary—the indispensable one of VISITATION of the paupers at their own dwellings. The present practice is only an improvement on that which had been always followed in France, both by public and private charitable bodies. To carry it into effect, an indefinite number of visitors of both sexes, (*commissaires-visiteurs* and *dames de charité*),—in all about a

previous year.\* The chief objection to giving facilities to pawning, is identical with that against abolishing the usury laws, in so far as they respect persons under years of discretion, and the hospitals have often been reproached for obtaining money by such means. But it may be questioned whether restrictions, either on borrowers or lenders, can have any other effect than to worsen the situation of borrowers. And if pawning, gambling, dram-drinking, or other misconduct, cannot be stopped, why not force them to have their good side?

\* To add a note to a note, it appears, on the authority of M. Rambuteau, that, since the praiseworthy multiplication of the Paris savings' banks, since 1832, the deposits have increased from 3,643,000 francs in that year, to 17,269,226 francs in 1834; and that, during the same period, the pawning has decreased from 17,600,000 francs, to 10,711,423 francs; a fact which, although taken with due allowance for the intervening increase of employment, speaks strongly in favor of the banks.

thousand—voluntarily join the boards, but without the right of deliberation. We speak more particularly of Paris, but a similar practice prevails in the departments. Each *arrondissement* is subdivided into twelve quarters, and each quarter is placed under the superintendence of one of the board, and has its own resident visitors, varying in number from six to sixteen. The duties of such superintendent and his visitors are to visit new applicants, and report their cases to the board, and also to visit old applicants, to watch their conduct, the use which they make of the relief, and the state and number of their families. Relief is chiefly administered IN KIND,—another most important principle—and mostly through the medium of tickets upon the baker, butcher, &c., appointed in each quarter by the board. One or more medical dispensaries (*maisons de secours*) are kept up in each *arrondissement*, and served by some of the sisters of charity hired for the purpose. Relief IN MONEY is reserved for the aged and the infirm, with few exceptions. As the mode of relief is one of the most interesting features of the subject, we shall give, from the official account (*Procès-Verbal*), the divisions of expenditure in the fifth *arrondissement* last year. They confirm an account drawn up some years since by M. Degérando\* from private, and therefore disputable, sources of information of the combined expenditure of the twelve boards, an official account not being in existence.

In Kind	fr. c.
Bread, flour, meal, and broth . . . . .	35,287 71
Fuel . . . . .	1,736 23
Clothing . . . . .	22,961 36
Lodging . . . . .	250 0
Medicine . . . . .	5,158 47
Schooling . . . . .	7,754 48
	<hr/>
	73,148 25

In Money.	
To persons above 70 and 80, or blind . . . . .	22,292 0
Allowance on vaccination, to sick nurses, and the like . . . . .	2,542 25
Special allowance to various paupers . . . . .	3,409 50
Surplus, specific legacies, &c., chiefly given to the aged and infirm . . . . .	6,701 80
	<hr/>
	34,945 55

Total, 108,093 80

The money allowance is made in addition to the relief in kind, and is fixed at present at eight francs per month for paupers above eighty; at five, for those above seventy; at five for the blind; and at three

\* *Visateur des Pauvres*, p. 403.



for the infirm; and the first three of these classes, as it would appear by the foregoing account, take more than two-thirds of the whole money-allowance. It may be added, that meat and broth are almost exclusively restricted to the same classes and to lying-in women.

The entire number of persons entered upon the lists of the Paris boards last year was 68,986, of whom 16,167 were men, 28,021 women, and 24,798 children; but it is understood\* that more than one-third of the whole get themselves inscribed in order to have the power of sending their children to the charity-boards' schools, or to be qualified as paupers for admission into the *hospices*, or for having the privilege of keeping street-stalls and baskets; so that the actual number relieved may be taken to be 45,000, and of these 15,836, or more than one-third, are above sixty years of age (*Etat Numérique*, &c.); an additional evidence of the caution exercised in the distribution.

The total expenditure of the same boards last year was 2,038,177 francs. We have not succeeded in discovering an account of the portion specifically destined for relief; but if an average be struck for all Paris, grounded upon what has been mentioned of the example of the fifth arrondissement (*Procès-Verbal*, &c.),† we shall find that the total of the relief amounted to 1,793,337 francs. This sum would yield within a trifle of 38 francs for each pauper. But such an average must not be too much insisted on; for, in addition to the inequality in the rate of relief, according to age and the like, it should be stated that one-third of the whole receive only temporary succor, principally during the winter half-year.

The bright side of this mode of administering relief to the poor must have been easily visible to our readers. Relief is not founded on legal right; but is given and received in the form and with the feelings of charity. *Avoir recours à la charité*, is the popular expression for denoting an application to a charity-board, and is in striking contrast with the demand, at once insolent and abject, for parish-pay. The pauper is well impressed with the knowledge of the limited nature of the funds at the disposal of the boards. Penury alone is not a sufficient title for solicitation. He must still procure the countenance and interest of a visitor. And these causes, joined to the severe discrimination of the

boards in ultimately granting the relief, have succeeded, at Paris, in checking the augmentation of the numbers succored, contrary to the results of all other legal institutions for the assistance of the poor. One evidence of this is the disuse into which the still-existing law for sending the indigent to their birth-places has fallen, which would not have occurred if the pressure were much on the increase. Out of 3,347 adults relieved in 1834, in the fifth arrondissement, 2,196 were not of Parisian birth, and 179 not of French extraction.—(*Procès-Verbal*, &c.) But a stronger circumstance in favor of this system is the positive and undoubted decrease of applicants from 102,806, before the ordinance of 1816, to an average of 60,000, during several successive years up to 1830. The subsequent want of employment and the cholera have since given an increase to the number, but it is not expected to be permanent. The virtues of the system will appear in a stronger light, if this permanency of numbers be compared with the shocking augmentation that we have adverted to in the children despatched to the foundling hospitals, which to a certain degree, resemble in principle our own system of poor relief.

But the doubtful side of the French institutions must not be overlooked. In the first place, it is not clear that their operation, *in Paris*, gives a complete picture of Parisian pauperism or of its alleviations. Private charity acts widely. According to M. Degérando (*Visiteur*, &c.) a single charitable association, strictly of a private nature, under the management of the clergy, and acting upon the same principles, and to some extent with the same machinery,\* as the *Bureaux de Bienfaisance*, distributes at least *one half* as much as the latter. Various other private societies, as well as individual beneficence, are in extensive and abundant activity. And the effect produced by all ought to be known before it can be safely averred that the boards are a sufficient check upon applications. The suspicion here suggested is strengthened by what passes in the department of the North, where the paupers entered upon the lists of the charity-boards are in an enormously greater proportion than at Paris, whilst the proportion of aged and infirm, instead of comprising one-third of the number, extends to only one-seventh. A proportion of a sixth, or as at Lille a little more than a third of the inhabitants, as paupers, would almost

\* Degérando's *Visiteur*, &c.

† Schools, 7,734 fr. 48c., Management, 12,648 fr. 42c., =20,403 fr. 30., to be deducted.

\* The *Maisons de Secours*.



seem to defy not only the good-will but the powers of proper gratuitous visitation, and M. de Villeneuve states that it is but little practised.

"Ces sortes de fonctions, peu recherchées, ne sont guère exercées avec dévouement, que par l'effet d'un sentiment religieux assez fort pour braver tous les dégoûts et même les dangers qui les accompagnent. Ce degré de vertu est plus rare que la charité qui se borne à donner; aussi se trouve-t-on obligé, le plus souvent, de s'en reposer, pour la distribution des secours, sur des agents officiels qui, sous le nom de *pauvrisseurs*, remettent directement l'argent ou les bons de pain, selon qu'ils le jugent convenable, d'après les listes d'indigens qu'ils ont la faculté de dresser sans contrôle. Ce n'est que dans un très petit nombre de paroisses que des sœurs ou des dames de charité distribuent des secours à domicile aux malades et aux indigens."—vol. ii. p. 61.

A strong check is put upon the issue of funds from the public revenue, by the public authorities of the department. Out of 945,985 francs distributed by the Bureaux de Bienfaisance only 220,985 francs proceeded from the government. But whether this restriction can be kept up, or whether the rigor of the existing system of succor can be maintained, may be questioned.

"Dans la plupart des communes," says M. de Villeneuve, "les fonds affectés aux Bureaux de Bienfaisance, réunis aux produits des quêtes et des dons charitables, sont toujours insuffisants, surtout pendant la saison rigoureuse. Alors l'administration supérieure est assaillie, de la part des communes et des bureaux de charité, de demandes tendant à autoriser des impositions extraordinaires pour venir aux secours des pauvres. Dans plusieurs villes, en 1828 et 1829, on a même employé secrètement, à cet objet, des allocations destinées à d'autres services. L'impérieuse nécessité était le motif et l'excuse d'actes aussi irréguliers; ainsi la TAXE DES PAUVRES (Poor's Rate) s'est déjà *forcément* introduite, avec le PAUPERISME ANGLAIS, dans cette portion de la France. \* \* \* L'administration n'a cessé, surtout dans les années 1828 et 1829, d'opposer tous ses efforts au développement officiel de cette taxe. Mais en vain se déguise-t-elle sous le nom de travaux de charité ou de supplément de secours aux Bureaux de Bienfaisance, son existence est consacrée de fait, et la force des choses a fait reconnaître le droit des pauvres à l'assistance publique. L'opinion générale, dans le département du Nord, est préparé à cette innovation dans la législation française. \* \* \* Les abus spéciaux à la taxe des pauvres en Angleterre se manifestent graduellement. On remarque que, dans les communes du département du Nord, le nombre des pauvres est toujours en rapport avec la quantité des fondations charitables."

And yet, observes M. de Villeneuve elsewhere,

"la plupart des administrations de bienfaisance n'osent entreprendre aucun essai d'améliorations nouvelles, dans la crainte d'indisposer, par des innovations sans succès, une multitude en proie à toutes les horreurs du besoin."—vol. ii. pp. 61, 62.

Nor is the small progress which the system of charity-boards has made in the departments to be passed over. Accord-

ing to a French minister and economist,\* only thirteen departments, containing a population of 4,790,797—or about one seventh of the whole nation—have had recourse to them. And of these the number is said to be 583, and the expenditure only 1,045,653 francs; from which some have taken occasion to infer the happy state of the departments, and others the inefficiency of the boards, whilst both reason on a false basis, for their expenditure must be much greater, as may be seen by that of the boards of the single department of the North. The doubt excited by the neglect of the departments concerns rather the applicability of the system to the rural districts. How, it may be asked, can a cantonal board superintend the dispersed population of a district twice as large as two average English hundreds? Or how can a sufficiency of competent or even willing visitors be found in the ordinary country population of France? On the latter point, M. de Villeneuve, speaking not only of the smaller communes but of considerable towns in the North, observes that

"Les membres des bureaux de charité, ayant peu de tems à sacrifier aux soins et à la visite des pauvres, dont le nombre est excessif, trouvent plus commode de déterminer une allocation en argent, et quelquefois en pain, à des époques fixes, par mois ou par semaine."—vol. ii. p. 59.

A greater obstacle in most districts is, we believe, the power to raise the *centimes additionnels*, at the call of an independent body; which is greatly and justly dreaded. Moreover, a board might be established, where tolls or endowments were to be managed, but would seem an undue interference where its resources, as would generally be the case, should be derived solely from charitable contribution.

A last, and not unimportant doubt regards the sufficiency of the succor, which can be only cleared up by an inquiry into the local rate of living. The means of subsistence, in France, are cheaper, and the living is most respects of an inferior kind; rye, pulse, and maize, with potatoes and other vegetable diet, forming 99-100ths of the Frenchman's food. Yet, even with this abatement, the average *quantum* of relief accorded seems out of all proportion with the measure necessary for the lowest scale of existence. The mean value of food distributed to each pauper last year, in the fifth arrondissement, (*Procès-Verbal*, &c.) was 6 fr. 62 c. (the Paris

\* M. Duchâtel, *De la Charité*, p. 416.



price of sixty-five pounds of the worst bread),—of fuel, 32 c., and of clothing and bedding, 4 fr. 16 c. But even this allowance is high compared with the practice in the department of the North, where the average relief of all kinds, and without discrimination of classes, is only 5 fr. 42 c., and in the arrondissement of Dunkirk only 4 fr. 22 c. We are unwilling to give our own description of the destitute population of Paris, or of the more miserable *canuts* or silk weavers of Lyons; but the following passage, abridged from M. de Villeneuve's work, may suffice—although somewhat obscure—for the manufacturing towns in the North; viz.—

"The paupers consist of weavers, unable at times to support their families, and wholly chargeable to public or private charity in case of illness, scarcity, or discharge from work; of workmen, ignorant, improvident, brutified by debauchery,\* or enervated by manufacturing labor, and habitually unable to support their families; of aged persons, prematurely infirm, and abandoned by their children; of children and orphans, a great number of whom labor under incurable disease or deformity; and of numerous families of hereditary paupers and beggars, heaped together in loathsome cellars and garrets, and for the most part subject to infirmities, and addicted to brutal vice and depravity."

More than one-third of the Lille paupers are comprised in the four last classes; and if this arithmetic is correct, it cannot be readily understood how the relief given by the charity-boards can palliate such extensive privation. "*La mendicité s'exerce publiquement par des bandes nom-breuses qui alarment les propriétaires isolés,*" (vol. ii. p. 63;) nevertheless, begging in company is an offence specially punishable with imprisonment from six months to two years, (*Code pénal*, art. 276). The number of beggars is above 16,000, and forms a tenth of the indigent population.

"Nulle répression n'existe contre ce fléau. Il est, en effet, impossible de ne pas le tolérer là où l'on ne saurait donner du travail et un salaire suffisant aux indigens valides, ni des secours et un asile aux pauvres hors d'état de travailler."—p. 63.

Upon the whole, we suspect that the *Bureaux de Bienfaisance* have earned more approbation, as well here as in France, than the extent of their institution, or our knowledge of their real working, justly deserve.

In the rest of France, the only resource of the destitute is private charity, much of which is under the direction of the Catholic clergy, who, we believe, are the

most active and judicious of all managers. Visitation is said to be generally observed; but a trustworthy account of their system, or of its extent or operation, is out of the question. That private charity, abundant as it is in France, is insufficient in most districts, is shown by the mass of beggary. In some, mendicancy is the only resource of half the poor;† although in others, where, if its relative quantity is great, the absolute amount is small, it may be supposed to be rather the result of vagrant habits than of a deficiency in private charity.†

Several circumstances, and amongst them bad seasons, political disturbance, and our own discussions on the Poor Laws, have of late years drawn much public attention in France to the subject of pauperism; and plans have been brought forward, not only for reducing it, but for its entire extirpation. One of these is *Emigration*, which is strongly advocated by a portion of the public. The other is *Home Colonization*, and if we may trust a report made by the late minister, M. d'Argout, nearly three years since, but not followed by any practical effects, the latter is adopted by the government.—Both call for a few observations.

The two systems would seem open, although in unequal degrees, to a preliminary objection, which, if a true one, confines their practicability within very narrow limits. Emigrants or colonists, with the views in question, must, beyond all others, belong to the classes that can labor. But, if we dissect the pauper population, we shall find that this condition is for the most part impossible, from the nature of its constitution. According to M. Degérando (*Visiteur des Pauvres*), the pauper population of Paris is composed as follows; viz.:—

In a mean hundred, there are of	
Men, married . . . . .	16,0
Widowers . . . . .	1,7
Single men . . . . .	0,7
Women, married . . . . .	6,9
Widows . . . . .	13,5
Single women . . . . .	3,4
Children, living with their parents . . . . .	48,7
Paupers without description . . . . .	9,1

100

That is, nearly *one-fourth* are women, and *one-half* children; and the *Etat Numérique*, as already mentioned, shows that of the 68,986, one-fourth are above

\* Excessive gin-drinking, we have reason to know, prevails in all these towns as widely as in Manchester or Glasgow.

\* Ille and Vilaine Poor, 35,555 Beggars, 15,257  
Finistère . . . . . 34,200 . . . . . 13,720  
Côtes du Nord . . . . . 34,778 . . . . . 10,115

† Creuse . . . . . Poor, 4,326 Beggars, 2,000



sixty years of age, and a large portion are infirm.\* What proportion, it may be asked, remains for practicable emigration or home-settling, after deducting the unavailable parts? The reader will readily guess.

It is unnecessary to examine the subject of emigration or the mode in which it might be practised; but, even if it be considered as advantageous, a colony is still wanting. Algiers is pointed to by the emigrationists. But as of all emigrants those who ought to be the least exposed to danger, trouble or loss, are resourceless, undisciplined paupers,—so, of all territories, Algiers, by the confession of all who have investigated the affairs of that possession, offers the least security for person or property. Nests of weavers, beggar women and children, tilling the arid plain of the Metidja under the Bedouen rifles, may form a pleasing landscape in the eyes of over-fervent philanthropists, and even answer the ends of scheming land-jobbers; but common sense will say, that to perpetrate such economics would be throwing money away, and sending the paupers to almost certain extermination.

The *home-colonization* is not so easily disposed of. In old and peopled countries, where property and industry are tolerably free from restraints, waste lands are not susceptible of profitable culture, unless under peculiar circumstances, which, because they are peculiar, call for the severest scrutiny. An unfavorable suspicion therefore attaches itself *à priori* to these colonies, which is strengthened in no small degree, when it is considered that in France the cultivation is not to be carried on under the only motive that has ever succeeded in drawing a profit from business exposed to open competition, private interest, but under the management of the government. Examples, even when successful, are to be little relied upon; for minute differences—more important under such circumstances than in ordinary situations—may prevent successful imitation. But even the examples themselves would seem—as to one of the two solitary cases cited, to be enveloped in obscurity—and, as to the other, to exhibit a signal failure, although both were distinguished from the French project, by being worked by private companies from motives of profit. M. de Villeneuve, who

visited the Dutch and Belgic settlements, furnishes a description that is so singularly incomplete and unsatisfactory, that we are obliged to have recourse to another economist,\* to whose account M. de Villeneuve also refers us. According to M. de Pommeuse, (p. 89,) the debtor and creditor account for the colony of *Frederick's Oord*, in North Holland, for the year 1829, stands thus,

Cr.	Florins.	Dr.	Florins.
For board and lodging of paupers, foundlings, &c. by contract with hospitals, &c. per annum,....	235,000	Interest on capital borrowed, 3,000,000 florins.....	190,000
Rent for cottage farms	20,000		
Subscriptions.....	35,000		
	290,500		

This statement exhibits a great balance; but our readers will observe that there is no item for expenses of management, salaries, repairs, replacing stock and utensils, or losses; an omission which deprives it of all trustworthiness.† And, as if this were not sufficient, M. de Pommeuse sets down such uncertain receipts, as pauper-paid rent and voluntary subscriptions, as parts of a regular income. On turning to his estimate of the profit and loss of the cottage farms—(too long for our pages)—for the purpose of ascertaining their capabilities for maintaining the paupers—we find the items calculated with a regularity and nicety well known to be impracticable in agricultural concerns. M. de Pommeuse avers that his estimate is grounded on the mean profit and loss of all the farms during “several years;” but a collective average of this description is totally inadmissible under such extraordinary circumstances, which require an account from each farm, in order that it may be seen whether their profits and losses are equal in all, or whether—as we suspect—the losses of the great portion are not compensated by the extraordinary returns of a few possessing peculiar advantages. The suspicions excited by the mysterious defects in the statements of MM. de Villeneuve and de Pommeuse are strengthened by the recent fate of the other of the two examples. The Belgian colonies—which

\* M. Huerne de Pommeuse, *Des Colonies Agricoles*, 1832.

† The company borrowed its capital on condition of repaying it by an annual sinking fund of 190,000 florins, which even according to this account would leave a deficit of 89,500 florins. To supply this M. de Pommeuse composes a fund, 1st, of the rent already once counted; and 2dly, of the net profit of the farms, which belongs not to the company, but to the tenants; a whimsical blunder, characteristic of a sanguine projector.

\* M. Degérando's analysis does not perfectly agree with the *Etat Numérique*; the latter exhibits more men and fewer children, but a much larger number of women.



received as much eulogy from those gentlemen as those of Holland—have been recently abandoned, at the end of fourteen years' existence, loaded with a debt of two or three hundred thousand florins.

M. de Villeneuve takes great pains to show the feasibility of home-colonization in France, where wastes abound, the climate admits of more varied produce, and the original outlay would be less, from greater cheapness, than in Holland. His views *may be true*, but, unless he succeeds in every instance in proving the practicability of the scheme, the "original sin" of waste-cultivation will adhere to it in the eyes of prudence.

But it must not be omitted, that a deficiency in profit, or even a positive loss, is not sufficient for the condemnation of such establishments. Either must be weighed against the expense of existing modes of relief, the public inconvenience of pauperism, and its injuriousness to the working people; and in this respect, home-settlements may peradventure be best confided to the government.

It has been urged against them, that they would give an undue impulse to population, by making, on one side, a void in the labor-market that would encourage the breeding of fresh laborers, and by breeding, on the other, additional laborers in the colonies themselves. The objections are not without weight. But upon the first it may be observed, that they would only take off unoccupied laborers, and the absence of these would not leave a void in the supply of occupied labor, as this objection erroneously supposes. Whether the occupied laborers remaining would not breed *fresh paupers* is another question; and, if put forth as an objection, must not be urged so much against the colonies in particular as against pauper-relief in the abstract. The second objection is mainly of the same nature, and fails to show that the colonies would breed more additional laborers than other modes of relief. The example of the Irish cotter-system is pointed to; but does the Irish peasant breed because of his cot; or does he not take his cot because his breeding prevents him from doing better? Is not the cot effect, and not cause—the cause being improvidence? Besides, examples of a directly contrary nature may be found in France and other parts of Europe, where the *petit culture* or cottage-farm system successfully prevails, whilst in England the paupers are most numerous where farms are largest. Overbreeding is not to be checked by the form in which property is dis-

tributed, but by proper habits and acquirements in the population, and it is in no wise apparent that these cannot be successfully imparted in agricultural colonies under proper management. Perhaps it would not be going too far, to maintain that overbreeding is in the same ratio as the means of existence are uncertain. The class living on wages in towns is notoriously prolific. Whether the home-colonies can be successfully managed with these views will be partly determined by the results of the new system of direction adopted for our own work-houses.

The leading difficulty is the inapplicability of home-colonization to the great majority of paupers, and on this account the system of well-ordered work-houses, in spite of many unfavorable features, would seem preferable.

The extirpation of pauperism is a dream; a great reduction is all that can be reasonably desired or expected. In the far largest and happiest portion of France, there is not room for extensive reduction; perhaps it is not much desired. But there are other parts, as we have seen, where a change would appear unavoidable, and, it is to be hoped, will be successfully accomplished.

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ART. IX.—*L'Angleterre, La France, La Russie, et La Turquie.* Paris, 1835.\*

NOTWITHSTANDING the all-absorbing interest of the questions relative to our internal policy now under discussion, public attention has been turned to the actual state of our foreign relations, with an earnestness hitherto almost unknown. We hail this circumstance as a happy omen: such is the intelligence of a British public, that, we doubt not, when once engaged to study the question, a solution will be found of all the difficulties with which it seems at present beset. We must, however, declare that the question is as yet little understood by the majority; and we lament that the moment chosen for discussing it, and even learning what it is exactly that is to be apprehended, is one when circumstances imperatively call for deci-

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\* It may be right to mention that the pamphlet to which this title belongs, is of English origin, being a translation. We trust that the great importance of the political question which it affords occasion to discuss will be a sufficient apology for a slight deviation from the general practice of this Review.—  
EDITOR.



sion and instant action. The public perceive that a crisis is at hand. They feel that we are on the eve of one of those momentous events which give a name to eras in history, and that, unless a course of foreign policy be adopted by our ministers, far different from that which has been pursued of late years, a gloomy morning will arise, when we shall find the established order of things violently changed, not for the better, but frightfully for the worse, and the balance of power destroyed. We are aware that this phrase has, of late years, been, so indefinitely used that its import has been weakened. But, if our readers will take the trouble of a moment's reflection, they will find that it implies neither more nor less than the maintenance of the independence, and even political existence of the states, forming the European confederacy. If, then, we can show that the balance of power is at present in danger, we think we shall have made good our position, that it is to the interest of every state in Europe, but especially of England, which holds such a commanding station, to do the utmost to avert a catastrophe pregnant with such awful consequences.

The quarter whence we look for this catastrophe, is too obvious to require mention.—It cannot escape the most careless observer of passing events that it is Russia.—It is no less obvious that this catastrophe is consequent on the occupation, by that ambitious and uncivilized power of the commanding position of Constantinople,—consequent upon her taking into her own hands the important passage of the Dardanelles, and rendering herself *then, for the first time, really inaccessible and invulnerable*, capable of turning at her leisure against the states of Europe her formidable means of aggression and subversion.

After all that has been left on record, by the most enlightened statesmen of every country—after all that has been written in books, pamphlets, and reviews—it were needless to occupy our pages with proving that Russia entertains designs incompatible with the tranquillity and independence of Europe—that she does exercise powerful and hitherto almost uncontrolled agency in the furtherance of these designs—that she pursues them with perseverance and undivided attention—that she looks on the possession of Turkey, and the subjugation of Persia, not as an end, but as the means of attaining an end. But there are points connected with these designs, which must be brought home to

the mind, before we can appreciate their object and our critical position. While the designs, the views, and progress of Russia are on all hands admitted, the admission is deprived of its practical utility in various ways; as if men sought refuge in fallacies, to save themselves from being obliged to follow out reasonings that lead to inevitable conclusions, but which they dread to arrive at. Some think Russia too weak to be feared, and deem that no danger can accrue to the civilization and power of Europe, from designs entertained by a poor and savage state. They conceive that it is impossible for her to consummate the acquisition of Turkey so as to draw from it financial, commercial, or military resources; that the possession of Constantinople will destroy the power she actually possesses, and tend to the dismemberment of her empire, although it does appear somewhat a gratuitous supposition that the increase of strength should have a tendency to weaken. Few, very few, can appreciate the real value of Constantinople, because the want of centralization of the power that at present holds it, prevents its importance from being injuriously felt. Fewer still can appreciate the danger impending over our Indian possessions, because they have only taken into consideration a danger which does not exist, viz. a military expedition through a country impracticable for her; we say impracticable, as we want to make out an *à fortiori* case.

We are aware that this expedition is not considered so impracticable by enlightened travellers who have gone over the ground: still we maintain that this expedition will never take place, because, uncalled for, Russia is not led astray by romance; she does not strike a blow when it can be done for her by others. Her every motion is the result of calculation; and she knows that she has only to establish a military camp at Herat to turn to account those solvents which she has found so successful elsewhere, and to avail herself of those means, which, with a foreseeing eye, she has already created. She will not attempt to expel us with her own hand, she will render India too hot for us to maintain our position there. If, then, Russia can gain a useful possession of Turkey, possess herself of all the advantages of the occupation of the Dardanelles, render herself thereby invulnerable,\* at

\* Mons. Dupin, speaking of this power, and taking it for granted that she is invulnerable at present, continues to observe, "such being the case, who can doubt that her means of aggression are irresistible?"



the same time accumulating unlimited means of aggression within the straits; if, by their possession, she can establish a paramount influence over the German states on the one hand, effect on the other the subjugation of Persia, convert into obedient vassals the potentates of central Asia, direct the resources of Turkey against Europe and the Mediterranean, march her armies, to use the words of her own journalist, by Constantinople to Paris, if the king of the French should prove refractory; and turn the resources of Persia against our possessions in India:—then, indeed, these designs assume a very different and momentous character, and that progress demands our most immediate and solicitous attention. However, the incredulous may smile, we assert with confidence, that these consequences are *directly deducible* from the occupation of Turkey and the Dardanelles by Russia. Having so much matter to compress into a short review we must content ourselves with assuming this, and referring such of our readers as are unwilling to take our *ipse dixit*, to the able and eloquent pamphlet, the title of which stands at the head of this article; where they will find these positions maintained with argument capable of overwhelming all scepticism on the subject.

While some believe Russia to be too weak to give cause for alarm, others deem it hopeless to oppose her progress at least in the East. They believe her to be possessed of overwhelming strength, and her neighbors too weak to make any effectual resistance. If allowed to state the case in our own way, we, in part, coincide with both. While the Dardanelles are Turkish she is weak, and trembles even for her own existence; once possessed of the keys

of her house, as the Emperor Alexander designated these straits, her power is irresistible.

The practical question for England is, whether she can prevent Russia from obtaining the means of becoming so powerful, and how? To answer this, we must study the power itself. The details of the last war form a sufficient basis for our investigation. It is a notorious fact, that its results would have been far different had not Turkey been put under a political ban,—had she received one word of encouragement from any of the European states,—nay, had not the departure of our ambassadors made her imagine that she was at war at once with three great European powers; and lastly, had not her fleet been destroyed at Navarino. During the campaign of 1828, the armies of Russia were beaten, and chiefly (as the Turks had no force to meet them in the field) from the want of the means of transport. It was in 1829, after she had covered the Black Sea with transports, that she was able to supply her troops with provisions by sea—an event which every one knows could not have happened, had the Turkish fleet been still in existence. Notwithstanding this advantage, such is the innate defect in the organization of her commissariat that her troops were in a wretched condition, and driven to commit excesses in the provinces, which have completely weaned from her the minds of the peasantry there. In spite of the news with which Russia furnished us of her daily victorious progress and the triumphs of her arms,—a false glare with which she thought to disguise her internal weakness,—we well know that she herself despaired of terminating the war with success, and that a Prussian General was dispatched to Constantinople, to negotiate there the least ignominious treaty he could procure for her. It was then that General Diebitsch bethought him of a rapid passage across the Balkan, and of an attack, or rather feint, on Adrianople, from which he hoped to derive only better terms.

The attempt, which was rather a diplomatic than a military manœuvre, was justifiable only from its having succeeded beyond all expectation. Yet the position of Count Diebitsch was eminently critical. Ten thousand Russians alone were effective, while a body of thirty thousand Albanians occupied the mountains, and would have cut them off to a man, had not the treaty come opportunely to rescue them from annihilation. The diplomacy exhibited, while Adrianople was in their hands,

\* Such is the view that the able Member for Westminster, in his work on the Designs of Russia, takes of the consequences of the occupation of Constantinople by that power. It has seldom been our lot to meet with a work which, in the main, followed out its reasonings with such precision. We regret that the gallant Colonel has not since pursued the subject. We would suggest, as a possible cause, that he felt one weak point in his argument. His design was to keep the Russians out of Constantinople, and the way which he proposes must have appeared to his logical mind, on more mature reflection, too chimerical, viz. the creating of a confederation of separate and independent states to oppose the progress of a power so artful in promoting its ensions. He had to learn that the Turkish empire possesses all the elements of political strength and organization within herself, if allowed to develop them; and, in considering that nothing could be proposed to save the East from the grasp of Russia, abandoned the subject in despair. But where the gallant Colonel felt his weakness, there in truth lay his chief strength of argument, and the chief attractions of the question; the nationality and the restoration of Turkey are the very knot that binds together the otherwise divided parts of this great question.



was sufficiently crafty. The inhabitants were daily alarmed by the sounds of drums and fifes, and news came to Constantinople that every day new troops were pouring into the town, consequently that communications were open. No such thing! These were troops marched out by one gate and in by another, after having made the circuit of the town!

How did England behave on this occasion? Our representative at Constantinople, having neglected to inform himself of the true state of things, labored to bring about peace, and effected his object just at a moment when the Porte was awakening from its panic, and prepared to view matters in their true light.\* How Russia rejoiced at this ignorant activity on our part, so opportune for her, we may gather from this incident. Our admiral was at the Dardanelles, watching the motions of the Russian admiral, who every day expected to hear that England had declared war against his government. He was in bed, *indisposed*, when a young lieutenant came to inform him that the preliminaries of peace had been already agreed on. He jumped up in his shirt, and in this plight embraced him.

If the facts of that campaign be not sufficient to show the physical weakness of Russia, shall we adduce the Polish war? How can we reason with men determined not to yield when plain facts are stated to them? But, if we may assume it as proved that Russia, after having had every advantage in her favor—the material assistance of England and France at Navarino—the moral support after, having put forth all her military resources, having terminated just at that time her war with Persia to prevent her forces and attention from being divided by having to cope with two enemies at once,—after all this, if she made such a poor fight,† what shall we say of her physical power? Where then shall we find the secret of the immense influence she exercises in the councils of Europe? Does it not lie in her diplomacy?—in the adroitness with which she avails herself of favoring circumstances?—in her talent for intrigue?—in her unscrupulous use of any means in her power, of delusion and misrepresentation?—in the blindness of those pow-

ers interested in opposing her, who confide in her assurances of moderation and disinterestedness, when, at the very moment, her actions show that she is animated only with an insatiable desire of conquest?

We have only to turn to a few pages of her history, to show that our positions are correct, viz. that her main strength lies in the admirable organization of her diplomacy. Let us see how she turns to account different circumstances in her favor, at the same time setting at defiance any thing like consistency of principle. In our struggle with Napoleon she played between the two rivals, and was aggrandized by both. Her behaviour in the affair of the Greek revolution, and the unscrupulous manner in which she intrigued to acquire a precedent for interference in the internal administration of Turkey, we give in the impressive language of the pamphlet before us.

“Russia creates the Greek insurrection, denounces it to the Porte, and offers to assist in quelling it; then menaces war in consequence of the severe measures taken by the Porte—spreads the revolt by these menaces, publicly notified by the departure of her ambassador, brings about the hostility between Turkey and Christendom, which she deplores, makes herself be entreated by England to enter the alliance, settled by the treaty of July—obtains the important advantages of the convention of Akermann, by renouncing in favor of Turkey, all further interference in the affairs of Greece—is then permitted by her allies to seize that inestimable moment, when Turkey was apparently at the last gasp, for making war, that she might bring about the settlement of the affairs of Greece.”

Still more recently, after advocating liberal opinions with regard to Greece, after menacing Austria in her southern states with propagandism, and infusing into the military colonists of Hungary a desire for innovation, she turns round and puts herself at the head of the parties that oppose change in every country where a struggle between liberal and anti-liberal opinions affords her hopes of being able to agitate; what does she gain by this? Merely spies and partisans every where.\* The Empress Catharine made it a pretext for interfering in the internal arrangements of Poland, that the professors of the Greek religion did not enjoy equal privileges with the Roman Catholics. She deprecated the intolerance, as she states in her manifesto, of this church. The maxim laid down by her is the path in which the present Emperor treads; and yet, in 1830, Russia steps forward to protect the pope,

\* It is an extraordinary fact that, as one of our Ambassadors by precipitately leaving Constantinople brought on the war, so the violent anxiety of another of our representatives for peace prevented the Turks from terminating it successfully.

† Mohammed Ali, after the Turkish war, said, “I thought before that Russia was something; I now perceive that in herself she is contemptible.”

\* Monsieur St. Denis, when French Agent in Greece, declared that he could not write home his real sentiments of Capodistria, as some members in the cabinet were in the habit of sending his letters for Capodistria's inspection.



whom revolutionized France had abandoned, and doubtless with the same benevolent intentions that actuated her (after offering her services to the Porte to quell the Greek insurrection) to become the advocate and protectress of Greece, and to take up arms in her defence.

But let us bring our views nearer home: while coquetting in this country with the conservative party, and professing to be anxious to see those men restored to power who advocated the necessity of the Anglican church being dominant in these united realms, her intrigues have been more than suspected in Ireland with repealers, and those who would overthrow there the church by law established. Were we to mention her intrigues between Mohammed Ali and the Sultan, the numerous schemes she has suggested to the Porte, and betrayed when adopted to the Viceroy of Egypt, this article would swell to a volume.

Let us now turn to her powers of mystification and misrepresentation. Can we forget the answer given to a Pole (quoted in the House of Commons the other night by a noble Lord) who had returned to his native country relying on the promised amnesty. "The amnesty is for Europe, Siberia for you." This reminds us of Capodistria's constitution for Greece, and of the explanation given of it by this double-faced diplomatist, a fitting personification of Russian policy: "This constitution is to satisfy Europe, my will must pass current here." Are further proofs necessary? What can better illustrate this point than the zeal with which her partisans advocate, at Constantinople, and in this country, and in every country of Christendom, the necessity of maintaining strictly the *status quo*. We must inquire what is this *status quo*, and whether it is a *status quo* in sense as well as sound, and how long Russia will be disposed to maintain it. The answer is short. The actual position of Turkey admits of no *status quo*. She cannot remain where she is. If England will step forward and remove the incubus of Russia, she will stand "redeemed, regenerate, and disenthralled." She will require aid but once, and then she will be able to stand alone. But, if England remains inactive, Russia will not—she will go on overturning every impediment: she will go on extinguishing every feeling of nationality which opposes her aims at present, until the Turk in despair yields to his *kismet*, and Constantinople, with its dependencies and the straits, falls without a struggle into the arms of Russia. It is

then that the Russian *status quo* will end. We envy not the situation of the man, whoever he may be, that shall be at the helm of affairs in this country when that crisis shall arrive. We may think that popular feeling may be too strong. He will be made responsible not only for his own want of sagacity and political courage, but also for the accumulated errors of his predecessors in office. Yet popular frenzy will not be disposed to make these allowances; and let it be noticed too, that Russia, by her preparations, shows that she considers the crisis at hand.

But we must examine what are the chances of Russia's being dispossessed of Constantinople when once there. As to the assertion, that when this comes to pass her empire will be dismembered, we hold it to be too theoretical to attempt to reason on the subject. However strong the feelings existing in the Turks, which will favor us in our work of emancipation, we must not expect their co-operation then. This is so ably stated by the writer under review that we give the extract entire, and this passage, drawing a parallel between Turkey and Poland, we consider not the least striking part of the work.

"Here, then, are remarkable contrasts between the facilities of occupying Turkey and Poland.

"In Turkey, there are no religious wars, to call in a moderator; but there are separations of sects, which preclude combination against a possessor. There are no struggles of political principles, to call in an arbiter; but there is absence of all political principle and organization, to resist a possessor. There is no turbulent diet, to paralyse the best measures of defence; but there is a government, so weak as not to be able to defend its empire, and therefore weak enough to become the subservient instrument of its military occupier. There are no reckless serfs, to be restrained by physical force; but there is a nation of small proprietors, whose social habits and domestic virtues make it their first interest to preserve order and tranquillity.

"In Poland, there was a class powerfully rich, and a mass wretchedly poor—extremes which touch revolution on both sides. In Turkey, there is neither great wealth, nor pauperism; but a middle state, too weak to unite from ambition, too well-off to coalesce from desperation. In Poland, these general principles produced individual revolutionary dispositions, ever ready to discover, or even suppose, causes of discontent. In Turkey, the contrary principle produces a docility in the dispositions of each individual, that inclines them not only to submit to wrongs, but to overlook them. In Poland, every man was a Pole—was actuated by the feelings of a Pole—rallied by the cry of country—belonged to Poland. In Turkey, there is no watchword, no country—every man belongs to his village.

"The abuses of Turkey interest no class in their defence; they proceed merely from the faulty administration, and offer the occupying or protecting power means of conciliating universal confidence, by correcting them.

"Turkey is not an inland country, but a maritime country—not surrounded by seas, but bisected by the



sea; its capital cleft into three parts by the sea, its communications intercepted by the sea; and this sea not only commanded by the occupying power, but as exclusively her's as if it were an inland lake."

If we neglect the time when we shall find the Turks our cordial co-operators, shall we, or the other European powers, be the more disposed to sacrifice an ignominious peace for a war, in which the odds will be so fearfully against us, and the contest must be carried on, at great expense, by land, where the blow can now be struck by sea. But our honor will be concerned. Is not our honor concerned now? Is it the interest of England to preserve the Turkish empire? Lord Chatham answered, Yes. If so, must not it be maintained independent? And yet treaties dictated by Russia, and which she knows how to interpret as suits her own views, render the Sultan the vassal of the Emperor, and allow Russia to interfere in the internal regulations of Turkey. This right of interference she uses in a manner that shows that she looks on it only as a stepping-stone to Constantinople. She thereby widens the breach between Mohammed Ali and the Sultan. She forces on the Porte, by the powerful argument "L'Empereur le veut," measures calculated to irritate the minds of the people against their sovereign, or that have a tendency to demoralize and denationalize their intended victims; scattering dissensions with that art so peculiarly her's, either destroying those institutions that form materials for the regeneration of Turkey, or, as is more generally the case, undermining them. She has deeply studied the nature of these institutions, and therefore knows where to attack them. She is well acquainted with the character of the Turks, their feelings, and their trains of thought. She perceives where lies the mainspring of the resistance which prevents her from realizing her views at present on Constantinople. To destroy this resistance, she directs her efforts with a perseverance worthy of a better cause; and this state of rapid, unchecked demoralization, is what Russia is permitted to call *status quo*. Nay, further, she has forced on the Porte an alliance, offensive and defensive, by the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi; which implies that, in case of a rupture, which every one but ourselves perhaps considers unavoidable, Turkey must oppose us, and while allowing a free egress to the Russian fleet, the doors are to be (if the treaty means anything) closed against us. Does not that treaty, in every feature, bear the stamp of an offensive treaty against us?

But if we be disposed to adopt energetic measures, what are our hopes of success? First, the Turks have not as yet lost their feeling of nationality, which was strongly marked in the recent affair of the medals. Nay, their very irritation against the Sultan proclaims this most emphatically.—They are irritated against him, because they see an apparent cordiality existing between him and Russia.\* Apparent, we say, because we know that he sees not the moment when he can throw off the Russian yoke. To England he, as well as his subjects, look, as they looked before, for assistance; and when we knock at the Dardanelles for admittance to emancipate him, will he value treaties forced on him above our friendship? So far from their troops being, as in the last war, raw recruits, their discipline extorts the praises of all travellers who take into account the short time they have been learning. Their finances are in an improved condition, and the benefits of the reforms of the Sultan beginning to show themselves. The provinces are by no means disposed, as before, to receive the Russians as friends. They have seen them too near, and know that their only hope is in the Sultan's maintaining his ground at Constantinople. The Bulgarians and Armenians were well disposed towards the Russians in the last war. They were forcibly carried off with the army to Russia. They contrived to return, having learned, by contrast, the advantages they enjoyed under what they now call the mild rule of the Sultan. The Sultan has gained "golden opinions" from all the bodies of rayahs.

While thus the Sultan has acquired material strength since the war, has Russia been progressing? Are her finances in better order? Is her commissariat improved? Is speculation done away with? Has the propensity to thieving, which runs in the blood of every Russian *employé*, from the highest minister, down to the lowest public drudge, been eradicated? That her military organization is no way improved, the results of the winter campaign in the Caucasus demonstrate. For forty years the Russians have endeavored to subdue this independent and high spirited population. At last, seeing a crisis at hand, and determined to get rid of this thorn in her side, she made mighty preparations. Every one foreboded the ex-

\* It was this feeling that aided Ibrahim Pashà in Asia Minor. Ibrahim Pashà gave out that he meant to march to Moscow, and thus gained partisans. We have heard this ourselves from the mouths of peasants who espoused Ibrahim Pashà's cause.



termination of the Circassians; and yet what was the issue? The Russians are foiled; and the Kuban river still forms, as before, the boundary line, which a Russian cannot pass without exposing himself to the shot, the sabre, the rifle, or the arrow: and yet this fine people Russia unblushingly tells Europe is dependent on her.—Will not these people become our auxiliaries? But if we look more deeply, we shall find among her subdued vassals her most dangerous foes. The Crimean Tartars and other people about the Black Sea are wearied of Russian tyranny; Bessarabia knows too well what Russian thralldom is; the Georgians have repeatedly revolted against Russia, and are not less disposed to do so now. In fine, in what country that she has subdued is her tenure any thing but precarious, as long as the Black Sea is open and they can co-operate with the enemies of Russian aggrandisement.

Shall we forego these advantages? When Russia has succeeded in closing this sea against us, we shall see cause to repent our apathy: it will be then too late. But while it is open we have but to speak the word; her own subjects will rise up, and, in the struggle for their own independence, will fight our battles. Nay, her very soldiery, into whom she has so carefully instilled the desire of conquest, whom she has taught to sigh for the possession of Constantinople, will turn their arms against her, when they see the prospect of soon realizing their fondest hopes vanish. Her empire will be convulsed from one extremity to the other; and the tide of desolation, with which she at present threatens civilized Europe, will be rolled back upon herself.

Such are the elements that exist in our favor: how then turn them to our account? how bring them into active operation? Are we called on to make great sacrifices and gigantic efforts, such as we made during our last war? Must we subsidize all the potentates, both great and small, in Europe and Asia? Must we send into the field mighty armies? Must we entail on posterity the ruinous consequences of a hard-fought struggle? Be it remembered, that we have not to cope with Napoleon, leading on the military people of France, but with a state which has been worsted, or nearly so, whenever engaged in the field, even with her feeblest neighbors, and which owes her success to delusion. It will cost us but one blow. And where is this blow to be struck? Is it not where Russia herself shows us, both by her words

and actions, that she feels her weakness—that she is vulnerable.

"The Bosphorus is closed," says Nicholas, in his manifesto, 26th of April, 1828; "our commerce is annihilated." The declaration of war continues:—"The ruin of the Russian towns, that owe their existence to this commerce, becomes imminent, and the meridional provinces of the states of the Emperor lose the only outlet for their produce—the only maritime communication which can, in facilitating exchange, cause labor to fructify, and bear industry and riches."

And, as if fearful of still leaving us in the dark, Russia indicates the peculiarly vital point. She prepares a fleet in the Black Sea, and is fortifying *Sevastopol*. This is the tendon Achilles of the northern Colossus. We must, then, send an efficient naval force into the Black Sea, clear it of the Russian ships, and attack this vulnerable point. This will cost us less than years of demonstration, which have proved worse than fruitless—have rendered us ridiculous.

By this decided course we shall once more regain our character; and, while curbing the aggressive ambition of Russia, we shall once more call forth the plaudits of emancipated Europe. We have one objection to answer:—Will not France oppose us? We are aware that her government may intrigue, and have a secret understanding with Russia, while we are vacillating and undecided. But will the French people endure that we should *alone* be the regenerators of Poland, and the vindicators of European independence? Will Austria side willingly with our enemy? One has only to cast one's eyes on the map, and look at her Gallician and Slavonian territories, to see how much she is interested in the humiliation of Russia.

In fine, let England put this question to herself:—Are her interests, involved in the solution of this question, of sufficient importance to justify a war? The answer must be decidedly in the affirmative. If so, there can be no question as to the time and scene of action. Not a shadow of doubt can remain on the mind of any one acquainted with the subject, that an English fleet in the Black Sea, and the destruction of *Sevastopol*, would put it out of the power of Russia to injure us where alone she can injure us, viz.: by the subjugation of Turkey, and the possession of the Dardanelles, and would, in all probability, lead to the dismemberment of her own empire. If so, will she risk the consequences? We answer, No. Let Russia see that we feel our own strength—that we know the secret of her weakness—and we



shall not find her so very intractable. Russia is the political sphynx; she propounds an enigma to Europe; until it be solved, she devastates and devours. The riddle once read, she destroys herself.

- ART. X.—1. *Catalogue des Coleoptères de la Collection de M. le Comte De Jean.* 1—3 Livraisons. Paris, 1833-34. 8vo.
2. *Genera et Species Curculionidum, cum Synonymia hujus Familiae, a C. A. Schoenherr. Species Novæ aut hactenus minus cognitæ, descriptionibus a Dom. Leonardo Gyllenhal, C. H. Boheman, et Entomologis aliis, illustratæ.* Tom. 1, P. I. et II.; Tom. 2, P. I. et II. Paris, 1833-34. 8vo.
3. *Jahrbücher der Insektenkunde, mit besonderer Rücksicht auf die Sammlung im Königlichen Museum zu Berlin.* Herausgegeben von Dr. F. Klug. Erster Band, mit 2 illuminirten Kupfertafeln. Berlin, 1834. 8vo.
4. *Hymenopterorum Ichneumonibus affinium Monographiæ, Genera Europæa et Species illustrantes.* Scripsit C. G. Nees ab Esenbeck, Dr. 2 Tom. Stuttgart, 1833-34.
5. *Die Wanzenartigen Insekten, getreu nach der Natur abgebildet und beschrieben,* von Dr. C. W. Hahn. 1 ter Bd. 6 Heft. 2r Bd. 4 Heft. Nürnberg, 1833-34.
6. *Histoire Naturelle des Insectes.—Diptères,* par M. Macquart. Tom. 1r. accompagné de Planches. Paris, 1834.
7. *Abbildungen zur Berichtigung und Ergänzung der Schmetterlingskunde, besonders der Microlepidopterologie, als Supplement zu Treitschke's und Hübner's Europäischen Schmetterlingen, mit erläuterndem Text.* Herausgegeben von J. E. Fischer. 2tes Heft. Leipzig.
8. *Delectus Animalium Articulatorum, quæ in itinere per Brasiliam, annis 1817-20, jussu et auspiciis Maximiliani Josephi I. Bav. Reg. August. peracto Collegerunt Dr. J. B. de Spix et Dr. C. F. Ph. de Martius.* Digessit, descripsit, pingenda curavit, Dr. Max. Perty. Fasciculus III. cum 16 tabulis. Monachii, 1830.

THE last fifteen or twenty years have done much for the science of Entomology, in its nomenclature, in the addition of species of insects, and in their systematic ar-

rangement, and more than this, combined in rendering it a favorite and popular science, by the dispersion of prejudice and the diffusion of taste for the investigation of objects so replete with all that can prove attractive. We much wonder that it was so long neglected, and not equally cultivated with its sister science Botany, over which it possesses innumerable advantages, although not in so direct an application to the necessities and comforts of man, to which it however contributes very largely; but in that development of intellect resulting from its due cultivation, and the very effective arguments it adduces in support of the doctrines of natural theology. It had long to contend against the repugnance produced by either the form or habits of some of its individuals; but surely that mind must be very feeble which allows itself to be influenced by such considerations. Is any thing, we would ask, that proceeds from the hands of the great Creator too insignificant for man to investigate? A moment's reflection will apprise us that the most minute insect must necessarily be as fully perfected in its structure, in its wonderful apparatus of nerves, muscles, respiratory organs, and organs of the senses, and all their functions, and its system of circulation, (proved by recent discoveries,) as the largest, and, according to its rank in nature, the most gigantic animal, over which it possesses an infinite superiority of muscular strength; and, when we find that there are insects scarcely discoverable without a lens, must we not exclaim with wonder and admiration at the stupendous power evinced in their construction? and should not this stimulate us to learn as much as we can concerning these miracles, that we may be better able to appreciate the marvelous power displayed in their creation, although we can scarcely hope to arrive at the perfect comprehension of their least attributes, the complexity of their organization, when even most simple, the multiplicity of their instincts, the quality of those instincts, and their very powerful agency in supporting the universal equilibrium of nature? Who then is bold enough to say, even to what his arrogance and assumption have dared to style a contemptible insect, "Thou art beneath my notice," when he feels that the pigmy might reply, "Thou, with all thy boasted superiority, dost not comprehend me?" Humility is the crown of humanity, and let us follow the words of Solomon and learn wisdom from the ant.

The inducements to the study of natu-



ral history in general are too multifarious to be dwelt on here: among the strongest in favor of entomology is its exhaustlessness and the vigor thence derived to the faculties, and that mental equanimity and suavity of temper, the necessary concomitants of health, produced by exercise in the air; for when we speak of the study of entomology, we would be understood as pursuing it chiefly in the fields, for there alone is that most desirable portion of our knowledge to be culled which refers to the instincts and habits of the creatures.

The objects of the science appear to comprise, 1st. A systematic knowledge of the species and their subdivision into genera and all the superior combinations it may be thence desirable to form; and, 2dly, the history of each species, which contains the details of its metamorphoses, anatomy, habits, economy, instinct, and mode of propagation. One result of this knowledge will be the power of applying them to our uses when thus available, or of curbing the injuries inflicted by them, by teaching us to restrain their diffusion; another and more important result is the instruction it instils of the subserviency of each individual to the good of all, and of their mutual and relative dependency, thus presenting a splendid view of the universal harmony of nature, and thereby inculcating the bounteous benevolence which devised the scheme, and which has so consolidated the laws that regulate it, that we can see in it nothing less than the eternal presidency of an omniscient and omnipotent Providence. The study, therefore, of this science, and of nature generally, has as evidently moral and religious tendencies, as it is intellectual and economical.

The knowledge of species being thus evidently the basis of the science, it is important that their differences should be philosophically characterized, and the character also clearly determined, which group them, apparently naturally, into genera; and these likewise should be as obvious and perceptible as it is possible to make them. The generic character will therefore be a table of resemblances for the group beneath it, and of differences for all collateral groups, and consequently cannot truly admit of sections and subdivisions, which are merely aids for the more ready determination of an individual. The same axiom applies to all the several branches into which the class may ramify; the aggregate of character necessarily diminishing the closer we approach the stem, so that it is perfectly immaterial

how numerous these consecutive divisions may be, or what may be their names. But species being the final subdivision of organic conformation, for varieties are mere contingencies which obey no law, it follows that the foundation of the science consists of species, the knowledge of which includes the whole learning of the science. It was reasoning thus, that Linnaeus in Botany, and Fabricius after him, applying it to entomology, severally laid down this maxim: "*Quo plures entomologus noverit insectorum species, eo ceteris paribus etiam præstantior erit, quum omnis vera cognitio humanæ cognitione specierum nitatur,*" and the importance of an extensive acquaintance with species is shown by each containing within itself, in regular synthetical progression, every definition which analysis has previously framed for the systematic distribution of the series.

This proves its value were the systema thus logically constructed, and each collateral division, bearing the same name, of equivalent value; but, as we find that Nature will burst through every bodice we endeavor to invest her with, for none hitherto framed has been found to fit her, it becomes still more apparent that a profound knowledge of species is indispensable, as they even vary in structure, which is a character that should always be generic, whether it be sexual or common; but which rule entomologists have been hitherto, perhaps, too modest to adopt, when such an anomalous genus contains but few species; but which, as these increase, and every day contributes to this effect, it will be found important to have recourse to. Robineau Desvoidy, in his "*Essai sur les Myodaires,*" is the only instance present to our minds, who has proceeded upon this principle. The specific character will therefore necessarily be important to attend to; it is a detail of the trivial differences *inter se*, and thus may be adapted to suit present purposes, and can be reconstructed and altered, if rendered desirable by the accession of new species.

But the specific description, if the species is to be permanent and not liable to the casualties of mistake or insufficiency, should absolutely contain every thing in the fullest possible description of the external appearance of the insect which is not common to its congeners, and which, consequently, has not already entered into any of the definitions of the superior subdivisions, for they can never be founded upon characters liable to vary, which



will necessarily remain merely specific. The latitude which these may be allowed to take without affecting the identity of the species, must be left to the experience of the monographer; as there are many instances wherein extreme varieties have been considered species, until further information and a series of individuals have proved them to be identical. This shows the importance to be attached also to a familiar acquaintance with varieties. Such a full and detailed specific description is not always required for immediate use, for which frequently much less would suffice, but to meet the possibility of future contingencies from the discovery of new insects; and the utility of an ample description is evinced by the doubt attached to the identity of many insects described by Linnaeus, Fabricius, and still later writers, from the error of not taking this comprehensive view of the probability of future discoveries. It is also more philosophical and truly scientific that every thing that will bear record should be inscribed and entered in the registers of the science.

It is therefore to the monographer that we must look for really profound and satisfactory information; but we fear it will be very long before all the requisitions for a good monograph, as stated by Godet, will be answered. Indeed, the difficulties which surround it are, we may almost say, insuperable; and it will not be until they are overcome that we can boast of possessing a complete natural history of insects. But it is progressing; and the fundamental knowledge of species is a great step towards it. If we complain of the paucity of information upon the natural history of insects, it refers comparatively to the hosts of insects, of the manners of which we as yet know nothing; and it will be possibly very long before we arrive at any clear knowledge upon them beyond their mere arrangement.—But the works we do possess upon the subject are admirable in execution. Systematic collocation gives us nothing decided upon the analogies of instinct; we cannot draw inferences from such premises, which is clearly attested by Huber's "*Observations sur les Fourmis*"—the species of the same genus differing very considerably in economy, and, consequently, in the instincts which regulate it. We will admit that structure is sometimes a tolerable guide, leading through function to habits, economy, and instinct, whence we deduce general analogies; but it cannot be depended upon in reasoning

upon particulars. Unfortunately, in this science, the minuteness of the individuals, and their delicacy of organization, place great difficulties in the way of physiological investigation, the results of which, consequently, we fear, are but rude approximations in lieu of positive facts.—The entomologist must be encouraged to the observation of facts, for all natural science is wholly dependent upon them. How infinitely more attractive and instructive are the labors and writings of Reaumur, Bonnet, the Hubers, Sprengel, and De Geer, as connecting the former with the following, viz. Swammerdam, Lyonnet, Herold, &c. &c., than those of the most ingenious systematist, howsoever refined his theory!—and these are the examples to emulate. We admit that they could not dispense with system; or where they unadvisedly endeavored to do so, the world has lost the advantage of their observations. But, we would ask, where does Botany stand in comparison with Entomology? In the little we do possess upon this subject, where does it present us with such a pleasing and attractive generalization as we possess in the first two volumes of the charming "*Introduction to Entomology*" by Kirby and Spence? We would advise all railers against Entomology to read those volumes before they again utter an opinion upon the subject; and, should that perusal fail to make converts of them, it will at least have the merit of divesting them of their prejudices, and we think they will admit that the time thus occupied has not been lost.

It seems hopeless to endeavor to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion relative to the probable number of the species of insects spread over the earth. Various calculations have been made, the discrepancies of which are perfectly ludicrous, if we view them without reference to the circumstances and data whence they were deduced. It appears plausible to argue from the materials in hand, namely, from any assiduously elaborated Fauna upon the relative numbers of the different orders;—for some, the Coleoptera and Lepidoptera have been very generally the favorites, and consequently more carefully and universally collected than either of the other orders; but still the result will be far from conclusive, for such a Fauna will necessarily be of a country seated within the temperate zones; and to conclude thence upon the relative numbers of the orders within the tropical regions, and of countries so dif-



ferently circumstanced both in climate and geological structure, is merely to hazard conjectures without the least hope of even an approximation to the truth. The data whence they must proceed are exceedingly incorrect; for the number of the two orders which should form the basis of the calculation have not, in those regions, been yet so nearly ascertained as to enable us to form a clear idea, the minute species having been hitherto very much neglected. It has been generally supposed that small insects are rare within the tropics and tropical climates, from their seldom being sent to Europe. That the reverse of this is closer to the truth, is clearly shown by a fact mentioned by Reich, who says that he commissioned two friends, one residing at Rio Janeiro, and the other at Buenos Ayres, to collect all the minute Coleoptera they could find, and that, in consequence, he received from the latter place a four-ounce bottle filled with spirits, which contained 1200 minute insects, among which there were 116 new species—and from Rio a very small box, holding 216 impaled beetles, comprising 102 species, almost all of which were new and unknown—and from the same locality a half-ounce pill-box, which held 621 loose insects consisting of more than 100 new species as small as any found in our more northern countries. It must be remarked, that in both instances, they were collected at a very unpropitious time of the year, in the course of a few days, within a limited space, merely as specimens to ascertain if they were what the European friend desired; whence it is easy to conclude that they were not captured by Entomologists, who would necessarily have been aware of the interest attached to what they sent, and consequently, as well as knowing better where to seek, they would, in the same space and time, have caught probably five times as many. We may therefore consider, that minute species are as abundant in proportion to the larger ones within the tropics as they are in the colder regions; and if so in the Coleoptera, why not in the Lepidoptera, and then in their parasites, the pupivorous Hymenoptera and the parasitical Hymenoptera in general, which we know to be almost innumerable in Europe and in our own country, from the hosts already described by Gravenhorst, Nees, and our two able and assiduous compatriots, Messrs. Walker and Halliday? The Diptera also will necessarily abound. Looking thence to the other orders, we do not feel so much

astonished at the calculation made by Reich, who estimates the number of the species of insects at possibly a million. This multitude seems vast; but compare it with the number of individuals of a single species frequently observed; the myriads of minute gnats occasionally seen sporting over pools and under trees; the infinite hosts of ephemera that by myriads of millions emerge, at a certain season of the year, from some of the rivers of France, as described by Reaumur; the clouds of locusts, which even intercept the rays of the sun, and devastate whole provinces, and in the course of a few hours transform a smiling and fertile country into a wild waste and desert, threatening its whole population with famine; the innumerable plant-lice which desolate our hop-grounds, and their enemies the lady-birds, which have been taken up by pail-fuls upon our coasts, and have completely covered the ocean at some distance from land; and the number of the inhabitants found in the beehive, the ant-hill, and the white ants' nest. If nature, in frequent instances, has rendered species thus prolific in individuals for peculiar purposes, can we rationally doubt her capacity of being equally fruitful in the production of species, when we take into consideration the important variety of their functions, and the very varied nature of soil and temperature, of heat, combined with humidity and dryness, and the dissimilitude of organization resulting from these differences of combination; and when we reflect that in our own country every day almost adds to our indigenous tribes, although they have been assiduously collected for many years past,—a million therefore appears to us to be no exaggerated calculation of their probable number.

The geographical and local distribution, also, are points to which very considerable interest attaches, the former being indicative of the effects of climate and temperature upon form, as well as showing how widely Nature spreads some for certain purposes; whereas she adopts the use of analogical form and structure in other instances; clearly showing, by this variety, that a difference of function is required where we do not perceive even a modification of its action; whereas their local distribution is evidently very intimately connected with their instinct and economy—in fact, wholly influenced by them. The science possesses some very valuable but partial contributions to both. It is



merely necessary to indicate Klug's description of some insects from Java; M'Leay and Horsfield's *Annulosa Javanica*; Savigny's admirable plates to the large work on Egypt, which, if we possessed the descriptions to the figures, would not be surpassed in the annals of entomology; Palissot de Beauvois' *Insectes Récueillis en Afrique et Amerique*; No. 8, at the head of this article, viz. Spix and Martius' *Delectus Animalium Articulorum*, of which we shall speak below; and, as an example of assiduity and labor, display the riches of the *Fauna Insectorum* of a single country, we should look in vain for a more valuable one than is to be found in Stephens' "*Illustrations of British Entomology*," which has just completed the two orders of Coleoptera and Lepidoptera.

Our systems are essentially artificial, and must long remain so; but this is very immaterial if they facilitate the ready recognition of described species. The value of a system in the present state of our knowledge must be limited to that object, that there may be no difficulty or error in recording, in connection with the identical species, whatsoever observations—whether anatomical, physiological or economical—may have been made upon it. A true natural system must be founded upon such a mass of knowledge that we can never hope thoroughly to possess it; for even when we shall have arrived at an intimate acquaintance with their external and internal organization, much still remains to be done. Something may be contributed by analogy, but which it is not safe to trust to until fully confirmed; for Nature is frequently apparently eccentric, from the impossibility of our arriving at correct conclusions as to the relative effects of the complicated combinations of organization, and their mutual dependence upon the instincts and habits of the creatures. Indeed, in those systems which are most profuse in their professions of adhering to nature, we remark the strange incongruity of no value being given to instinct; and that creatures with instincts limited to self-preservation and the propagation of the species, assume an undue superiority, from the mere circumstance of having an organ or two more elaborately constructed in the mouth, over such as possess a highly developed instinct, and live in a peculiarly organized social state, which necessarily implies the power of communicating ideas and a certain degree of ratiocination.

It is here perhaps the most convenient place to take a cursory notice of the doctrine of circular affinities, intended to su-

persede, as more natural, the older one of linear gradation, in the distribution of organized beings. Mr. M'Leay, the celebrated author of this system, conceives that the arrangement must be made in a series of circles, each composed of five groups, which are the affinities, and the corresponding groups of the approximate circles the analogies of organization; and by this means the whole series of created beings are linked together in closer connection than by any other mode of distribution. The idea is exceedingly attractive; but though it apparently in some instances fulfils our expectations, yet in others the distortions are so palpable, that we are surprised that the learned author himself seriously adopted it. The different combinations and structure of organs very distinctly produce a reticulation of relations; but to circumscribe Nature within a circle, and that circle composed merely of five members, is to straiten her capacity too closely; for she, to use the words of Huber, "*a varié a l'infini ses combinaisons*." The most obvious mischief produced by the promulgation of such doctrines is to withdraw ardent and enthusiastic minds from the laborious and steady observation of nature—from which alone we can derive true knowledge—to the pursuit of a phantom, which, when overtaken, melts in our arms.

In connection with our observations upon system, we may here remark upon the apparently ambiguous division of genera, with respect to the number of species they contain, and which scarcely accords with the precision and steady progression of nature, and is, perhaps, strong presumptive evidence of all but specific separation being unnatural. It may possibly be argued that their function in the universal economy requires it, from nature varying her usual mode of making a species excessively prolific where she requires a more powerful action; and to that effect, which only a certain organization can produce, she is limited, by causes which we are unable to investigate, in her power of executing by means of one agent, and consequently has recourse to several species to enable her to perform what, in other cases, under different circumstances, she can do by means of one alone; but this, although the best reason which occurs to us, is very vague and far from satisfactory.

The progress of Entomology has been accelerated chiefly by the revision of the systematic arrangement, and its improved distribution into families, by the vast ad-



dition of species constantly making, and the many valuable monographs with which the science has been enriched. It is utterly impossible that we should here enumerate the multiplicity of works that have been published upon the subject. Those of Latreille, whom the science has so recently lost, will always necessarily rank pre-eminent among them. It was, doubtless, by the impulse given by his labors, that the science has advanced to its present state of comparative perfection. He was the first who indicated the distribution of insects into families, in his '*Precis des Caracteres Generiques*,' from which time, in each subsequent work, he has progressively remodified and improved it, up to the publication of his '*Familles Naturelles*,' in 1825. His portion of the second edition of Cuvier's '*Regne Animal*,' published in 1829, presents us with the best general synopsis of the science, up to the date of its publication, that we yet possess. The science will long deplore the loss of Illiger and Leach, whose early labors gave such earnest of future valuable service. We must not omit to notice among the benefactors of the science, our venerable Kirby, and that joint labor of love, his and Spence's '*Introduction to Entomology*,' which, perhaps, more than any other work ever published, has tended to make votaries to its study. M'Leay's name, also, will necessarily occur, to whom, if even his theories are not adopted, we must feel grateful for the utility of his practical labors. We must not, either, omit mentioning Gravenhorst, for the sake of his labors upon the Staphylinidæ, and his great work, the '*Ichneumonologia Europæa*,' which he had in progress for twenty-five years, and which contains 2914 8vo. pages, and the description and scientific arrangement of 1288 insects of a tribe, the impracticable nature of which was previously insurmountable to every individual who attempted them. Nor must we forget Meigen for his systematic description of the European Diptera, which cost him fourteen years' labor. In its anatomical and physiological departments, the labors of Straus-Durckheim, Chabrier, Leon Dufour, Audouin, Marcel de Serres, Carus, Treviranus, Müller, Suckow, and a multitude of others, dispersed throughout the numerous periodicals and transactions of the various scientific societies, have done much to illustrate the subject. We must allude to this distribution of the labors of entomologists as a great evil to the science, and a great obstacle to its progress. It would be easy

to suggest a mode for concentrating them, but difficult of adoption. From this dispersion of the materials, the detail of what has been done in the science up to the present moment is scarcely accessible to any but entomologists by profession, or to those whose leisure and purses will bear a vast expenditure of time and money, and even then, it will exact a degree of labor which individuals thus favorably circumstanced feel but little inclined to bestow upon what they treat chiefly as an amusement.

In adverting to the progress of entomology, we may here take notice of the works which stand at the head of this article. The first, '*Catalogue des Coleoptères de la Collection de M. le Comte De Jean*,' is certainly the most extensive list extant, and his description of them, which is to be contained in his '*Species Generale*,' should it ever be finished, will comprise the most numerous series of specific description ever published in one work. The five volumes already published, and which commenced ten years ago, in 1825, proceed only through half of the first livraison of the Catalogue, it is therefore almost hopeless to expect that it will be ever finished. The contents of his Collection in this order alone is estimated at 25,000 species, the richest perhaps in the known world, unless we may except that of the Berlin Museum, to which we shall have occasion to allude below, the numbers of which have not been announced. The third livraison, which is all yet published of the Catalogue, extends about half way through the Curculionites, and we may expect two more to complete the book. In alluding to the works of the Comte De Jean, we cannot forbear taking this opportunity of observing upon the very wilful neglect they evince of the due notice of those of others. If the law of priority be not rescinded, a multitude of both his genera and species stand the very unenviable chance of falling merely into the synonymy of the science, and will thus perpetuate his idleness and carelessness. It is the first duty of a describer, both to himself and others, to ascertain whether he has been preceded. He should seek far and wide, and ought not to commence his undertaking until he is fully certain that he has not been anticipated. The contrary course is very baneful to the best interests of the science, by creating confusion and doubt.

The second work upon our list, the Continuation of Schoenherr's '*Synonymia Insectorum*,' contains the first two vo-



lumes of the "Genera et Species Curculionidum." This is one of the most valuable additions made to the science within the last few years. Its mode of publication, also, is exemplary, for, within two years, two volumes, each containing two parts, have been produced. The notice we can here give of it is much less than is due to its merits, not the least of which is reducing to order the chaos which this tribe previously constituted. He has had the valuable assistance of Gyllenhal (one of the most philosophical describers,) in the description of the majority of the species. We think we perceive a defect in it, which is the omission of the size of the insects. Two more volumes will complete this tribe, when we hope to give it the extent of notice which is its due.

Our third work is by the veteran Klug, and which he modestly calls the "Jahrbücher der Insektenkunde," tom. 1: Annals of Entomology, vol. 1. It is a work intended to be annual, should it meet with encouragement, in which it surely cannot fail, if duly appreciated. It is undertaken in direct reference to the collection of the Royal Museum at Berlin. Its object is to indicate the described species contained therein, and to describe such as are new. It is divided into seven heads. The 1st contains a view of the *Cicindeletæ*, to which numerous new species are added. The 2d, a first portion of the *Carabici*, extending as far as the genus *Ozæna*, and a continuation is promised; in this part he adds, as a new genus, *Schidonychus*, between *Ctenodactyla* and *Trichis*; he places *Mormolyce* between *Drypta* and *Agra*; and describes another new genus after *Ozæna*, which he calls *Miscelus*. The 3d part is a survey of the *Histeroides*, in the collection by Dr. Erickson, already advantageously known to the Entomological public by his "Genera Dytiscorum." The Histers are divided according to the retraction of the head within the thorax. He introduces, as new genera, *Plæsius*, *Placodes*, *Cypturus*, and *Pachylopus*. The 4th division is a supplement to the species of the genus *Megalopus*, contained in Klug's "Monographien." The 5th, a survey of the *Tenthredinetæ* of the collection, and, besides many new species, he adds three new genera, namely, *Plagiocera* after *Cimber*, *Blasticotoma* after *Hylotoma*, and *Cephlocera* between the latter and *Athalia*: a continuation is promised. The 6th part contains a list of the hermaphrodite insects of the collection, and the 7th is the literature of the science, and is to consist

of a short notice of the Entomological works produced during the intervals of its publication. Two plates embellish the book, they are beautifully colored and executed, and contain thirteen species of *Coleoptera* and six *Tenthredenidæ*. Among the former is the male of *Platyphile pallida*, the insect which has caused so much discussion, and of which a figure was never before published. We wish this work every success, for it is, doubtless, a valuable addition to the literature of the science.

Our fourth work is Nees ab Esenbeck's "Hymenopterorum Ichneumonibus affinium Monographiæ," in two vols. 8vo. It contains descriptions of the genera and species of 735 parasitic European hymenoptera, embracing most of the *Ichneumones minuti* of Linnæus. It is to be regretted that he was unacquainted with the labors of Walker and Halliday, who have done so much in illustration of these minute but beautiful and interesting tribes. But he has added in a supplement a few of the genera and species described by Westwood. It is a well executed work, and will prove very useful. Hahn's work upon the *Cimicidæ* is neatly executed, and gives faithful figures of the insects as well as Fischer's *Microlepidopterologie*, which is intended to depict all the minute *Lepidoptera*. To Macquart's work on the *Diptera* we shall allude by and by. And the last upon our list, Spix and Martius' *Deductus Animalium Articulatorum* is a splendid work, expensively got up, which will necessarily much abridge its range and utility, as it will be found but in few hands. It contains figures not always so well executed as a work of this class would justify us in expecting of all the insects caught by them in their travels in the Brazils. The species are described by Perty, who has established a number of new Genera.

The progress of Entomology appears thus to be rapidly advancing, and its prospects are equally cheering. The great want of a compendious system is extensively felt, and we may congratulate our neighbors in France, upon the happy idea which has given birth to a work entitled "Suites à Buffon," but which, from its not being exclusively entomological, will be long in progress. It is a *resumé* of all that has been done upon the subject up to the period of publication, that is to say, if they will but adopt the principle of making themselves acquainted with all that any but their compatriots have been about, the neglect of which is a vice but too prevalent among them. The work alluded to



will consist of a series of volumes upon the several orders, showing the families and genera into which they have been classed, and describing some of the most remarkable species. The names advertised as engaged in it speak strongly in its favor, for there is De Jean, for the Coleoptera, Audinet Serville for the Orthoptera, Neuroptera, and Hemiptera, Le Peletier de St. Farjeau for the Hymenoptera, Boisduval for the Lepidoptera, Macquart for the Diptera, and Walckenaer for the Arachnida, and Apta; and that portion which we have seen, viz. the first volume of Macquart, which contains the Diptera as far as the inclusion of the family of Syrphidæ, is a favorable specimen of its mode of execution, and of its cheapness, but we have no clue as to the number of volumes it is likely to comprise, but which we judge will be numerous. Among the Germans, also, we find that a work is promised comprising a systematic description of Insects, Burmeister's "Handbuch der Entomologie," which, if continued equal in execution to its first volume, containing the "Allgemeine," or General Entomology, already before the public (and of which we observe an English translation to be in the course of publication) will satisfy our most earnest expectations; and this we may reasonably conclude will be the case, from the well known character and profound science of its author. At home also we are not idle, there is Mr. Swainson's forthcoming work in Lardner's Cyclopædia, wherein we shall have the full development of the peculiar views of a professed disciple of the M'Leayean school, and the system arranged according to its supposed circular and quinary affinities. All this promises fair; it shows that there are laborers in the field anxious and willing to meet the wants of the community, and not wholly absorbed in the endeavor to establish a reputation by the facile construction of insulated genera and the description of vagrant species, but who willingly and zealously apply their powers to the elucidation of a family, a tribe, or an order, or even undertake what requires a still greater grasp of mind—the illustration of the whole system. But we must yet observe upon a serious deficiency, that is, a perfectly elementary work, which shall be so pleasing and popular in its execution as to lead the uninitiated by agreeable steps sufficiently far into the maze of system, that, by the time it quits them, they shall have imbibed a strong taste for the further prosecution of the science, and sufficient thereof to enable them easily to follow the clue ready to guide them in its

meanderings, and thus induce them to exercise their own abilities in the further acquirement of information, and its concomitant, the power of bestowing it.

We must not omit observing upon the importance of treating this science in the vernacular idiom. In fact, we feel convinced that, had it been earlier taught through this medium, it would have made much greater progress, one chief cause of its greater advance in France and Germany. The whole of Latreille's works, with the exception of his "Genera Crustaceorum," are in French. Olivier's two great works, his "Entomologie," and the entomological portion of the *Encyclopédie Methodique*, as well as the continuation of it by Latreille, St. Fargeau and Serville, are also in French, in which language De Jean's great work the "Species Generale," is likewise written. Klug's series of papers upon the Tenthredinidæ are in German, Meigen's European Diptera is also in German. The majority of national and local Faunæ are in the language of their country, but it is needless to multiply instances. It is to the circumstance of being thus cultivated that the advance of Botany may be chiefly attributed. The fewer difficulties placed in the way of the student the better; he has sufficient to overcome in his repugnance to the technical terms, without additional obstacles to thwart him.

The institution of the Entomological Society of France and its valuable contribution of papers in its "Annales," and that of the Entomological Society of London, which threatens to rival its elder sister, by the aspect it assumes, and the durable and solid foundation it has already become fixed upon—for at every monthly meeting it continues to add to its members, and the papers read at those meetings prove that they are in earnest in their association for the real cultivation of the science—are favorable signs. Their impulses, and the respect beginning to be paid to the science by the British and Continental General Scientific Associations, must necessarily impart a greater degree of interest to it, and tend to disseminate its cultivation. As collateral with the prospects derivable to the science from the establishment of the London Entomological Society, we must take notice of its president's very liberal devotion of every Thursday, between the hours of eleven and four, to the reception of Entomologists at his museum, where the inspection and study of perhaps the most extensive collection of insects in the country is open to them. It is scarcely neces-



sary to allude to the advantages offered to Entomologists, by this act of munificence, but it was perhaps to be expected from his known zeal, that its impulse would prompt him to so great a personal sacrifice for the benefit of his compatriots, when we reflect that no foreign work is published to which his extensive cabinet has not contributed important additions, and no native publication upon the subject produced, to which he is not a liberal subscriber. In conjunction with this we may mention the late president's generous and considerate offer of the use, to members of the society, of any work in his magnificent entomological library, which is known to be the richest in the country; for every modern publication upon this science is to be found in it; and where but very few even of the more obsolete and less serviceable, are deficient. The use of books is as indispensable to this study as the investigation of insects, and we may consequently appreciate an offer, the advantages of which are so apparent, and this gentleman's well-known urbanity and courtesy, to which every one who has had the agreeable opportunity of personal intercourse, will bear spontaneous and ample testimony, will greatly facilitate the ready access of even its most modest and retiring member. The collections of the British Museum, both indigenous and exotic, each rich in all the orders, is open to the student, (which is not sufficiently extensively known,) on Tuesdays and Thursdays, under certain necessary restrictions, but without any difficulty of admittance, by merely asking for the curator of that department, M. Samouelle.

The metropolis is thus seen to possess a multiplicity of advantages, which necessarily increase upon the formation of entomological acquaintances, by opening innumerable private, native, and foreign collections to the inspection of the student.

The prospects of the science are therefore very gratifying, for, even although the majority of Entomologists are satisfied with the less ambitious title of collectors, there are others among them ready and willing to undertake the scientific application of their assiduity to more general uses.

WE often feel tempted to institute a comparison between the artists and literati of our own and those of past times, especially of that remarkable period which witnessed, or immediately followed, the revival of letters. When this is done, it is perhaps really good judges only that can appreciate the superiority in genius of the latter over the former—of a Raffaello and Dante over—but to be personal amongst the living is invidious. We leave, therefore, to the selection of the reader the modern painter and poet whose inferiority to Raffaello and Dante he chooses to commemorate. But the wonderful general superiority, in extent and variety of information, of the distinguished men of those earlier ages over their modern rivals, must be evident to the meanest capacity; and then their immense accumulation of knowledge appears the more marvellous, when we reflect that the times of which we speak boasted no royal or rail-roads to learning—no Hamiltonian modes of mastering the most difficult language in a couple of lessons—no reviews giving, in a few pages, the essence of several ponderous tomes—no compendious encyclopædias, in which every thing that anybody can wish to know is summarily explained, so as to infuse into him who runs as he reads a smattering of all. No! The student of those days was indeed a student, compelled to acquire knowledge by consuming the midnight oil over few and abstruse books, or, if these, owing to their price and rarity, were inaccessible, from the equally abstruse lectures of professors who dreamed not of making instruction amusing. Yet, in spite of all these difficulties, in enumerating the acquirements of one of these early scholars, we well might wonder

"How one small head could carry all he knew!"

To apply these remarks to the artist whose life is now before us, Leonardo da Vinci seems to have cultivated all the arts and all the sciences. He was, as every one knows, a great painter, and also a sculptor, an architect, a musician—both composer and performer; a poet—chiefly an *improvisatore*; a mathematician, a geometrician, an astronomer, an engineer—civil and military; a chemist, an anatomist, and, further, profoundly versed in optics, mechanics, hydraulics, and, for aught we know, all other branches of natural philosophy. Nor did he merely learn what others taught upon these subjects: he wrote upon all of them volumes, of which we cannot now ascertain the number; knowing only this, that a single one, a



*Trattato della Pittura* (Treatise on Painting) has been published; that sixteen, of various sizes, are in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, seven in one of the Royal Libraries in Spain, some in private hands, and many more lost. Moreover, in almost all these sciences he was an inventor; and of his mechanical and hydraulic skill he left tangible and durable proofs in mills, canals, instruments of various kinds, &c. &c. &c.

Of this remarkable man divers lives have been written, but the earliest were deemed imperfect; and when, in the beginning of the present century, a Milanese association entitled *Società Tipografica de' Classici Italiani* (Typographic Society for Italian Classics) proposed to republish the Treatise on Painting, they commissioned Carlo Amoretti, librarian to the Ambrosian Library, to compile a new life of the artist. Of this life, Count von Gallenberg, an Austrian patron of all the fine arts, and, we believe, in some of them an amateur artist, proposed to himself to give his countrymen a German version; but, as he proceeded, he found so many new sources of information, unknown to Amoretti, that his notes were likely to overpower his text; and he therefore resolved to make a new book, instead of translating the old one. From this book we now think to extract, not a life of Leonardo da Vinci, still less a *catalogue raisonné* of his works, but some few curious or interesting particulars.

Leonardo da Vinci was the son of a Florentine *notario della signoria*, and born at Vinci, in Val d'Arno. The date of his birth, and its legitimacy or illegitimacy, are points upon which his several biographers are divided, and which his present noble biographer labors hard to elucidate. He fixes the former to the year 1542, and leaves the latter in obscurity; proving equally that Leonardo was called a natural son, and that he was, as a legitimate son, co-heir with his legitimate brothers to the inheritance, including lands, of collateral relations. Of his person the Count tells us:—

"To the various mental gifts with which nature had adorned him were united that regularity of feature and symmetry of person which tend to enhance dignity of carriage and add to the charms of social intercourse. He possessed great agility and bodily strength, so that he could arrest the rapid movements of a body in weight and size exceeding human force. He could twist the tongue of a bell into a screw, and bend a horse-shoe in one hand."

The Count apologises for mentioning these circumstances; but they are well

worth noticing, since it is not often that such muscular powers are found united to genius.

The following extracts refer to Leonardo's youth, when the fine arts were both honorable and profitable professions:—

"Under circumstances so favorable, Ser\* Piero (the *notario*) could not but indulge his son's wishes; since the boy's disposition, even in earliest childhood, the honor connected with the exercise of art, and the pecuniary rewards that every artist might reasonably hope to obtain, seemed to insure the lad's future welfare. He hastened to impart the wishes and talents of his son to his friend Master Andrea da Verocchio, then esteemed the ablest artist in Florence. \* \* \* The teacher took his pupil home to afford him the instruction, the means of developing and cultivating his talents, which were to decide his future lot. As it was to be expected, the youth made wonderful progress. Ere long, Andrea, in order to stimulate his diligence, invited his pupil to assist in a picture which he was then painting of our Saviour's baptism by St. John. Leonardo painted an angel holding some garments; and, though he was then but an apprentice, as it were, his angel so far surpassed all his master's figures, that Verocchio, provoked at being excelled by a lad, would never touch pencil or colors again.

"He painted, on a wooden target, a monster in which he combined all that was frightful or horrible in the insect, serpent, or reptile world.

"The fire and vivacity of youth gave birth to fancies, inventive indeed, but strange. He amused himself with producing, by the mixture of inodorous ingredients, many odious smells, which he then used to drive people out of the apartment. Another time, for the same comic purpose, he twisted together and connected a long string of entrails, which he then distended by means of a pair of bellows, so as to make them occupy all the room. But, amidst these puerilities, the goodness of his heart was pre-eminently distinguishable. Few days passed without his visiting the market to purchase birds, which he immediately set at liberty. Of more professional utility was his constant practice of sketching from nature all the peculiar countenances that he saw, from which he afterwards produced his widely-celebrated caricatures. But he studied not alone the beautiful and the ugly in faces, persons, and costumes; he sought to catch the play of the ideas and affections, the living expression of the soul. To this end, as Lomazzò (a friend of his) relates, he was wont to invite peasants to dinner, to tell them the drollest stories possible, then observe them attentively as they laughed a horse-laugh, and sketch them so accurately that it was impossible to look at the drawings without laughing. Impelled by the same notion, he would follow malefactors to the place of execution, and observe the traces of agony and despair in their countenances. Vasari and Lomazzò tell us, that with these drawings were intermingled others of new devices and machines for raising water, cutting through mountains, drawing weights, setting clocks and mills in action, &c. &c."

From these various occupations, or rather studies, at Florence, Leonardo da Vinci was invited to Milan, according to some of his biographers, solely to play David to a Milanese Saul, that is to say, to

\* Ser for Signor, probably, was the old title of lawyers, as was *Maestro* (Master) of artists.



dispel the gloomy melancholy of Ludovico Sforza, surnamed *Il Moro*, by his music. But against this unworthy destination of a great man Count von Gallenberg argues strenuously; and we agree with him, that it is more likely the able usurper of Milan, who sedulously filled his ducal court with all the genius and talent of Italy, should have invited our artist rather to enlarge and adorn their circle, than merely to play the lute to himself when troubled with the blue devils of remorse or apprehension. This conclusion, drawn from the laws of probability, is confirmed by a letter, still extant, addressed by Leonardo at Florence, to the Duke of Milan; from which it seems pretty evident that, if the prince had heard of the painter's musical abilities, he must have expressed a wish to find something more in him than a mere luteist. This letter, clearly an answer to one from the duke, is a very remarkable epistle; and, could we divest ourselves of our innate reverence for genius, we should feel inclined to say that it more resembles a Dicky Gossip's enumeration of his various qualifications than an effusion of the dignified modesty usually characteristic of genuine greatness. It is not, however, a document to be omitted.

"Most illustrious signor, having satisfied myself that the experiments of those who call themselves masters of the art of making instruments of war will never produce anything superior to what are in daily use, I will now, without wishing to injure any one, open my secrets to your excellency, and, if it so please you, undertake the bringing them into execution; for I venture to entertain the confident hope that all the matters I am about to mention may be made effective in practice.

"1. I can build bridges, some light, and easily transportable from place to place, with which to pursue a flying enemy; others, strong and invulnerable, that spit fire, and will be useful in war: and, again, others easily laid down or removed. I have also devised a mode of destroying and burning the enemy's bridges.

"2. I have devised a way of drawing off the water from the fosse of a besieged place; and can make bridges furnished with ladders, and other instruments, useful in sieges.

"3. When cannon cannot be used in a siege, on account either of the height of the ramparts or the strength of the site, I have a way of destroying any fortress, so it be not founded on a rock.

"4. I have a sort of cannon very convenient and easily transportable, with which to shower a fiery hail upon the enemy, terrifying and confounding him with the smoke.

"5. Item. I have a mode, by hollow, narrow, and winding ways, to reach any place without noise, even passing under ditches or rivers.

"6. I can make invulnerable covered cars, which, entering an enemy's lines, in spite of his artillery, will break through any masses of cavalry; and behind which the infantry may follow, unharmed and unobstructed.

"7. Item. If need be, I will make cannon,

mortars, and howitzers, of beautiful, useful, and uncommon forms.

"8. Where cannon should be incapable of acting, I will make other instruments of marvellous efficacy, and out of the common way; in short, according to the variety of occasion, I will make infinitely various offensive weapons.

"9. In case of a sea-fight, I have many devices for instruments of offence and defence; and vessels impenetrable to artillery, and powders, and smokes.

"10. In peace time, I think I can give as full satisfaction as any one in architecture, in building public or private edifices, in conducting water from one place to another.

"Item. I will undertake, in sculpture of marble, bronze, or clay, and likewise in painting, to do what can be done, in competition with any one, be he who he may. Also, I can take in hand that bronze horse, which is to be an eternal honor and glory to your highness's father's blessed memory, and to the whole illustrious house of Sforza.

"And, should any person deem any of these things impossible and unfeasible, I am quite ready to make experiment thereof in your highness's park, or in such other place as you please. And so, I humbly commend myself, &c. &c."

The singularity of this strange epistle is still further enhanced by its being written in the Oriental fashion, from right to left, instead of from left to right. This seems to have been Da Vinci's usual practice, and is supposed to have been adopted to baffle curiosity, but must have been more efficacious in puzzling his correspondents than in securing his secrets.—Ludovico Sforza, however, it should seem, managed to read the letter, for he summoned the writer to Milan, and employed him in all his professed civil capacities, as also to found an academy of painting, said to have been the first of the kind, and to act upon grand occasions as master of the revels.

It were tedious to enumerate Leonardo da Vinci's various works at Milan, as artist and engineer, many of which, of both kinds, were destroyed in the subsequent wars, of which the Milanese was the subject and the theatre. The destruction of one of the productions of his genius he himself witnessed. For sixteen years he had labored at the model of an equestrian statue of the first Francis Sforza, that alluded to in his letter; and scarcely was it completed, when the French, taking possession of the city, selected this model as a target to fire at—thus, in the 15th century, setting an example duly followed by their undegenerate posterity in the 18th. This last act of wanton mischief was, however, less detrimental to the cause of art than has been commonly conceived, as will appear from the extracts we are now about to make relative to Leonardo da Vinci's acknowledged masterpiece, his picture of the Last Supper.



"Leonardo designed this large picture, which occupies a wall twenty-eight feet in length, in compliance with a wish of the duke, who was eager to embellish this Milanese monastery (the Dominican monastery of *Santa Maria delle Grazie*). The size of the wall obliged the artist to make his figures larger by one-half than life.

"The painter has selected the moment when Christ says, 'Verily I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me.' The choice of this moment is most favorable to dramatic effect. The expression of the Redeemer is that of heart-felt sorrow, soothed by the consciousness of divine dignity and destination.—The agitation produced amongst the disciples by his words is differently, ingeniously, and characteristically marked in every figure. We can trace the gradation of zeal and faith, according to the gospel-drawn character of each apostle. What a beautiful contrast between St. John, overpowered with grief, dropping his folded hands upon the table, and Judas Iscariot, whose hard countenance and attitude of defiance reveal the traitor, whilst the money-bag clutched in his right hand bespeaks his natural avice."

But, as no description can give a satisfactory idea of a picture, we will preferably turn to its history, and that of the painter's habits and feelings. First, however, we must make one remark, called forth by the description we have just translated, of the expression of the countenances. We have always esteemed the character and expression which Leonardo da Vinci gave to his heads of our Saviour to be really his chief excellence. Other artists seem to forget the divinity of the person in their deep sense of his beautiful meekness; but in looking at this painter's pictures of the Redeemer, we are irresistibly impressed with the conviction that this sublime meekness is the meekness of a superior nature.

"He who gazes upon as much of this picture as past disasters have left us, must perceive how short a time for the production of so wondrous a creation of art was two or three years; especially, if he considers the care and anxiety with which Leonardo worked, moreover, never satisfying himself. His contemporary, Luca Pacciolo, avers, that Leonardo would tremble like a child when he took up his pencils; that he seldom finished what he began, because his deep sense of the grandeur of art made him see defects where others beheld miracles accomplished. . . . He had first to meditate the grouping, which, in every individual posture and gesture, as well as in the whole, has been pronounced by the greatest painters to be most artful and yet most natural. For this he of course first sketched cartoons. . . .—according to Pino, separate cartoons of all the heads, of the intended size.—'These thirteen drawings,' continues Pino, 'were long in the possession of the Conti Arconati, who made them over to Marchese Gasnedi. From him they passed into the hands of the Venetian Sagredo family; after the extinction of which, the heirs sold them to the English Consul Odni.'"

Such of our readers as are old enough, and in their youth were fortunate enough, to have seen the beautiful collection of

Mr. Udney, will recognise that gentleman in the un-English "Consul Odni."—Upon Mr. Udney's death, his pictures were sold, we think, by auction; and these cartoons have since been again sold in the same way, as part of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence's collection.

There is a story current of Leonardo da Vinci's having portrayed the prior of the monastery as Judas Iscariot, in revenge for his, the said prior's, unreasonably teasing him to make haste with the picture. The truth of this anecdote has, however, been disputed upon many and reasonable grounds; and our noble biographer gives us the following, as a more probable version of the tale, from Giralaldi, a judicious and contemporaneous writer.

"Da Vinci had completed the Christ, eleven of the disciples, and the body of Judas; the head only of the latter was unfinished. The prior and his monks, impatient of a delay of which they could not comprehend the motives, complained to the duke, who, thereupon, questioned the painter. He replied, that there never was a day on which he did not work at the picture; that he was constantly meditating upon it, and seeking amongst the vilest reprobates for a countenance which might answer for that of Judas; adding that, if he could find none better, he should be driven to take as his model the prior himself, who never left him at peace. He went, adds Giralaldi, morning and evening, to the *Borghetto*, the quarter inhabited by the meanest and most ignoble people, by scoundrels and malefactors, in search of his Judas. At length he espied the very physiognomy he wanted. He portrayed it, and completed the picture."

Whether this grand work of art were painted *al fresco*, in oil, or with some peculiar varnish, the fruit of Da Vinci's chymical skill, is another disputed question, which the reader will presently see there is now no hope of satisfactorily deciding.

"The total destruction of this picture is to be imputed not so much to the gnawing tooth of all-devouring time, or to a locality unfavorable to its preservation, as to the ignorant negligence and the base malice of man, who for ever annihilates in the hope of producing something superior. For a while the Last Supper was the object of universal admiration, the glory of Leonardo da Vinci. After a lapse of sixteen years it was still so beautiful, and in such perfect condition, that Francis I. of France, would have made any sacrifice to transport it to France. \*\*

"Armenini, who saw it in the middle of the 16th century, even then lamented its having lost half its original splendor; and the Milanese Lomazzo averred that the colors faded so rapidly, that very soon it would be possible to appreciate the merit of the drawing only from the outlines. . . . Not long afterwards, Cardinal Borromeo mourned over its decay; and, observing that the evil must increase, inasmuch as it proceeded from the crumbling of the mortar or plaster upon which this celebrated Last Supper was painted, he employed a good artist to copy it. The copy, when finished, was compared with the cartoons then still at Milan, and was found to be faithful.

"Scanelli, who saw the Last Supper in 1642, says,



'Scarcely a trace remains of the figures; and the naked portions, as heads, hands, feet, have all but disappeared.' Ten years later, the Dominicans, seeing it in so miserable a plight, abandoned it to its fate, and even scrupled not to enlarge the refectory door by cutting off the feet of the Saviour and of one Apostle."

We must here pause to observe, that it is sheer calumny to charge these poor friars, as they are often charged, with thus mutilating the picture whilst in its perfection. On the contrary, they seem to have been duly sensible that the painting was the pride of their monastery, and to have endeavored honestly, if not very judiciously, to preserve it. At different times they paid considerable sums to artists who undertook to revive the colors. The first attempt is said to have been temporarily successful; the last to have consummated its ruin. Hence it was the less material, that when the First Consul occupied Milan,

"Although his orders were precise to spare this refectory, cavalry were quartered in it, who gave the picture the *coup-de-grace*." (They are said, emulating their forefathers, to have selected parts as marks to fire at.)

"Amoretti visited the remains of the picture, when writing Leonardo's Life. Upon entering the room, he hastened up to the picture, to look at it more closely, and saw nothing. He fell back to some distance, and then the destruction seemed less complete. He now perceived that a sort of mould, or rather a saltpetre excrement, that covered the whole wall, in fact veiled the painting from those who stood immediately under it."

Thus it is only through the copies early made that this magnificent work can now be known: and it is some comfort to learn that of these there are at least twenty extant.

After the fall of Sforza, Leonardo was appointed by Cæsar Borgia his head architect and engineer, and fortified several castles and towns by his desire. He was recalled to Milan by Louis XII. of France, to complete the canals he had begun: but it was to the artist-courting Francis I. that he more particularly attached himself; and him, in the year 1516, he accompanied to France. There, in less than three years, he died; but not, we grieve to say, according to common report, in the arms of his royal patron. At least, Leonardo's intimate friend, Francesco de Melzi, says nothing of the kind in the letter in which he announces the event to the artist's brother, and he surely would not have omitted so flattering an incident.

We shall conclude with an anecdote relative to Leonardo da Vinci's MSS. and drawings, many of which he bequeathed to his friend and pupil, the above-named Melzi. The anecdote is related by Gian

Ambrogio Mazzente, who died at an advanced age, A. D. 1635.

"It is now fifty years," writes Mazzente, "since thirteen volumes in folio and quarto, of Leonardo da Vinci's MSS., written the wrong way, fell into my hands. . . . I was studying law at Pisa in company with Aldo Manuzio the younger. A certain Lelio Gavardi d'Asola, since superior of St. Zeno, at Pavia, and Aldo's nearest relation, frequently honored us with his visits. He had been tutor in the Melzi family. . . . and had seen in the house many writings, drawings, instruments, and books of Leonardo's. . . . The children of Francesco Melzi, differing in taste from their book-loving father, and, through professional or public avocations, engrossed by other objects, neglected these treasures, and left them at the discretion of the first comer. Lelio Gavardi took what he pleased of them, and carried thirteen volumes to Florence, in the confident hope that the Grand Duke Francesco de Medici, who was eager for such works, would give a great price for them. . . . When Gavardi reached Florence the duke was dying, and he came disappointed to Pisa. I could not conceal my disapprobation of his conduct; he blushed; and, as I was then returning to Milan, having finished my studies at Pisa, he gave me the books, and requested that I would return them to the Melzi family.

"I performed my commission, delivering the whole to Dr. Orazio Melzi, the eldest. He was utterly amazed at my having taken so much trouble about such things, and freely gave me the books, acknowledging that there were many more writings and drawings of this great artist's in some corner of his country-house."

We wonder that a Mazzente did not beg for them, and wish he had. His thirteen volumes are now in the Ambrosian Library.

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ART. XII.—*Der Englische Schweiss. Ein ärztlicher Beitrag zur Geschichte des Fünfzehnten und Sechzehnten Jahrhunderts.* Von Dr. J. F. C. Hecker. (The English Sweating Sickness. A Medical Fragment of the History of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries. By Dr. Hecker.) Berlin, 1834.

THIS work is the third of a series of essays, by which the author has endeavored to illustrate a class of diseases which are among the most awful visitations that afflict the human race. Dr. Hecker, who had long been sensible of the necessity of a truly philosophic investigation into the causes of those mighty events, was induced by the ravages of the cholera to publish the first of the series of essays on the epidemics of the middle ages—*Der Schwarze Tod—The Black Death*.

In the preface to that work, Dr. Hecker



explains his views of an intimate connection between convulsions of nature and the sudden and rapid propagation of pestilences. He has, it is true, some notions respecting the influence of unknown powers in heaven and earth which, however ingenious, appear to us too vague to serve for the foundation of a sound theory, though the facts which he adduces deserve the most serious attention. The Black Death is so well known to the English reader from the spirited translation of it by Dr. Babington, published soon after its appearance, that it is unnecessary to dwell on it here. The second of the series, "Die Tanzwuth," or, "The Dancing Mania," presents to our view a less awfully destructive, but in one respect a more affecting picture of the calamities to which the human frame is liable. Here we have not the destroying angel, sweeping away hundreds of thousands with his flaming sword—it is not the arrow that flieth by day, or the pestilence that walketh in darkness. The subject of this treatise is diseases founded on mental delusion, caused by the instinct of imitation, "propagated," as the Doctor says, "on the beams of light, on the wings of thought, convulsing the mind by the excitement of the senses." We rejoice to learn that the approbation bestowed on the English version of the Black Death, has induced Dr. Babington to publish a translation of the *Dancing Mania*, a copy of which has just been put into our hands. To this essay Dr. Babington has prefixed a translation of an address, by Dr. Hecker, to the physicians of Germany, requesting their attention to this important subject, and endeavoring to impress on them the conviction of the absolute necessity of a more comprehensive view of this subject than has ever yet been taken. We will quote a few lines from this address.

"Amid the accumulated materials which past ages afford, the powers and the life of one individual, even with the aid of previous study, are insufficient to complete a comprehensive history of epidemics. The zealous activity of many must be exerted if we would speedily possess a work which is so much wanted, in order that we may not encounter new epidemics with culpable ignorance of analogous phenomena. How often has it appeared, on the breaking out of epidemics, as if the experience of so many centuries had been accumulated in vain! Men gazed at the phenomena with astonishment, and, even before they had a just perception of their nature, pronounced their opinions, which, as they were divided into strongly opposed parties, they defended with all the ardor of zealots, wholly unconscious of the majesty of all-governing Nature."

The English Sweating Sickness, which is the subject of this third essay, is indeed

known to us by name as a fatal and rapidly spreading disorder, which visited England in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, being first introduced in the train of the victorious army of Henry VII. and damped the joy of the nation after the glorious battle of Bosworth-field. Our own chronicles give many particulars of this visitation. Five times did it afflict this country: first in 1485; secondly, in 1506, when it was of short duration; and then in 1517, 1528 and 29, and 1551. It is very extraordinary that this epidemic was confined to England,—even Ireland and Scotland being exempt from it. Only once it visited Germany, namely in 1529, when Hamburg was the first place where it appeared. But its duration there was short, only twenty-two days, in which, however, 1100 persons fell victims to it. It broke out almost simultaneously in Lübeck, where its ravages were such as to remind people of those of the Black Death in 1349. Zwickau, at the foot of the Erzgebirge, fifty German miles from Hamburg, was next attacked; and at the beginning of September it appeared almost on the same day at Stettin, Danzig, Augsburg, Cologne, Strasburg, Frankfurt on-the-Maine, Marburg, Göttingen, and Hanover. Thus it was spread over the greater part of Germany, and extended also to Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. But though its ravages were dreadful, they could not be compared with those of the Black Death.

In treating of the causes which in so remarkable a manner confined the disease to England, Dr. Hecker mentions the nature of the climate of England, subject to frequent fogs, and the general intemperance of the people. The year 1485 was, besides, not only remarkable for the quantity of rain that fell, but it was the sixth of a series of such years, the last dry and hot summer having been that of 1749. But though the Sweating Sickness was confined (with one exception) to England, the continent of Europe was afflicted during the same period with various fatal contagious disorders, of which the author gives as particular an account as the recorded information on them would allow; connecting them, as he goes along, with extraordinary phenomena of nature, storms, earthquakes, eruptions of Vesuvius, &c.

But, while the Sweating Sickness was confined to England, a new and destructive epidemic, the spotted (petechial) fever appeared in Southern and Central Europe, which first manifested itself in 1490, in Granada, where it threatened to destroy



the army of Ferdinand the Catholic, and was very fatal to the Moors.

It will appear from these remarks that the work gives a great deal more than the title implies, and, even in the part which relates to England, much light is thrown on what has been hitherto imperfectly known, as it is connected with the history of epidemics in general, by the author's illustrations from the history of other contagious disorders. We select the following as a specimen of his style.

"The events which are now about to engage our attention prove, by their surprising development, that the fate of nations is at times guided far more by the laws of physical life than by the will of the mighty of the earth, and by all the efforts of human energy, which oppose in vain the unchained powers of Nature. These powers, inscrutable in their operation, destructive in their effects, arrest the course of events, baffle great projects, and paralyze the spirit in its boldest flights. They have often annihilated mighty armies by the sword of the destroying angel, when victory was ready to place the laurel on their brows.

"To wipe off the stain of Pavia, Francis I., in league with England, Switzerland, Rome, Genoa, and Venice, sent a fine army to Italy against his haughty rival. The imperial troops everywhere retreated before the French, and victory seemed to declare in favor only of the colors of France and the valiant Lautrec. Every thing promised a glorious issue. Naples alone, feebly garrisoned by German land-quetts and Spaniards, remained to be subdued. The siege was opened on the 5th of May, 1523, and the General pledged his honor for the reduction of this strong city, which had once been so fatal to France. It seemed an easy matter, with 30,000 warlike troops, to vanquish the Imperialists, and a small body of Englishmen appeared to have come only to participate in the triumph. Scarcity reigned in the city, which was blockaded by Doria and his Genoese galleys: it also suffered from want of water, Lautrec having turned aside the supply from the aqueducts of Poggioreale; and the plague, which had never entirely ceased among the Germans since the plundering of Rome, began to rage among them.

"The security of the French army, however, was fatal to the excellent discipline which had been observed among them, and nature herself soon began to be destructive to the victorious troops. In the course of seven weeks, a small band of a few thousand emaciated forms, scarcely able to bear the weight of their arms, and obey the voice of their enfeebled leaders, were all that remained of this brave host. On the 29th of August, the siege was raised, the brave Lautrec having fallen a victim to chagrin and disease. The army took their departure amid a violent storm of thunder and lightning, many were made prisoners by the Imperialists, and but few ever returned to their own country."

In conclusion, we cannot but recommend these Essays of Dr. Hecker, not only to the attention of his own profession, but to the general reader; and with respect to the Treatise immediately before us, we would again remark that the reader must not be led by the title to believe that it contains only what may be found in the writings of our own historians. It comprises a mass of information relative to

other countries, collected with great industry and judgment from a variety of sources. The author, indeed, gives at the conclusion a list of the works which he has himself actually consulted, extending to thirteen pages.

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ART. XIII.—*Memoires sur la Guerre de l'Isle de Java, de 1825 à 1830.* Par le Major F. V. A. de Stuers. 1 vol. 4to and atlas. Leyde.

THE conquest of the island of Java by the British army in the year 1811, and the knowledge which we acquired of its importance during the time that it remained in our possession, till it was restored to the Dutch at the general peace, excited the attention of the public in an extraordinary degree; and the valuable work of Sir Stamford Raffles, only tended to increase the general regret, that so fair a possession, which had derived immense benefit from the more judicious and enlightened system of administration under the British government, had been restored to its former masters, who, there was every reason to apprehend, would replace it under the same narrow system of colonial policy which had so long oppressed the inhabitants, and cramped the resources of the island, by rendering everything exclusively subservient to the interests of the mother country. It is not possible accurately to ascertain the measures that the Dutch government has adopted since it regained possession of the country. That men of great ability and irreproachable characters have been sent out to govern it cannot be denied, and the name of Baron van der Capellen, is a sufficient proof of this assertion. We will therefore take it for granted that such men acted in conformity with their own honorable sentiments. The Major, speaking of the cession made by the native princes of some fine provinces to the English government, says, that the observance of the ancient laws and customs of the country had been much relaxed, in consequence of the increase of European power in Java, and of the liberal principles of the new system of administration, first, though but partially, under Marshal Daendels, then under the English, and lastly under the Dutch government. The latter, however, has had to contend with various insurrections, es-



pecially with that which occasioned the five years' war, of which Major Stuers relates the history. We shall not enter into any detail relative to this war, which is wholly destitute of general interest,—but we shall mention two or three facts, which seem to show that the Dutch hold by a rather precarious tenure the dominion of this fine island: for it appears evident that they owe their safety, in a great measure, to the dissensions among the native princes. The troubles, says Major Stuers, were not caused by the discontent of the emperor, or of the Javanese in general; for the emperor of Solo, whose dominion is confined to the province of Soura Karta, as those of the sultan are to that of Djocjocarta, (these two being the only provinces now under the dominion of the native princes,) remained faithful to the Dutch, and his troops fought with them against the insurgents; and, with respect to the people, the insurrection was confined to the province of Djocjocarta. Even there only a part of the population, misled by the threats and promises of Dipo Negoro, the chief of the rebels, and his partisans, joined in the revolt as long as the presence of the chiefs of the insurgents compelled them; for, when the latter were obliged, by the movements of the Dutch troops, to take another direction, the inhabitants immediately submitted to their legitimate sovereign, the sultan of Djocjocarta, whose throne the rebel chief desired to usurp, and to the Dutch government, which protected them, while the rest of the Javanese nation took no part whatever in the insurrection.

Thus a person might have travelled from Anger, in the western part of the island, where the great post-road begins, to Banjouwangi, at the other extremity, a distance of 300 leagues, with as much safety as from Amsterdam to Paris, and without even suspecting that there was a commotion in any part of the island, the Javanese in general taking as little interest in it as if it had happened in some other country. How then could the war be protracted to so great a length, and cost the Dutch such sacrifices in men and money? Who was Dipo Negoro—a rebel against his own sovereign, who was able so long to make head against a brave and well disciplined army, commanded by officers of distinguished merit? That he was an extraordinary man appears from the following character of him drawn by Major Stuers.

“Dipo Negoro is about 46 or 47 years of age. He is of middling stature, and, though his countenance does not seem to announce any thing extraordinary,

he has nevertheless manifested during the war a loftiness of character very rare among the Javanese princes of our days. He has given repeated proofs of great courage, firmness, and perseverance; after causing himself to be proclaimed sultan of Materam, he found means to make himself recognised and obeyed as such by the people over whom he exercised, till his downfall, an absolute religious and political authority. His courage was not broken by adversity. When abandoned by nearly all his partisans, his oldest friends, and even by his family, dragging on a miserable existence in deserts, destitute of even the most common necessities of life, harassed, pursued, chased without ceasing by our troops, he lost none of his natural firmness, and haughtily rejected every proposal to submit.”

After various changes of fortune, Dipo Negoro was at length induced, in the beginning of February, 1830, to propose an interview with the general-in-chief, which, after some negotiation was acceded to, and on the 21st of February, Dipo Negoro arrived at Minoreh, the place fixed on for the conference, with a troop of 700 men, but on the 25th he declared that the feast of *Pouassa* having commenced the preceding day, he would not treat of any business during the month of its continuance, to which the Dutch consented. In the course of this month the suite of Dipo Negoro became daily more numerous: he however had a short interview with General de Kock, the commander-in-chief, on the 8th of March, in which he said he hoped all would be amicably settled immediately after the feast. Meanwhile, many circumstances occurred which, as Major Stuers says, led the government to suspect that Dipo Negoro was not sincere, and the Dutch troops in the vicinity having been reinforced, orders were given to the commanding officers to be ready to seize the person of Dipo Negoro at his first interview with the general-in-chief after the expiration of the feast.

The interview took place on the 28th of March, at which Dipo Negoro, having proposed terms which the general declared too extravagant to be listened to, and from which Dipo refused to depart, [he desired to be placed at the the head of the Mahometan religion in Java, with the title of sultan which he had assumed,] the general told him that he must send him as a state-prisoner to Batavia, to be disposed of as the governor general should determine. Dipo Negoro protested, but in vain; his attendants were disarmed, and he was sent under the escort of Major Stuers, the general's aid-de-camp, to Samarang, and thence to Batavia, whence he was conveyed as a state-prisoner to the Moluccas “to depend,” says Major Stuers, “solely on the clemency of the government which he had so justly offended, and from which



he had well merited a more rigorous punishment." How he was treated in the Moluccas, or whether he is still living, Major Stuers does not inform us.

In conclusion, Major Stuers speaks of the loss sustained by the Dutch in this war; he cannot state the total number of men that perished; he says 12,749 men died in the hospitals of the second military division, which was the centre of the operations, and that as many died in the first and third military divisions, of which Batavia and Sourabaya are the chief towns; he thinks he shall not exaggerate if he fixes the total loss at 15,000 men, of whom 8,000 came from Europe:—a calculation which seems to include only those who died in the hospitals. The expenses of the war he estimates at twenty-five millions of florins, but he thinks that the result has consolidated the power of the Dutch government, by giving the natives a very high idea of its resources. This may be the case, but it seems, even from Major Stuers' own account, that, if the natives had not been divided, the contest might have terminated very differently. At all events, it is to be hoped that the Dutch government may have been fully impressed with the necessity of a system of administration calculated to promote the welfare and conciliate the affections of the natives.

We have only to add, that the book is very finely printed, and besides portraits of Diponegoro and two other chiefs, and a map of Java, it is illustrated by an atlas of plans, and views of scenery on a large scale.

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ART. XIV.—*La Russie et la Pologne, Esquisse Historique.* Par Th. de K. Berlin, 1834.

FROM the publication of this volume in the Prussian capital, and the intimate connection subsisting between the courts of Berlin and Petersburg, the political bias of the writer may be easily inferred. It does not embrace, as the reader might expect, a narrative of recent events, but of the wars which for many centuries have been almost uninterruptedly waged between two rival states, Russia and Poland, and of the many grievances which the former has to allege against the latter. We give the author full credit for his assertion that the facts which he details have been transferred with the most scrupulous accuracy

from the most authentic sources; and the result is a useful epitome of the history of both countries, written with perspicuity, temper, and moderation. The spirit in which he has executed his task will be apparent from the following passage in his preface:—

"An obstinate struggle prolonged beyond all probable duration, has lately drawn our attention to the banks of the Vistula; and during that deplorable war many voices have been raised in favor of the Poles. Orators, pamphleteers, and journalists, appeared to be unanimous: the question of right was decided beforehand; there was no need to discuss it; the cause of Russia was unjust—that was universally admitted—but not a creature has yet taken the trouble to connect the history of the present with that of the past. It seems as if the great events of our days had effaced the recollection of all others: with the men of the movement, in particular, the world has existed but about forty years, the day of the creation dating from the capture of the Bastille. This absolute forgetfulness of past ages frequently leads us astray; no era of history is isolated and unconnected with a preceding period; sacred ties still bind us to more ancient times, and interests most dear to us have been bequeathed to us by our ancestors. It is owing to this forgetfulness that our orators persist in regarding the partition of Poland as an isolated fact, as an injustice of which they accuse Russia more particularly; whereas, ever so superficial an examination of the history of the two countries would have taught them that the quarrel was more ancient. It would have shown them that the partition was an inevitable catastrophe of the wars which had lasted for so many centuries; and they would have found that the Poles were the aggressors, and that during the period of their superiority, they had manifested any thing but generosity."

Perhaps one of the most striking instances of the bad faith of Poland towards her neighbor is to be found in the history of Otrepief, the impostor, who, at the commencement of the seventeenth century, pretending to be Dmitri, the son of Ivan Vassiljewitsch, (murdered when only eight years of age, to facilitate the ambitious projects of Boris Godunow) and being encouraged and supported by the Poles, actually placed himself on the throne of the Tzars. The whole story of this impostor (p. 297—318,) is of the most exciting interest, and it is one of those which justifies the remark that the events of real life are oftener of a more romantic character than the inventions of the wildest imagination. To any clever writer who would take the pains to study the spirit and manners of the semi-barbarian inhabitants of eastern Europe two centuries ago, it would furnish an admirable plot for an historical novel, for the minor circumstances only of which he would have occasion to draw upon the stores of his own fancy.

We cannot refrain from subjoining some striking observations from the concluding pages of the volume before us.



"Nearly forty years have elapsed since this last catastrophe," [the second partition of Poland,] "and an insensate enterprise has recently shown us that the Polish aristocracy, or at least a faction, self-styled patriotic, has learned nothing and forgotten nothing; that it was always ready to sacrifice its country to the ambition of its caste; and that the spirit which yet animates it is the same that hurled Poland from the height of its greatness.

"When the king of Prussia reigned over Great Poland, the discontented nobility gave his government no credit for the high roads that were constructed, the rivers that were rendered navigable, the elementary schools that were established in every district, and the protection granted to domestic manufactures. They complained loudly of the magistrates, because, forsooth, justice was done even to plebeians, and the nobles were obliged to pay their debts—things unheard of before in Poland.

"Napoleon united part of the ancient republic under the name of the grand duchy of Warsaw. What was at that period the lot of this hapless country? All improvements were suspended; the incipient efforts of industry ceased; the schools were shut up; not a road, not a canal was undertaken: so that eight years later, the bridges, the buildings, the works of every kind, commenced under the Prussian government, were found in exactly the same state as they were left by that government, excepting that the materials, the timber, &c., then purchased and afterwards neglected, had rotted in the depôts. During this whole period, Poland was drained for the benefit of France; a devouring conscription had swallowed up her husbandmen; the Polish soldiers found a grave in Spain and Italy, fighting for a cause which was not the cause of their country: they were even sent to the islands to perish by a climate to the effects of which the emperor durst not expose French regiments. But Napoleon flattered the hopes of the aristocracy by holding out to them vague promises of the re-establishment of ancient Poland, in all its splendor and with all its institutions: meanwhile he allowed the nobility to rule the country as they pleased, and that caste was content: what cared they for the ruin of the country, so they could at that rate recover their former sovereignty!

"At length Napoleon invaded Russia at the head of the most numerous army of modern times, and the Polish legions reached Moscow along with the French eagles. The Russians were not daunted either by this mass of force, or by the military genius of the invader: the firmness of their sovereign and the enthusiasm of the nation, saved the empire and Europe. The invading army perished in its retreat, and Poland, which had borne a part in this war, thenceforth belonged to Russia by right of conquest. The Poles manifested no dread of its sway; on the contrary, a deputation of the nobility repaired to the head-quarters of the emperor Alexander, urgently imploring him to take the country under his protection, to recollect that the Russians and the Poles were sprung from one common stock, and not to abandon Poland to a foreign domination. Such was the language used by the chief of the deputation, the same Prince Adam Czartoyksi, whom we have since seen heading the late rebellion!"

In this pamphlet the dethroned king of Sweden himself relates the circumstances attending the revolution which deprived him of power and drove him into exile, and shows very clearly that he must necessarily have fallen a victim to so powerful a confederacy as that of Erfurt in 1809. Napoleon wanted to have a supple half-revolutionary king in Sweden; Alexander wanted Finland; both were averse to the then reigning sovereign, whose legitimacy and attachment to the English party stood in the way of the French emperor, and whose equally legitimate right to Finland was a stumbling-block to the Russian autocrat. The parties in the country itself which accomplished this *coup d'état* were merely the tools of an interest that was not Swedish. The account given by the ex-king of the seizure of his person by the conspirators will be perused with interest.

"Field-marshal Count von Klingsporr, command-in-chief of the army of Finland, had returned some months back to Stockholm, and after him General von Adlercreutz had arrived from the same army, covered with laurels, but yet lacking those of revolution. These generals were to receive the orders of the king before they returned to their posts. They and several other military and civil officers, some of whom had been already admitted to the king, were assembled in the ante-chamber. He desired Klingsporr to be called, and, during the conversation, the field-marshal secretly opened the door to General von Adlercreutz and Adjutant-General von Silfversparre: these gentlemen immediately entered, and besought the king not to quit the capital. The king perceiving that several staff-officers were following and forcing an entrance, drew his sword, exclaiming 'Treason!' The officers on guard hastened to the spot; but, instead of putting a speedy end to this outrage, they suffered themselves to be disarmed by those whom they ought themselves to have disarmed. The king, surrounded by a great number of officers, could not resist alone: M. von Silfversparre fell upon him from behind, and wrested the sword from the king with both hands, and with the utmost violence; and then, amidst blows, the confusion reached the highest pitch. While the conspirators were striving to secure the person of the king, and with that view locking the door of his apartment, other officers and faithful servants were endeavoring to break it open for the purpose of rescuing him: in this struggle the entrance door was split from top to bottom, and there was seen upon the floor of the room a stove-fork, which had been dropped by or snatched from some person, besides bits of glass which belonged to the lustre, and also small blue and yellow feathers, part of the plumes of the staff-officers, the fragments of which lay scattered, as if by the most vehement tempest, upon the carpet. When the king perceived that the conspirators had made themselves masters of the door, he called out aloud, "Save me, in the name of Jesus Christ!" and strove to release himself. He forcibly seized the sword of General von Strömfeldt, but, being completely encompassed by the conspirators, he was soon disarmed again. When tranquillity was in some measure restored, and the greatest part of the officers engaged in the conspiracy were gone, Field-Marshal von Klingsporr and some other per-

ART. XV.—*La Journée du 13 Mars, ou les Faits essentiels de la Révolution de 1809, rédigés par le Colonel Gustafson.*  
St. Gall and Hamburg, 1835.



sons only were left with the king. General von Adlercreutz, who had thought fit to assume the office of adjutant-general, deemed it equally expedient to make his report to H. R. H. the Duke of Sudermannia of what had just happened to the king: at his desire, his new comrade, Adjutant-General von Silfversparre, accompanied him thither. The two gentlemen strove to persuade the Duke to place himself as regent at the head of the government, and H. R. H. considered it his duty to comply.

"In the apartment in which the king was arrested, there were two side-doors, each having a different outlet. The first was that which had been broken, and through which the people were watching the king; none of the conspirators bethought them of guarding the other. Before these violent proceedings began, the king had locked it with the key, but the door opened of itself as if by a miracle. The king alone observing this, and seeing that the general's sword which he had seized had been from negligence left behind in the room, he armed himself with it, put on his hat, went out at the above-mentioned door, and locked it after him with the key. General von Adlercreutz, who had returned from the Duke of Sudermannia, was instantly apprized of the circumstance, and with several officers pursued the king. The king, after locking the door with the key, ascended a winding staircase, leading to the upper story. He saw the general enter, after breaking open the folding doors with violence, and had only time to throw at him the key which he yet held in his hand, upon which he pursued his way, running so fast that he distanced all those who were in pursuit of him. While the king hurried through the queen's apartments, he ordered some of the servants to lock the doors after him; but these people, seeing him pursued by so many officers, had not the courage to obey. During the pursuit, General von Adlercreutz, or one of his officers, fell on the stairs and rolled from top to bottom; the king thereby gained such an advantage, that he had hopes of reaching the main-guard of the palace, and there ending either the revolution or his life. After he had reached the great staircase, the king also fell, from tripping against one of the steps, and received a severe contusion on the right arm; but rising again, he continued his course through the corridor to the north door, intending to proceed across the inner court-yard of the palace to the western door, before which the main-guard was stationed. Providence, whose decrees are frequently so inscrutable, willed otherwise: the steps of two conspirators were directed towards the north door at the very moment when the king arrived there. One

of these was an old military officer, a stout, robust man, named Greif, who had an appointment in the royal hunting establishment with the rank of major; the other a young civilian: the latter fled when he saw the king rushing on the officer, sword in hand, to run him through the body; but he avoided the thrust, and was only slightly wounded in the left arm; and, as the weapon was left sticking in the sleeve of his great coat, he availed himself of this circumstance to seize the king, and to hold him fast with all his strength. The king, weakened, exhausted, breathless, could not disengage himself. A wood-carrier belonging to the palace coming up unexpectedly, advanced and said to the officer, 'What are you doing to the king?' 'I will do the king no harm,' replied the officer quite calmly. The king, having lost the power of speech, could not utter a word, and the wood-carrier, quite confounded by what he had just seen, ran off as the other conspirators came up to secure the king. They led him by force up the great staircase to the first floor, to the queen's apartments. The king was no longer able to walk: he said to them in a faint voice, 'Carry me.' In passing two German sentries, he strove to tell them to release and follow him; but General von Adlercreutz, who was at his side, protested, as it might naturally be supposed, against it. When they had reached the first saloon on the principal story, the king, feeling that he had somewhat recovered his strength, said that he would walk again; and in this manner he proceeded, surrounded by the conspirators, who held him fast. In the second saloon, were two of the body-guard of the Duke of Sudermannia on duty, who presented arms as the king passed. On reaching the third gallery, the conspirators were undecided which way to turn, the king pointed to the near door of the apartment called the White Room, and they obeyed. They placed the king upon a chair near the window, opposite to the gallery, where he remained for several hours in a state of the deepest humiliation, exposed to the gaze of persons who had taken part in the revolution, or whom the circumstances of the moment had brought together in the palace."

Such were the circumstances that tore the crown from the brow of the legitimate monarch of Sweden, and led to the exaltation of a foreigner, a child and champion of the French revolution, to the throne of the Scandinavian peninsula.



## FOREIGN CRITICISMS ON ENGLISH WORKS.

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1. *Journal of an Expedition to explore the Course and Termination of the Niger, &c.* By R. & J. Lander, 3 vols. 8vo. 1833.

It is not our object to give copious extracts from this voyage, (in which we have been already anticipated by other journal-ists,) but, in accordance with the objects of this Review, only to make a few observations of a scientific nature on the degree in which our knowledge of the people and the continent of Africa has been augmented by means of it.

This new expedition, the grand object of which was to trace the course of the river Niger, was undertaken by Richard Lander in company with his brother John. By the discoveries already made, the question respecting the mouth of the Niger is thus far determined, that the river bending its course from east to south, afterwards turns westwards, and then reaches the sea; yet there is still a wide field left for discoveries. The parent stream is not yet sufficiently explored; we know the tributary waters which it receives, (among which the Tsaad appears to be the most considerable) almost to their mouths, but we know not the length of their courses.

That the river Tsaad has any connection with the great inland sea of the same name, discovered by Denham and Clapperton, is a thing of which, as yet, there is no proof. Should this ever be found to be the case, the old notion of the junction with the Nile would be in some measure explained. But the lower part of the stream, which before it discharges itself into the ocean forms an extensive Delta, especially needs to be made the subject of further researches, in order that the arm of the sea, by means of which it flows into the ocean, may serve in case of necessity for the purpose of navigation, like the ancient and modern Calabar river, which Bonny and others have explored.

The main object of the English nation, as one would naturally expect, is to open

an interior channel for their own commerce. It is well known, that for this purpose Richard Lander was again dispatched, and furnished with goods, in order to sail up the river and to form connections. He has, according to the most recent accounts, fallen a victim to his spirit of enterprise, having been murdered, probably at the instigation of the slave-dealers, who by all means in their power oppose the entrance of the Whites, as they know that it would cause the termination of their cruel trade. We must therefore consider it a doubtful point whether the English will ever attain their object. But, as the desire of gain, backed by perseverance, has already triumphed over so many and so much greater impediments, it would be rashness to decide beforehand.

HEEREN.

Götting. Gelehrte Anzeiger,  
14th August, 1833.

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2. *Biographical and Critical History of the British Literature of the last Fifty Years.* By Allan Cunningham, 12mo. Paris. 1834.

MR. J. D'Israeli contemplates writing the complete history of English Literature, which Mr. Bulwer announces in his "England, &c." with the remark that "it will fill no unimportant chasm;" and Mr. Cunningham hails this intimation with a kindly feeling, for he says, "that Mr. D'Israeli cannot render a more welcome service to the world than to write it."

The want of such a work is much felt; and no slight thanks are, therefore, due to Mr. Cunningham for having presented us with this preliminary sketch of the literature of the last fifty years, from the death of Dr. Johnson to that of Sir Walter



Scott, composed for the Athenæum.—These papers are now collected and published in one volume by a spirited bookseller of Paris.

Although Mr. Cunningham by his "Biography of English Painters," &c., had warranted us in expecting correct insight, together with full apprehension and appreciation of the qualities of such numerous and varied literary performances, our esteemed author has, nevertheless, executed the difficult task with a happier result than we even could have ventured to anticipate.

Distinguished as his poetry is by sweet delicacy, harmonious flow, and picturesque disposition, so also is his prose equally striking for its natural energy, magical

delineation, antique clearness and brevity of expression—animated throughout by a just view and estimation of the beautiful—mild censure, and a peculiarly graceful style of representing his views, in more than a hundred miniature illustrations, for as such we may characterize his sketches.

We cannot, therefore, suppress the wish, that the meritorious writer may be tempted to present us with the complete history of English literature treated in the same way: such a book, even when placed beside D'Israeli's work would be likely to maintain its value and interest.

MILFORD.

Götting. Gelehrte Anzeiger,  
4th October, 1834.



## MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

No. XXVIII.

### DENMARK.

The king of Denmark has recently confirmed the foundation of the Copenhagen Society for Northern Antiquities; so that a fund originally producing 12,500 bank dollars, and increasing by donations and regular subscriptions is destined to promote the object of the Society in general, and the publication of ancient Iceland works in particular.

### FRANCE.

M. Moreau de Jonnés has published a statement respecting the quantity of books exported from England to France, and from France to England, between the years 1821 and 1832. In 1821, the value of the French books exported to England was 407,534 francs; in 1825, it rose to 914,523; but gradually declined in the succeeding year, till in 1832, it was 435,328. The books exported from England to France amounted in 1821 to 110,375 francs; in 1830 to 154,276, and in 1832 to 131,318. The number of volumes which France sends to England annually is about 400,000, consequently, at the rate of one to every 55 inhabitants; France receives from England 80,000 volumes, or one to every 400 persons. "It is to be deplored," observes M. Moreau de Jonnés, "that the exchange of knowledge between the two first of the civilized countries of Europe, between two nations whose mutual interests demand a closer intellectual connection, is so limited. Even China, situated at the farthest part of the globe, with its ignorant and despotic government, and a language containing 80,000 letters, exports a greater quantity of books than they."

The celebrated dramatist, Alexander Dumas, has set out on a tour, in company with two artists, engaged to take views for a work to be entitled "The Mediterranean and its Coasts;" the descriptive part of which will be from the pen of M. Dumas.

The travels of M. d'Orbigny, who spent seven years in traversing South America in all directions, and who made very extensive collections there, have begun to be printed at the expense of the French government. They will extend to five volumes, and be illustrated with numerous engravings.

The miscellaneous papers of M. Victor Jacquemont, who died during his travels in India, have arrived at Paris, and it is believed, that a selection will be made from them for publication.

Lamartine, the poet, has sent to press the results of his observations during his late tour in the East, which will appear under the title of "Souvenirs, Impressions, Pensées, et Paysages, pendant un Voyage en l'Orient, (1832—1833); ou Notes d'un Voyageur," in 4 vols. 8vo.

M. Alexis de Tocqueville, one of the gentlemen sent by the French government to investigate the Penitentiary System adopted in the United States of America, and whose report on that subject was reviewed in our Twenty-third number, has just published an elaborate work with the title "De la Démocratie en Amérique;" in two vols. 8vo.

### GERMANY.

The house of Cotta, at Munich, has announced the speedy publication of a series of Twenty-two Engravings, representing the entrance of Alexander the Great into Babylon, executed by the celebrated sculptor, Thorwaldsen, for the Royal Danish palace of Christiansburg. The Engravings will be made by Samuel Amsler, from drawings by Overbeck. The illustrative text will be from the pen of Dr. Schorn.

M. Carl Seidler, formerly an officer in the service of the Emperor of Brazil, has just published a work in two 8vo. volumes, with the title of "Ten Years in Brazil during the reign of Don Pedro, and after his departure, with particular reference to the fate of the foreign troops, and the German colonists."

M. Ferdinand Neuman is engaged on a German translation from the original Dutch of "John de Witt and his Times," by P. Simons, in three vols. with notes and illustrative remarks by the Translator.

Mr. F. Fleischer, bookseller, of Leipzig, has just published the 4th livraison of "The Complete Works of E. L. Bulwer," in English, containing Paul Clifford and The Last Days of Pompeii. The fifth livraison will complete the collection for the present; but Mr. Fleischer gives notice of his intention to reprint all future works by the same author as soon as they appear.

Since the commencement of the present year, a Journal has been published at Stuttgart in the English language, with the title of "Albion, a Weekly Chronicle of Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts."

The Bibliographic Institute of Hildburghausen, under the direction of Mr. J. Mayer, announces the appearance after the 1st of May next of the first number of "The United States of North America, in their historical, topographical, and social relations," by Mr. G. H. Eberhard. It is intended, in this work, to present a digested epitome of all that is worth knowing respecting the United States, combining the utmost possible completeness with accuracy and impartiality. We are assured that the author is, from his previous studies, peculiarly qualified for the task, and that he is not only acquainted with every work of importance relative to the Union,



published in America, Germany, or France, but possesses a vast collection of manuscript communications on the subject, from persons in the United States.

Baron von Hammer has just published a New Year's Gift, in the Oriental style, called "Samachschari's Golden Necklace," (*Goldene Halsbänder*). It consists of 99 short and pithy ethical sayings of the celebrated Arabian Samachschari, translated in the same metre as Frederick Rückert has rendered the Makame of Hairiri: the German translation is placed opposite to the Arabian text, and the binding is ornamented with the two present existing orders, the Turkish order of merit, and the Persian order of the lion and sun.

On the 1st of March will be published at Hanover, under the direction of Dr. Grote and other editors, a Journal of Numismatology, not so much as an auxiliary to history, as chiefly to assist collectors in making purchases and exchanges.

We learn from a German paper of the 15 February that Prince Pückler Muskau, whose recent publications have excited such attention, after travelling through Spain and the Pyrenæes last autumn, has arrived without accident at Algiers. In spite of the plague, he designs to proceed to Cairo, and to return to Europe by way of Constantinople in the ensuing autumn, when the public may expect an equally lively and accurate report of his adventures and observations.

A German publication gives the following statement of the proportion between the journals and the population of the principal countries in Europe:—In Rome, there is one journal to 51,000 persons; in Madrid, one to 50,000; in Vienna, one to 11,338; in London, one to 10,600; in Berlin, one to 4074; in Paris, one to 3700; in Stockholm, one to 2600; in Leipzig, one to 1100; in the whole of Spain, one to 864,000; in Russia, one to 674,000; in Austria, one to 376,000; in Switzerland, one to 66,000; in France, one to 52,000; in England, one to 46,000; in Prussia, one to 43,000; in the Netherlands, one to 40,450. The number of subscribers to that of the inhabitants is in France, one to 437; in England, one to 184; in the Netherlands, one to 100.

The number of students at the University of Munich in the winter half-year was 1434, of whom 1267 were natives and 166 foreigners. At the University of Berlin the number of students between Easter and Michael was in 1834 was 1863. The University of Königsberg numbers this winter half-year 477 students; and Bonn 832.

## HOLLAND.

Dr. Siebold, who accompanied the Netherland embassy to Japan as naturalist and physician, employed himself in the scientific investigation of that remarkable country, during his residence there from 1823 to 1830, and he has succeeded in bringing back with him to Europe such an extensive collection of natural history, and such stores of valuable information, that the publication of the results of his labors promises to fill up one of the most important chasms in our knowledge of that part of the world, its history, productions, and inhabitants.

The account of the Voyages and Travels of Mr. von Siebold, his discoveries in natural history, and other researches relative to the history, manners, and languages of the Eastern islands of Asia, will be published in several parts, under the following titles:

*Nippon-Archiv*, describing Japan with its adjacent and tributary territories. This part consists of observations by the traveller himself, as well as the extracts from original Japanese writings, giving as complete an account as possible of this kingdom, with the countries dependent on it. This work, of which four numbers have already been published, will consist of from 15 to 20 parts, each containing 20 lithographic plates, by the first German, Dutch, and French artists, and accompanied by a French, Dutch, or German text, of 6 or 8 sheets.

Mr. Siebold's discoveries in natural history, will appear under the title of *Fauna Japonica* and *Flora Japonica*. The former will appear in numbers, with ten lithographs, accompanied by a descriptive text, partly in French and partly in Latin. Of the *Flora Japonica*, the useful and ornamental plants will be first published in numbers, with five plain or colored plates, and French or German descriptions. The most distinguished botanists and zoologists of Europe are associated with Dr. Siebold for the arrangement of his collections and the publication of these works.

Of the philological works, which are intended to facilitate the study of an hitherto almost unknown idiom, and thus unlock the treasures of its copious and varied literature, the following have already appeared:—*Sin zoo zi lin gjok ben*—*Novus et auctus Litterarum Ideographicarum Thesaurus, sive Collectio omnium Litterarum Sinensium, secundum Radices disposita*, one vol. 4to.; and *Isian dsü wen*, sive, *Mille Literæ Ideographice, opus Sinicum origine, cum Interpretatione Kooriana, in Peninsula Koorai impressum*, one vol. 4to. This latter work, as well as the translation of a well known Chinese school-book into an hitherto entirely unknown language, which throws considerable light on the mystery of the origin of alphabetic characters, is particularly interesting. The following is in the press:—*Thesaurus Lingue Japonice, sive Collectio omnium Verborum Japonicorum, opus origine Japonicum, cum interpretatione Sinensi*, one vol. 4to.

These works have been engraved on stone by a learned Chinese, Ko-tsching-dschang, who accompanied Dr. Siebold to Europe, and are a beautiful specimen of Chinese calligraphy.

A very important work has just been published in the French language, under the following title:—*"Du Royaume des Pays Bas, sous le Rapport de son Origine, de son Développement, et de sa Crise actuelle, avec des pièces justificatives. Par M. G. Baron de Keveberg, Préfet sous l'Empire."* 3 vols. 8vo.

The following is also just published:—*"Précis de la Campagne de Java en 1811. Par le Duc Bernhard de Saxe Weimar, avec Cartes et Plans."* 1 vol. 8vo.

A Biography of eminent Dutchmen, to be completed in sixteen vols. 8vo., is commenced.

## ITALY.

"Proposta d'un Vocabolario etimologico dell' Italiana, con un saggio delle prime cento trenta voci della lettera B." We have before us a prospectus and proof-sheet of the above work, which promises to be highly interesting, not only to Italy, but to the learned world in general. The author, Professor Valentini, whose large Italian and German Dictionary has been reprinted in Italy, and is esteemed the best of its kind, is at present engaged on an historical and philosophical arrangement of those materials, with which he is better acquainted than any contemporary lexicographer, and thus to accomplish the



wish first expressed by Vincenzo Monti, namely, that "the great wall, (the Dictionary of the Academy della Crusca) which divides grammar from philosophy, and makes reason the slave of authority, might at last be pulled down."

During the year 1834 considerable excavations were made at Pompeii. The whole street leading from the Temple of Fortune to the Gate of Isis was cleared in October. In two other streets that intersect it, one of which conducts to the Theatre, and the other to the Temple of Augustus, operations are also far advanced. At the extremity of the former has been found a richly decorated altar, with its protecting Genius in the form of a serpent. Two houses in the street of Fortune are at length entirely cleared from rubbish, and a great number of valuable objects, of bronze, iron, and ivory, have been discovered in them.

## RUSSIA.

The Emperor of Russia has given directions for the foundation of an Observatory on a scale worthy of the great empire which he governs. The site chosen for this building is the hill of Pulkowa, about 200 feet high, in the demesne of the imperial palace of Zarskoj-Zelo, 17 wersts south of Petersburg. The building itself, in the form of a cross, will extend from east to west 220 Rheinland feet, and in the direction of the meridian 175 feet. It will be surmounted by three towers, with moveable roofs, the central one 32 feet, and the two others 20 feet each in diameter, for the instruments. There will also be four pavilions placed symmetrically round it, two for the observers of comets, and two for the reception of portable geodesical and astronomical instruments. The Emperor has given the land upon which the Observatory, and its dependent buildings are to be erected; and has taken upon himself every expense attending its erection, as well as that of furnishing the establishment with all requisite instruments, which will be on the same magnificent scale as the institution itself. The total cost will exceed a million and a half of rubles. The foundations of the Observatory were laid in August last, and it is expected to be roofed in before the end of this year.

Russia alone, of all the great nations of Europe, is yet without any collection of the sources of its national history. To fill up this chasm in its literature the Emperor has ordered the publication of a complete collection of all the historical documents extant, from the earliest ages to the present time.

Colonel Alexander Dmitrijewitsch Tschertkow, has just published a "Description of Russian Coins," in the Russian language, in 8vo., with 28 lithographs. It is very highly spoken of, and fills up a long felt desideratum in Russian literature.

Father Hyacinth has lately published in the Russian language an "Historical account of the Oyrates or Calmucks, from the 15th century to the present time." This work will be very interesting to the Oriental scholar, to whose attention we particularly recommend it.

Professor Charnoy, of the Petersburg University, has already finished his "Concise Persian Grammar," in the French language, and is now engaged in a more elaborate Grammar of the same language. He has also completed his French translation of the first part of "Scherif-Namé," (History of the

Koords, from the Persian of Scherif-ud-din-Bedliay, a chief of one of their tribes). This first part contains a geographical description as well of the Persian as the Turkish part of Koordistan, with 1400 notes. The whole work will fill three parts 4to.

Dr. Horner, who accompanied the first Russian Voyage round the world under Captain Krusenstern, and is also well known by his Russian Nautical History, died in his native country, Switzerland, at Zurich, on the 3d of November, 1834, in his 60th year.

Professor Postels is engaged in preparing for publication, conjointly with Captain Lütke, a Narrative of their "Voyage round the World in the sloop Senjawn." The first numbers of the plates and letter-press will shortly appear, lithographed by Engelmann, in Paris.

Mr. Pluchart has announced for speedy publication, a "Russian Encyclopedia." It is to consist of 24 volumes, small type, double columns. It is to be a thoroughly national work, written by and for Russians, in the spirit of the political institutions of their country, and in a style adapted to their state of knowledge. Besides numerous original articles relating exclusively to Russia, the German Conversations-Lexicon, as well as similar English and French works, will be consulted. The first four volumes are to be published 1835, and four volumes regularly every year, so that the whole work may be completed in six years. It is much to the honor of Russia that a single bookseller should be able to undertake a work, which will cost a million of rubles, and on which above 200 men of letters and science will be engaged.

## SPAIN.

At the beginning of last year there were published in Spain 98 newspapers; at the commencement of the present year (1835) only 77. The total expense of these 77 papers is estimated at 11,600,000 reals, and the receipts at 10,315,000.

## SWEDEN.

The Brunswick paper states that a German scholar, Dr. Löwe, having lately visited Upsal, for the purpose of once more comparing the Gothic Manuscript Gospels of Ulphilas, written on purple parchment in gold and silver letters, it was discovered, to the great consternation of the librarians, that a previous collater, supposed to be an Englishman, had cut out and purloined eleven leaves of that magnificent Codex. We hope, for the honor of our country, that the conjecture is unfounded.

## SWITZERLAND.

The canton of Bern had, at the end of 1831, 896 country schools, attended by 75,725 children. Of these 763 were of the Protestant persuasion, and 133 Catholic. The former had 68,808 pupils, the latter, 6,917; thus the average number attached to each of the Protestant schools was about 90; and to the Catholic 52.



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THE

## FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW,

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ART. I.—*Statement of some New Principles on the Subject of Political Economy, exposing the Fallacies of the System of Free Trade; and of some other Doctrines maintained in the "Wealth of Nations."*

By John Rae. Boston: Hilliard, Gray and Co. 1834. pp. 414.

MUCH as the study of political economy is cultivated in England, elsewhere it demands a much larger share of attention. In France it is pursued with zeal and enthusiasm, and the names of Christophe, Garnier, Sismondi, Say, and Dupin, are fresh in the recollection of most readers. Nor has Italy been behind; witness the names of Carli, Verri, Beccaria, d' Arco, Caracciolo, Filangieri, Palmieri, and Galiani. Statesmen disdained not to stoop from what some might deem their higher cares, and the more imposing standing occupied by them as legislators, to investigate the principles of a system. The history of the science and its professors, in fifty volumes, by Custodi, shows a willingness to labor in its mines altogether unexampled in England. Of this enormous work Chevalier Pecchio made an abridgment, in 1829. The contributions of the Spaniards are few; Campomanes, Jovellanos, Ortiz, and de Vadillo, have been lately introduced to our readers. All these writers, in some way or other, more or less remote, acknowledge their obligations to Adam Smith. It was to be expected that if America entered into the field of contention, she would despise authority. Mr. Rae's book (not the first produced by the "men of that ilk" on this high argument,) is accordingly set forth as

a statement of new principles—principles subversive of the theories both of Adam Smith and his long tribe of followers.

Mr. Rae expresses himself prepared for opposition; but, as the doctrines of Adam Smith never took so much hold in America as in England, he hopes to meet with less prejudice there than he should have done here. We can assure him, that we are willing to give a fair account of his argument, and are not disposed to weaken its effect by much show of resistance. To treat the subject at full would occupy overmuch space. Time, also, in these stirring days, is not a little precious; and, after all, what our readers expect is rather an account of the author's opinions than our own. The latter are well known by the many papers already devoted by us to this subject—one daily increasing in importance.

Of the value of law Mr. Rae deems highly. According to him, "Nature gave man his peculiar faculties for the purpose that universally, and as well here as elsewhere, he might acquire the direction of events, by discovering the laws regulating their successions." Every political system has proceeded from the operation, through long-extended time, of the things without and the things within man, acting according to certain powers and principles. Every system has many parts, but they all belong to a great whole, and from their action and reaction on each other the movements of the whole proceed. The parts of this whole cannot be properly said to act in opposition to the laws of Nature—and, least of all, statesmen, who are generally moulded after the form and character of their time and



nation, and, instead of giving laws to the age, must rather be regarded by the philosopher as emanations of its genius and organs by which its voice is uttered.

This notion our author carries so far as to declare that,

"were the whole present race of politicians swept from the earth, so little essential difference would there be between them and their successors that the change hence resulting to human affairs could not, probably, be traced a century afterwards. Napoleon, when speaking on this subject, to one of his generals, is somewhere reported to have expressed himself in nearly the following terms: 'We are apt to think that we have done much more than we really have. It is the march of events that has made us, and makes us, what we are. Had you and I never existed, our places would have been held by others, and were we now to cease to exist, the blank would be so filled as not to be perceptible.' It must be allowed that that this was with justice said of himself, even by such a man. Already we perceive that all the apparently mighty changes, referable to his personal agency, were rather undulations on the surface of the tide of human affairs than alterations in its course."

This mode of arguing might suit Napoleon, as an apology for being the thing he had become; but we cannot concede altogether so much to the doctrine of circumstances, as to be quite blind to the force of individual character and the influence of a strong will, as manifested in the acts of a man of great genius, on society. Indeed the purpose for which the above is brought in illustration is a proof of this—it being the restoration of law to the estimation in which it was held previously to Adam Smith. The legislature, in Mr. Rae's opinion, in endeavoring to give an advantageous direction to the course of the national industry, promotes the production of wealth. "Man, indeed, never seeks to conquer Nature otherwise than by obeying her, but his aim, nevertheless, always is to conquer her. By observing the order of events, he acquires the power of changing that order. He does so by that which distinguishes him from other animals, the reasoning faculty, which so directed we term art, and without the aid of which so directed we scarce attain any object."

We know not how the proposition is to be disputed, that the result of a successful inquiry into the nature of wealth would terminate in affording the means of exposing the errors that legislators had committed, from not attending to all the circumstances connected with the growth of that wealth, whose progress it had been their aim to advance; and would so teach them, not that they ought to remain inactive, but how they may act safely and advantageously. The nature of stock, and the means of in-

creasing it, are matters of importance in this inquiry. Its increase, we are told, may be advanced, 1. By whatever promotes the general intelligence and morality of society; and, consequently, the moral and intellectual education of the people makes an important element in its progress; 2. By whatever promotes invention, advancing the progress of science and art within the community, and transferring from other communities their arts and sciences; and, 3. By whatever prevents the dissipation in luxury of any portion of the funds of the communities.

Perhaps there is not any thing novel or striking in these views. They serve at any rate to show to what sect of political economists the writer belongs. It is clear that he does not exclude immaterial products from the idea of wealth. In this he decidedly differs from Adam Smith and Dr. Malthus—and agrees with M'Culloch, who considers that man is the most valuable of all instruments of labor—perfected at the cost of much labor, and destined in his turn to produce and perfect other such instruments. It seems impossible to exclude the subject of population from the inquiry—and in that subject the interests of morality are deeply involved.

Political economy is a science which ought especially to proceed by an induction of facts. How much is contained, for instance, in this simple statement!

"A farmer in the interior of North America has almost always a large mass of commodities which are nearly, or altogether, valueless to him. Great part of the timber he cuts down he is obliged to burn upon the ground, and much of the produce of his orchard, of his dairy, and of his poultry yard and garden, is either entirely, or in a great measure, lost. No little part of the direct produce of the farm is also lost. His working cattle are idle for weeks or months in the course of the year, and any superabundance of the more bulky articles, such as unripe turnips, potatoes, oats, or hay, lies nearly useless on his hands. When a manufacturing village is established in his neighborhood, all such productions become valuable, and are transferred to the artisan and master manufacturer, as returns for the products of their arts. The pine of the forest goes to build their houses; the maple, the birch, and the walnut, to make furniture for them; all potatoes and other vegetables of the sort, that can be spared, are consumed by them as articles of food; the working cattle get employed at all times; and there are none of the returns of the industry of the agriculturist but find a ready market."

We repeat that the science of political economy should, in an especial manner, observe the philosophical canons of the *Novum Organon*. Speculation of all kinds should be suspended in favor of inductive evidence. The fact just mentioned is used by Mr. Rae to show the advantages result-



ing to the locality where a new art gains a fixed seat. The value and rent of land increases, and the neighborhood of manufacturing towns and villages is distinguished by marked differences from places far distant.

Every useful art is connected with many, or with all, others. Whatever renders its products more easily attainable facilitates the operations of a whole circle of arts, and introduces change—the great agent in producing improvements—under the most favorable form. Improvements in the iron manufacture have conduced to others in the mechanical arts. New arts are also generated by the passing of one into another, and the ingenuity of individuals is excited by the mere existence of the arts in society.

An important lesson is involved in the fact, that the absolute loss caused to the present United States, from the interruption of their intercourse with Great Britain, at the commencement of the war of the revolution, equalled the whole expense of that war. The loss, in like manner, which many of the continental nations experienced from the sudden interruption to the supply of British manufactures, during the progress of the war against Napoleon, was excessive. Great Britain herself, on the same occasion, suffered very severely from being at once deprived of the supply of materials necessary to many branches of her industry. Thus the cutting off the trade in Baltic and Norwegian timber was for some years very severely felt by us. Yet compensation is found for the wasteful injuries occasioned by wars, in the ingenuity which is stimulated to provide substitutes for deficient commodities, and in the transfer which they frequently compel of the arts from country to country.

Whatever the benefits producible by these or other means, the same may be produced by legislative operation, without any sacrifice. "It is the business of reason," exclaims our American enthusiast, "watching events, to separate the good from the evil, and to search for plans of obtaining the one and avoiding the other." And this view would be correct and conclusive, if legislators were always rational and laws always just—but to gain a perception of the right, and to apply principles to practice, are very different functions. In all detail there is something that "puzzles the will;" exceptions will arise to the rules that one would fain enforce, and there is a natural oppugnancy in material combinations that is at war with law and reason. From these causes arise the mistakes of statesmen, and

they have sometimes been of such a nature as to make their interference any thing but beneficial. There are circumstances lying beyond the reach of the legislator, and which he cannot hope to change. Often his highest wisdom is to "let well alone."

Louis XIV. attempted to make France a maritime and commercial nation. To do so it only required that the principle of accumulation should have existed in sufficient strength among the people of France, to induce the construction of instruments, such as were used in England and by other maritime and commercial nations. The French at that time had ships and commerce, and if their accumulative principle had been so strong as to lead them to construct instruments returning as slowly as those formed by the English and Dutch, their commerce and navy would easily have rivalled those of these nations. The attempt of the British, in some instances, to supplant the Dutch in their fishery, was liable to a similar objection. We select these examples, because they are facts admitted by Mr. Rae himself, and go to prove that, under circumstances particularly unfavorable to the practice of a certain art, and no countervailing circumstances particularly favorable to it, the first introduction thereof must always cost much, and the subsequent maintenance be a burden on the common industry and stock. Well then may Mr. Rae remark that, "while the legislator is called upon to act, he is also called on to act cautiously, and to regulate his proceedings by an attentive consideration of the progress of events." But here is implied a limitation of the legislative process—law is held in check by an opposite principle of non-interference. It is between these two that the question of "free trade" lies. The utmost power possessed by the legislator is to trim the balance, and even in making the proper adjustment he is liable to great errors. This is a point which might be amply illustrated from the chapter concerning "the operations of the legislator on luxuries," in which our author very rightly apprehends the difficulties of the case. They are, however, sufficiently obvious, upon reflection, to render it unnecessary for us to marshal them forth in critical array.

It is a singular opinion for an American to hold, that a despotic government, other circumstances being equal, has the greatest chance of going right in its legislative measures, and the greatest facility for carrying that right into operation. A legislator of intelligence and perseverance might effect much good in any one of the islands of the South Sea, by introducing the arts of men



further advanced in the career of improvement—even the unskilful efforts of a barbarous chief would not be without advantageous consequences. The like efforts lately made in Egypt had, perhaps, an overbalance of good; certainly the revolution wrought in Russia by Peter the Great was justified by the result. "In such cases," adds our author, "the power of the legislator to effect beneficial changes is so great, that even his most blundering efforts are seldom altogether successless. A fruitful soil yields large returns, even to a very unskilful husbandman."

Our author is not very clear in the language which he adopts in this part of his argument. We gather, however, that, in their actual workings, despotisms are more liable to error. It follows that the *other* circumstances are, in fact, *never equal*. Though it would be folly, in a more intelligent legislature, (that of the United States, of course, is specified) to imagine itself capable of giving to the resources of the country an impulse so sudden and great as that lately attempted in Egypt and formerly effected in Russia, yet it has, in reality, the advantage of being much less open to mistakes. "Every important measure there agitated, before it can be adopted, is subjected to the scrutiny of great numbers of intelligent and well informed individuals, stimulated alike by their regard to their country and to themselves to trace out with accuracy its future operation and effects. By this means, the greatest security, of which the nature of human affairs admits, is given against the adoption of impolitic or hurtful schemes. With such cautions, the legislature may with prudence undertake a series of measures, that, under other circumstances, were of doubtful expediency."

Legislative interference may produce an excessive revenue—a great good, if the legislator be enabled thereby, without expense to society, to carry forward projects that must otherwise have pressed heavily on its resources. On the other hand, it may have an effect similar to that which the discovery of the western continent produced on Spain. The wealth produced may, by the corruption of the court and nobles, spread wide through the higher classes, a dissolute and yet a mercenary spirit. On this we may remark, that as in this world, our life is of a mingled yarn, if we were to make a principle of rejecting the good because it was capable of abuse, it would be impossible to adopt any measure of utility. Besides, as the objection has never been urged by political economists, Mr. Rae may be safely left to dispose of his own crotchet.

The fundamental error of Adam Smith, and the present prevailing school of political economists in England, lies, according to Mr. Rae, in their assuming, that what is true concerning an individual is true also concerning a community; and maintaining, consequently, that every impost is so much absolute loss to the society, and every diminution of it so much gain. Mr. Rae devotes an entire book in disproof of the identity of individual and national interests—and endeavors to show that the causes giving rise to individual and national wealth are not the same, individuals growing rich by the *acquisition* of wealth previously existing; nations, by the *creation* of wealth that did not before exist.

Individuals increase their capitals by acquiring a larger portion of the common funds. While one man is growing rich, another is becoming poor, and the change produced is only a transfer of wealth from one hand to another. One man may add house to house, and farm to farm; and another may give up one portion of property after another, till he has surrendered all. Meanwhile, the mass of wealth—of houses and lands—undergoes but little alteration.

The national capital remains but little changed in amount. It is, therefore, not by acquiring wealth previously in the possession of others that nations are enriched. One nation grows not rich, nor another poor, in the same relation—nor in fact. Neighboring nations may be seen advancing at the same pace towards prosperity and affluence—and declining equally to misery and want. If they advance it is by the *production* of wealth—if they decline, it is by ceasing to produce.

The assertion made by Adam Smith, that the causes of the wealth of nations are to be found in the improvement of the productive powers of human labor is true. If we are told that a country has double the agricultural capital which it had a century ago, we cannot of course conceive that its farms are double the extent they then were; neither do we conceive that its farmers have simply double the number of farms and other buildings, of cattle, ploughs, harrows, and other farming utensils, which they then had. We conceive a change in the mode in which its fields are laid out and tilled; in the form and qualities of the stock; in the construction of all the implements of industry; in the size and arrangement of the barns and other buildings, and that through these changes the national agricultural labor produces at least double the products it formerly did. In money value,



however, both the individual and national capital would be alike double in amount—it follows not, nevertheless, that the principles which have produced them are perfectly similar. “The poem of Childe Harold,” says Mr. Rae, “cost the publisher a certain sum; so did the paper on which it was printed. They both, too, were works of man, and required mental and corporeal energy to produce them; but we should not, therefore, say that the principles that produced them were precisely similar.”

Our author luxuriates in the idea of awaking “one of the men of the olden time” from the slumber of the tomb—to tell him of the ten-fold increase of the national wealth, or capital of Great Britain. He would ask how it could be, and by way of answer, our American economists would “take him abroad and show him the wonders and achievements of art with which the land is overspread; the various processes carried on in our manufactories and workshops; the scientific labors of the agriculturist; the curious mechanism with which the vast bulk of our ships is put together and guided; fire and water transformed into our obedient drudges, excavating harbors and draining mines for us, carrying us over the land with the speed of the wind, bearing us through the ocean against tide and storm.” Still another question would then suggest itself—How the power had been acquired that had wrought so great a change? “We can scarce suppose that any one would be found to reply: The whole process is nothing extraordinary; it is just the same as you must have seen in your own days, when, by continual parsimonious saving, an individual accumulated ten times the capital he once had; he began, perhaps, with one house and died owning ten. Such an assertion would evidently be absurd.”

This is well put. Our author proceeds to show, that, not only are the ends which individuals and nations pursue different, but also the means which they employ. Industry and parsimony increase the capitals of individuals; national wealth, understood in its largest and truest sense as the wealth of all nations, cannot be increased but through the aid also of the inventive faculty. The community adds to its wealth by creating wealth, and, if we understand by the legislator the power acting for the community, it seems not absurd or unreasonable that he should direct part of the energies of the community towards the furtherance of this power of invention, this necessary element in the production of the wealth of nations.”

The progress of science and of art, the

discovery of new arts, and of improvements in the old, are the proper objects for promotion. The statesman should also encourage the discovery of methods of adapting arts already practised in other countries to the particular circumstances of the territory and community for which he legislates. These are objects in which the aid of the inventive faculty is required.

National capital is increased not by accumulation but by change. For the flail for threshing out grain has been substituted the threshing machine. Previously to the invention of the latter, a farmer might have accumulated his individual capital in flails to an indefinite extent for his own convenience. This private accumulation, however, would have made no real increase in the national wealth—this was reserved for the new invention. The nation has now, besides the flail, the threshing machine—a new instrument, *far more expensive than the former*. This extra expense marks the increase of national capital, for which the improved facility and effect in the operation of the machine constitute the appropriate return.

“A farmer,” argues Mr. Rae, “could have had no motive to accumulate but a very trifling capital in the shape of flails, because half a dozen were as useful to him as half a thousand; but he had a great motive to accumulate a considerable capital in the shape of a threshing machine, because it would save him much annual expenditure of labor, and the operation so performed, separating the grain more effectually, would give him a small addition to the corn yielded by his subsequent crops. Accordingly, its invention was followed by the accumulation in this form of a large amount of capital, and so by an increase of the whole agricultural capital of the nation. But, besides this direct effect, the saving it produced in one of the main processes of agriculture augmented the profits of the farmers; and tended, therefore, to make all farmers cultivate their farms more perfectly, and some to engage in improving land not before cultivated. Both the direct and indirect effects of this invention, therefore must have helped, in no inconsiderable degree, to augment agricultural capital, and so the whole capital of the nation.”

This certainly appears to us making a legitimate use of the fact. It follows that the increase of national capital is one and the same with the progress of invention, improvement, and discovery. Nations have remained apparently stationary for ages, in regard to their national wealth, though undisturbed by external violence and unmolested by internal tumults, and yet all the while the process of individual accumulation has been going on—men have risen from poverty to affluence, founded families, and left wealth to their descendants—or have become poor and bequeathed nothing to their children. A nation may be poor while its subjects may be rich. An in-



crease of the national capital, however, will facilitate that of individuals. The invention of the steam-engine has increased both national and individual wealth.

The statement which we have just made, if carried out to its full consequences, would we suspect, modify many of our author's conclusions. We content ourselves in this place with putting a few questions. May not the faculty and product of invention properly be considered as so much capital belonging to the inventor as well as the nation, and to the inventor in the first place? And do not the facilities experienced by individuals for private accumulation from the augmentation of the national capital constitute capital to them,—require, in fact, the investment therein of capital by them, and even in this view, manifest “the identity of the Interests of Nations and Individuals?” If these questions be answered in the affirmative—are not the differences between Adam Smith and Mr. Rae in some measure of a merely verbal character?

Verbal distinctions, however, in some cases are of use, and subserve the purpose of putting an object in a better light. One thing is made clear by the distinction here taken, that it is not by continual parsimonious saving out of revenue that a nation becomes rich. May it not likewise be doubted whether the rule holds respecting individuals? In the case of the inventor it certainly does not. His wealth flows from a generous expenditure of mental power; which is at the same time production. And how often is a fortune realized by generosity of mind expressed in a daring speculation—a risk of capital appearing to mere sordid intellects reckless at the time, and only justified by the well anticipated result! Instances of this kind are perhaps more frequent in the publishing world than in any other.

But let us not forget that the principle sought to be established by Mr. Rae is that of legislative interference. Foreign wars and domestic disturbances appear to him less advantageous methods for introducing new arts and manufactures from foreign states than the restrictions and bounties of the legislator. To transfer a manufacture from one country to another must always be a very tedious and expensive operation for any individual to perform. The proprietor of such new manufacture might, indeed, sometimes not only succeed in establishing it, but in keeping secret the great profits that he made from it, for a considerable period; it is, however, more probable that his success would be exaggerated and competitors dispute the trade with him.

By bribing his workmen with better wages, they would succeed in depriving him of the profits that he might otherwise have drawn from his extraordinary outlay of labor and capital. A due regard, therefore, to his own interest would not be a motive sufficient to prompt an individual to such an undertaking. In Mr. Rae's opinion, it would be more just and judicious that the necessary first cost of a scheme like this should be borne by the whole community than that it should fall in ruin on some unfortunate projector—more just, as the burden of procuring a common benefit would be divided amongst all, instead of being sustained by one; more judicious, as society would not have to wait for the attainment of a desirable object, on so doubtful a chance as the folly of projectors.

Recollecting the vain attempts before quoted of Louis XIV. to make France a maritime and commercial nation—and of the British to supplant the Dutch in their fishery—it is our opinion that the immediate attainment predicated is not to be realized by the method proposed. It is only by the pursuit of private interest, whether successful or not in the first instance, and the excitement of competition, that the implantation can be made. By the various fortunes of individuals thus engaged, the public attention is awakened, and from being the subject of common conversation the manufacture also becomes the subject of consumption—a consummation more easily effected, as the competition will have reduced it to a price within the means of the general purchaser. This gross manifestation of the law of action and reaction may, to be sure, offend the philosophy of some political economists—so there have been some moral sophists who have looked on storms and earthquakes as impeachments of the wisdom of nature and arguments against the power or goodness of the Deity. Legislative interference would do little in the latter case, and as little we fear in the former.

Mr. Rae knew two brothers whose farms or estates lay in one of the interior districts of Canada, in the midst of its forests, and consequently at a considerable distance, perhaps twenty or thirty miles, from artificers of any description. Having each of them large families and productive farms, they had occasion for the services of various artificers and had the means of paying them. Nevertheless, they very rarely employed them; almost every article they required was made by some one of the two families. As they were prudent and sagacious men, of which they produced the best



evidence in the general success of their undertakings, and the prosperity of the settlement of which they were at the head, Mr. Rae thought it likely that in this they had turned their means to the best account. In fact, as they who are familiar with the details of beginning settlements in North America will admit, by this plan they in a great measure obviated the two chief drawbacks on the prosperity of new and remote settlements, the excessive dearness of every article not produced there, from the great expense attending the transport of the raw produce and re-transport of the manufactured goods, and the serious inconvenience arising from the difficulty, in such situations, of supplying, when necessary, unforeseen but pressing wants. Among other things which they got made on their own farms were boots, shoes, and leather. That they might get this done, they were at the pains and the expense of sending one of the young men to some distance to make himself sufficiently master of those trades for their purpose. They thought, however, that the cost they were thus put to was repaid twice over by the saving of time and expense which it effected for them, in enabling them to make, out of leather which cost them very little, numerous articles that they must otherwise have been consequently sending for to a great distance, by roads that were almost impracticable a great part of the season.

This fact is brought in illustration of an argument opposed to an opinion of Adam Smith's, which is thus expressed in the *Wealth of Nations*.

"It is the maxim of every prudent master of a family, never to attempt to make at home what it will cost more to make than to buy. The tailor does not attempt to make his own shoes, but buys them of the shoemaker. The shoemaker does not attempt to make his own clothes, but employs a tailor. The farmer attempts to make neither one nor the other, but employs those different artificers. All of them find it for their interest to employ their whole industry in a way in which they have some advantage over their neighbors, and to purchase with a part of its produce, or, what is the same thing, with the price of a part of it, whatever else they have occasion for. What is prudence in the conduct of every private family can scarce be folly in that of a great kingdom."

The fact stated by Mr. Rae shows that this rule, like most others, is liable to exceptions. Where the parties are at a great distance, they will find the expense of getting carried so far the articles they want so considerable as probably to exceed their first cost, and to render it good economy to make such themselves. In countries where the population is scattered and the internal communications are bad, many trades are

practised in the farmers' houses and by their own families. These exceptions show that individuals, as well as nations, often acquire wealth from other sources than mere saving from revenue; that skill is as necessary and consequently as valuable a co-operator with the industry of both as either capital or parsimony; and that, therefore, the expenditure which either may be called on to make to attain the requisite skill is very well betowed.

We may leave our author in calm possession of this conclusion. It turns, however, upon this, that in the excepted cases no better employment for capital exists than that adopted. In a country where industry has full occupation already, it might even be expedient and more profitable to bring certain required commodities from a distance than to make them at home. Men have not leisure to acquire new trades who have already enough to do in their own. For the good of the unemployed population new arts might be introduced with advantage.

The following remarks are valuable:—

"But, though skill is valuable both to nations and individuals, there are many circumstances that render it more so to the former than to the latter. In the first place it is more durable. Whatever may be the perfection to which an individual may have brought his skill, dexterity, and judgment, in conducting any particular set of operations, that perfection perishes with him. Whatever expense it may have cost him to acquire this possession, and however valuable it may be to himself, he cannot transmit it to his heirs. But any addition which a society makes to the skill, dexterity, and judgment, with which its members exercise any branch of industry, is not of this fleeting nature. Instead of the benefits derived from it being bounded by the short space of time that the active life of an individual embraces, they are continuous with the national existence. If it be worth while paying a considerable apprenticeship for the acquisition of an art, which can probably only be exercised for twenty or thirty years, it must be better worth while to pay for one, the advantages derived from the possession of which may be retained for hundreds or thousands of years.

"Again, whatever an individual may expend in acquiring any degree of skill is, to a certain extent, lost to him; though he may draw a revenue, he cannot draw a capital from it. No portion of the future skilled labor of an individual can be sold, because it can only be sold with himself, and such bargains, sanctioned in ancient, are not so in modern times. No where can one effectually make over his services for a certain time to any other person, because no where can he give that person the power of enforcing their exertion. On the contrary any portion of the future revenue, yielded by the skilled industry of a nation, may be sold, and consequently, an addition to the national skill gives a proportional addition to the command of national resources to meet any sudden emergency. The produce of the general industry of Great Britain stands mortgaged for a sum which it would have appeared a century ago utterly im-



possible to conceive that industry could sustain, because a century ago it was impossible to conceive the vast increase which has since been made to the skill, dexterity, and judgment, with which it was then directed.

"Besides these and other differences between the effects resulting from the acquisition of skill in the pursuits of industry by nations and by individuals, there is one on which I have already enlarged. An increase of skill seems to be always a necessary concomitant of the increase of national wealth, whereas it is not always a concomitant of the increase of individual wealth. It is not therefore true, that nations and individuals increase their wealth in the same manner, nor, were it so, do the rules which modern political economists lay down for the increase of national wealth agree with those which individuals adopt in their endeavors to augment their private stocks."

Mr. Rae complains that we are called upon by Adam Smith to assume as axioms propositions which are capable of conveying two senses, and which are granted in the one sense and applied in the other. We are described as assenting to the propositions, that "the industry of the society can augment only in proportion as its capital augments, and its capital can augment only in proportion to what can be gradually saved out of its revenue," because we see that the augmentation of industry and capital, the saving from revenue and increase of capital, are concomitants of each other; we perceive not, that in the application of these propositions the sense in which we assented to them is abandoned, and that the augmentation of the capital of the society is assumed as the cause, and the sole cause, of the increase of its industry, and the saving from revenue, as the cause, and the sole cause, of the augmentation of its capital. Whereas, from the observation of the increase of the productiveness of national industry and of the amount of national capital going on in general together, we may at least as justly infer that it is the industry which augments the capital as the capital the industry, and rather come to the conclusion, that part of the national resources should be employed in giving perfection to the industry of the society, than that they shall be altogether devoted to attempts to increase its capital.

This view the author further seeks to enforce, on the admission of Adam Smith himself, that capital is only valuable for the addition it makes to the efficiency of the national industry; and, as, that efficiency is also, according to him, mainly dependent on the skill, dexterity, and judgment, with which it is applied, an expenditure of capital or revenue, having the effect of increasing the national skill, dexterity, and judgment, would seem to be the most judicious possible, seeing it directly increases those

sources of production, from the indirect addition it makes to which, capital is said to derive its sole value.

Some of Mr. Rae's illustrations are exceedingly picturesque. The following forms a charming relief to a subject like the present.

"A North American Indian in his canoe comes to an island in some lake or river, and finds near it a good station for fishing. He therefore determines to remain there for the fishing season. Towards evening he paddles his canoe to shore, lands, kindles his fire near a large tree, wraps his blanket about him, places his feet to the fire, his head to the trunk of the tree and thus prepares for repose. In so doing, with the exception of kindling the fire, he takes advantage simply of his knowledge of the nature of the things around him, and seeks from them the best supply they can give him of what he wants, that is, of shelter from wind and weather.

"It rains and blows during the night; the tree shelters him somewhat, but still he gets cold and wet. In the morning, he spends some hours providing a better shelter against the inclemency of any such night in future. Of branches and bark he makes something like one half of the roof of a house, only much smaller, the open side being towards the south and the fire, the sloping side towards the north, from whence come cold and rain. Thus, though he cannot prevent the wind from blowing or the rain from falling, his knowledge of the manner in which the train of events forming these phenomena succeed each other, or, if you will, his knowledge of the laws which regulate their motions, instructs him so to direct them, that the one shall not blow or the other fall on a particular spot, which he knows he may at some future time wish to remain calm and dry. This time may be distant, for it may not rain or blow so as to inconvenience him for a week or two, nevertheless, to provide against it he gives a good many hours' present labor.

"Next evening, before going to repose, he finds the turf damp from the rain of the former night. He looks for an elm tree, cuts off a piece of its strong thick bark large enough for him to sleep on, covers it with the soft branches and leaves of the white pine, and forms a dry and soft bed for himself. Thus his knowledge of the materials around enables him to form what he wants—a dry and soft place of repose.

"In this island he discovers a small wild plum tree, he relishes the fruit, but there is little of it. Resolving to return in succeeding seasons, he lops the branches of the surrounding trees to give this room to spread, and expects thus to find next year a more abundant crop.\* Here his knowledge of the manner in which trees and fruits grow and thrive, or his knowledge of the order of the trains of events which terminate in the full development of the tree and abundance of its fruit, enables him so to work on the matters around him, as to occasion them to produce more abundantly next season than they have this what then he will desire.

"He thinks not of providing for any future want, the means to supply which will, without this, exist in sufficient abundance. Thus, water in such a situation he knows he will always be surrounded with. Were the same Indian encamp-

\* This is a possible supposition, but it is more probable he would neglect, perhaps cut it down for the sake of reaching more easily the fruit which it carried.



ed in the woods by a very scanty spring, he would dam it up, and cover it with branches so as to keep cool a quantity of water for his future occasions.

"The proceedings of man are every where similar. He has always an end in view; he employs means to effect this end, and there is a manner through which he effects it. The end is a supply for future wants; the means, the bringing about of such events as may serve to supply them; the manner, a knowledge of the qualities with which nature has endowed the materials within its reach, of the series of events in consequence arising among them, and an application of this knowledge to produce, through his corporeal powers, such an arrangement of these materials as may so change the issues of events that would otherwise have place, as to bring about those which he desires."

This same principle Mr. Rae proceeds to illustrate also by the usages of civilized life. The cultivation of wheat, the separation of the grain, the production of the flour, and the manufacture of bread, form interesting episodes. To such arrangements of matter as owe their chief efficacy to what are called the mechanic powers, he would give the name of instruments—as a lever or a wedge—a spade—a tool. By the phrase instruments of husbandry are meant the articles used in that art, the properties of which may be explained on mechanical principles. He even looks on a field as an instrument, as also the wheat grown on it, the flour evolved therefrom, and the bread which it finally composes. In a word, every thing that man, for the purpose of gaining an end, brings to exist, or alters in its form, position, or the arrangement of its parts, is, in our author's sense, an instrument. All instruments agree in three particulars:—1. They are all either directly formed by human labor, or indirectly through the aid of other instruments themselves formed by human labor;—"the first price, the original purchase money, that was paid for all things." 2. All instruments bring to pass, or tend or help to bring to pass, events supplying some of the wants of man, and are then exhausted. 3. Between the formation and exhaustion of instruments a space of time intervenes. This necessarily happens because all events take place in time. Sometimes that space extends to years, sometimes to months, occasionally to shorter periods, but it always exists. Every society possesses a certain amount of materials capable of being converted into instruments, the surface of its territory, the various minerals lying below the surface, its natural forests, its waters—the command it may have of the ocean, and its consequent property in the minerals and animals contained in it—the rain that waters its soil—the ele-

mentary principles that may be extracted from the atmosphere—even, perhaps, the light and heat of the sun—are all to be regarded as materials, which, through the agency of the labor of its members, may be converted into instruments. The civilized man has, through his knowledge, more power than the savage or barbarian for constructing instruments, and forms a great number out of the same materials. The European emigrant converts the soil and forests of America or New Holland into means of producing a great mass of desirable events, which it was beyond the capacity of the ignorant native to effect.

No instruments will be designedly formed but such as have a greater capacity or issue in events equivalent to more than the labor expended in their construction. There are also certain circumstances determining the amount of instruments formed. To point out these, and to distinguish the more remarkable phenomena which their operation produces, is the author's next object. The quantity and quality of the materials owned by any society—the strength of the *effective desire of accumulation*, the rate of wages—and the progress of the inventive faculty, are four causes tending to this result.

This part of the subject is thrown into a scientific form; the author has, however, not neglected to strew some flowers over his pages. In the chapter that treats of the circumstances which determine the strength of the effective desire of accumulation, Mr. Rae has very pleasingly introduced some poetical illustrations. The desire of personal and family aggrandizement, and a wish conjoined with the pursuit of both to rank high in the estimation of the world, influence individual character and conduct to the production of sober industry and frugality, and consequently to an extended provision for the wants of others. The ambition of wealth—(the only ambition of these times)—must be kept in strict check—and especially the *Cassius-like envy which it generates*, by a large surrounding mass of genuine probity. In ancient times the pursuit of wealth was held incompatible with virtue. That this is no longer the case, is owing to the different circumstances of modern society. In like manner, the passions prompting to marriage depend for their mode of operation on the feelings and morals of particular eras. The doctrines of Malthus are not novelties, they suit corrupt times. Marriage, at such periods, will seldom be sought after by men in easy circumstances, for the mere pleasures of sense.



Socrates taught his son to feel peculiar obligation to him for having, in a voluptuous age, put himself to the inconvenience of giving him being.

"The indulgences," adds Mr. Rae, "to which these passions prompt, when the feeling becomes purely selfish, will, indeed, I suspect, be found to be the great weakeners of this very principle. Out of the heart are the issues of life, and the evils to which they give rise are the worst of any, because they contaminate the sources of all healthy energy and activity at the very fountain-head. It is to them that Horace, in my opinion, truly traces the load of mischief which in his time pressed on Rome, and which finally overwhelmed her.

*'Fœcunda culpæ secula nuptias  
Primùm inquinavere, et genus et domos;  
Hoc fonte derivata clades  
Inque patres populumque fluxit.'*

"Even on the supposition of legitimate offspring, it is only in countries where the general sentiment applauds that course of action, that the man actuated by mere self-interest can be supposed to pride himself on rearing up and providing for a family, in preference to enjoying, without restraint, all the pleasures he may be able to procure. Cool, calculating, self-interest would thus speak. 'Who knows whether his son shall be a wise man or a fool? Yet shall he have rule over all his labor wherein he hath labored; and wherein he hath showed himself wise under the sun. This is also vanity. Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better than that a man should rejoice in his own works, for that is his portion; for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him: it is good and comely for one to eat and to drink, and to enjoy the good of all his labor that he taketh under the sun all the days of his life, which God giveth him, for it is his portion. We find accordingly, that in states where mere selfish enjoyment is the chief principle of action, the interests of posterity are neglected. Thus, among the Roman writers, the heir is always represented in an invidious light, and to save for him is represented as a folly. The writings of Horace and the contemporary poets throughout exemplify the prevalence of this feeling.

*'Parcus ob hæredis curam—  
Assidet insano.'*

"For a frightful picture of causes and effects in this particular, the epigram of Martial to Titullus beginning,

*'Rape, congere, aufer, &c.'*

might be quoted. But it is time to conclude a digression, on which perhaps I have somewhat prematurely entered."

This is graceful and true, and deserves to be extracted. But it is with our author's American Indian illustrations that we are most pleased. These mark the place of composition, they are idiosyncratic, and have a peculiar interest. He presents us with the extremes by which the hunter's existence is chequered; shows how abundance, famine, the fierce joys of victory, the horrors of surprise and defeat, rapidly succeed each other in an order which he can neither pretend to foresee nor direct; how he deems himself the sport of a capricious supernatural agency, accusing neither

his unsteady hand nor imperfect sight, but some magical influence hanging on his weapon, which only the priest or sorcerer can therefore remove; and how the direction of all distant events seems thus to be beyond his control.

We love to accompany the writer in his analysis of the Indian mind, like his subject, he has in this a character all his own, at any rate as a political economist. The Indian neglects or refuses to adopt the arts of the new neighbors, which the discovery by Europeans of the country he inhabits brought and has kept in contact with him. He will have no more to do with them than Mr. Rae will with Adam Smith's theories. By means of these (the arts we mean, not the theories) the soil, and almost whatever grows on it, or is hid beneath it, are converted into instruments, capable of plentifully supplying every variety of future want. The Indian nevertheless declines imitation and seeks shelter in apathy, regarding life and its enjoyments, both for himself and his children, as did his forefathers, as gifts to be made the most of while they last, but which no care can secure, and to be calmly resigned when necessary. Not only are wanted motives exciting to provide for the needs of futurity, through the use of present means, but habits of perception and action, leading to a constant connexion in the mind of those distant points and of the series of events serving to unite them. The mind needs training to thought and action. This part of the subject our author illustrates by a picture of some little villages on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

"They are surrounded in general by a good deal of land from which the wood seems to have been long extirpated, and have besides attached to them extensive tracts of forests. The cleared land is rarely, I may almost say never, cultivated, nor are any inroads made in the forest for such a purpose. The soil is, nevertheless, fertile, and were it not, manure lies in heaps by their houses. Were every family to inclose half an acre of ground, till it, and plant in it potatoes and maize, it would yield a sufficiency to support them one half the year. They suffer too, every now and then, extreme want, inasmuch that, joined to occasional intemperance, it is rapidly reducing their numbers. This, to us, so strange apathy proceeds not, in any great degree, from repugnance to labor; on the contrary, they apply very diligently to it, when its reward is immediate. Thus, besides their peculiar occupations of hunting and fishing, in which they are ever ready to engage, they are much employed in the navigation of the St. Lawrence, and may be seen laboring at the oar, or setting with the pole in the large boats used for the purpose, and always furnish the greater part of the additional hands necessary to conduct rafts through some of the rapids. Nor is the obstacle aversion to agricultural labor. This is no doubt a prejudice of theirs; but mere prejudices always yield, principles of action cannot be created. Where the returns from



agricultural labor are speedy and great, they are also agriculturists. Thus some of the little islands on Lake St. Francis, near the Indian village of St. Regis, are favorable to the growth of maize, a plant yielding a return of a hundred fold, and forming even when half ripe, a pleasant and substantial repast. Patches of the best land on these islands are, therefore, every year, cultivated by them for this purpose. As their situation renders them inaccessible to cattle no fence is required; were this additional outlay necessary, I suspect they would be neglected, like the commons adjoining their village. These had apparently, at one time, been under crop. The cattle of the neighboring settlers would, however, destroy any crop not securely fenced, and this additional necessary outlay consequently bars their culture. It removes them to an order of instruments of slower return than that which corresponds to the strength of the effective desire of accumulation in this little society.

"It is here deserving of notice that what instruments of this sort they do form are completely formed. The small spots of corn they cultivate are thoroughly weeded and hoed. A little neglect in this part would indeed reduce the crop very much; of this experience has made them perfectly aware, and they act accordingly. It is evidently not the necessary labor that is the obstacle to much more extended culture, but the distant return from that labor. I am assured, indeed, that some of the more remote tribes, the labor thus expended much exceeds that given by the whites. The same portions of ground being cropped without remission, and manure not being used, they would scarcely yield any return, were not the soil most carefully broken and pulverized, both with the hoe and the hand. In such a situation a white man would clear a fresh piece of ground. It would perhaps scarce repay his labor the first year, and he would have to look for his reward in succeeding years. On the Indian again, succeeding years are too distant to make sufficient impression, though, to obtain what labor may bring about in the course of a few months, he toils even more assiduously than the white man. The wages of labor with him are lower than with the white man, for his wants are fewer. But for this, the range of materials coming within reach of his effective desire of accumulation would be even more limited than it is, and the amount of instruments formed by him less."

We have no space to follow our author into the Chinese empire. We can bestow but little on Modern Europe, and less upon the ancient Romans. Of more use is it to investigate the principles of credit in modern times so systematically prevalent, and which is the last result and flower of the use and speedy exhaustion of instruments. An individual takes to a particular art, and to the consequent employment of the instruments belonging thereto. These he more quickly exhausts than if he were to practise several arts, as then the instruments of one art would lie by idle while he was pursuing another. By the practice of one art by one individual he more quickly realizes his profits on the tools which he employs. The division of employments is thus recommended to society by many advantages. But an exchange of commodities is rendered necessary by it, and is

regulated by the amount of labor expended in their production, and the degree of improvement effected in the instruments which have aided in it. Some commodity must then be chosen as a medium of exchange—hence money, consisting among communities of the precious metals; hence also credit, with its different modifications and the various methods on which it is conducted.

In many parts of North America, but more especially in new settlements in Upper Canada, the scarcity of cash, and perhaps other circumstances, often lead traders to adopt a peculiar plan of business. Every dealer provides himself with a general assortment of all sorts of commodities in demand in the settlement he inhabits, and reckons on being paid for them in the shape of grain, pot-ash, pork, beef, and other commodities, in the formation of which his customers are engaged. But in this sort of barter one article will generally fall short or exceed the value of the other; a pound of tea will not exchange for a hog, nor a quarter of wheat for a dozen pounds of sugar. To obviate the difficulty, the merchant opens an account with each of his customers, charging him with the goods furnished, and giving him credit for the produce received, and in this way perhaps all the transactions between the two are managed, either by barter or credit, without the assistance of a dollar of cash. Nor is this all; a great variety of other transactions are also effected through his intervention. Any person who may have furnished him with an overplus of produce, or who has credit with him, can through his means settle most accounts or balances due on accounts. He may thus pay the laborers, and the artificers, and tradesmen, he may employ, by an order on the shop, or, as it is called, store, of the country dealer. Besides these, the transactions of the store-keeper extend to the giving out of the raw produce of the country to individuals in the settlement, tradesmen, &c., who may not themselves have enough, and to the receipt in return of various articles, such as axes, shoes, boots, made-up clothes; and in this way, through his books, a very large portion of the business of the settlement is transacted. It is not difficult to conceive that the whole might be so transacted.

Were the country dealer always to have a supply of every article in demand in the settlement, at a reasonable rate, and were all contracts for the delivery of produce to him to be regularly executed, almost all the requisite exchanges might be conveniently



effected through his books. But in this sort of traffic, as the merchant always has commodities to sell, and his customers have not always produce to return, it inevitably happens that they get into his debt. As his object is to sell as many goods as possible, he is very apt to allow many to run into his debt, who do not fulfil their engagements. He suffers from the dishonesty, or the imprudence and miscalculations deal with him. Very many of his customers are much longer in paying him than they have promised, or they do not pay at all. Aware of the risk he runs, he is obliged to balance it by charging an additional sum, over and above what he would otherwise demand, on all commodities that pass through his hands. In some cases this advance amounts to at least thirty per cent. In this way he makes, or endeavors to make, the prudent and honest persons pay for the imprudent and dishonest, who deal with him. The former class, in consequence, keep out of the circle of all such transactions as much as possible, and store pay, as it is called, is depreciated.

So much for the system of credit in North America and in the new settlements of Upper Canada. The business of banking seems to Mr. Rae to owe its foundation and extension to its capacity for giving room for the developement of the benefits, and for restraining and remedying the evils, of the system of credit. It consists in these times in an artful generalization of all credit transactions, and an emission of paper-money or money of credit. Its introduction into any community, by facilitating the exchanges of instruments, quickens their exhaustion, and carries them to the more speedily returning orders. The general prevalence of credit, and of the use of money, has produced the mercantile mode of calculating the returns of instruments by profits and interest.

We regret very much our inability to pursue this important subject at greater length, as Mr. Rae has bestowed great pains upon it, both in his text, his contents, and his notes.

The causes and consequences of prodigality are likewise sufficiently obvious to enable us to pass over the succeeding chapter with a slight notice. Suffice it to say, that the frugal and prudent benefit by the extravagance of others. Invention and its progress form the next theme of discourse.

Invention may be considered relative to the inventor, and the matter which it has to modify.

Genius is the great agent in the regeneration of the world.

"From the depth, of the infinity lying within and without us, it brings visibly before us forms previously hidden. These are its first works. But neither does it intend to stop, nor does it, in fact, stop here. The forms which its eye thus catches, and its 'skill bodies forth' into material shapes, pass not away; they remain. Things of power, true workers, drawing to themselves, and fashioning to their semblance, the changeable and fleeting crowd that time hurries down its stream, they are, in truth, the only permanent dwellers in the world, and rulers of it. In this, the double power of his works, the mathematician is as much a maker as the poet, and the poet as the mathematician, and genius in all its manifestations may, in so far, be considered as the same power, and as excited to action by similar causes."

In these beautiful reflections every reader of taste must concur. Experience also compels us all to acknowledge that genius is not always so beneficial to the possessor as to the world which it influences. Motives of vulgar interest can have very little weight on its action—it seems decreed to self-sacrifice. Burns recognised among his earliest aspirations a "boundless love" of his fellows. Mr. Rae attributes to his fragments of song an influence greater and more permanent than to all the sayings and doings of any of the men of his age. "It is thus that genius manifests the potency of the principle that inspires it, and that the simplest lays of the simplest bard may have a power passing far that of the triumphs of the statesman or of the warrior." The very existence of genius among a people implies at least the diffusion of a tincture of generous feelings somewhere throughout the mass. Its wanderings from the common path result not so much from its own as the imperfection of the bodies which it impels. The tendency of its pursuits is to withdraw it from the daily business of society. If compelled to mingle with the crowd, it soon shows itself as not belonging to it.

"Abstract and scientific truth," observes Mr. Rae "can only be discovered by deep and absorbing meditation; imperfectly at first discerned, through the medium of its dull capacities, the intellect slowly and cautiously, not without much doubt and many unsuccessful essays, succeeds in lifting the veil that hides it. The procedure is altogether unlike the prompt determination and ready confidence of the man of action, and generally unfits, to a greater or less degree, for performing well the part. He again who dwells in the world of possible moral beauty and perfection moves awkwardly, rashly and painfully, through this of every day life; he is ever mistaking his own way, and jostling others in theirs. To the possessors of fortune these habits only give eccentricity; they affect those of scanty fortune, or without fortune, with most serious ills."

One cause of the "eternal war" which genius has to wage with the world may, we think, be ascribed to the difference existing between scientific and moral principles and mere conventional laws. The latter are



good for certain times and places, and are mere modifications of others, rendered suitable to certain recipients. Genius, however, prefers the absolute originals themselves, irrespective of the limits within which they have already been brought, which indeed it would enlarge to a capacity for comprehending them in their widest and most abstract form. It is therefore always negating the customs which it finds, and is negated by them. It manifests itself accordingly as inimical to existing systems, and these to it. It is on this principle that the inadequate estimation in which such men as Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Tasso, Shakspeare, Hume, Montesquieu, Bacon, Galileo, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, are held at their first appearance is to be explained. Great Britain has been exceedingly guilty in not rewarding the promoters of the abstract sciences and the arts.

"It is enough," says Lord Bacon, "to restrain the increase of science, that energy and industry so bestowed want recompense. The ability to cultivate science, and to reward it, lies not in the same hands. Science is advanced by men of great genius alone, while it can only be rewarded by the crown, or by men high in fortune or authority, who have very rarely themselves any pretensions to it. Besides, success in their pursuits is not only unattended by reward or favor, but is destitute of popular praise. They are, for the most part, above the conceptions of the commonality, and are easily overthrown and swept away by the wind of popular opinion."

But men of genius are not exempt from the common infirmities of human nature; accordingly, some of the inconveniences to which they are subject doubtless proceed from within. One we have already mentioned, arising from the difference between convention and science, whether natural or moral; and it is one highly honorable to them. Mr. Rae illustrates a similar point by a pleasant enough figure.

"The eye of the rider glances over hill and dale, marks the streams, the woods, the hamlets, that diversify the prospect, and the whole configuration of the country he traverses, and so he knows the road. The animal he rides knows it too; he knows it as giving exercise to his limbs, and bringing him, by every step he makes, forward, or right or left, nearer to some stable door. Ten to one that, practically, the latter has a more accurate knowledge of it than the former, and that, while the irrational shall sagaciously and unhesitatingly follow it out, without missing a single turning or making one blunder, the rational, especially if the fancy take him to preserve something of a straight line, shall have to pass from track to track, to leap many a hedge and many a ditch, and having been obliged, after all, to make detours in abundance, come out at last weary, jaded, and bemired."

For the inconveniences arising from individual infirmity the same apology cannot be offered. Disjunction and isolation may not be endured with firmness—or may be

preferred from indolence. Whatever evil may arise from these causes attaches however to the individual solely. Meantime, his labors become the property of society—nay, of the whole human race. Its inventions or creations *augment* the stock or capital of the community. The more selfish cares of others only *accumulate* the stock or capital of individuals. By the conjoined operation of both principles, an addition may be made, which is properly denominated *the increase* of stock or capital. Mr. Rae adds, "accumulation of stock diminishes profits; augmentation of stock increases profits; increase of stock neither increases nor diminishes profits."

Luxury, in Mr. Rae's opinion, is an evil, though not unmixed with indirect benefit. In few words, he sums up by concluding that—the labor expended in the formation of luxuries is so much direct loss to the community, one man's superiority being here equivalent to another's inferiority. The amount thus dissipated depends on the force of the social and benevolent affections and intellectual powers, as compared with that of the selfish feelings, and is, therefore, inversely as the strength of the accumulative principle. With this part of the subject is very properly connected a question concerning narcotics. It would seem that the cheapness of intoxicating liquors would render them incapable of affording any gratification to vanity, and the passion would in such a case have to turn itself to other objects. Pleasure would still arise from their intoxicating qualities, and facility be offered for its indulgence. Would these lead to long-enduring excess? or to speedy and general temperance? Over the greater part of the United States of America, whiskey has long been sold at about a shilling sterling per gallon, so that one day's wages of a common laborer will purchase a dozen bottles of that spirit.

"It is therefore," as Mr. Rae insists, "put out of the class of luxuries as completely as any intoxicating liquor can well be. The consumption of it has, notwithstanding been very great, and in few countries have instances of injurious excess been more frequent. It is true that the evil, now exposed to view, stripped of every disguise, is seen in all its hideousness, and is in a fair way of being corrected. After having endured for more than one generation, what Adam Smith terms the period of general drunkenness, is probably passing away. If the cure be thus effected, it may fairly be reckoned radical."

To a remedy so violent, it must be nevertheless admitted that there are many as legitimate as obvious objections.

The few remaining topics treated in this remarkable volume must be briefly dismissed. Touching exchanges between dif-



ferent communities, more enters into their regulation than the quantity of labor expended on the commodities exchanged. For instance, increased facility in the exchange of utilities operates in the same manner as the progress of invention and improvement; it carries, in Mr. Rae's language, instruments to the more quickly returning orders; whereas increased facility in the exchange of luxuries has an immediate tendency, on the contrary, to carry instruments to the more slowly returning orders. In like manner of waste; the loss which, in any society, the capacity of instruments sustains by the operation of fraud and violence seems to be nearly inversely as the strength of the accumulative principle; but violence, as producing change, excites invention.

What we have already written, with the examples we have given, is calculated, we think, to impress the English reader with a very favorable opinion of American modes of ratiocination in reference to the high argument of Political Economy. Mr. Rae's book deserves especial study, as dealing not only with the means and appliances of production, but, by estimating duly the moral constitution of man, providing for corresponding consumption. Experience has shown us that more corn may be grown than can be eaten, more clothes manufactured than can be worn, and yet, by some fault of distribution, or some want of capacity, large numbers of the population may remain unclothed and almost unfed. Man is not a machine; and it is but just that the producers should be the partakers of wealth. But it has not always been so. It is wisely said by Mr. Rae that good laws or government can neither be established nor maintained without good morals. In fine;—where purely selfish feelings prevail, laws have no power.

"Quid faciant leges ubi sola pecunia regnat?"

#### ART. II.—1. *Legislation des Théâtres.*

Par Vivien et Blanc. 8vo. Paris, 1829.

2. *Le Drame tel qu'il est. Satire.* 8vo. Paris, 1833.

3. *Lucrèce Borgia. Drame.* Par Victor Hugo. 8vo. Paris, 1833.

4. *Lestocq. Opéra.* Par Scribe. 8vo. Paris, 1833.

THE decline of the Drama has of late offered a field for much speculation. A

degree of interest attaches at present to the subject, which affords a sufficient apology for our entering into a view of the present state of theatricals, and going into the causes which have brought them to their actual drooping condition. France has been long distinguished among European nations for her partiality to, and patronage of dramatic composition; yet, even on the French stage, by some strange coincidence, we find the same symptoms of decay visible that are but too apparent in the English. Indeed, the change which has taken place within a few years in this department of French literature is at once so extraordinary, has been brought about so rapidly, and is altogether so much in contradiction with the decrees of former taste, that our wonder and surprise are necessarily excited.

This change may at first appear an anomaly, but an easy solution may be found in the political changes which have taken place in the French metropolis. A theatrical revolution has followed close on the heels of the political; innovations have been introduced on the stage as well as into the social and administrative institutions of the country. In both cases the French seem to have lost those characteristic features by which they were conspicuously distinguished. The proverbial gaiety of their temper, the *insouciance* of their disposition, and the sparkling vivacity of their fancy, have been completely lost in the turmoil of political excitement, and habits of deep thought and moody speculation have engrossed those minds, which seemed formerly better calculated to discuss the elegances of life. This mental agitation must account for that extreme appeal made to the most violent and horrible feelings which characterises the productions of the modern dramatic school. Indeed nothing can be more singular than the change which the French taste has undergone in this respect. From an over-refinement, or rather squeamishness, in preserving inviolate "*les bienséances du Théâtre*," they have rushed headlong into the most horrible extravagances, that a diseased imagination can engender. The very men who bestowed on Shakspeare the appellation of *barbare* and madman, and for whose delicate nerves the supposed atrocities of our great bard were beyond the power of endurance, are now delighted with the convulsive pangs of a kind of dramatic night-mare, which sways with despotic control over the French theatre.

A rapid outline of the vicissitudes of the Drama will perhaps afford some interest to the reader.

The reign of the old French tragedy is at



an end; Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, must vacate the throne in favor of the prevailing innovations. The first is now regarded merely as an eloquent declaimer in verse, often energetic and sublime, almost as frequently rugged and incorrect; the second has dwindled into an elegant elegiac poet; and the productions of the last, though possessing more real dramatic talent, are now looked upon with comparative indifference; while the works of the *barbare*, whom their countrymen ridiculed, live, and will live, in all their pristine verdure, because they are founded on the eternal basis of truth, and passion, and human nature, and can only perish when human nature itself ceases to exist. Different is the fate of the French tragedy, in which art was so glaringly predominant, and the whole fabric of which was built on a false foundation. Nothing could be more absurd than the superstitious adhesion of the French to the rules of the three unities—unities which, by the by, they were tacitly infringing in almost every one of their productions; for it signified little whether the theatrical decoration, to conform with the unity of place, was presented to guide the imagination of the spectator, when he knew that the events represented could not all happen in the said locality. Can any thing be more contrary to common sense than to show us *Cinna* selecting the very apartments of Augustus, to hatch a conspiracy against the life of that emperor? Can any one feel convinced of the truth of the picture represented in the "*Cid*," because events are exhibited in the same hall, and in the space of four and twenty hours, when we know that they occurred in various places, and at a considerable interval of time between each other? According to our English notions, to which our Gallic neighbors have now, it appears, become such arrant converts, the illusion would be far more complete, and the judgment, as well as the imagination, rest better satisfied, if allowed the wider range of nature, instead of shackling their functions by violent efforts of art. Aristotle was pleased to frame a code of dramatic laws at a remote period of time for the convenience of the Grecian people—these answered their purpose no doubt in that age and among that people; but it is very hard upon modern nations to be compelled to amuse themselves according to the rules laid down by that philosopher. With equal propriety might we be required to wear *sandals* instead of Wellington boots, or to substitute the Olympic games for the race course of Doncaster or Newmarket.

But these were not all the sins for which the old French tragedy had to answer, and which have brought it to its present unfortunate end. Other germs of mortality were mixed with it from the moment of its birth, adhered to it through the various stages of existence, and never forsook it till the very moment of decrepitude. What can be more false than the *Dramatis Personæ*?—Where are we to look for the originals of Greeks and Romans so decidedly French in carriage, feeling and sentiment? Where did the whole tribe of *heros* and those nuisances called *confidants* ever exist but in the imagination of the author?—these abominable *confidants* were all of the same genus; and indeed by comparing the hundreds of tragedies in which they figure, we shall find a complete resemblance in every thing, not merely in sentiment, but in the very words they are made to utter. Their business on the stage was merely to listen to the long-winded speeches of the hero or heroine, and now and then afford them a little time to breathe, by interrupting their "monotonous psalmody" with such exclamations as "*Juste Ciel!*" "*Grand Dieu!*" "*Qu'entends-je,*" and so forth. Then, again, what are we to say of the poverty in the construction of plot and incident?—the capricious taste which prefers the mere *narrative* of an event to witnessing the event itself in action—the languor and monotony in the whole conduct of the fable—and, in fine, the abominable jingling of the French rhyme, which tended to render the monotony ten times more soporific? With such germs of mortality about it, the prolonged existence of the old French tragedy was threatened, and a fit opportunity was only wanting to bring about its dissolution.

This catastrophe, however, did not take place so soon as might have been expected. During the tempestuous times of the French republic, the old tragedy continued to flourish undisturbed. The intellectual revolution had not kept pace with the social convulsions which agitated the country; besides, the republican air of the Greek and Roman heroes was in accordance with the times, and then the admirable acting of Talma and other great tragedians contributed to prolong the reign of this sort of drama. During the republic, and afterwards, under the protection of Napoleon, the writers who supplied the stage conformed to the established rules. Chenier, Raynouard, Arnault, Jony and others, acquired success by following the steps of the old masters, but who cares now to trouble the repose of the "*Brutus and the Gracchi*" of the first; of "*Germanicus*," "*Belisarius*,"



"*Hector*," and other productions of those days? Even the "*Agamemnon*" of Lemer cier, which was considered the most meritorious of modern tragedies, cannot be rescued from the fate that must attend all those of its class. Since the year 1820, only one tragedy belonging to this school has been crowned with marked and signal success—the "*Sylla*" of M. Jouy; this play excited at the time an extraordinary sensation. On every night of its performance the doors of the *Théâtre Français* were thronged with an eager crowd in a state of nervous excitement to get admittance. Enthusiasm rose to its height, and the government entertained thoughts of interdicting a performance accompanied with so much suspicious interest and agitation. But we are to look for the solution of this temporary popularity to causes totally independent of the merits of the play. Political feeling was connected with its production, and the people went to the theatre, some out of spite to the existing government, and others to behold the imitation which Talma gave of the emperor Napoleon. His way of dressing the part, his attitudes, and the intonation of his voice, did certainly much more for the success of the piece than the striking qualities of the piece itself, which was nothing but a prolonged declamation in five acts, redolent of all the faults of the school to which it belonged. But where is "*Sylla*" now? Alas! gone to its eternal rest, with the mighty crowd of its less gifted or less fortunate brethren! Probably "*Sylla*" will be the last tragedy of the declamatory school which will retain its place in the *répertoire* of the French theatre of the present day!

A company of English actors made their appearance in Paris at the theatre of *La Porte St. Martin*, and were pelted off the stage by the audience; this circumstance led to considerable debate, and excited no little degree of interest. About the same time Lavocat was publishing a translation of the leading dramatists of Europe, among which Shakspeare, of course, stood pre-eminent. The undertaking was gratefully received by the reading public, who had begun to imbibe, moreover, a decided taste for the literature of England by the perusal of the translations made of Scott and Byron. In spite of the insufficiency of a translation, however creditably performed, for conveying the strength and raciness of the original, the French discovered beauties in Shakspeare and Schiller to which they had been perfect strangers, and which, as regards the first, could be but little anticipated from the tame and emasculated imi-

tations of Ducis. A second company of English actors, under the management of Mr. Abbott, nothing daunted by the failure and ill-usage experienced by their predecessors, made another attempt to draw the attention of the Parisians to the merits of English theatricals. This second appeal met with a fate totally different from the first—the most unbounded success crowned the hazardous experiment, and Kean and Macready, Kemble and Young, Miss Smithson, and other eminent performers, were successively applauded to the echo, and the English drama became one of the most engrossing topics of Parisian conversation. It was a fashion—a rage—and the *barbare* of former days was quickly converted into an idol for special adoration. The nerves of the French were no longer shocked, and Macbeth and Othello were repeatedly acted without throwing the spectators into hysterics. The Parisians reached from one extreme to the other, and we shall presently see by what a curious process they have passed from their former intolerant tenacity to a total subversion of established rules and prejudices, and have quietly submitted to the introduction of scenes of atrocity and barbarity upon their stage, to which certainly the pages of the "*barbarian*," Shakspeare, can afford nothing parallel.

A literary revolution was now actively working its way in France; this soon produced the celebrated war of the *Classiques* and *Romantiques*, carried on with such zeal and ardor on both sides, that it may not inappropriately be assimilated to the religious controversies of former days. But of this subject we shall only touch on that portion which regards our present question, the Drama; which, by the by, has offered to the *Romantiques* the most powerful weapon, and led them to their most signal triumphs. No sooner did the symptoms of innovation become apparent, than the partisans of the old school, with a horror of innovation, denounced the new apostles as a pernicious sect, laboring to overturn the established creed in matters of taste—a sort of literary Vandals rushing forward to destroy the dramatic glories of the nation. The *Classiques* counted in their ranks the whole of the academicians, as well as all the veterans in literature, while those of the *Romantiques* were chiefly filled by ardent young men of genius, bold and enterprising, who were not to be withheld from their purpose by the anathemas of the French Academy. The *Classiques*, prompted by their zeal, still persevered in going to doze a couple of hours at the representation of the superannuated tragedies, whilst the



*Romantiques*, more actively engaged, applied their talents and energies to expel those dramas from the stage. Some of the young *Romantiques* were disposed to carry the revolution to the utmost extent, while others, whom we may term the *juste milieu* of literature, were rather inclined to adopt a more conciliatory system. Among those we may reckon Casimer de Lavigne, whose "*Marino Faliero*" is strongly imbued with the spirit of *Romanticism*, but preserves the external forms of the old French tragedy. The debate was zealously carried on, when an event took place which gave a decided blow to the dramatic *légitimists*, and obtained a triumph for the new school. This was the production of "*Henri trois*."

Nothing could exceed the success of this drama; the French play-going people were invited to experience a curiosity, to enjoy a pleasure, and to feel emotions, to which they had been unaccustomed. Here was a drama founded on a fable of one of the most stormy periods of French history, a period pregnant with great and interesting associations!—a drama full of action—replete with passion;—written, too, in a pure energetic style, and characteristic of the times—the whole got up with singular care as regarded stage arrangements. The illusion was perfect, the effect produced by such an animated picture magical, and the public began to be converted to the new tenets propounded by the *Romantiques*. Of these, Alexander Dumas and Victor Hugo became the avowed and enterprising leaders. The "*Henri trois*" of the former was followed by "*Hernani, ou l'Honneur Castilien*," of the second. The same signal success accompanied this production, whilst the celebrity which the author had acquired in other walks of literature gave additional lustre as well as importance to his new victory. From this moment the success of the theatrical revolution was secured, whilst the death of Talma and the retirement of Duchesnois from the stage took away from the old tragedy their last support and strength. The heroic and declamatory tragedy was consequently overturned, and the *drame historique* took despotical possession of the throne.

A rage now became prevalent for the *drame historique*; nothing could satisfy the public but the *drame historique*, and consequently, *dramas historiques* descended in showers on the Parisian theatres. It would be an idle task to enter into the merits of the vast number of plays of this class which have made their appearance on the stage within half a dozen years. Alfred de Vigny produced "*Le Maréchal d'Ancre*," and Dumas, "*Christine*," with

deserved success. Several competitors of acknowledged merit also entered the lists, and from those we had "*L'Homme au Masque de Fer*," "*La Tour de Nesle*," "*Perinet Leclerc*," and others, which have obtained a high degree of popularity. A mania, a rage, prevailed amongst the French dramatists of the modern school, and we find that the minor theatres, in their anxiety to emulate a glorious example, set about concocting their *dramas historiques*, and thus, even the *Théâtre de la Gaîté* has offered its "*Dame du Louvre*" to the prevailing fashion of the day, whilst *L'Ambigu* equally zealous, brought out the "*Porte de Bussy*" much about the same time, not to be outdone by its next-door neighbor.\*

Happy would it have been if the regenerators had confined themselves to the correction of those vices which called for reform in the old drama. But alas! the theatrical revolution followed the precise steps which are unfortunately attendant on political changes. Men are never satisfied with doing *enough*, but when the work is once begun, they carry matters to the opposite extreme and fall into the contrary error to that which it has been their effort to correct. The *Romantiques* certainly emancipated the drama of their country from the trammels which arbitrary rules and capricious taste had arrogantly imposed. They destroyed forever the never-to-be-quiet family of *Œdipus* and *Atrides*. They expelled from the theatre all the Grecian and Roman heroes modelled after the French fashion, and rescued the playgoing people from the annoyance of the eternal and stupid *confidants*. They laughed the servile critics out of their veneration for the Aristotelian precepts, and they gave a mortal blow to that monotonous psalmody called French rhyme. Instead of narratives, they introduced action,—instead of declamatory speeches, the brief and energetic language of passion; thus far their labors had been salutary and praiseworthy; thus far the triumphs which they had obtained were legitimate and honorific, as they were sanctioned at once by justice and sober reason. But the innovators were not satisfied with their achievements; in their anxiety to produce stronger impressions and more novel effects in every succeeding work, they allowed their heated imagination to run riot, and they were blinded to the glaring extravagance which but too soon stained their labors and rendered their fruits unavailing.

\* The theatres of *La Gaîté* and *L'Ambigu* stood close to each other, but the former was burned down, a few months ago, since this article was written.—EDITOR.



Alexandre Dumas and Victor Hugo acquired immense yet due approbation for "*Henri trois*" and "*Hernani*," yet instead of following the same course in the choice of a fable, they looked about for those subjects which from their nature were more than ordinarily atrocious and repulsive. License was soon carried to a most objectionable point. No event in history was deemed too monstrous for the purposes of the drama, and their downright effrontery was mistaken for boldness and resolution. The *Romantiques* scrupled not to render their drama a kind of acted chronicle of human depravity. Victor Hugo, with that waywardness of fancy not uncommon in men of genius, delights in exercising his talents upon the most repulsive and grating subjects. *Marion Delorme* certainly is not a heroine after our taste. But what are we to say to "*Le Roi s'amuse*?" Whatever credit might be given to the author for the purity of his intentions, the good sense of the public in this instance administered a just corrective, and a failure, which would have been more signal but for the uncalculated interference of the government, gave a salutary hint to M. Hugo for the conduct of his future productions.

The mischief soon grew to an alarming point; writers not endowed with the abilities of their leaders conceived that they might supply any deficiency in point of talent by the accumulation of a greater *quantum* of the horrible and the licentious. Dramas were accordingly brought out, than which nothing can be imagined more depraved in conception, or more objectionable in execution; dramas, indeed, which seemed composed whilst their authors were writhing under the horrors of an intellectual night-mare. Yet those pieces were acted with great applause in Paris, where, not many years since, the productions of Shakspeare were facetiously said to have been suggested by a *bourreau*! Take for example, "*La Tour de Nesle*," one of the most successful of these *Drames historiques*. What a subject!—a female,—a queen, with whom we always love to associate ideas of gentleness and decorum, watching at her window on the look-out for gallants; she causes these to be introduced secretly into *La Tour de Nesle*, and, when she has fully satiated her passions, she calmly orders them to be hurled into the river! What purpose can be answered by the selecting of such a subject? Does Gaillardet (whose claim to the authorship, however, has lately been contested by Dumas with such acrimony as to lead to a duel between them) intend to convey a moral lesson?—the task

was idle; such instances of human depravity are so rare, that society incurs no risk of corruption from their example; bold systematic atrocity, frantic debauchery, and barefaced unredeemed vice, can excite no other feelings but those of horror and disgust. Then, perhaps, the dramatist intended only to amuse. If so, what amusement! witnessing the degradation of the human species beneath the level of the brute beast; being initiated into the mystery of crimes, for which there can be no shadow of excuse; and becoming acquainted with gratuitous horrors, unredeemed by any single touch of the more kindly feelings of human nature!

But this is not the only evil for which the modern school must stand answerable. The *Romantiques*, conceiving, no doubt, that the pages of history would soon be exhausted, or that the subjects derived therefrom were not sufficiently horrible and licentious to meet the exigencies of the times, set their brains actively to work to invent new combinations of monstrous and repulsive depravity. How fully they have succeeded in their exertions is evident from the result of their labors. In the absence of the *drame historique*, the stage was sure to offer another composition of the same class, which, for want of a better term, we shall denominate the *drame horrible*! In this most reprehensible species we must place those dramas of demons which, under the title of "*Antony*" and "*Richard D'Arington*," were suffered to outrage sober sense and common decency with the most unblushing impunity. The voice of censure cannot be too loudly raised against those productions, and the offensive imitations to which they have given birth. Dumas, no less than Hugo, takes a perverse delight in encountering those subjects which, from their repulsive nature, would deter less daring, or rather more fastidious, writers.

What a picture is offered in "*Antony*!" The whole structure of the fabric, the conduct of the scenes, and the language employed, all are redolent of an utter contempt for the sanctioned notions of society with regard to principle and morality. Among other scenes there is one in which "*Antony*" drags the heroine (formerly his lady-love, now a married woman) into a bed chamber; the style in which the whole affair is carried on is admirably calculated to remove any doubt from the spectator with respect to what is being transacted; but, lest there should be any among the audience afflicted with remarkably dull comprehensions, the heroine herself takes



care in a subsequent scene to illumine their minds on the subject by announcing her shame! *Richard d'Arlington*, a monstrous drama, begins with what is called a prologue. The title is "*La Maison du Docteur*;" here a mysterious lady arrives just in time to be delivered of a child, which child turns out afterwards to be the offspring of the public hangman! D'Arlington, the fruit of this very interesting connection, arrives in process of time to be one of the most disgusting scoundrels that ever lived. But we will not waste time on a production which, independently of its offences against decency and taste, possesses the additional demerit of being a most faulty composition in a literary point of view. The construction of the plot is clumsy, and the extravagance of the incidents carried to a point bordering on the absurd. Certainly the old French tragedy, with its cramping rules, was a sad shackle on genius, but, on the other hand, this boundless range, in breaking through every restraint, is very convenient to mediocrity. Another abominable piece of this description is called "*Les six Degrès de Crime*," which, by the by, has been performed in London under the title of "*The five Degrees of Crime*," from which we must infer that the process of arriving at the acme of depravity is quicker in England, since it requires *one* degree less than in France. The *drame horrible* now reigns paramount. Every theatre in the capital considers it a duty to treat the public to a mental dish of such delectable food; the author who contrives to accumulate within the limits of his piece the greatest possible quantity of atrocity and immorality is sure to carry the palm. Assassination and suicide, rape, adultery, and incest; poisoning, sacrilege, parricide;—what a beautiful prospect for the dramatist! Of course he never will be foolish enough to present *one* crime alone, but a skilful combination of several of the most hideous and repugnant. Indeed he has a *carte blanche* to shock the good sense of the men, and outrage the modesty of the women, in all those of the play-going public, who have not relinquished their claims to the possession of those qualities. There is one comfort in all this; these gratuitous monstrosities, these cold blooded horrors, these rank emanations of a diseased imagination, which seem to imbibe the pestilential air of a charnel-house and a brothel combined, must necessarily be exhausted at last, for really, when a writer has accumulated into one play, say, for example, a couple of murders, an adultery and incest, a parricide or a suicide, seasoned by sundry lesser beau-

ties of the kind, we cannot see that he can push much further the limits of his interesting lucubrations!

The offences of mediocre talent offend and disgust; those of genius excite a feeling of regret and compassion. In the latter class we reckon Victor Hugo. He, like his brother dramatist, Dumas, has been guilty of the literary outrage which we have censured above. This is the more to be deplored, as his surpassing talents befit him for the successful accomplishment of splendid works for the stage. Even in his most faulty scenes we find something worthy of attention. "*Le Roi s'amuse*" was thickly studded with dramatic and poetic beauties of a high order, and one is sorry to find such riches squandered away on so unprofitable a subject, as one would regret to behold a mass of ugliness covered over with pearls and precious stones. But the work which has raised Victor Hugo to the highest pinnacle of popularity as a dramatist, is his play of "*Lucrece Borgia*." The success of this production was almost unprecedented, and may be classed among the triumphs obtained in this country by "*The Beggars' Opera*" or "*Der Freyschütz*." The Paris papers bore testimony to the enthusiasm produced by each successive representation, and to use the expression of a French critic, we will admit that *Lucrece Borgia* has obtained *un immense succès*.

We cannot but congratulate Victor Hugo on this extraordinary drama, yet with our pleasures must be mingled somewhat of regret; we allude to the selection of the subject. All the mastery which the author has displayed in its treatment, the eloquence of its impassioned scenes, the general excellence in the conduct of the plot, the succession of incident which alternately excite the most powerful emotions in the breast of the spectator—all this is scarcely sufficient to make the critic forget that Lucretia Borgia was one of those monstrous abortions of human nature, with the history of whose existence it would be desirable that men were never made acquainted.

The author, to be sure, has softened down the extreme asperity of this revolting subject. Among the frightful passions that storm the fiend-like existence of his heroine, he has given her *one* natural feeling, which throws a charm over the play and excites some degree of interest for the wretched being, who, without this, would have been unendurable on the stage—we allude to the skill with which Victor Hugo makes his *Lucrece Borgia* alive to the emotions of a mother, although she is insensible to any other of the better human attributes.



The revolution produced by the *Romantiques* in the drama has had a direct influence on the comic department of it no less than on the serious; still French comedy is in every respect less faulty than tragedy. The *chef-d'œuvres* of Molière and Regnard are relished even in the present day, and must continue to produce a favorable impression. But still the rage for the *drame* has inflicted a severe blow on the comic muse; no five act comedy of any pretensions has been brought out of late years; indeed, a deplorable dearth of *vis comica* is the prevailing sin of all the French theatres. The *Théâtre Français* is engrossed by the *drame historique*, and the few attempts which it has made to patronize modern comedy have been attended with unsatisfactory results. The last production in this branch of the drama, *Le Bon Presbytère*, of Casimir Bonjour, is a wretched affair, a dull, monotonous *tirade* to inculcate the necessity of marriage among the catholic priesthood. Bishops, and priests, and curates, and young seminarists, and curates' housekeepers, &c. &c., are not precisely what an Englishman would consider the most available *dramatis personæ* for a comedy. We cannot see the humor that can be extracted from such a subject, unless indeed we descend into the profane. Jokes about religion never tell with an audience, and then again a comedy without jokes is not very palatable. Casimir Bonjour has steered clear of the last danger—his play is perfectly innocent of humor of any kind—but we have instead a good deal of abuse of one priest, and as much praise of a *bon curé*, as the author's great favorite, and whose merits consist in having lived in a state of concubinage with his housekeeper! This, together with a marvellous profusion of stale sentiment, constitutes the staple of what the playbills announced as a "comedy."

The licentious tone which characterizes the serious drama has had a corresponding influence on the comic; nothing can exceed the effrontery exhibited in the production of *La Reine d'Espagne*. What was the subject? the impotence of Charles II., the last king of Spain of the house of Austria! Who were the personages? what the plot? the humor of the composition? Listen and be edified—a French ambassador, on one hand, watching the young queen with a jealous eye, in order to prevent the chance of her committing those indiscretions which might render her a mother; on the other side, the partizans of Austria laboring as zealously to defeat the Frenchman's plans, and to afford the queen

those opportunities which the diplomatist dreaded. How was this to be accomplished under such active *surveillance*? Why, simply by the instrumentality of a young friar, whom they select for the queen's confessor; admirable contrivance! Only think, reader, of a French ambassador turned into a watching *duenna*, and a Spanish grandee converted into a pimp! But the public resented the insult offered in this instance at once, and drove the *Reine d'Espagne* from the stage. The *Romantiques* have learnt a lesson from this catastrophe; they must not be prurient and licentious in *fun*—no, they must fight under the protecting shield of the *drame*—for the *drame* is a general passport for any kind of excess and extravagance.

The drooping state of the comic muse is not limited to the higher walks of comedy, but is mournfully visible in all the lighter productions in this branch of the art. Every theatre is now tainted by the prevailing mania. The *drame*, the never-sated *drame*, stalks with oppressive step on all the boards of the Parisian theatres. The *opéra comique*, once the delight and pride of the Paris public, has been in a most languishing state ever since Mr. Scribe, with his *Leocadie*, introduced the *drame* on the stage, where *Picard et Diego*, *Le Nouveau Seigneur*, and other amusing productions of the sort used once to put the audience in good humor, and excite good wholesome laughter, instead of a tendency to sleep or a nervous attack. The Feydeau was demolished, and a beautiful theatre in the *Rue Ventadour* was built as a fit dwelling place for the *opéra comique*; failure, however, attended the undertaking; the lessee was ruined; the theatre closed, and the *opéra comique*, which was *comic* only in name, remained in abeyance for a lapse of time. It again raised its head in the Parisian theatricals, and the production of a work which met with signal success, enabled it to flourish at least for the present. The piece to which we allude is *Le Prè aux Clercs*, the music of which, by the late Herold, has been much extolled; but the piece itself, what is it?—a comic opera? What a question! Of course it is a *drame*—a very lugubrious and interesting *drame*!

One of the most interesting topics connected with our subject is that style of composition so peculiarly French, which, under the title of "Vaudeville," is so admirably calculated to beguile an hour. But, alas! the ruthless *drame*, which first killed the old tragedy (no harm in that,) and then inflicted a serious blow on comedy, besides turning the *opéra comique* topsy-turvy—the ruthless, insatiable *drame* has also invad-



ed the *vaudeville*, and exercised a most despotical influence over this branch of composition. One would have supposed that the *drame*, in its ambitious flights, would have asserted its dominion over the large establishments, and passed by the minor theatres without notice; but no—the *drame* would spare no one. Every theatre in Paris, great or small, must submit to its influence. *Le Théâtre du Vaudeville*, that once celebrated temple of Momus, when Desangiers presided over its destinies, is now converted into a field for the exhibition of the stale sentimentality or the crimes of the *drame*. Instead of those light characters and amusing one-act satires, we have three-act and even five-act *dramas*, full of as much pretension as they are destitute of real merit. The *Sans-Gènes*, *Nouveau Pourceaugnac*, *Gaspar S'Avise*, and other entertaining personages, have been obliged to make way for *Marie Mignot* and *Madame Dubarri*. Indeed the *Vaudeville* ought to efface that line of Beaulieu inscribed on the entrance :

“ *Le Français né malin crea le Vaudeville.* ”

The *Malin* who created the *vaudeville* would indeed feel much surprise and indignation were he to behold the extraordinary change introduced by the partisans of the *drame*, and more especially by M. Ancelot. M. Ancelot is a man whom we ought to hold in dread for his astonishing facility and unconquerable *penchant* for the commission of *drame*. He perpetrates the offence without the least remorse. The *vaudeville* labored for some time under the influence which the success of *Madame Dubarri* gave Ancelot a sort of right to exercise over the theatre. *Le Favori*, *Les deux Jours*, and other compositions of the same stamp, were produced. Ancelot is a decided foe to laughter. He seldom attempts a joke, or, if he does, it is invariably a serious one; yet Ancelot is a man of no ordinary talent: he began his dramatic career cotermporaneously with Casimir Delavigne. They both made their *coup d'essai* in tragedy. *Louis IX.* and *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* appeared at the same time, about the end of 1819. Since that period Ancelot has written *Fiesque* and other tragedies, and *L'Homme du Monde*, a comedy, but of late his sympathies have been so exclusively enlisted in favor of the *drame historique* and the *drame namby-pamby*, that he cannot, were it to save his life, abstain from committing a couple of these offences per month.

When the subject of the French *vaudeville* is discussed, the mind naturally reverts to Scribe, who, by the successful cultiva-

tion of this branch of the drama, has acquired a reputation and a fortune to which few dramatists can aspire. Scribe has been for a long time an impersonation of the genius of French *vaudeville*, and he has perhaps contributed more than any other man alive to the amusement of the Parisian public, as far as theatrical entertainments are concerned. He has produced a vast number of pieces, of various degrees of merit certainly, but most of them remarkable for a peculiar elegance and *esprit*, and a profound knowledge of stage effect. To Scribe the immense popularity of the *Gymnase Dramatique*, once decidedly the most popular of the Parisian theatres, is mainly, if not wholly, to be ascribed. The *Gymnase* became the *théâtre de bon ton*—a new piece brought out there was almost sure of commanding success. Scribe was indeed a clever as well as prolific writer. Certainly there were some faults to be found with the *Gymnase Dramatique*. The personages there represented were not always in strict accordance with the realities of life; there was too much of artificial society, too much of certain conventional data, upon which the conduct of the *vaudeville* depended. The critical mind grew tired of the rich *financiers* of La Chaussée d'Antin—the young colonels, with the unavoidable *croix d'honneur*—the fascinating *jeunes veuves*—these persons were constantly at their post: then again Scribe was exceedingly lavish of money; he squandered millions in his *vaudevilles* as if it cost him nothing; indeed one would feel astonished if a computation were to be made of all the wealth which the heroes of the *Gymnase* have been announced to possess.

Now these eternal *financiers* and colonels, with the *croix d'honneur*—and young widows—together with all these millions of money thrown about, *à tout propos*, with a most prodigal, not to say imprudent, hand, tended to give to these pieces a certain family likeness, not perhaps desirable, independently of an air of monotony injurious to the general effect of the compositions. But then by what a *quantum* of real sterling merit were those faults retrieved! One could easily forget blemishes where beauty preponderated and stood foremost in the line.

What a strange contrast between the Scribe of the *Gymnase* and the Scribe of the present day; or, to speak more plainly, what a singular change has the writer undergone since the revolution of 1830! It is indeed from that period that we may date the decline of the *Gymnase*, or *Théâtre de Madame* (as it was then called). It was



from that moment that the compositions of Scribe lost their zest. Like the rest of his brother dramatists, he has paid the most assiduous courtship to the *drame*, and the fruits of this affection have been, as usual, a vast quantity of false sentiment—*ennui*—license, and extravagance. Instead of *Le Secrétaire et le Cuisinier—Visité à Bedlam—Vatel—L'Heritière*—and other smart and laughable satires, Scribe has been adding the power of his name and talent to the tyrannic rule of the *drame*. Then the *Gymnase* presents us with *Camille* and *Le Surruier*! which, in spite of their success, we consider unworthy of Scribe. But this is not the worst; Scribe has written *Les dix Années de la Vie d'une Femme*, a more serious offence; not to speak of *Le Luthier de Lisbonne*, in which Don Miguel was introduced and held out to public execration, at the moment that a contest for the throne of Braganza was going on in Portugal. Indeed we know not on what grounds this license and personality can be excused, and we find that nothing stops the headlong career of the modern dramatists. Not long since, Bayard scrupled not to make a domestic catastrophe, which occasioned deep affliction in private life, the ground work of his piece called *Le Grande Dame*—and every one is aware that no sooner did the news of young Napoleon's death arrive in Paris than almost every theatre produced a piece on the subject.

Scribe is indeed sadly altered for the worse in his productions. We find him now busy on every kind of dramatic labor—nothing comes amiss to him: with the single exception of tragedy (in which he shows his sense,) he has produced every sort of theatrical composition, comedy, *drame*, melodrame, *drame historique*, and *drame horrible*, *grand opera*, and *opera comique*, *vau-deville*, farce, parody, spectacle, &c., and what not. We expect a ballet from him next. Happy had he adhered to his light, smart, and ingenious *petites comedies*! Happy for the public if he were more frequently busy in preparing such pieces as *Le Grande Aventure*, instead of employing his time in concocting a *Robert-le-Diable*, *Le Serment*, and *Gustave*, in conjunction with Auber, Taglioni, Daguerre, Cicéri, and half a dozen others. But Scribe, besides being a clever writer, is an excellent arithmetician. Not only is he well read in works of genius and imagination, but he possesses a profound knowledge of the science of numbers. He is equally conversant with Molière and Cocker. It is to this fortunate combination of talents, which are seldom united in one individual, that he owes an annual income

of thirty thousand francs—the proceeds of the wealth acquired by his dramatic labors! Scribe studies the taste of the age; and, since his *drame* is the order of the day, he wisely says, "Well, you shall have *drame* since you prefer it." But perhaps Scribe has lost his former freshness and wit. We say perhaps, as we are always averse to making disagreeable assertions. Indeed when a writer, has produced about *two hundred dramas* of all sizes and denominations, we need not be surprised that his stock of imagination should be somewhat exhausted by such heavy demands.

But here strict justice requires us to make a remark. The reader must not suppose, that every piece to which Scribe has lent his name is from that circumstance his own composition. With many of those, in which it appears in partnership with others, he has probably had little more to do than merely softening some asperities, and suggesting some happy touch from the stores of his long experience. Did our limits not forbid us, we could amuse our readers with many curious anecdotes on the subject. The joint-stock vau-deville-manufactory has been carried to a degree of perfection of which the uninitiated can form but a very imperfect idea.

Having presented a rapid history of the changes, and present condition of the drama in France, it will not be irrelevant to examine the state of it in our own country. The inquiry will prove that errors and abuses are so thickly interwoven with this branch of literary labor, that the indifference of the public for the amusements of the stage ought, in a reflecting mind, to be no longer cause for surprise. We may lament the state of theatricals in France, as far as regards the perversion of taste in the present productions, and we must denounce the wrong bias which has converted salutary reform into license and confusion. But still, the dramatic talent, though enveloped in clouds, lives in France, emitting at intervals those vivid flashes which announce its existence. For the darksome power of storm, though it may obscure, can never extinguish, the light of the sun. Besides, though abuse has crept in, and now lords it over the drama, its laws and regulations still exist. Those who devote themselves to the task of writing for the stage receive the same protection as before; the system of internal management of the theatre continues the same. In all these points, the French have an undoubted superiority, and afford an example which might be advantageously copied by the English.

Nothing can exceed the deplorable state



of English theatricals. The two national theatres have been for a long time well known as ruinous concerns. Successive lessees have squandered away their property on this most ungrateful of speculations, without any further result than the pleasure of hearing themselves styled "spirited lessees," "active managers," "zealous caterers for the public amusement," or the mortification of being abused, in no measured terms, as the violaters of good taste, and the criminal destroyers of the legitimate drama. Of late, the voice of complaint has become both more general and louder: the attempts to convert the classic boards of old Drury and Covent Garden into an arena for the exhibition of foreign singing and foreign dancing, not to say of wild beasts, and all sorts of monsters—the prevalence of spectacle and noise—of scenic effects and pictorial achievements, and the almost total exclusion of dramatic authorship, as far as the higher regions of intellect are concerned, are now so glaringly manifest, that the full chorus of complaint demands speedy and summary redress. At the same time, however, an impartial examination of the subject obliges us to confess, that lessees and managers have been charged with results for which they are not strictly responsible. It is indeed very hard and absurd to tax individuals with those faults and abuses which derive their origin from other and superior sources—the head of the evil is in the government of the public. By a monstrous absurdity, we find that, in a country where the industry of almost every class of producers is protected, the mental labors of the dramatist until lately have been totally overlooked. By another equally strange anomaly we perceive that, among a people famous for their adherence and attachment to established rules and regular proceedings, the management in stage matters has been entirely left to the uncontrolled power of personal caprice.

The French consider the prosperity of their theatre as a matter of importance, as connected with the literary glory of the country. A code of laws and regulations has therefore been provided, which protects the rights of authors, defines the rights, duties and privileges of persons connected with every department of the theatres, and regulates their internal administration. There are *Inspecteurs des Théâtres* to watch and report their proceedings; there is a *Comité de Lecture*, to decide on the merits of new pieces. A writer sends his work to the secretary, who enters it in his list; the piece is read in its turn, and accepted or re-

jected, as the dramatic jury may decide. In the event of the acceptance of his piece, the author troubles his head no longer about its destiny; he knows that it will be produced, and, as regards pecuniary emolument, he feels secure in the provisions made for the protection of his rights. New pieces are brought forward according to the order of priority, subject of course to certain exceptions, founded on reason and utility. For example, what are called *tours de faveur*—these cannot be matter of any great complaint to the dramatic expectants; they are granted to *parodies* and other *pièces de circonstance*, which demand immediate production, to render them at all available; they are also granted in extraordinary cases, such as a new play of surpassing merit, or the long expected work of a great and popular writer. But, even in these cases, the number of *tours de faveur* is subjected to restriction, and a writer can form a tolerably correct calculation as to the time when his piece may come out, and make his arrangement accordingly.

That there are, occasionally, abuses in this, we will not attempt to deny, and a case which occurred not long since might be adduced in point. We allude to that of M. Laverpilliere, and his comedy, entitled "*Le Sophiste*." This piece, under various pretexts had been postponed for thirteen years, to the great annoyance and injury of the author. Tired of waiting, and no longer the dupe of theatrical professions and promises, (which by the by are not always to be considered as gospel,) the writer brought his lamentable case before the commission of dramatic authors, who immediately espoused his interests with such zeal that the *Théâtre Français* was at last compelled to produce the piece. What was the consequence? that M. Laverpilliere became the victim of theatrical procrastination. His comedy described manners and satirized follies which had become quite obsolete, and in consequence it turned out an entire failure. Such exceptions, however, do not militate against the force of a general rule. In the instance we have mentioned, the author, at all events, had redress, if he was not bettered in point of profit and fame. Now let us compare this provision as regards new pieces, with what happens in English theatres in similar cases. An author is never certain of the production of his drama, until the day after it has been performed; for the piece may be accepted, the parts distributed, rehearsals may have taken place, nay, it may be announced in the bills, and a day fixed for its appearance, and yet, in spite of all this,



it may be doomed never to have the honor of representation. Examples of this nature are, unfortunately, frequent enough to absolve us from the task of dilating on the subject. But, even if the piece is brought out and succeeds, uncertainty, doubt and fear, continue to perplex the unfortunate dramatist. Even when paid, upon what is considered a most liberal scale, his remuneration certainly falls short of what his talent, industry, and the time he has bestowed upon it, would have procured him if they had been as successfully applied to any other branch of human industry.

The neglect and injustice evident in the case of authors, is one real cause of the decline of the drama. Literary men of high rank in the republic of letters shrink with instinctive horror from the ordeal of the stage; the difficulties which beset dramatic composition, the trials of all kinds which the candidate for theatrical honor is doomed to undergo, bear no just proportion to the end to be obtained, even when that end is most satisfactory and triumphant. How different is this from what we read of former days? Dramatic success was once esteemed the most honorable, as well as the most intoxicating—persons the most distinguished in literature and high station felt a throbbing for a theatrical ovation. It was the ambition of the great Johnson to produce a play; and the charming poems of Goldsmith—his inimitable “*Vicar of Wakefield*,”—his worthy historical labors, in fine, his success in the most varied walks of literature, did not excite one half of the anxiety and interest, the doubts and pleasure, which attended the production of *The Good-natured Man*, or, *She Stoops to Conquer*.

Authorship is now considered the last in the list of dramatic items; not only the actor, but the scene-painter, the singer, the musician, the dancer, the property-man, the machinist, &c. &c., are considered of far more importance; and well they may, if we look to the nature of the pieces which are now *got up*, to use the technical phrase. Some critics in the public journals have been exceedingly eloquent in their denunciations of the translations and adaptations and the other *trash* which is now offered on the stage; but what right have they, or that *patron*, the public, to expect more? Of one thing the critics may rest assured, that it is a far more easy and profitable task to supply the papers with trash than the theatres. Of the singular state to which dramatic writing, as it is called, is now arrived, some notion may be gathered from a case mentioned in the papers two or three years

ago. A celebrated dramatist, the author of one hundred successful pieces, was described as begging about the streets of London! Curiosity was puzzled to find out this great unknown. The circumstance of his being a successful author was somewhat in contradiction with his alms-demanding occupation. But it was soon discovered that the individual in question was a young man of some ability, who had been a victim to dramatic composition. He had supplied the Pavilion and other minor theatres with melo-dramas and other pieces at so much a head, either singly or collectively, on the most moderate charges, which, at most, if we are not mistaken, amounted to the sum of two guineas, while many were paid for at a much lower rate.

And here it will not be irrelevant to say a word concerning the “minor theatres;” concerning the hardships and persecutions of which the public compassion has been excited a great deal more than they really deserve. The stream of sympathy has indeed flowed in favor of the said oppressed Minors, and thoughtless people have espoused their cause, from looking upon them as the weaker party, without troubling themselves much about the merits or the strict justice of the case. What is the chief grievance of which their lessees and proprietors complain? Simply, that they are not allowed to represent the master-pieces of Shakspeare and our best authors with a company of actors, whose capabilities of performing those dramas are quite upon a par with those of the audiences to whom they play of understanding and relishing the beauties of those productions. All the minor theatres\* in London are now under the absolute control of an actor-manager; and highly as we may appreciate the histrionic abilities of these gentlemen, we cannot persuade ourselves that their judgment is either a safe or infallible one in questions of literature. Their theatrical experience, certainly, may be of use in forming an opinion, but we apprehend that something more is required to entitle a man to sit in judgment on dramatic compositions. Now-a-days, however, an actor who has been fortunate enough to save a little money, feels a craving for the honors and charms of stage-management; if he succeeds in getting a theatre, from that moment, *mirabile dictu*, he becomes (as if by magical process) endowed with every sort of requisite necessary for the undertaking; and it is not long before we hear from those oracles, the journals,

\*The Haymarket and the English Opera we do not reckon among the Minors.



that such and such a theatre is conducted with great *respectability*; in what this respectability consists we cannot possibly divine. Is it in having a poor scribbler to supply the theatre with pieces at thirty shillings a-week? or in the system of shilling orders? or in the behaviour of the audience? or in the merits of the dramas produced, and the actors who perform them?

The truth must out. The greater number of these interesting "minors" are nothing but a singular medley of noise and confusion—a hot-bed for prostitutes, pick-pockets, and bad characters of all descriptions—an arena for the bandying of oaths and indecent jokes, a mixture of drunkenness and the most offensive exhibitions; the whole seasoned with a compound of the the most offensive smells. There are exceptions to this remark: two or three theatres are patronized by a more *respectable* audience, and are frequently visited by the higher ranks; but, in this, as in every thing else, fashion has exerted her capricious power, for, without wishing to speak against the merits of the extolled pieces acted at these theatre, we think it very problematical if the greater part of them would escape condemnation at Drury Lane or Covent Garden.

The general decline of the drama, as we have already stated, has given rise to much speculation, and various reasons have been assigned to account for it. Every one knows that the patent theatres have been ruinous concerns for a long succession of years. Every new lessee is compelled to pay an enormous price for the pleasures of management; and year after year, we are told that the want of encouragement is such that nothing can prevent those tottering establishments from closing their doors. Among the reasons assigned for this neglect of the patent theatres are the following: 1st. The late hours, not only among the upper ranks, but the middling classes of society. 2d. The growing taste of the public for reading, and the establishment of clubs, which almost supersede the necessity for theatrical pastimes. 3d. The inferior quality of the dramas produced, and the unsatisfactory manner in which they are represented. 4th. The enormous size of these theatres. 5th. The high prices of admission. There can be little doubt that all these causes operate to a certain extent; but it would be an idle attempt to analyze the exact operation of each when the whole system is bad and conducive to inevitable ruin. Besides these we have already mentioned, there are other reasons to which this melancholy state of things is

to be ascribed, and among them none exercises greater weight than the discredit into which the theatres have fallen among a vast number of families, who are kept away simply from motives of self-respect and the dread of contamination of their younger members from the scenes which are nightly exhibited there among the audience portion.

It is impossible to shut one's eyes to the fact that the upper parts of the patent theatres are admirably adapted, it would perhaps be more correct to say that they are expressly calculated, to answer the purposes of a market for prostitution. Connected with this is the half-price admission, which is the signal for a number of drunken clerks and dissipated characters rushing into the theatre for a very different object than witnessing the play. These half-price gentry are become an intolerable nuisance. It is quite useless to pay any attention to the performance if you unfortunately chance to be near them. We put it fairly to the managers, if the money derived from this sort of play-goers and from the pitiable, unfortunate creatures who come nightly to exhibit their marketable charms, can in any way compensate for the loss of that profit which would necessarily accrue from the attendance of the numerous families who are now kept away by this disgraceful abuse? With what face can they presume to call the stage a "school for morals," with such exhibitions staring one in the face? "Necessity" has been always pleaded by ruined or bankrupt managers for the continuance of a system which their better sense condemns. We say it advisedly, that, unless this monstrous nuisance is fairly abolished, the long toleration of which in this "most moral and christian country" fully sanctions the charge of hypocrisy which it has brought upon us from our less straight-laced continental neighbors, among whom no such abuse prevails, the theatre will never become the habitual resort of the respectable middle classes. The half-price ought also to be abolished here, and another and more equitable scale in the prices of admission adopted. Nothing can be more absurd than to demand the same price for the second tier of boxes as for the dress-circle. The profuse distribution of orders ought also to be stopped, or at least restricted within reasonable bounds. Reduce your prices, but still preserve certain localities sufficiently high, for the accommodation of those with whom cheapness is synonymous with vulgarity.

But perhaps, were all these reforms made



in the patent theatres they would never become profitable, unless they were relieved from the enormous weight of their *personal* establishments, which are generally twice too expensive in the number of, and the scale of remuneration to, their actors. To effect this, a system of rigid retrenchment ought to be adopted, the very opposite to that of profusion, which it has been the fashion of late years to incur. Managers have been playing the desperate game of almost ruined gamblers, who double their stakes and hazard their all, with a view to recover their losses. Actors must lower their pretensions; high as their talents may be, there is no earthly reason why, at a time that every other class of the community is compelled to make sacrifices, they alone should be exempted from the general rule. It is a fact, not less curious than true, that they are far better paid now, when nothing but ruin hangs over the stage, than they were in the most prosperous days of the drama. These remarks are not prompted by any feelings of hostility towards the actors, with several of whom we have been long connected by ties of personal friendship,—but, on the contrary, by zeal for the prosperity of the drama, with which their interests are necessarily connected. Without theatres they cannot live, and theatres cannot be supported much longer on the present system.

With regard to the pretended growing distaste of the public for the most rational and intellectual of all amusements, we cannot be made converts to the belief of its existence. At all events, we cannot affront the taste and good sense of our countrymen so far as to suppose that this vast metropolis does not contain a sufficient number of men and women competent and willing to enjoy the beauties of a good tragedy, comedy, or farce, or that a theatre *properly conducted* for such purpose would fail in obtaining success. What may be the result of the present crisis in theatrical affairs we are not presumptuous enough to foretell; but there is one ray of comfort and hope in the midst of the gloom which it inspires—matters cannot possibly be worse; they must either end in dissolution or lead to improvement.

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ART. III.—*Reise zum Ararat.* Von Dr. Friedrich Parrot. (Journey to Mount Ararat. By Dr. F. Parrot.) 8vo.

THOUGH this visit to Mount Ararat was undertaken nearly six years ago, and some

particulars of the results have at different times transpired, the full account of it, contained in the work before us, was published but a few months since at Berlin.

Twenty years ago Professor Parrot, being on the summit of the mountain Kasbeg, in the Caucasus, beheld in the distant horizon a lofty, isolated, snow-capped summit, which he presumed to be the silvery head of Ararat. From that time he had constantly cherished the wish to undertake a scientific expedition to this mountain, and if possible to reach its summit, which had from time immemorial been deemed inaccessible. But the difficulties of such an undertaking might be considered as nearly insuperable, so long as Ararat was on the frontiers of the two great powers, both inimical to christianity. An important and unexpected change had, however, taken place. The peace of Turkmaschai, between Russia and Persia, was concluded in 1828, the dominion of Christianity extended beyond the Araxes, and Ararat became the boundary of Russia towards Persia and Turkey; but the predatory Koords, still invested the country towards the north and south, when war broke out between Russia and the Porte. The Russian troops crossed the Araxes, and occupied the pashalik of Bayazeed, by which the roving tribes of banditti were driven away; and this favorable opportunity revived the Professor's desire to realize his long cherished plan. Passing over all the preliminary details, we merely premise that it was arranged that the Professor should be accompanied by Mr. Behagel, a pupil of Professor Engelhardt's, as mineralogist; Messrs. Hehn and Schiemann, two medical students of the University of Moscow; and a young astronomer, Mr. Federow, who was studying in the Imperial School at St. Petersburg. The Emperor not only granted his consent, but highly approved the plan, and ordered one of the class called feld-jagers, often employed as couriers, to accompany the party on the whole journey. The expedition was recommended to the special protection of Count Paskewitsch.

They set out on the 20th March, 1829, which was later in the season than might have been wished. As our chief object is the ascent of Mount Ararat, we shall not dwell much on the particulars of the journey. The Professor had intended to go to the Caspian Sea, in order to obtain by actual survey a confirmation of his opinion that the Caspian and Euxine were once united; but in this plan he was disappointed.



We shall make a few detached extracts from the Journal previous to the attempt to ascend the mountain.

"At Wladikaukas we met with the Persian prince Chosref-Mirza, one of the 380 male children and grand-children of the Kadschar Feth Ali, the reigning Shah of Persia, who already in the year 1826 had eightyone sons and fifty-three daughters, and who is not the first one who has had twenty members added to his family in the course of one week. Wladikaukas still continues as heretofore the most important military central station, whither all those flee for refuge, who, after dangerous journeys have escaped the pursuit of the Tscherkessians and Kabardinians; and in the environs of this place the old rude mode of life still prevails, so that even the shortest excursion, unless under military escort, is attended with danger, and for this reason strictly prohibited. A short time ago, ninetyfive horses were carried off close to the fortress, and during our stay of only two days, we saw, quite unexpected from the walls of the fortress, a large body of Ossetes settled here under Russian protection, who, without any assistance from the military, were driving home before them, with music and loud acclamations, amid the waving of caps and firing of musquetry, a flock of 600 sheep, which they had taken from their neighbors, the Tschetschenzes, by way of retaliation for their having carried off 400 of their oxen."

On the arrival of the travellers at Tiflis, on the 6th of June, Count Paskewitsch was engaged in the campaign against the Turks, but had recommended the expedition to the military governor-general Stekalow, who did his utmost to promote their object. Professor Parrot, however, instead of being able to proceed to Mount Ararat, was obliged to remain many weeks at Tiflis, because the plague had broken out in Armenia. The time, nevertheless, was well employed in various scientific occupations. The latitude of Tiflis was ascertained with the utmost precision, and the tower of the cathedral found to be  $41^{\circ} 41'$  north; the longitude, according to Birdin,  $62^{\circ} 34'$  east of Ferro. The greatest degree of heat during their stay at Tiflis was  $30^{\circ} 4'$  R. on the afternoon of the 28th July.

It was not till the 1st of September that they were able to leave Tiflis. The distance to Mount Ararat, reckoning all the windings of the road, is about 280 wersts, namely, 230 to the convent of Etschmiadsin, and 50 more to the village of Arguri, which is situated on the northern declivity of the mountain. The road from Tiflis runs through a plain about 600 feet above the level of the Kur, into the valley of the Chram, a shallow but broad stream that runs into the Kur, with a bridge built over it at some ancient but uncertain period. The celebrated convent of Etschmiadsin is the seat of the Armenian Patriarch of the Synod, and of all the superior clergy of that religion; the central point to which flows

the tribute of gratitude and veneration, from all parts of the world to which it has spread, in such abundance that, for wealth and splendor, this see might well bear comparison with the papal see of Rome, if the sovereigns of Persia had not turned its wealth into a source of revenue. To this burden the Armenians submit, because they thereby obtain toleration for their religion, and a much better lot than that of their brethren in the Turkish provinces of Asia Minor. The present Persian Sardar, Hussim Chan, is said to have taken great pleasure in seeing the Christian churches in good order, and even to have attended divine service with great devotion.

"About thirtyfive wersts from Etschmiadsin, I separated myself from the rest of our party, and, attended by only a single Cossack, traversed a district which was formerly invested by swarms of predatory Koords, and had recently been the theatre of those great military movements in which the armies of the Crescent and the Cross contended for the possession of the Fort of Erivan, in sight of the ancient Ararat. Villages and convents were visible in the distance, but there were no traces of agriculture; and an approaching thunder-storm, which had already enveloped Mount Ararat, and was hanging like a heavy canopy over me, had impelled both man and beast to seek shelter. A solitary monk, who, wrapped in his ample talare, endeavored to escape the coming rain on his Persian horse, surveyed me with a look of curiosity, but gave a friendly nod, and pointed to the south, when I called to him in Russian, 'Etschmiadsin Convent, Father Joseph.' The rolling of the thunder did not disturb me; I enthusiastically indulged now in the contemplation of the country spread before me, the longed-for goal of my undertaking; now in deep reflection on an ancient period, replete with the most interesting historical events. How could it be otherwise? I was at the foot of Mount Ararat, the mountain of the patriarch Noah, whose barren and thirsty soil even now shows indisputable traces of the flood. I was in the valley of the Araxes, on whose banks Hannibal took refuge."

Passing over our author's account of the convent of Etschmiadsin, of his reception there, and his sketch of the modern history of Arminia, we come to his departure for the object of his journey. A young deacon belonging to the convent was allowed at his own earnest entreaty, to join the company.

"Ararat has borne this name for three thousand three hundred years: we find it mentioned in the most ancient of books, the History of the Creation, by Moses, who says, 'the ark rested in the seventh month, on the seventeenth day of the month, upon the mountains of Ararat.' In other passages of the Old Testament, written several centuries later, in Isaiah, xxxvii. 38, 2 Kings, xix. 37, we find mention of a Land of Ararat, but in Jeremiah, li. 27, of a Kingdom of Ararat; and the very credible Armenian writer, Moses, of Chorene, states that this name was borne by a whole country, and that it was so called after an old Armenian king, Arai the Fair, who lived about 1750 years before Christ, and fell in a bloody battle against the Ba-



bylonians, on a plain of Armenia, which is hence called Arai-Arat, *i. e.* the ruin of Arai. It was formerly called Amasia, after the ruler Amassius, the sixth descendant from Japhet, and from him Mt. Massis also derives its name. This is the only name by which it is now called among the Armenians, for though the Armenian translation of the Old Testament always calls it Mount Ararat, yet the people (to whom the bible can be no authority, since they do not read it,) have retained the name of Massis, and do not know it by the other; so that were we to ask an Armenian, even if he came from the Holy Mountain itself, respecting Mount Ararat, he would be as ignorant as if we were to ask a European respecting Mount Massis as a place of note. To the Turks and Persians the name of Ararat is of course unknown. By the first it is called by the Arabic name Agridagh, *i. e.* Steep Mountain, and as the Arabic is almost a universal language in those parts, it is known to the Koords, Persians, and even the Armenians, by this name. It is said that some of the Persians call it Kubi-Nuh, *i. e.* Noah's Mountain, but on this I am not competent to decide, as I spoke to only a few Persians, and these invariably called it Agridagh.

"The mountains of Ararat arise at the southern extremity of a plain, which the Araxes traverses in a considerable bend, and which is about 50 wersts in breadth, and more than 100 in length. Ararat consists of two mountains, namely, the Great Ararat, and its immediate neighbor the Little Ararat, the former lying to the northwest, the latter to the southeast, their summits ten wersts and a half apart from each other in a right line, and the base of both mountains united by a broad level valley. This is occupied by the herdsmen for the pasturage of their flocks, and was formerly used as a safe retreat by the predatory Koords, by which they were enabled to keep up an easy and safe communication between the northern and southern provinces.

"The summit of the great Ararat is situated in  $39^{\circ} 42'$  north latitude, and  $61^{\circ} 55'$  east longitude from Ferro; its perpendicular height is 16,254 Paris feet, or nearly 5 wersts, above the level of the sea, and 13,530 Paris feet, or rather more than 4 wersts, above the plain of the Araxes. The northeastern declivity of the mountain may be estimated at twenty, its northwestern at thirty, wersts in length. In the former we recognise at some distance the deep black chasm, which many have compared to an extinct crater, but which has always appeared to me to resemble a cleft, as if the mountain had once been split from above. From the summit, for about one werst in a perpendicular or four wersts in an oblique direction, it is covered with a mantle of eternal snow and ice, the lower edge of which is indented according to the elevation or depression of the ground. On the whole of the north side of the mountain, however, from about 13,300 Paris feet, or rather more than 4 wersts, above the level of the sea, it runs along in one rigid crust, broken but by few projections of rock, up to the summit, over which it extends down to the southern side to a less considerable depth. This is the hoary head of Ararat. The Little Ararat lies in  $39^{\circ} 39'$  north latitude,  $62^{\circ} 2'$  east longitude from Ferro. Its summit is elevated 12,284 Paris feet, rather above  $3\frac{1}{2}$  wersts perpendicular above the level of the sea, and 9561 Paris feet above the plain of the Araxes. Notwithstanding this considerable elevation it is not covered with perpetual snow, but in September and October, and probably in August or even earlier, it is quite free from it. Its declivities are considerably steeper than those of the Great Ararat; in shape it is almost a perfect cone. Numerous small furrows

which radiate from the summit give this mountain a peculiar and very interesting character.

"Although the two Ararats have no appearance whatever of forming a part of any chain, but stand independent, they are not wholly unconnected with other mountains. While the southwest declivity is lost in the Mounts Bayazeed and Diadina, which contain the sources of the Euphrates, the northwestern declivity of the Great Ararat is connected with a long chain of hills which runs along the whole of the right bank of the Araxes, and in which some very deep cones strike the eye. The western extremity of this chain winds round the sources of the Araxes, touches Erzerum, and crowns the left bank, in the same manner as the right with a chain of mountains, some of which, especially in the direct on of Kars, must be of a very considerable height, as I saw their summits in October, a time when in general the Great Ararat alone is mantled in its eternal snow, covered to a great depth, and to an extent of about twenty wersts, with a thick layer of snow. These mountains are probably the Saganlug and a part of the Taurus.

"The impression which the sight of Ararat makes on every one whose mind is capable of comprehending the stupendous works of the Creator, is awful and mysterious, and many a sensitive and intelligent traveller had endeavored, with glowing pen and skilful pencil to describe this impression; and in the feeling that no description, no delineation, can come up to the sublime object before him, every one who has made such an attempt must certainly have experienced how difficult it is to avoid, both in language and in sketching, every thing that is poetical in expression or exaggerated in form, and to keep strictly within the bounds of truth.

"I find the first views of Ararat in Chardin; that taken from Erivan is a complete failure, while the one from Etschmiedsin is not bad in the outline, and more faithful than many more recent drawings. Tournefort has entered into the subject with spirit, and his drawing is so far accurate, that every feature of his rough sketch may be traced in nature, but with those grotesque exaggerations with which his lively imagination has also hurried him away in the description. Morier has sketched the two Ararats from the east side. In the representation of forms he has not been true to nature, but seems rather to have followed the impression with which his enthusiastic mind was inspired at the sight of this venerable record of antiquity. His Little Ararat is too small, and looks like a mere conical rock; there is also too much regularity in the contours, a circumstance which this traveller regards as the distinguishing beauty of this mountain.

"The intelligent Sir Robert Ker Porter, in his interesting view of the two Ararats, taken from the neighborhood of Erivan, has exaggerated the steepness of the declivities; he has been particularly unfortunate in giving the conical acumination of the smaller mountain. Sir William Ouseley has given three small drawings, of which I consider the one taken from the plain of Erivan, though it is only two inches broad, and has scarcely any details, to be the best of the sketches that have been hitherto taken. The two mountains are given with perfectly accurate contours and their true relative proportions.

"My desire to approach more closely the venerable summit of this sacred mountain would not suffer me to tarry long in the Convent of St James. Apprehensions respecting the lateness of the season determined me, as the sky was remarkably clear, to fix my journey to the summit for the fol-



lowing day. To many it may seem strange that in describing this attempt I should speak of the great difficulties which attended it, as my sketch of the mountain might lead them to suppose that the declivities are not so steep, and that the ascent therefore cannot be so arduous an undertaking. This, however, is occasioned by an optical deception, to which every traveller amid mountain scenery should endeavor to accustom his eye, in order to avoid erroneous conclusions. Whenever we ascend a mountain and have its acclivity straight before us, the angle of obliquity is estimated much larger than the plummet gives it. It is very common to fix it at twice the amount of the reality.

"The reason of this is the perspective shortening. This image, which has been formed in our mind of the steepness of the ascent, we immediately transfer to our outline, and hence the exaggerated form of all mountains, drawn merely by the hand. Were these really so steep as they are generally represented, but few of them would ever have been ascended; for while we not infrequently see in drawings, mountains, and even those that are really the most easy of ascent, represented with an angle of elevation of  $60^\circ$ , the fact is, that a mountain which is at an angle of only  $35^\circ$  or  $40^\circ$  cannot possibly be ascended but with the assistance of ladders, or when the surface happens to be composed of moderately large angular pieces of rock, forming a sort of steps.

"At seven o'clock in the morning of the 12th September I set out on my journey, accompanied by Mr Schiemann. We took with us one of our Cossacks and a peasant of Arguri, who was a good huntsman, and our route was first in the bottom of the valley, then up its right acclivity towards the spot where there are two small stone houses standing close to each other; the one formerly a chapel, and the other built as a protection for a spring which is considered sacred. The Armenians assign a very ancient origin to this chapel, call it after St. Gregory, and make frequent pilgrimages to it from distant places. During our stay, there were many Armenians from Bayazeed, who came to attend the devotions performed here; after which the pilgrims are accustomed to repair to the neighboring valley, where they amuse themselves with shooting and other diversions.

"The water of the spring which issues from the rock at this place is very pure and of a pleasant flavor, which alone would render it an object of general estimation, as there are probably very few perpetual springs that rise from Mount Ararat; at least I never met with any in all my excursions on the mountain, neither did I hear of the existence of any other. It may have induced some pious monk of a former time to settle in this neighborhood as a hermit, whose fame for sanctity may have obtained for the spring the character of some miraculous virtues, till, in the course of centuries and amid the storm of political events, this lone hermit vanished, and only the miraculous spring was left, as an object of universal admiration and blind credulity among the Armenians. The tradition of the wonder-working power of this water is as follows:—the locusts, which sometimes traverse the countries on this and the other side of the Caucasus in incredible swarms, and sometimes in a single day lay waste a whole tract of land, can be neither destroyed or dispersed, except by a certain bird, which however I never saw, but which, from the description given of it, may be a kind of thrush, though by the Russians who live here it is called a starling. It is not large, of a black color, and yellowish white on the breast and back; and, at the time the mulber-

ries are ripe, large flocks of them arrive on the Araxes, the people know not whence, and by destroying all the mulberries, cause much injury to the country: its name in Armenian is Tarm, and likewise Tetägusch. Gusch is a bird in Tartary, and tut is the Armenian for mulberry. If he appears in a neighborhood where the locusts abound, it may be considered safe, for he pursues them as an inveterate enemy. To entice this useful bird, it is necessary to have some water from this holy spring, and it is sufficient to fill a pitcher or a bottle with it, and carry it to the place which is visited by the locusts, but with the precaution not to set the vessel down by the way, as the water would immediately evaporate. When however it is put in the open air in the place of its destination, it is said never to have failed to attract large flocks of tetägusch, and by this means to rid the country of the locusts. Not only the common people and Armenians have endeavored to convince me of the truth of this tradition, but also persons of education, and who were not Armenians; and they even adduced as a proof that a few years ago, the district of Kisljar to the north of Caucasus being visited by the locusts, the country was cleared of them by means of a pitcher of this water, which was fetched in the greatest haste from the holy spring, and which instantly drew together large numbers of those birds. In Ararat and in Tiflis every one knows that the water was fetched, and in Kisljar a confirmation of the result may be obtained, and a portion of the miraculous water seen in a bottle in the church.

"From the chapel we crossed the grassy elevation which forms the right declivity of the cleft: we suffered so much from the heat of the day, that our Cossack, who would probably have much rather been seated on horseback and galloping about on the Steppes for three days than scrambling over the rocks for a couple of hours, was ready to sink from fatigue, and we were obliged to send him back. At about six o'clock in the evening, when we also were much tired, and had almost reached the snowy region, we chose our night's lodging in the clefts of the rocks. We had attained a height of 11,675 Paris feet; in the sheltered places about us lay some new-fallen snow, and the temperature of the air was at the freezing point. Mr Schiemann and I had provided ourselves tolerably well for such an undertaking; besides the pleasure of the expedition warmed us; but our athletic Jäger, Schak of Arguri (Isaac), was quite dejected from the cold, for he had nothing but his summer clothing; his whole neck, and also his legs, from the knee to the sandal, were quite bare, and his head was only covered with an old handkerchief. I had neglected to think about his wardrobe before setting out, and, therefore, it was my duty to help him as well as I could: but, as neither of us had much clothing to spare, I wrapped up his neck and his bare limbs in sheets of blotting paper, which I had taken with me for drying plants, and this was a great relief to him. At daybreak we pursued our journey towards the eastern side of the mountain, and soon reached the declivity which runs immediately from the summit; it consists entirely of pointed rocky ridges coming down from above, and leaving between them ravines of considerable depth, in which the icy mantle of the summit loses itself, and glaciers of great extent. There were several of these rocky ridges and clefts of ice lying between us and the side of the mountain which we were endeavoring to reach. When we had happily surmounted the first crest and the adjoining beautiful glacier, and reached the second crest, Schack had no courage to proceed. His benumbed



limbs had not yet recovered their warmth, and the icy region towards which he saw us hastening, did not hold out much prospect of relief; thus one remained behind from heat and another from cold—only Mr Schiemann, though unaccustomed to these hardships, did not for an instant lose his courage or his desire to accompany me, but shared with alacrity and perseverance all the difficulties and dangers we had to encounter. Leaving the Jager behind us, we crossed the second glacier, and gained the third rocky ridge. Then, immediately turning off in an oblique direction, we reached the lower edge of the icy crest at a height of 13,180 Paris feet, and which from this place runs without interruption to the summit. We had now to ascend this declivity covered with perpetual snow. Though the inclination was barely 30°, this was a sheer impossibility for two men to accomplish in a direct line. We therefore determined to advance diagonally towards a long pointed ridge which runs far up towards the summit. We succeeded in this by making with our ice-poles deep holes in the ice of the glacier, which was covered with a thin layer of new-fallen snow, too slight to afford the requisite firmness to our steps. We thus reached the ridge, and advanced direct towards the summit by a track where the new snow was rather deeper. Though we might by great exertions have this time reached the goal of our wishes, yet the fatigue of the day had been considerable, and as it was already three o'clock in the afternoon, we were obliged to think of providing a lodging for the approaching night. We had attained the extreme upper ridge of the rocky crest, an elevation of 14,550 Paris feet above the level of the sea, (the height of the top of Mont Blanc), and yet the summit of Ararat lay far above us. I do not think that any surmountable obstacle could have impeded our farther progress, but to spend the few remaining hours of daylight in reaching this point would have been worse than madness, as we had not seen any rock on the summit which could have afforded us protection during the night; independently of which our stock of provisions was not calculated to last so long.

Having made our barometrical observations, we turned back, satisfied from the result that the mountain on this side was not inaccessible. In descending, however, we met with a danger which we had not anticipated; for if in the descent of every mountain you tread less safely than in going up, it is still more difficult to tread firmly, when you look down upon such a surface of ice and snow as that over which we had to pass for more than a werst, and where, if we had slipped and fell, there was nothing to stop us but the sharp-pointed masses of stone in which the region of eternal ice loses itself. The danger here is perhaps rather in the want of habit than in real difficulties. My young friend, whose courage had probably been proof against severer trials, lost his presence of mind here—his foot slipped and he fell; but as he was about twenty paces behind me, I had time to thrust my pole firmly into the ice, to take a sure footing in my capital snow-shoes, and, while I held the pole in my right hand, to catch him in passing with my left. My position was well chosen, but the straps which fastened my ice-shoes broke, and, instead of being able to stop my friend, I was carried with him in his fall. He was so fortunate as to be stopped by some stones, but I rolled on for half a werst, till I reached some fragments of lava near the lower glacier. The tube of my barometer was dashed to pieces—my chronometer burst open, and covered with blood—everything had fallen out of my

pockets, but I escaped without severe injury. As soon as we had recovered our fright, and thanked God for our providential escape, we collected the most important of our effects, and continued our journey. We were soon afterwards delighted to hear the voice of our good Schak, who had very prudently waited for our return. Having made a fire, we passed the night in the grassy region, and on the third day reached the convent, where we were regaled with an excellent breakfast. We however took care not to tell the Armenians anything about our accident, as they would certainly not have failed to ascribe it to a judgment from Heaven for our presumptuous attempt to reach the summit, which they say has been prohibited to mortals by a divine decree since the time of Noah. All the Armenians are firmly persuaded that Noah's ark exists to the present day on the summit of Mount Arrat, and that, in order to preserve it, no person is permitted to approach it. We learn the grounds of this tradition from the Armenian chronicles in the legend of a monk of the name of James, who was afterwards Patriarch of Nissibis, and a contemporary and relative of St. Gregory. It is said that this monk, in order to settle the disputes which had arisen respecting the credibility of the sacred books, especially with reference to their account of Noah, resolved to ascend to the top of Ararat to convince himself of the existence of the ark. At the declivity of the mountain, however, he had several times fallen asleep from exhaustion, and found on awaking that he had been unconsciously carried down to the point from which he first set out. God at length had compassion on his unwearied though fruitless exertions, and during his sleep sent an angel with the message, that his exertions were unavailing, as the summit was inaccessible, but as a reward for his indefatigable zeal, he sent him a piece of the ark, the very same which is now preserved as the most valuable relic in the cathedral of Etschmiadsin. The belief in the impossibility of ascending Mount Ararat has in consequence of this tradition, which is sanctioned by the church, almost become an article of faith, which an Armenian would not renounce even if he were placed in his own proper person upon the summit of the mountain."

After recovering in some measure from the effects of his fall and an attack of fever which ensued, the Professor set out on the 18th September to make a second attempt to gain the summit, taking with him a cross ten feet high, which it was proposed to set up on the top of the mountain, with an inscription in honor of Field Marshal Paskevitch, by whose victories the Russian dominions had been extended to this point. They chose this time the north-east side of the mountain, by which the way was much longer, but not so steep. But as this second attempt also failed, we pass over the account of it, and proceed without further preface to the third, which succeeded. They however erected the cross on an almost horizontal surface covered with snow, at the height of 15,138 Paris feet above the level of the Euxine, or about 350 feet higher than the summit of Mont Blanc.

"In the mean time the sky cleared up, the air



became serene and calm, the mountain too was more quiet, the noise occasioned by the falling of the masses of ice and snow grew less frequent—in short, everything seemed to indicate that a favorable turn was about to take place in the weather, and I hastened to embrace it for a third attempt to ascend the mountain. On the 25th of September I sent to ask Stepan whether he would join us, but he declined, saying that he had suffered too much from the former excursion to venture again so soon; he however promised to send four stout peasants with three oxen and a driver. Early the next morning, four peasants made their appearance at the camp to join our expedition, and soon after a fifth, who offered himself voluntarily. To them I added two of our soldiers. The deacon again accompanied us, as well as Mr. Hehn, who wished to explore the vegetation at a greater elevation; but he did not intend to proceed beyond the line of snow. The experience of the preceding attempt had convinced me that everything depended on our passing the first night as closely as possible to this boundary, in order to be able to ascend and return from the summit in one day, and to confine our baggage to what was absolutely necessary. We therefore took with us only three oxen laden with the clothing, wood and provisions. I also took a small cross carved in oak . . . . We chose our route towards the same side as before, and, in order to spare ourselves, Abowian and I rode on horseback, wherever the rocky nature of the soil permitted it, as far as the grassy plain Kip-Ghioll, whence we sent the horses back. Here Mr. Hehn parted from us. It was scarcely twelve o'clock when we reached this point, and, after taking our breakfast, we proceeded in a direction rather more oblique than on our former attempt. The cattle were however unable to follow us so quickly. We therefore halted at some rocks which it would be impossible for them to pass—took each our own share of clothing and wood, and sent back the oxen. At half-past five in the evening we were not far from the snow-line, and considerably higher than the place where we passed the night on our previous excursion. The elevation of this point was 13,036 Paris feet above the level of the sea, and the large masses of rock determined me to take up our quarters here. A fire was soon made and a warm supper prepared. I had some onion broth, a dish which I would recommend to all mountain travellers, in preference to meat broth, as being extremely warm and invigorating. This being a fast day, poor Abowian was not able to enjoy it. The other Armenians, who strictly adhered to their rules of fasting, contented themselves with bread and the brandy which I distributed among them in a limited quantity, as this cordial must be taken with great caution, especially where the strength has been previously much tried, as it otherwise produces a sense of exhaustion and inclination to sleep. It was a magnificent evening, and, with my eye fixed on the clear sky and the lofty summit which projected against it, and then again on the dark night which was gathering far below and around me, I experienced all those delightful sensations of tranquility, love, and devotion, that silent reminiscence of the past, that subdued glance into the future, which a traveller never fails to experience when on lofty elevations and under pleasing circumstances. I laid myself down under an overhanging rock of lava, the temperature of the air at  $4\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ , which was tolerably warm, considering our great height.

"At day-break we rose, and began our journey at half-past six. We crossed the last broken declivities in half an hour, and entered the boundary of eternal snow nearly at the same place as in our

preceding ascent. In consequence of the increased warmth of the weather, the new-fallen snow, which had facilitated our progress on our previous ascent, had melted away, and again frozen, so that, in spite of the still inconsiderable slope, we were compelled to cut steps in the ice. This very much embarrassed our advance, and added greatly to our fatigue. One of the peasants had remained behind in our resting-place, as he felt unwell; two others became exhausted in ascending the side of the glacier. They at first lay down, but soon retreated to our quarters. Without being disheartened by these difficulties we proceeded, and soon reached the great cleft which marks the upper edge of the declivity of the large glacier, and at ten o'clock we arrived at the great plain of snow which marks the first break on the icy head of Ararat. At the distance of a verst, we saw the cross which we had reared on the 19th of September, but it appeared to me so extremely small, probably on account of its black color, that I almost doubted whether I should be able to find it again with an ordinary telescope from the plain of the Araxes. In the direction towards the summit, a shorter but at the same time a steeper declivity than the one we had passed lay before us; and between this and the extreme summit there appeared to be only one small hill. After a short repose we passed the first precipice, which was the steepest of all, by hewing out steps in the rock, and after this the next elevation. But here, instead of seeing the ultimate goal of all our difficulties, immediately before us appeared a series of hills, which even concealed the summit from our sight. This rather abated our courage, which had never yielded for a moment so long as we had all our difficulties in view, and our strength, exhausted by the labor of hewing the rock, seemed scarcely commensurate with the attainment of the now invisible object of our wishes. But a review of what had been already accomplished and of that which might still remain to be done, the proximity of the series of projecting elevations, and a glance at my brave companions, banished my fears and we boldly advanced. We crossed two more hills, and the cold air of the summit blew towards us. I stepped from behind one of the glaciers, and the extreme cone of Ararat lay distinctly before my enraptured eyes. But one more effort was necessary. Only one other icy plain was to be ascended, and at a quarter past three on the 27th of September, O. S. 1829, we stood on the summit of Mount Ararat!"

Having thus happily accomplished his fatiguing and perilous enterprise, our author's first wish and enjoyment was repose; he spread his cloak on the ground, and sitting down contemplated the boundless but desolate prospect around him. He was on a slightly convex, almost circular, platform, about 200 Paris feet in diameter, which at the extremity declines pretty steeply on all sides, particularly towards the S. E. and N. E.; it was the silver crest of Ararat, composed of eternal ice, unbroken by a rock or stone. Towards the east, the summit declined more gently than in any other direction, and was connected by a hollow, likewise covered with perpetual ice, with another rather lower summit, which by Mr. Federow's trigonometrical measurement was found to be 187 toises distant from the principal summit. On account of the im-



mense distances nothing could be seen distinctly. The whole valley of the Araxes was covered with a grey mist through which Erivan and Sardarabad appeared as small dark spots; to the south were seen more distinctly the hills behind which lies Bayazeed; to the N. W. the ragged top of Alaghès, covered with vast masses of snow, probably an inaccessible summit; near to Ararat, especially to the S. E. and at a great distance towards the west, are numerous small conical hills, which look like extinct volcanoes; to the E. S. E. was little Ararat, whose head did not appear like a cone, as it does from the plain, but like the top of a square truncated pyramid, with larger and smaller rocky elevations on the edges and in the middle; but what very much surprised Professor Parrot was to see a large portion of Lake Goktschai, which appeared in the N. E. like a beautiful shining dark blue patch, behind the lofty chain of mountains which encloses it on the south, and which is so high that he never could have believed he should have been able from the top of Ararat to see over its summit into the lake behind it.

Mr. Parrot, having allowed himself time to enjoy this prospect, proceeded to observe his barometer, which he placed precisely in the middle of the summit. The mercury was no higher than 15 inches  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a line Paris measure, the temperature being 37-10 below the freezing point of the centigrade thermometer. By comparing this observation with that which Mr. Federow made at the same time at the Convent of St. James, the elevation of the summit appears to be 10,272 Paris feet above the convent, and adding to that the height of the latter, the top of Ararat is 16,254 Paris feet, or nearly five wersts, above the level of the sea. While the Professor was engaged in his observations, the deacon planted the cross, not precisely on the summit, where it could not have been seen from the plain, as it was only five feet high, but on the N. E. edge, about thirty feet lower than the centre of the summit. The Professor and his five companions, viz. the deacon, two Russian soldiers, and two Armenian peasants, having remained three-quarters of an hour on the summit, commenced their descent, which was very fatiguing; but they hastened, as the sun was going down, and before they reached the place where the great cross was erected, it had already sunk below the horizon.

"It was a glorious sight to behold the dark shadows which the mountains in the west cast upon the plain, and then the profound darkness which covered all the valleys, and gradually rose

higher and higher on the sides of Ararat, whose icy summit was still illuminated by the beams of the setting sun. But the shadows soon passed over that also, and would have covered our path with a gloom that would have rendered our descent dangerous, had not the sacred lamp of night, opportunely rising above the eastern horizon, cheered us with its welcome beams."

Having passed the night on the same spot as on their ascent, where they found their companions, they arrived the next day at noon at the convent of St. James, and on the following day, Sunday, the 28th of September, O. S., they offered their grateful thanksgiving to Heaven for the success of their arduous enterprise, perhaps not far from the spot where "Noah built an altar to the Lord."

Having thus brought our author to the conclusion of this main object of his journey, our readers will probably be surprised to hear that doubts were soon raised of his having really reached the summit. Many orthodox Armenians had expressed their doubt even before he left the country, and it being afterwards publicly asserted by a man eminent in the scientific world that it was impossible, the Professor found it expedient to request that all persons in that country who had taken part in the expedition might be examined upon oath, and he has inserted their depositions at full length, entirely confirming his statements.

Besides the account of the ascent of Ararat, to which, as being the most important, we have confined our remarks and extracts, the work contains many interesting observations, especially on the geology of the country, illustrated by a map, and views of Mount Ararat, &c. The second part contains some scientific observations, measurements, &c. Among these papers there is one "On the Difference of Elevation between the Euxine and the Caspian, and the Connection that may have formerly existed between those two Seas," from which, as the point has been considered by geologists as highly important, we extract a few particulars:—

"Since the publication of the result of the barometrical measurement, which I undertook in the year 1811, with M. Engelhardt, on the north side of the Caucasus, between those two seas, it has been pretty generally taken for granted that the level of the Caspian is 300 Paris feet lower than that of the Euxine. But the more interesting this result has become to the science of physical geography, and the more attention and confidence have been given to it by naturalists, the more important has every experiment become to us, the original authors, which seems either to confirm or to contradict this result."

The professor, having observed that some facts which he details had excited in his



mind doubts of the correctness of his former conclusions, thus proceeds:—

"I hoped that my journey to Mount Ararat would afford me a fit opportunity for solving those doubts, by means of a barometrical survey through the steppe north of the Caucasus, along the banks of the river Manetsch, where the two seas are only between 500 and 600 wersts apart. I was assisted in my operation by Mr Behagel."

Mr. Parrot details very minutely his proceedings on this occasion. He was not able to go the whole way to the Caspian, but he travelled more than half the way, and found his doubts much strengthened. He was therefore very desirous of visiting the country on his return from Mount Ararat. The season was unfavorable; but he obtained a great deal of interesting information, and surveyed a great extent of country, all the particulars of which he gives, and states the results, which we add in his own words:—

"I cannot place less confidence in our measurements than in the survey of 1811, and must therefore consider the position which I formerly laid down, viz. that the Caspian is about 300 feet lower than the Euxine, to be disproved, however flattering it might have been to me to be able to do the contrary. But what higher object can the naturalist, as such, aim at than truth? and what more important duty can he have with respect to the learned world, whose confidence and approbation he desires?"

In an Appendix Mr. Parrot informs us that after the Essay on the comparative height of the Caspian and Euxine was printed, he had received a letter from Baron Alexander von Humboldt; in which, considering several new facts and arguments on both sides of the question, he expresses a wish to see the matter more thoroughly examined in a future treatise. Baron von Humboldt himself, in his journey through Southern Russia to the Caspian, made numerous barometrical observations, with his learned fellow-travellers, Messrs. Rose and Ehrenberg, which, at least, do not indicate a lower elevation of the Caspian than the sea. These doubts are strongly confirmed by the results of the observations of other scientific travellers in those countries. But, notwithstanding these reasons, Mr. von Humboldt, considering the rigorous accuracy which is now justly demanded in such matters, thinks that the result of the survey of 1811, which makes the Caspian 300 feet below the Euxine, ought not to be rejected till another can be opposed to it which has higher claims to confidence. He therefore thinks it necessary, if the new survey is to be opposed to that of 1811, that the Professor shall enter more fully into details, to show the value of the new operations compared with the former. Mr. Parrot enters into

various reflections on the subject, and in the end is induced to infer "that, in the operations of the year 1811, there may have been some defect in one of the two barometers; and, the measurement being also in the open air, at the mean temperature of 16° Reaumur, on our journey out, and of 5° Reaumur on our return; if the second barometer,—that is, mine,—had a small portion of air in it, it must on the way out have been too low, and on the return too high, (and of this no notice was taken in the calculations); and the termination of the first survey, being the Caspian, would appear too low, and that of the second, being the Black Sea, too high. Three hundred feet divided among fifty stations, requires only a constant error of  $\frac{6}{100}$  of a line; and this might occur if the second barometer had a portion of air in it, which at one time was 5° R. above, and at another 5° R. below, the temperature which was fixed upon as the mean difference of the two barometers." Mr. Parrot is positively certain that there was no such defect in the barometers employed in his operations in 1830.

We might have extended our remarks by comparing Professor Parrot's observations with the works of Chardin, Tournefort, Morier, Ker Porter, Kotzebue, Sir William Ouseley, and others; but as none of these ascended, nor, except Tournefort, made any serious attempt to ascend, the mountain, they can convey no information on the point to which we have confined ourselves. We must add, to the honor of the Emperor Nicholas, that, on the return of the travellers, he ordered the whole of their expenses to be repaid, conferred on Professor Parrot the order of St. Anne, and gave to Mr. Federow, the fine theodolite which he had used in his surveys, with a sum of money, and a diamond ring to the Jäger, whose zeal and activity had been of the greatest service.

We have lately received an account of an ascent of Mount Ararat in the middle of August, 1834, accomplished by a Mr. Antonomoff, a young man holding an office in Armenia, who was induced to make the attempt partly to satisfy his own curiosity, and partly out of regard for the reputation of Professor Parrot; who having actually reached the summit of the mountain is still obstinately denied, particularly by the inmates of the convent, who fancy that the truth would lower the opinion of the people with regard to the sanctity of their mountain. Mr. Antonomoff succeeded in reaching the summit; the large cross set up by Parrot was nearly covered with snow; the smaller cross planted on the summit was



not to be found, and was probably buried in the snow. One of his guides, who had also accompanied Mr. Parrot, showed him the spot where it had been set up. He asked some persons to look while he was at the top, and try if they could see him. On his coming down, however, nobody would admit having seen him there; they all affirmed that to reach the summit was impossible; and though he and his guides agreed, the magistrates of the village refused not only to give him a certificate of his having ascended the mountain, but even of his guides having declared that he had done so.

ART. IV. *Johann Kepler's Leben und Wirken, nach neuerlich aufgefundenen Manuscripten bearbeitet* von G. L. C. Freiherrn v. Breitschwert. (The Life and Labors of John Kepler, written from recently discovered Manuscripts by Baron von Breitschwert.) Stuttgart. Small 8vo.

THE author of this little work thus commences his preface:—

"Great men are in general not comprehended by their contemporaries, over whom they tower too much; nay, they are often persecuted on account of the prejudices which they trample down in their progress. It is a late posterity, which, finding what the great man discovered to be the truth, and enjoying the fruit of his toil, pays him the thanks due to his deserts."

To these just and sensible observations, few, we should suppose, will refuse their assent, and perhaps there is nothing more consolatory to genius, nothing which more fully enables it to bear up against the scoffs and scorn, the opposition or the persecution, which it may encounter in its day, than the certainty that a posterity, even though a late one, will arise, which will be just, which will recognise desert, and award to it its becoming meed of fame. Every day we see examples of this tardy justice, and the words of the indignant satirist—

"See nations slowly rise, and, meanly just,  
To buried merit raise the tardy bust!"

prove, without his designing it, that justice, here as elsewhere, though it may be slow, is sure. Another poet says,—

"What's fame! a fancied life in other's breath,  
A thing beyond us, e'en before our death:  
Just what you hear you have; and what's unknown,  
The same, my friend, if Tully's or your own."

Enduring fame, then, it seems, in his eyes, is nothing; and the man who misses it in his lifetime never obtains it. Nothing can

be more disheartening, but, fortunately, nothing is more untrue than this view of the case. Fame, though it may not yet have evinced its existence by outward acts, has begun to exist as soon as the actions which merit it have been performed; and the statesman, the philosopher, the historian, the poet, may enter at once into the enjoyment of it. Though the voice of enmity, jealousy, and opposition be loud and overwhelming at the present, he is in his retirement cheered by the tone of the still small voice which comes out of futurity, assuring him that the storm will pass away, and the sun shine forth which will call his good deeds into new life: in idea he hears his name pronounced with favor and approbation by generations yet unborn; and this enjoyment of future fame, though not of so tumultuous a nature, is as real as that of fame actual and present. Were this not so, should we find so many instances of men resigning pleasures, profits, and honors in pursuit of what the poet regards as a mere phantom? But they are impelled by an instinct, "that noblest instinct, love of lasting fame;" and if their deeds merit immortality, of a surety immortality will be theirs.

These reflections rose so naturally in our mind after perusing this life of John Kepler,\* that we could not refrain from giving utterance to them; for here we have an instance of a fame growing brighter and brighter with each succeeding age, and of a man consoling himself in poverty and persecution with the consciousness of a sincere love of the truth, and with the firm conviction that his merits would be one time acknowledged.

How little do we in general know of the great John Kepler! We are doubtless aware that he was the discoverer of the law which regulates the motion of the planets round the sun, and of their orbits being eclipses; that he was astronomer to the emperor of Germany, and compiled from the observations of Tycho Brahe, the celebrated Rudolphine Tables: but who knows with any degree of accuracy the progress of his intellectual powers, the public and domestic difficulties that he had to struggle against; who knows that he was persecuted by both Protestants and Catholics on account of the purity and elevation of his ideas on religion; that in his capacity of astronomer royal he had to submit to the drudgery of calculating nativities and announcing what comets portended, though

\* So he spelt the name himself. In Latin he styled himself *Keplerus*, as that language does not admit of the *pp* followed by a consonant.



he clearly saw the vanity of the astrologic art; and finally, how many are aware that, in the midst of his sublimest contemplations, he had to devote a large portion of his time and labor to the defence of his aged mother against a charge of witchcraft?

Without knowing these things, we never shall sufficiently understand and admire the character of this great man, and many of them have been first set in a broad light in the volume before us. The author, the Baron von Breitschwert, happened, in his capacity of examiner of the records at Würtemberg, to find, in a bundle of papers containing the proceedings against Kepler's mother, a number of his letters to his friend Mästlin, professor of mathematics at Tübingen, and a few to the Duke of Würtemberg himself. He conceived the design of doing a tardy justice to the memory of his great compatriot, and, as he expresses himself, "by fusing the new which has been discovered with what was already known, to give a new and more complete image of this great man, as far as possible, with his own words." The printed works to which he had recourse are, we may observe, most of them scarce, and certainly can be known to but a very small portion of his readers. He therefore may justly claim the praise of being the first to present John Kepler, as he was, to the world.\*

Kepler was born, in the year 1571, at a little village named Magstatt, about three miles from the town of Weil, in Würtemberg. His father, Heinrich Kepler, was the son of the burgomaster of Weil; his mother, Catherine, was the daughter of an inn-keeper of the village of Elringen, in the same neighborhood. She brought her husband a fortune of 3,000 gulden, which was treble what *he* was able to contribute to the *menage*. She was thoroughly illiterate, and her temper was by no means particularly amiable, which was probably the reason that, soon after the birth of her first child, her husband left her, enlisted in the troops which were being raised in Würtemberg for the army of the Duke of Alba in the Netherlands, and though a Protestant, fought against his brethren in the faith—a circumstance, however, by no means uncommon in those days. Catherine soon followed him, leaving her child to the care

of her parents, and in 1575 they both came back again. Heedless of King Solomon's warning, Heinrich entered into suretyship, and lost nearly all he had. He then rented an inn somewhere in Baden; but either not finding this to answer, or finding his wife's tongue not endurable, he went a soldiering once more in the Austrian service, when he fought a more legitimate fight than heretofore, namely, against the Turks, and probably fell in the battle, as he was never heard of more.

The children of this ill-matched pair were four in number, John, Christopher, Henry, and a daughter, named Margaret. John, who was the eldest, was a seven months' child, and, probably, in consequence of this, was always small and meagre of person. His temper united firmness and gentleness, and a strong affection always subsisted between him and his sister, who appears to have possessed similar estimable qualities. His imagination was strong and his judgment acute—his heart was, as we shall see, affectionate—and his temper at all times cheerful. The qualities of his mind fitted him for the high destination of extending the bounds of human knowledge—those of his heart won him the affection and regard of all who had intercourse with him.

To finish the family portraits, we will just inform our readers that Christopher, after having learned the mystery of tin founding, went a-soldiering for a time like his father, then came back, settled at Leonberg, worked at his trade, and at the same time performed the office of drill-serjeant in the local militia. The magistrates gave him the character of an excellent tin-founder and a good citizen. He was a rough rude tradesman, as full of ignorance and prejudice as any master of the craft of his day. As to Henry, he was still more rugged and unmanageable; he ran away from school, enlisted, turned Papist, rose to the rank of sergeant in the imperial service, and came home at last, an invalid, with a whole pack of children at his heels. Such were the father and mother, brothers and sister, of the illustrious John Kepler. Somehow or another, one feels no small degree of pleasure in finding out little particulars of this kind concerning great men. They bring them at once down amongst us, and show that they were veritably of the same flesh and blood with ourselves.

We will here advertise the reader, that as it is the man John Kepler, and not the philosopher, whom we intend to make known to him, we feel ourselves relieved from the trammels of dignified language and philosophic profundity. We write for

\* There is a Life of Kepler in the Library of Useful Knowledge; but it has the usual fault of mixing up an account of his discoveries with that of his life, and is therefore unattractive to ordinary readers. The points, moreover, to which we shall chiefly call the reader's attention, are in it passed over in total silence.



the many, not for the Herschels, Whewells and Airies; and, if we know anything of the many, they would rather have anecdotes and incidents than all the philosophy in the world, and if the style be somewhat familiar, they will esteem it no offence.

John Kepler was put to school first at Elmendingen and then at Leonberg; but he was constantly taken away from it to be employed in rustic avocations, driving the plough or tending the cattle we may suppose, for our author does not descend to particulars. His bodily strength not proving adequate to the toils of the field, and his progress in learning being rapid, it was resolved to breed him up to the church, just as a Scotch peasant, when heaven sends him a child of the sort, determines to make a *dominie* of him. Accordingly, having gotten the necessary preliminary instruction at a couple of inferior theological academies, he was, in the year 1589, presented for admission in the theological class at the University of Tübingen, and he obtained the second place out of twenty-five. We may here observe that instruction was given *gratis*, at least in the theology, at Tübingen, which now stood high in fame among the Lutheran universities; for here were some of the most able and active champions of the Lutheran doctrine of the omnipresence of the body of Christ, in the celebrated sacramental controversy. Here, for example, was the chancellor, Jac. Andree, who had disputed for six entire days against the Calvinists at Maulbronn, without either party, as we are assured, getting a hair's-breadth nearer to the other. Whereupon, some time after, said the Calvinist Elector Palatine to the Lutheran Duke of Würtemberg, not unwisely, "Were it not for the pride of the theologians, we might have come to as godly an agreement about the chief article of the Christian doctrine as at Kilsbach, where there was no theologian present." Here, too, was Jacob Heubrand, a first rate hair-splitter on this delicate point—a clever, sensible man, however, in other matters, for, in one of his sermons, directed against those who said that high-schools were of no use, he thus expressed himself:—

"Such thoughts come from the suggestion of Satan himself, who is an enemy to schools. If there were no high-schools, the stronger would put the weaker in a sack, and there would be no end of this till people ate one another up. Head-law, and not fist-law must govern the world; but then men of learning do not grow on the trees, so that one has only to shake them down, and, with reverence be it spoken, put a pair of boots below for them to fall into."

We will not follow our author through

his review of the luminaries who shed their light on Tübingen at the time when he, who was to be the brightest star of his country, first made his appearance at it. One, however, must not be passed over in silence—this was Michael Mästlin, the professor of mathematics, Kepler's instructor and future friend. Mästlin, though obliged to teach the Ptolemaic astronomy, did not conceal from his pupils the systems of Tycho and Copernicus, which last he himself regarded as the truth, and to which, our author assures us, he was the means of converting the great Galileo, in a journey which he made to Italy. It is pleasing to see the proofs of the mutual esteem and affection which at all times subsisted between the master and pupil. When, long after Kepler had quitted Tübingen, Mästlin highly commended one of his works, he wrote to him:

"Dearest master, thou art the spring-head of the stream which fructifies my fields."—"If one day teaches the other," replied Mästlin, "why should not we elders praise the works of our juniors, as we wish to be esteemed by them. It is by the descendants, and not by the ancestors, that arts and sciences rise to their summit."

Kepler, who was destined to be a priest in the temple of nature, soon found that there was no place for him in the church of Würtemberg. He would think for himself. "I honor," said he, "in the three professions of Christianity, what I find in them agreeing with the word of God; but I protest as well against *new doctrines* as against *old heresies*." Unfortunately, many of the points on which theologians lay great stress are anything but matters of strict demonstration, and those who will think for themselves may not be so lucky as to find the evidence on which they rest perfectly convincing. So it was with Kepler; he stumbled at the omnipresence of Christ's body, the doctrine in highest favor then at Tübingen. He wrote a Latin poem against it, and also a treatise, and the consequence was that when he had completed his studies he got for a *testimonium* that he had distinguished himself by his oratorical talents, but was considered unfit to be a fellow-laborer in the church of Würtemberg.

Let us hear Kepler's sentiments in his own words in a letter to one of the professors, the mild and amiable Hafenreffer.

"My determination is to follow no human guide but only the Holy Scriptures, to weigh well the connexion of every passage, to develope its meaning from what precedes and follows, to compare several passages of the same apostle with one another, then with passages of another apostle, finally with the words of Christ himself. I feel the power of antiquity within my bosom. You are wrong in suspecting me of Calvinism. I



would do nothing to justify Calvin; who is a modern, if antiquity did not convince me of it. But antiquity convinces me, when ye are doubtful whether this or that father has erred or not in this or that place, when ye take from his words their usual meaning, when ye set nothing against the sense which is favorable to the Jesuits and Calvinists, but that inference, invented by Luther, and farther embellished by Jacob Andrea and others, from God's omnipresence and union with the flesh of the omnipresence of Christ's body. The pride of man is such that no one will confess that he has erred, still less when he has for a pretext the defence of the honor of a place, an order, a book, a prince. What stands more in the way of the Romish see than that this see will have the appearance of infallibility? But this one word of Paul takes from me all these delusions—'Every work shall be made manifest, and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is.'"

Again, he writes to the mayor of Baden :

"The evil which oppresses Germany arises chiefly from the pride of some divines, who would rather rule than teach. Certain doctors, who have been called to the office of teaching, wishing to be bishops, seek in their untimely zeal to turn everything upside down, and mislead their princes to overhasty steps. The spirit of unity and mutual love is wanting."

To John Pistorius, a prelate who had gone over to the church of Rome, and who wrote to him, telling him he was dangerously ill, and talking of the vanities of this world, Kepler in his answer says,—

"You will bear me witness, on that great day, that I never had any personal hatred against the pope and the priests, but only zeal for God and his institutions, while I remain in that freedom in which God caused me to be born. Among the vanities of this world I reckon the spirit of persecution which prevails in every religious party—the idea that each of them has, that their cause is the cause of God—they alone possess a right to happiness—the presumption of the theologians that they have the right to interpret scripture, and that one must blindly believe them even when their interpretations run contrary to reason—finally, the temerity with which they damn all those who make use of their evangelic liberty."

"You know nothing about theology—I will not enter into these matters with you," was the reply of Pistorius.

"I have read your Ephemerides—I see into your pure soul—I know from what sentiments it flows when you laugh at the janglings and the smoke which the theologians make, but others judge not so. They abuse you as a self-seeker, a hypocrite, a heretic, and an atheist," wrote Schellenberg to him one time from Tübingen."

Such then were the rational and enlightened views of Kepler on the subject of religion in the sixteenth century, and in the twenty-second year of his age. Throughout life he held and expressed the same sentiments; his piety and his charity never failed; through nature he looked up to nature's God, and Christianity may number him among the best and sincerest of her members.

All chances of an establishment in the church being over, Kepler was glad to accept an invitation from the states of Styria to become teacher of mathematics and ethics at the Gymnasium of Grätz. For the Archduke Charles of Austria, whose patrimony Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola were, having given liberty of conscience to his dynasts and knights, the consequence was that the greater part of them were become Lutherans, and they usually applied to Württemberg for pastors and teachers. Kepler exercised no choice in the matter.

"A hidden destiny," says he, "impels one man to this, another to that calling, that they may be convinced that they are under the guidance of Divine Providence. When I was old enough to taste the sweets of philosophy, I embraced all parts of it with great avidity, without applying myself particularly to astronomy. Brought up at the expense of the Duke of Württemberg, I had resolved to go whithersoever I should be sent, whilst others hesitated out of love for home. An astronomical place first offered itself, into which I was, as one may say, thrust through the high character of my instructors. It was not the distance of the place that terrified me, but the unexpected nature of the invitation, and my little knowledge of this branch of philosophy. I went furnished rather with capabilities for than with a knowledge of this science, and only under the express condition that I did not renounce my right to another course of life which might appear to me more brilliant."

Kepler, observe, was not two-and-twenty years of age when he went to Grätz, and he had no patrimony and few prospects. How strong must have been his secret anticipations of future fame!

At Grätz Kepler had to act both as astronomer and astrologer. Of this last occupation we will say nothing at present, as we may soon have occasion to speak more fully of it; as astronomer his first task was the drawing up of the Styrian calendar for the year 1594. As luck would have it, this only served to add fuel to the flames of the wrath of the Württemberg divines, for the Gregorian reformed calendar was in use in Styria, and that was the work of a pope, and never since the world was created was the *timeo Danaos et dona ferentes* in fuller operation than at this very time. Kepler who, as we have seen, had no antipathy to popes as such, and was willing to take the good without asking whence it came, gladly employed the better measure of time. Not so the sages of Tübingen: and it is really worth while to read their sentiments on this matter. The academic senate thus addressed Duke Louis in the year 1583.

"A Christian, sensible, and good-hearted governor knows, that, in reformations of this kind, he should take counsel of the ministers of the church. As long as the kings of Judah followed the counsel of the prophets and other highly enlightened ministers of the church, they ruled laud-



ably and well-pleasing unto God. It is only when the temporal power is in a member of the true church of God that it has authority, with the counsel of the ministers of the church, to change the outward ceremonies of the church."

"As the emperor holds the pope to be the vicar of Christ on earth, it is not to be wondered at that he has introduced his calendar into his hereditary dominions, and send it to the estates of the Roman empire. Julius Cæsar had not members of his empire who were lords and rulers themselves, like the estates of the present Roman empire. The imperial majesty knows how to recollect itself, and, in its letter to the estates, merely gives them to understand that their accommodating themselves to this work will give the highest satisfaction. But the new calendar has manifestly been devised for the furtherance of the idolatrous popish system, and we justly hold the pope to be a *cruel, devouring bear-wolf*.\* If we adopt his calendar, we must go into the church when he rings for us. Shall we have fellowship with Antichrist?—and what concord is there between Christ and Belial? Should he succeed, through the imperial authority, in fastening his calendar about our necks, he would bring the cord in such a way about our horns that we could no longer defend ourselves against his tyranny in the church of God. The pope hereby grasps also at the electoral hats of the princes of the empire. If the new calendar be not generally adopted, the world will not go to ruin on that account. Summer will not come sooner or later if the vernal equinox should be set a few days further back or forward in the calendar; no peasant will be so simple as, on account of the calendar, to send out his reapers at Whitsuntide, or the gatherers into his vineyard at St. James's Day. These are merely the pretexs of people who stroke the fox-tail of the pope, and would not be thought to do so. Satan is driven out of the Christian church; we will not let him slip in again through his representative the pope."

Poor Mästlin, *nolens volens*, had to write against the Gregorian calendar, but he had the fate of his predecessor, Apian, before his eyes, who, because he would not without any reservation fall down and worship the image which the Würtemberg theologians had set up, was turned out of his situation and left to starve. Keppler himself, by the way, was indebted to the Catholics alone for the means of living. Mastlin, like a lawyer, wrote with great apparent bitterness against some trifling defects in the Gregorian calendar. Keppler, who knew why he had done so, wrote to him as follows:

"What is the one half of Germany at? How long will it remain separate from the other half of the empire, and from the whole continent of Europe? For these 150 years astronomy has been calling for the improvement of the calendar. Shall we forbid it? How long shall we wait? Mayhap till a *Deus ex machina* enlightens the evangetic rulers. Various amendments have been proposed, still that which the pope has introduced is the best. But, even if one should discover a better, it cannot be brought into use without causing some disorder after this has once been in ope-

ration. It is sufficient for the next centuries; we will not make ourselves uneasy about the more distant ones. Uniformity in the computation of time is one of the ornaments of the political state. I think we have proved sufficiently to the pope that we can keep to the old time for our festivals; it were time now to correct what he has corrected. We shall not always enjoy the mildness and lenity of an emperor Rudolf. The evangetic princes inquire of their mathematicians; the emperor puts forth a merely political edict; so it is not the pope's bull, but the advice of his mathematicians which he sanctions. It is a disgrace for Germany to be alone without that correction which the sciences desire."

Long enough, however, was it before common sense could assert its rights in Germany; and even in our own country this paltry, contemptible prejudice continued to exercise dominion till the middle of the eighteenth century. Making every allowance for the times, the state of opinion, and other circumstances, it is impossible to view these Würtemberg popes with any feeling but that of aversion and disgust. They ejected Apian to die of want; they, as far as in them lay, destroyed the prospects of Keppler for life; and all because they would not yield implicit faith to their *transubstantiation*, for surely it was nothing better; at the time that they denounced the adoption of a correction of the calendar, because it came from Rome. One might be almost ill-natured enough to say, that their real apprehension was, that they should lose their power if they suffered men to think for themselves on any subject. One of the happiest circumstances of the present times is this, that the Protestant clergy throughout Europe have seen their proper sphere, and have ceased to arrogate to themselves authority in matters that do not concern them.

Keppler was soon to give the theologians more matter to cogitate on, by the additional proofs which he began to bring forward of the truth of that heresy, the Copernican system of the world. Having discovered some remarkable analogies between the five regular bodies which may be inscribed in a sphere and the spaces between the planets, he laid his discovery, under the title of *Prodromus*, before the senate of the University of Tübingen. Mastlin was directed to examine and report on it. His words were—

"The matter is so new that it has never yet come into the mind of any one, and so ingeniously developed that it is well deserving of being made known to the learned. Who ever yet conceived the thought, or ventured to attempt to prove *a priori* the number, the order, and the magnitude of the celestial spheres, and to draw forth the cause as it were from the secret counsels of God? This has Keppler undertaken and happily accomplished. He is the first who has conceived

\* *Bear-wolf*, perhaps it should be *war-wolf*, the war-wolf or man-wolf of popular superstition.



that the distances of the planets from each other are determined by the five regular bodies. By this all appears in such suitable order and perfect connexion, that the smallest alteration could not be made without causing the downfall of the whole. Kepler has shown himself to be one of the most learned and acute of men."

Differ and damn one another as the Popish and Protestant churches might on other points, they were agreed on that of regarding the Bible as a system of physics, in whose correctness all were bound to acquiesce. The Bible said that the sun stood still; and Copernicus, and now Kepler, said that it moved. The senate would, therefore, in all probability, have made short work with the Prodomus, had not Kepler prudently secured beforehand the prince's favor. They therefore contented themselves with making Hafenreffer write to warn him.

"God forbid," said he, "that you should endeavor to bring your hypothesis openly into argument with the Holy Scripture. I require of you to treat the subject merely as a mathematician, and to leave the peace of the church undisturbed. But whither is my pen, or rather my brotherly love to you, leading me?"

These were surely hard times, when even physical truths could not be announced without peril. Yet, even as a theologian, how high was Kepler elevated above the doctors at Tübingen, and how they must have stared at such language as this in his reply!

"The Bible speaks to men of things belonging to human life as men are used to speak of them. It is no manual of optics or of astronomy, it has a higher object in view. It is a culpable misuse of it to seek in it for answers on worldly things. Joshua wished for the day to be lengthened. God hearkened to his wish—How? This is not to be inquired after here."

To Mastlin he wrote—

"What is to be done; I think we should imitate the Pythagoreans, communicate our discoveries *privatum*, and be silent in public, that we may not die of hunger. I will make you no enemies on my account. The guardians of the Holy Scriptures make an elephant of a gnat. To avoid the hatred against novelty, I represented my discovery to the rector of the university, as a thing already observed by the ancients; but he made its antiquity a greater charge against it than he could have made of its novelty."

It may be asked how it fared with Copernicus, who was a canon of the Church of Frauenberg, in East Prussia? Copernicus then dedicated his work to Pope Paul III., and he, luckily perhaps for himself, died in 1543, the very year he gave it to the light. But it was soon assailed on all hands by astronomers, philosophers and theologians. Even Bacon pronounced, that "though Copernicus' opinion of the system

of the earth cannot be refuted on astronomical principles, on the principles of natural philosophy, rightly laid down, it can;" and in 1616 a decree of the sacred college at Rome suspended it till it should be cleared from heresies. Kepler's work, however, was printed at Tübingen in 1596, with a preface and an appendix from the pen of Mastlin, who congratulated the age on the work and the author, and in the spirit of prophecy expressed his conviction that they should soon see the whole system of astronomy unfolded.

The following passage from it will show the elevation of Kepler's mind:—

"As men enjoy dainties at the dessert, so do wise souls gain a taste for heavenly things when they ascend from their college to the universe, and there look around them. He who has discerned the frailty of human affairs will aspire heavenward from earth.

Happy! to whom this first was given to see,  
O happy souls! who did to heaven ascend!

He will begin to set less value on what once appeared to him the most excellent. He will esteem God's work above all things, and in the contemplation of them he will find a pure enjoyment. Great Artist of the world! I look with wonder on the works of thy hands, constructed after five regular forms, and in the midst the sun, the dispenser of light and life. I see the moon and stars, strewn over the infinite field of space. Father of the world! what moved thee thus to exalt a poor, weak, little creature of earth so high that he stands in light a far-ruling king, almost a God, for he thinks thy thoughts after thee!"

A passage more sublime than this is not perhaps to be found in the whole compass of philosophic literature! But Kepler's soul was filled with harmony, and his spirit rejoiced in pious meditation; and if there be any thing that has the power of raising the soul from earth to heaven, causing it to cast away every low and trivial thought, and feel itself now an atom, now a God, it is the contemplation of the celestial bodies as they glide through the regions of eternal space in obedience to the laws of unerring wisdom.

Kepler sent copies of his work to all the great philosophers of the time. The answers which he received were most flattering, particularly that of Galileo. "I congratulate myself," said the great Florentine, "in having found in you an associate in the search after truth, a friend of that truth to which I am attached. Though Copernicus has acquired everlasting fame, yet he appears nought to an infinite crowd—so great is the number of the ignorant." He requested some more copies, and continued through life in intimate relation with the German astronomer. We mention this, as it has been asserted that Galileo thought lightly of him.



Tycho Brahe also praised the work, and expressed his wish that Kepler would join him at Prague, whither he was about to remove, and making use of his observations made during a course of thirty-five years, do for his system the same that he had done for that of Copernicus, from which it differed but little. Kepler wrote on the margin of Tycho's letter, "Every one loves himself;" but the hopes of having the use of Tycho's superior instruments was a strong inducement, as his own were indeed but very indifferent. What would the Troughtons and Dollonds say to the following description given by him to a person who inquired what instruments he used?

"They are out of the same workshop from which the huts of our first parents came. I am content with a very simple instrument, which does not err more than half a degree either way, and even if I were not content with it, I must still do without a more choice one. I will describe it. Ye friends who may see it, do not laugh. As I had no other materials than wood, and all kinds of wood swell, I prepared an instrument whose sides must be kept in equal condition by their length, that is to say, a right-angled triangle of 6, 8, and 10 feet. I hung this triangle up by its right angle, and let fall from it a thread with a plummet (*perpendikel*), divided the 10-foot side into the smallest parts, and stuck small quills (*pinnulæ*) in one of the sides about the right-angle. I let the triangle hang freely by the cord by which it is suspended, and by a small weight keep it steady till the star is seen through the holes of the quills (*pinnulæ foramina*). This is my whole apparatus. I can easily wish for more accurate instruments, but I know not how and by what means they are to be got. With the aid of a mason and a Praxiteles, I could construct exceedingly neat and useful ones. For observing the sun, one cannot wish for anything better than an aperture in the top of a tower and a shadowed place beneath it; for when the round sun-beam falls obliquely on a plane it forms an ellipse, from whose long and short diameters, I will deduce more than with the aid of all the quadrants, astrolabes, &c. in the world."

Such was Kepler's transit-instrument. "Three pieces of wood set in a triangle," says a German writer, "were the magic instruments wherewith Kepler drew from the muse Urania secrets unknown to all antiquity, and on which the whole of modern astronomy rests." When we remind the reader that his apparatus was liable to be moved by every, even the smallest, breath of air, and that therefore operations had to be repeated over and over; that Kepler's sight was naturally weak; that there were no logarithms or calculus and little algebra in those days, must we not wonder at the genius, the skill, and the perseverance of him who founded the modern astronomy?

Kepler about this time paid his addresses to Barbara Müller, a lady of one of the noble Protestant families in Styria. She

was handsome and young, (only twenty-three,) though Kepler was her third husband; the first died early, and she had divorced the second. To obtain her hand, he had to prove his nobility, and as it took some time to procure the necessary documents, the lady was very near changing her mind. Marry, however, they did; and what with her own fortune and what she expected from her parents, our astronomer reckoned that he should be able to live at ease, devoted solely to his studies.

But Kepler, like so many others, reckoned without his host. Ferdinand, Duke of Styria, who had been a minor, was now of age, and was about to take the reins into his own hands. His mother had had him brought up at Ingoldstadt, by the Jesuits, in all the charity and tolerance which distinguished those champions of popery; and the hopeful prince had just concluded a pilgrimage to Loretto, in which he had sworn to the Virgin Mary that he would be her generalissimo, and pluck heresy by the roots out of his hereditary dominions. The Protestants meanwhile, as Kepler tells us, and as to do them justice they were but too apt to do, irritated the Papists by invectives from the pulpit, and by prints ridiculing the pope. Ferdinand, declaring that the peace had been broken on their side, ordered them to abandon their teachers within fourteen days, and this was succeeded by an order, on the 17th September, to quit the town where they were before sun-set. By the advice of their chiefs, the Protestants retired to the frontiers of Hungary and Croatia. In the course of a month, Kepler, whom the duke's ministry, Jesuits by the way, esteemed and admired, received orders to return. But his situation was unpleasant, as appears from his letter to Mastlin, in the following August.

"I am subject to so many hardships here that I must think of a change of place; I cannot devote myself to the service of the Church, for with my sentiments I could not suffer any greater pain than that of being obliged to take part in the disputes of theologians. I believe I am not unworthy of a place in the faculty of philosophy, but it appears I have enemies who oppose me. The citizens here are accused of high treason, that there may be a pretext for robbing them. Whoever reads Luther's Bible is guilty of treason and loses his goods. My salary is paid me more out of pity than from any good that is expected from me. Should I have any chance of a situation if I were to go to Tübingen?"

Three months later he wrote to him again:

"I am grieved beyond measure at not getting an answer from you. Gabelkofer, whom the states sent to Prague has been put to the torture, the secretary of the states has been thrown into prison,



the temples which were built a few years ago have been pulled down, the citizens fallen on by armed men. I seek refuge in your counsel."

Would it be believed that the state of their illustrious countryman, suffering for his faith, had no effect on the theologians of Tübingen, nay, that their bitterness was such that Mästlin had not the heart to inform his friend of it? But such they were: no merit could efface the denial of the omnipresence of Christ's body. On the other hand, we have an instance here how historic truth is frequently suppressed. No one knew that the Protestants of Styria had been persecuted; Schiller says, that Ferdinand suppressed the Protestant worship in that country "without noise, nay, one may say, without cruelty." These newly-discovered letters of Kepler, we apprehend, tell a very different story, and of their truth there can be no doubt.

The Jesuits who were about Ferdinand were exceedingly anxious to win such a man as Kepler over to the Church of Rome. The Holy See had given them permission to authorize eminent persons to live in the open profession of heresy, provided they were secretly reconciled to the Church; and they thought, by taking advantage of Kepler's enthusiasm for astronomy, and holding forth a prospect of his being enabled to devote his whole time to it, to induce him to abandon his faith. But Kepler's faith hung not so loosely about him; it was a portion of his very being; to renounce it was beyond his power. No hopes appearing of his becoming a convert, he was ordered to let or sell his property, and to quit the country within forty-five days. He let his lands at, of course, a very low rent, a tenth of which was demanded by the government, and removed from Styria.

Heaven seemed disposed to reward him for thus suffering for conscience' sake. Just at this time Tycho was come to Prague and he represented to the Emperor Rudolf that the task which had been committed to him of improving Copernicus' Astronomical Tables would be accomplished better and quicker if he were to invite Kepler to spend some years at the observatory. The emperor yielded a ready consent, and Kepler was soon at Prague, then the refuge of the sciences. But great as was the pleasure which the prospect of using Tycho's instruments gave him, it was sadly diminished by the view of the shattered finances and the astrological fancies of the generous well-meaning emperor, and the excessive pride of Tycho. Kepler thus wrote to Mästlin;

"I have found everything uncertain here. Tycho is a man with whom no one can live without exposing himself to the greatest insults. The appointments are brilliant, but one can hardly squeeze out one half of them. I am thinking of taking to medicine, perhaps then you would give me some small situation. I could never have believed that joy would increase in proportion as persecution augmented. Hence we may see how easy it is to die for religion; I mix the sweet with the bitter. A few months ago I wrote on the action of light; I also observed the last eclipse of the sun."

No answer came, and he was forced to submit to the haughtiness of Tycho, from whom he differed totally in his ideas of astronomy. He even had to receive his salary through him.

"I cannot express to thee how melancholy thy letter has made me," wrote he to Mästlin, who had written to say how little hopes there were at Tübingen for him, "I know not if I shall ever recover; they fear that my tertian may end in consumption. My wife too is sick, and I feel as much for her as for myself. I stand in need of consolation. I earnestly pray thee if there should be any place vacant in your university to get it for me. Believe me, that several Styrian nobles would come to Tübingen if I were there. I cannot recollect what it was that induced me to write to thee some time ago what thou speakest of (*i. e.* his becoming a physician); I pray thee send me back that letter. Every observation made at the Imperial Observatory is a confutation of the Tychoenic and a confirmation of the Copernican system. The more Tycho is annoyed at it, the more rejoiced am I; he thinks an error of a few minutes should be excused in his system."

It is almost amusing thus to observe the enthusiasm of science breaking out, and shame arising at the recollection of having in a moment of depression meditated an inglorious retreat. But Kepler's was no extraordinary case: and we fancy there is no man of a similar temperament devoted to literature or science, and unblessed with a sufficiency of this world's goods, who has not a hundred times in his life acted just as he did. To proceed, he and Tycho never could go on together, and Kepler's wife at last brought matters to an extremity. While her husband was away in Styria, looking after their property, this high-born dame, proud as the noble Dane himself, incensed at having to apply to him for money for her housekeeping, roused Kepler to write him a letter of reproach; but a friend interfered and Kepler apologised, and an apparent reconciliation was effected. Six months after, however, (October 24, 1601,) Tycho died, and Kepler was appointed his successor. He asked but 1500 gulden a year, though he had to pay his assistants, and Tycho had had 3000 gold gulden. Even this moderate sum he found it difficult to obtain.

"I stand whole days," says he, "in the ante-chamber, and am nought for study. I keep up



my spirits, however with the thought that I serve, not the emperor alone, but the whole human race; that I am laboring not merely for the present generation, but for posterity. If God stands by me and looks to the victuals, I hope to perform something yet."

This is the feeling, this the way of thinking, that enables a man to rise superior to all impediments, and opens to him the portals of the temple of everlasting fame. Never without it would Kepler have made his discoveries. He who has it not may be assured that his mind is not of the highest order.

It was now that Kepler really began to make discoveries. He selected the planet Mars as the chief object of his observation, and followed him through all parts of his orbit. He wished greatly to be enabled to compare Tycho's observations with his own; but Tycho's heirs refused to allow him, and on his applying to the emperor, they said that he only wanted them for the *useless speculations* in which he wasted the time that he should have devoted to improving the Astronomical Tables. The emperor was induced to direct Longomontanus, the astronomer, a pupil and follower of Tycho, to demand an account of what he had been doing for the last five years. No small portion of the insolence of office was exhibited by the commissioner, and his letter was conceived in the coarsest terms.

"I will answer you as a friend," was Kepler's reply. "I acknowledge that I have occupied myself for the last five years, more than the half of which, however, I was obliged to spend in solicitations at court, chiefly with physical speculations. For I believe that astronomy and physics are so closely connected together, that the one cannot be perfected without the other. Hypotheses which are not founded in nature please me not. You call these speculations the dung-pits of Augeas. Fair words, doubtless! You make merry at my oval orbits of the planets. I can set against these certain notions of the ancients, which have been revived by Tycho, and which are a hundred times more absurd."

Kepler, however, triumphed; Tycho's papers were confided to him, and in 1609 appeared his *Astronomia Nova*, which contained his two great discoveries of the elliptic orbits of the planets, and of their describing in them equal spaces in equal times. The whole world was soon filled with his fame, and, as perhaps the highest honor, it may be mentioned, that Galileo gave lectures on Kepler's new astronomy at Pavia. The discoveries of Jupiter's satellites, the phases of Venus, and the ring of Saturn, by this great man, came in confirmation of the new astronomy, but he had even more wilful ignorance to contend with than Kepler, to whom he thus wrote:—

"Thou art almost the only person who gives full credit to my assertions. When I wanted to show the professors at the Gymnasium of Florence the four satellites of Jupiter with my telescope, they would not look at either them or the telescope; they shut their eyes against the light of truth. This sort of men think that we should not look for any truth in nature, but only in the *comparing of the text*—these are their words. Neither giants nor pigmies can fight against Jupiter. What is to be done? Shall we do like Democritus, or like Heraclitus? I think we should laugh at the uncommon stupidity of the rabble. How thou wouldst have laughed, if thou hadst heard how the first among them strove, in presence of the duke, to pull the new planets down from heaven, now with logical arguments, now with magical incantations."

Hard indeed was the struggle which true Philosophy had to make, not merely against absurd theology, but against that false science which had presumed to take her name, and to eject her from her lawful heritage.

We will now take a view of Kepler as an astrologer, for such of necessity was the astronomer-royal of those days. Here too his views were as sound as they were in theology. Even when he published his first *Ephemerides* at Gratz, he saw and expressed his conviction of the futility of that would-be science. In the letter that accompanied the copy which he sent to Professor Gerlash he wrote: "I know that you are engaged in matters of too much importance to have leisure to read *good-for-nothing conjectures*." It is curious enough too, that two of his conjectures in these very *Ephemerides* should turn out prophecies, viz. an insurrection of the peasantry in Austria, and a winter of extreme severity. To awake in the minds of his readers a feeling of the beauty and majesty of nature was the object of most of his prognostications; to this he afterwards united an effort to give a correct mode of thinking on political and theological matters. When some one wrote to ask the meaning of a passage in his *Ephemerides*, he replied—

"I have purposely ascribed the meanest things to the fiery trigon in order to make people laugh, and to give wholesome admonitions which I dare not speak openly. In the passage which you ask about, I meant to say, so long as those who maintained freedom of conscience were closely united, they were powerful; but as soon as the fear of the Catholics ceased among them, they began to contend among themselves, and thus become more easy to overcome."

"Astrology is not worth spending one's time on, but people have a notion that it is requisite in a mathematician," is another of his expressions of contempt on this subject. But he was obliged to interpret for the emperor every appearance in the heavens, or he would have lost the use of the imperial observatory for his astronomy. This he



gave the public very silyly to understand in a work which he named *Tertius Inter-veniens*. "Ye overwise philosophers, ye censure this daughter of astronomy beyond her deserts. Know you not then that she must support her mother by her charms. How many would be in a condition to devote themselves to astronomy if men did not entertain hopes of reading the future in the heavens?" As in a conjectural art he who has most sense and knowledge will make the best guesses, we need not be surprised to find the reputation of the court-astrologer eclipsing that of every brother of the art in public estimation, and whenever any thing extraordinary appeared in the sky there was no contenting the people till he had given judgment on it. He was tormented too with applications to cast nativities; even Mastlin sent him the horoscope of his new born daughter, and Prince Julius of Medici, who, when he was at Vienna, procured him the payment of his arrears of salary, requested a similar favor of him. These were applications to which he could not refuse attention, so he treated the matter in as light and jocular a manner as he could. In other cases he gave a positive refusal.

"I pray you, my friends," said he, "condemn me not to calculations, but give me time for philosophical speculations, my only delight. Every one has his hobby; one is pleased with astrology, another with the astronomical tables, I with the harmony in the motions of the celestial bodies, this ornament of astronomy."

Keppler had in fact a kind of astrology of his own. He was enchanted with his idea of the harmony of the spheres, and he compared their motions, now as conjunctions, now as oppositions, around their common centre, the sun, to the consonance and dissonance of musical tones; so that, as harmony is pleasing, discord unpleasing to the ear, the celestial aspects were beneficent or injurious to the earth and to men according as they were harmonious or the reverse. But he rejected all particular influences.

"You err with a great number of learned men," wrote he to a friend, "when you suppose that the course of events flows from heaven. It sends us nothing but light. If its configuration be harmonious, a fair form of mind is the result, and this builds itself a fair dwelling. Meantime strong is born of strong, and good of good. The individual events are in the hand of God, and under the power of the guardian spirit with his permission. If the mind is ill-prepared we must endeavor to improve it.

"Harmony is perfection of the relations. The Infinite alone perceives the harmony of the spheres in its full extent; the earth has only a feeble after-feeling of it. This after-feeling animates the soul of the earth, and makes men fitter for thinking and acting. The clearness of the weather proceeds from the repose of the subterranean ruler. It is his business to set the sweat of the earth in mo-

tion that rain may fructify our fields. He is excited to this work by the aspects, the celestial music; should he not labor, the heaven then pipes to rouse him."

Here we have another of Keppler's notions, rank heresy in those days, accordant, says our author, if properly understood and stripped of the language of figure, with the geologic systems of the present day; for Keppler expressly denied a mind and intelligence to his soul of the earth, and it thus pretty nearly corresponds with the internal power which produces the phenomena of earthquakes, volcanoes, and suchlike agitations of nature.

When the Emperor Rudolph was obliged to resign his crown to his brother Matthias, and all abandoned him, Keppler was faithful and remained with him till his death; and, though he was continued in his office of court-astronomer, he had the magnanimity, when the long-expected Tables appeared at last in 1627, to call them the Rudolphine Tables, instead of seeking the favor of the reigning emperor.

In the year 1613, Keppler, as court-astronomer, appeared before the Diet at Ratisbon, and explained and recommended the general adoption of the Gregorian calendar. But this only augmented the animosity of the Protestant divines; and when, at the invitation of the States of Austria, he took a professorship at the Gymnasium of Linz, the Lutheran pastor there refused to admit him to the communion, on account of his not assenting to the bodily ubiquity of Christ; and when he appealed to the Consistory of Wurtemberg, they called him a wolf in sheep's clothing, and bade him attend to his mathematics and not meddle with the Holy Scriptures; which he understood, at least as to the spirit, far better than they.

"I can put an end to the whole dispute," wrote he to Mastlin, "if I subscribe all and make no exemption; but it is not given to me to act the hypocrite in matters of faith. I will not share their hate. My conscience permits me not to make myself by my subscription a condemning judge; I condemn not my brethren; whether they stand or fall they are the Lord's brethren and mine."

Here too sweets were mixed with the bitters—Keppler made his second marriage with a lady of the name of Susanna Rettinger. He writes to a friend that he had no less than eleven fair maidens proposed for his acceptance, and he dwells with much complacency on the various perfections of each of the candidates. He wished, he said, to give a mother to his orphans. Susanna, in process of time, added seven to his stock.

In about two years after his union with the fair Susanna, Keppler's peace was disturbed by a letter from his sister, informing



him that a charge of witchcraft had been made against their aged mother. Such a charge was no trifle in those days, and her defence occupied a good portion of his time for the next five years. The whole affair, which has been first fully brought to light by Baron Breitschwert, is very curious, and we regret that our limits do not permit us to give an account of it. During this time he also lost his situation as royal astronomer; and what may, perhaps, excite some surprise, the Professorship of Mathematics at the University of Bologna, in the Papal states, was offered him. He however, dreaded too much the contiguity of the court of Rome, and he declined the proffered office.

But during the time of his mother's danger Keppler had been by no means idle, and in the year 1619 he announced to the world his third great discovery, that the squares of the times of the planets are as the cubes of their mean distances. This law was given in his *Harmonices Mundi*,—a work in five books, dedicated to James I. of England. About the same time, from 1618 to 1622, appeared his *Epitome Astronomiæ Copernicanae*, in four volumes. In these works occur the following novel ideas, viz. the fixed stars are suns, each probably surrounded by a system of planets; the place of our system in the universe seems to be in the neighbourhood of the Milky Way; light does not flow from the sun and stars, but is produced by their revolutions. He also concluded on physical grounds, before Galileo had discovered spots in the sun, that that luminary revolved on its axis, and he taught that the earth was not a perfect globe; he also held with Tycho and the unfortunate Bruno, who was burnt as a heretic at Rome in 1600, that the stars were inhabited.

Keppler thus concludes his work:—

"I give thee thanks, Lord and Creator, that thou hast given me joy through thy creation, for I have been ravished with the work of thy hands I have revealed unto mankind the glory of thy works as far as my limited spirit could conceive thy infinitude. Should I have brought forward anything that is unworthy of thee, or should I have sought my own fame, be graciously pleased to forgive it me."

It is the praise of God alone that he seeks, but he felt that there would be a posterity who would be just and grateful.

"The day," said he, "will soon break when pious simplicity will be ashamed of its blind superstition,—when men will recognise truth in the book of nature, as well as in the Holy Scriptures, and rejoice in the two revelations."

We must hasten to close this interesting subject, and we will only add that Keppler was afterwards in the service of the great

Wallenstein, and that he died on the 15th November, 1630, at Ratisbon, whither he had repaired to try if he could obtain from the Diet the money that was due to him. His children by his second marriage all died young; a son and a daughter of his first wife grew up and married, but in the next generation his family was extinct; and, as has been the case with so many names renowned in literature and in science, there remains no posterity to claim a descent from John Keppler. It would seem as if exalted genius and a long line of posterity were advantages not to be conceded to the same person—and that a descent from a Newton, a Keppler, a Shakespeare, or a Milton, was too great an honor for any common mortal.

Let no one hastily arraign the judgment of God, and assert that Keppler's life was unhappy. Far was it from being such; his piety and charity were a spring-head from which constantly welled forth streams of the purest enjoyment; the idea of the harmony of the universe, which was ever present to his soul, calmed him in affliction and reduced all troubled thoughts to peace; the favor of the emperor Rudolph was extended to him for many years; and he had at all times the consolation of knowing that he enjoyed the esteem, the love, and the admiration of all the men of his time who were capable of appreciating him. Finally, the conviction that a posterity would arise to do him justice was so strong as to support him under all difficulties, and, like a vernal sun, to diffuse joy and animation through every region of his soul. And can we suppose such a man to have been otherwise than happy? A contrary supposition would imply gross ignorance of our nature, and be little less than impiety towards its author.

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ART. V.—1. *Narrative of an Expedition through the Upper Mississippi to Itasca Lake, &c.* 1832. Under the direction of Henry R. Schoolcraft. New York, 1834.

2. *Travaux d'Améliorations Intérieures, projetés ou exécutés par le Gouvernement Général des Etats-Unis d'Amérique, de 1824 à 1831.* Par Guillaume Tell Poussin. Paris, 1834.

THE source of the Missouri, and the source and termination of the Columbia rivers, having been ascertained by Messrs.



Lewis and Clark, the government of the United States, immediately after obtaining possession of Louisiana in 1805, sent an expedition under Lieutenant Pike, in order to penetrate to the sources of the Mississippi. Sandy and Leech Lakes however formed the limit of this gentleman's travels, and thus the matter rested till 1820, when Governor Cass, who commanded in the Michigan territory again attempted to solve this question; and, starting in the month of May, passed beyond Leech Lake into another body of water of 120 square miles and which has since been named Cass Lake. Here the supplies of the expedition failed, and the water became so low that it was deemed prudent to return forthwith.

Ten years afterwards, Mr Henry Schoolcraft, the Indian agent stationed at Sault St. Marie, was ordered to proceed with the same inquiry; but, the instructions arriving too late, it was not till 1831 that the new expedition started, entering Lake Superior at St. Mary's. After coasting along the shores of this great basin, they entered Ottawa Lake, and thence proceeded to Chetac, the principal source of the Red Cedar River. This stream expands into four lakes, joins the Chippewa, and flows with it into the Mississippi. From the mouth of the Chippewa, the travellers descended to Galena in Illinois, where they divided forces; one party returned by the Wisconsin, and the other crossed the mine country. The year 1832 saw the starting of the expedition of which we have to treat; and which, profiting by past labors, was reorganized and increased to thirty persons, among whom were a surgeon, a geologist, an interpreter, and a missionary. The objects of the expedition were also rendered more important; and, besides the mere geographical question, Mr Schoolcraft was ordered to endeavor to make a lasting peace between the Sioux and the Chippewas, the two principal Indian nations of that part of the country; to ascertain the state of the trade, to collect as many statistical facts as possible, and to spread the benefits of vaccination as widely as circumstances would permit.

The starting point was again St. Mary's, which is situated on the communication which connects Lake Huron with Lake Superior; and on the 27th of June the whole party was in motion. Lake Superior is called Igomi, Chigomi, and Gitchigomi by the Indians, "and lies in a basin of trap rocks, with alternations of the granite and sand-stone series." Its waters, remarkably deep and pure, cover an area of at least 30,000 square miles, and their

level is 640 feet above the Atlantic. The shape of the Lake is extremely irregular; it contains several islands, harbors, bays, inlets, &c. and receives a number of rivers. The white-fish, the sturgeon, and the salmon-trout are the most important of its productions, but an extensive trade in furs and peltries is carried on along its shores, the principal American post for which is close to St. Mary's. A mission has lately been established on Magdalene Island, or La Pointe, consisting at first of a Mr. and Mrs. Hall, and a Mr. Ayer; but, as it has encountered no serious obstacle, it has been since enlarged and extended. A daughter of the two former was the first white child born within the precincts of the lake. A rough calculation makes the Indian population amount to 5000, who seem willing to receive the light of Christianity, and do not feel less respect for the mission from its being placed on the spot (according to tradition) where the Mudjikiwis or Waishki of the Chippewas resided, and where their ancient council-fire was situated. The time when these magistrates ruled the nation is always referred to as a period of Indian splendor; the office was hereditary, and the descendants of the last Waishki still pride themselves on their birth. He visited Quebec in the time of Montcalm, and was greatly instrumental in the driving out of his cousins-german, the Foxes, from Chippewa. The present head of the family is named Chi Waishki, or Pizhikee, or the Buffalo; and when invested with a silver medal by an Indian agent, he said, "What need I of this? It is known whence I am descended." To the expedition of which we are now speaking he presented the peace-pipe.

Leaving the shores of Lake Superior, Mr. Schoolcraft and his party, on the 23d of June, entered the river St. Louis, and then crossed over land to the Mississippi, a distance of about 150 miles. At Sandy Lake, general arrangements were made for the rest of the route; and, as the Indians of that place were mostly absent, it was determined to assemble them at the junction of the Des Corbeaux river, by appointment, on the return of the expedition. The presents intended for these people, and supplies for the homeward route, were placed in trust-worthy care, with orders for their being taken to the Isle des Corbeaux on the 24th July. These affairs being concluded, the party again pursued its way. At the post of Winnipeg they learned some particulars of the opposition, or Hudson's Bay trade, and, among others, that constant use is made by this company of spirits



which is a forbidden traffic among the Americans. The strength of the spirit is, however, reduced in the proportion of one part to four, in consequence of the maddening effect produced by it on the minds of the Indians.

On the morning of the 10th, the party crossed lake Winnipeg, and, passing up the Mississippi, reached Cass Lake, which it will be remembered was the remotest point of previous discovery. A band of Indians saluted them, and led the way to their habitations on the large island of Colocaspi. The reception given by them elicits the following remark from Mr. Schoolcraft.

"They came eagerly to the water's edge, giving each one a hand as he alighted from the canoe. He who has formed his estimate of an Indian from the reading of books, in which he is depicted as cruel and morose, without any insight into his social character, need only be ushered into a scene like this, to be convinced that he has contemplated an overshadowed picture. We found these Indians to be frank, cheerful, and confident."

We also copy Mr. Schoolcraft's description of an Indian town, which, he says, will furnish a model for all others, and in every part of America.

"It is nothing but an assemblage of wigwams, built exclusively to suit the particular convenience of the occupant, without right-angled streets for which (as they have no carts or wagons) they have no occasion, and they get thereby the additional advantage of having no clouds of dust blown up from the denuded surface. There is (as we should say) a public square, or rather an open grassy spot, where councils and dances are held, and the ceremonies of the wabeno and medicine society performed. Hillocks and elevated grounds are selected for erecting their lodges on, and clumps of small trees and shrubs are sought. Large trees are avoided, for the simple reason, that they often lose a limb during windy weather, and are liable to be blown down by the tempests. But the whole circular opening, constituting a town plot, is surrounded with forest, to shelter them in the summer and winter. Gardens are variously located, and generally without fences, as there are no domesticated cattle."

Final preparations were made at Cass Lake to proceed to the sources; the Indians furnished maps of the country and canoes, and Oza Windib, the chief of the band in Colocaspi island, with two young men, undertook the office of guides; seven *engagés* and a cook were added to the number, making in all sixteen persons who proceeded from this spot. The baggage consisted of "travelling beds, provisions for ten days, a tent and poles, oil-cloth, mess-basket, tea-kettle, flag and staff, a medicine-chest, some instruments, an herbarium, fowling pieces, and a few Indian presents." The remainder of the party and equipments were left in charge of a clerk of one of the upper posts, who had

joined the expedition at Fond du Lac, and who during his stay undertook to procure various points of information. Before starting, the natives crowded round the encampment, and among them were the widow and children of a Chippewa warrior, who had just fallen in a battle with the Sioux. Three scalps had been taken during this engagement, one of which was presented to the widow. The burial-ground of these people was an open space, with a simple bark enclosure. In this was an arch made of bent twigs and saplings, on which were hung the decayed remains of scalps. The fresh scalp was suspended from one of the rods, and the people danced round it, shouting as it waved to and fro in the wind. All seemed deeply interested in what was going forward, and at every interval of the dance, presents for the widow were thrown into the circle. This is called the scalp-dance.

Starting on the 11th, the expedition proceeded in a westerly direction for above an hour, when they, to save distance, carried baggage and canoes, for about fifty yards, over a sandy plain, terminating in a lake several miles in extent, of which they did not learn the name. They crossed it and re-entered the river on its western side, and thereby entered another lake (for there is no end to lakes in this country) called Tascodiac. About fifteen miles from Cass Lake, the meadow-land ceased, and "boulders of a primitive character lie close to numerous rapids." These rapids appear to bear a proportion of ten to twentyfive miles.

The most northern point of the Mississippi is a large expanse of water called Lac Travers, or Pamitchi Gumaug, lying fifty feet above the level of Cass Lake, twelve miles long from north to south, and six or seven broad, surrounded by high shores covered with trees. On the side opposite to that by which the party had entered, the Mississippi flows into the lake with a stream 150 feet broad, its beach strewn with helices and uniones (snails and horse muscles), and comes directly from the south. Four miles from this point it presents two branches, the eastern and smaller of which was first ascended by the travellers. This also expands, at intervals, into three lakes, round which the soil is marshy, but covered with alders, tamaracks, willows (which invariably bring mosquitoes, with them) grey pine, &c. Water-fowl alone seem to delight in these gloomy forests, one of which was shot in the act of grasping a muscle in its beak. This small branch of the Mississippi receives a tributary call-



ed the Naiwa, originating, according to Oza Windib's account, in a lake infested with copper-headed snakes, and, at its junction with the Mississippi, violent rapids obstruct the passage of the canoes. The soil at this place, says Mr. Schoolcraft, "was of a diluvian character, and embraced pebbles, and small boulders of syenite, traprock, and quartz, and other debris of primitive and secondary rocks. One of the party picked up a well-characterized piece of zoned agate."

The canoes, &c. were carried the length of the rapids, and on re-entering the river they found it dwindled into a brook of placid current, with marshy shores, and ending in Ossowa Lake, bordered with marshes and aquatic plants, which again receives two brooks, the true sources of the eastern branch of the Mississippi. With difficulty did the party find a firm footing, and a slight elevation, drier than the rest, on which they might breakfast; and after that repast they proceeded a distance of six miles across the land to the western branch. They crossed part of the series of sand ridges which lie between the Mississippi valley and the Red river named *Hauteur des Terres*. This ridge forms the table-land between the waters of Hudson's Bay and the Gulf of Mexico, and gives rise to the furthest tributaries of the river St. Louis, which, through Lake Superior "and its connecting chain, may be considered as furnishing the head-waters of the St. Lawrence."

When the burdens are carried as we have described, the bearers are often obliged to rest for a few moments, each of which rests is called a *posé*. Thirteen of these *posés* form a portage, which term we shall often make use of for the sake of brevity. Even here, midway in the portage, they met with a small lake, which they crossed in their canoes; but at last the long-sought goal appeared, and, on truning out of a thicket, a transparent body of water burst on their sight, which proved to be Itasca Lake, the positive source of the noble river they were sent to explore, and lying, according to Mr. Schoolcraft's meagre map, in fortyseven degrees some minutes north latitude, nearly 96° west longitude, 3160 miles from the Gulf of Mexico, and 1500 feet above its level.

Before we follow our travellers on their route home, we will give a brief summary of the country through which we have been journeying with them. Its general features seem to be swamps, lakes and marshes; the drier parts covered with several sorts of pines, cedars, elms, maples, ash, alders, willows, tamaracks, a few oaks, rushes,

reeds, &c. Water-fowls of various kinds, pigeons, fishes, tortoises, molusca, and snakes, were the most frequent animals. Deer were occasionally seen; but they do not appear to have been plentiful. For the geology, we will let Mr. Schoolcraft speak for himself:

"The boulders of granite and other primitive strata, occurring on the surface, remind the geologist of the original position of these masses in the system of nature, and indicate revolutions affecting the earth's surface, which have widely changed both the position and form of these solid materials. When the soil itself is examined, it adds further evidences of such changes. We may refer its sand to consolidated strata of this mineral, which have been broken down by oceanic action, and distributed in the remarkable ridges and elevations which now characterize the face of the country. In whatever light the subject is viewed, it seems difficult to resist the conclusion, that water has been the cause, under Providence, in effecting these changes, and that the highest grounds in this region have been subjected to the peculiar influence which this element alone exerts in the work of attrition and deposition of strata, solid or diluvial. . . . . The accumulation (of debris, granite, boulders, &c.) are abundantly witnessed in casting the eye down the Mississippi valley, with a measured decrease in the size and weight of the pulverized masses, in proceeding from the head to the mouth of the river. It is thus evident, that the heaviest boulders are found on its upper branches, while they become rare in its central plains, and disappear altogether long before its entrance into the deltas at its mouth."

Leaving Itasca Lake, the Lac la Biche of the French, the expedition encountered several dangerous rapids, in one of which Lieut. Allen's canoe was upset; with great exertion he saved himself, fished up his fowling-piece, and again got into his canoe, from which the compass only was lost. About fifty miles below the lakes, the wild rose, which so plentifully abounds near the northwestern streams flowing into Lake Superior, began to be seen; reeds, wild rice, willows and pines presented themselves. Deer became more frequent; the swallow-tailed hawk, which had been thought never to go so far north, was observed, and a curious lizard was brought for inspection; it was called by the natives *Ocaut Ekinabic*, or legged snake, is striped blue, black, and white, and has a very long tail. "Its most striking peculiarity is, its extreme activity and swiftness of motion."

Hence the river descends in continued steps; the Cano river, from the eastern shore, increases the volume of waters; and several clear and pure springs flow in from various quarters. It may be here remarked that, although the Upper Mississippi receives a number of colored streams, yet in itself it is pure and limpid; and the same remark may be applied to its larger tributaries, till it is joined by the Missouri, which changes its appearance. One hundred and four



miles below Itasca Lake, the river Pinidwin reaches the Mississippi, and at about eighteen miles below this the eastern and western forks unite. The expedition proceeded once more to Cass Lake, where they formed an encampment, in order to give time to assemble the neighboring Indians, and endeavor to make peace with them.

The aspect of Cass Lake is similar to that of Leech Lake and Winnipeg; its greatest length from north to south is sixteen miles; it has four large islands, of which Colocaspi, covered with fine forest trees, is the largest. It is 3000 miles distant from the Gulf of Mexico, 1330 feet above the Atlantic, and 182 miles from the true source of the Mississippi. After holding meetings with the inhabitants, the expedition left the Lake at Pike's Bay, and crossed a plain, where they saw some marks and hieroglyphics on the trunks of pines, which were said to be of great antiquity, and a portage of 950 yards brought them to Moss Lake; but, if our readers are as weary as we are of portages and lakes, it is time for us to omit the details into which we have been entering, and merely notice the principal incidents of the homeward route. The party arrived at their landing place in Leech Lake in the dark, and the Indians saluted them by firing separately, but in the morning a more regular salute was given. The shape of this lake is the most irregular possible, being a combination of curves, peninsulas, bays, &c.; it contains ten islands, and seven rivers enter into it. The pelican, swan, brant, and cormorant annually pay it a visit, and the deer and the bear are found on its shores. Beavers formerly abounded there, but have now nearly disappeared, and the musk-rat and the martin afford its principal furs. The population of Leech Lake is computed at about 832 souls, seven-eighths of whom consist of Mukkundwais or Pillagers. To these is deputed the defence of the Chippewa frontiers, in which service they have performed prodigies of valor against their great enemies the Sioux, a powerful assemblage of tribes living in plains, but who move about in large bodies, and so incessantly break treaties and harass their neighbors, that it is not to be wondered at that the words of peace should fall nearly unheeded by those against whom they direct their attacks.

When speaking of the Pillagers, Mr. Schoolcraft observes, that

"the domestic manners and habits of a people, whose position is adverse to improvement, could hardly be expected to present anything so strikingly different from other erratic bands of the north-west. There is indeed, a remarkable conformity in the external habits of all our northern

Indians. The necessity of changing their camps often to procure game or fish, the want of domesticated animals, the general dependence on wild rice, and the custom of journeying in canoes, has produced a general uniformity of life. And it is emphatically a life of want and vicissitude. There is a perpetual change between action and inaction, in the mind, which is a striking peculiarity of the savage state. And there is such a general want of forecast, that most of their misfortunes and hardships, in war and peace, come unexpectedly. None of the tribes who inhabit this quarter can be said to have, thus far, derived any peculiarities from civilized instruction. The only marked alteration which their state of society has undergone, appears to be referable to the era of the introduction of the fur-trade, when they were made acquainted with, and adopted the use of, iron, gunpowder, and woollens. This implied a considerable change of habits, and of the mode of subsistence; and may be considered as having paved the way for further changes in the mode of living and dress. But it brought with it the onerous evil of intemperance, and it left the mental habits essentially unchanged. All that related to a system of dances, sacrifices, and ceremonies, which stood in the place of religion, still occupies that position, presenting a subject which is deemed the peculiar labor of evangelists and teachers. Missionaries have been slow to avail themselves of this field of labor, and it should not excite surprise that the people themselves are, to so great a degree, *mentally* the same in 1832, that they were on the arrival of the French in the St. Lawrence, in 1532."

The latter remark awakens our surprise, for we did not suppose that any spot so accessible as Chippewa, had been left unvisited by missionaries. The Guelle Plat is the ruler of the Pillager band, and invited Mr. Schoolcraft to breakfast; which visit is thus described by the latter:

"Not knowing how the meal could be suitably got along with, without bread, I took the precaution to send up a tin dish of pilot bread. I went to his residence at the proper time, accompanied by Mr. Johnston. I found him (the Guelle Plat) living in a comfortable log building of two rooms, well floored and roofed, with a couple of small glass windows. A mat was spread upon the centre of the floor, which contained the breakfast. Other mats were spread around it, to sit on. We followed his example, in sitting down after the eastern manner. There was no other person admitted to the meal but his wife, who sat near him, and poured out the tea, but ate or drank nothing herself. Tea-cups, and tea-spoons, plates, knives and forks, of plain manufacture, were carefully arranged, and the number corresponding exactly with the expected guests. A white fish, cut up and broiled in good taste, occupied a dish in the centre, from which he helped us. A salt-cellar, in which pepper and salt were mixed in unequal proportions, allowed each the privilege of seasoning his fish with both or neither. Our tea was sweetened with the native sugar, and the dish of hard bread seemed to have been precisely wanted to make out the repast. It needed but the imploring of a blessing to render it essentially a Christian meal."

The Guelle Plat was a shrewd, sensible man, and expressed himself desirous of peace, but said that their enemies "would not let them sit still, and they were obliged



to get up and fight in self-defence." For a whole day the Indians continued to pour into the encampment; they were gaily dressed, and walked with a bold free air, which was a strong contrast to that too often seen in the neighborhood of the posts and settlements, and which latter must be the result of oppression. They were anxious to have teeth drawn, and to be blooded, which is one of their favorite remedies; but Dr. Houghton, the surgeon, was chiefly engaged in vaccinating them. None had previously undergone this operation, but made no difficulty in submitting to it, when they could be convinced of the efficacy of the system, in destroying the disease which they most dread. The tradition of the horrible consequences arising from the appearance of the small pox among them in 1782, had predisposed them to receive the virus, and no fear was exhibited except on the part of the female children. A band of Rainy Lake Indians, headed by a leader named "The Hole in the Sky," having heard of the arrival of the Americans, took the trouble of coming so far to see them, and of course received some slight presents. The council assembled, the presents for the multitude were distributed, and then the subject of peace was discussed; but the impression made by the civilized part of the assembly seems to have been but feeble, and we fear that, notwithstanding their endeavors in this respect, the expedition met with but little success.

In the Guelle Plat's speech, he complained much of the conduct of those engaged in the fur-trade, and also of the exclusion made by the Americans of ardent spirits in this traffic; but admitted that the latter, having been generally given in exchange for their rice, frequently left them starving during the cold weather. "This chief," says Mr Schoolcraft, "appears to be turned of sixty. In stature he is about five feet nine or ten inches, erect and stout, somewhat inclined to corpulency. He is a native of this lake, of the totem or coat of arms of the Owasissi, a kind of fish; he had been twenty-five times on war parties, either as leader or follower, and had escaped without a wound."

Leech Lake has yielded immense wealth in furs and skins, at the time they were abundant; and a prime beaver, called a *plus* by the French, was at one time given for as much vermilion as would cover the point of a case-knife. A good gun, worth ten guineas, would be sold for 120 pounds of beaver. The Leech Lake Indians have always been deemed a turbulent set, as their name of Pillagers betrays; and the use of spirits so

maddens them, that they never could be produced till the bargains were made.

"Pride," (we here again have recourse to Mr. Schoolcraft's own words,) "and the desire of personal distinction, as in other tribes which have not the light of Christianity to guide them, may be considered as lying at the foundation of the Indian character; for there are no tribes so poor and remote as not to have pride. And this passion seems always to be coupled with a desire of applause, and with the wish on the part of its possessors to be thought better than they really are. We have found pride in the remotest Indian lodge we ever visited, and have hardly ever engaged in ten minutes' conversation with a northern Indian, without discovering it not only to exist, but, where there was moral energy at all, as constituting the primary motive to action. It has always been found, however, unaccompanied by one of the most constant concomitants in civilized life — namely, the desire of wealth."

Had it not been for the last sentence, we might have been tempted to ask Mr. Schoolcraft to what civilized nation on the face of the earth his observations would not apply, and how he could describe pride as a peculiarity of the Indian race?

The whole of the history of the American Indians proceeds from oral tradition, which is always uncertain, and the remembrance of which must be much weakened by the hardships of their lives. Every tribe gives itself credit for being original, brave, magnanimous, great, and above its neighbors. Their names furnish no clue to their former state, for they are accidental or merely local appellations. The French increased the confusion of these names, by giving a new one to every tribe, every place, and almost every individual. The Chippewa seems to be the Court language, being always used on all general and state occasions. None of them have any distinct parts of speech, except the verb, substantive and pronominal particles. Their words are combinations of ponderous sounds, and of formidable appearance when written; and are still further complicated by inflections for time, person, number, quality, and a variety of circumstances, as if the speaker were desirous of compressing into one word, the meaning of a whole sentence. The third person has only one sex and the singular number, and although there is a positive and a conditional future, the compound tenses of the verbs are defective.

The following remarks are too interesting to be omitted:

"From this vacillation between barbarism and refinement, poverty and redundancy, a method strictly philosophical or purely accidental, there might be reason to infer that the people themselves, by whom the language is spoken, were formerly in a more advanced and cultivated state; and that a language once copious and exact, partaking of the fortunes of the people, degenerated



further and further into barbarism and confusion, as one tribe after another separated from the parent stock. Change of accent would alone produce a great diversity of sound; accident would give some generic peculiarities; and that permutation of the consonants, which we see among the Algonquin bands, would, in the end, leave little besides the vowel sounds, and the interchangeable consonants, to identify tribes long separated by time and by distance, without means of intercommunication, without letters, and without arts. If compared by these principles, there is reason to believe philologists would find the primitive languages of America extremely few, and their grammatical principles either identical, or partaking largely of the same features. And to this result the tendency of inquiry on this side the Atlantic is slowly verging, however it may contravene the theories of learned and ingenious philologists in Europe. The inquiry is fraught with deep interest to the philosophical mind, and it offers a field for intellectual achievement, which it may be hoped will not be left uncultivated by the pens of piety, philosophy, or genius."

We have been tempted by the hitherto unexplored part of the Mississippi, and by the more serious observations of Mr. Schoolcraft, to a greater length than we had at first contemplated; and our limits will not now allow of our following the expedition to the Des Corbeaux, where they saw the murderer of Governor Semple; nor to the exploring of the St. Croix and Burntwood (or Brulé) rivers. All we can do, then, is to assure our readers that they reached home in safety, having been entirely successful in the geographical part of their undertaking. We could have wished, however, for some more decided data for the position of the places visited, as we do not in any instance hear of means having been taken for ascertaining their latitudes and longitudes. It was long, also, before we could accustom ourselves (to reconcile such expressions would be impossible) to the American phraseology, in which the book abounds, such as "a clever brook"—"a man who is called upon to debark"—"being thus rendered tense between bank and bank"—"their medicinism is nothing more"—"not seeing how the meal could be suitably got along with"—the application of the word "essentially," so different from the bearing given it by Europeans, &c. &c. We have heard Americans pride themselves on retaining the English language in its purity, and, if this be true, we rejoice in our corruption. We could further have wished for a little more enthusiasm in Mr. Schoolcraft's description of his journey, which is heavy and monotonous; a little of that heat which carries us along with the traveller; and a little of that graphic power which gives the reader, also, a peep at the scenes he has it not in his power to visit. A very full appendix, containing statistics, language, official papers, &c., forms nearly half the volume.

We have now a quarto volume before us, consisting of 364 pages, and containing a technical and statistical account of the principal canals, rail-roads, and other public improvements of the United States, written and compiled by a Monsieur Guillaume Tell Poussin, (a curious combination of names by the by,) ex-major in the American Engineers, who, it seems, was driven from France at the period of her great internal convulsion, and entered the service of the United States. Monsieur Poussin is now returned to his native country, where he has published the work of which we speak. For ourselves, we must confess there is nothing more uninteresting than a canal or a rail-road, and we never hear of our fair fields and green hedgerows being cut up for their formation, without a sigh of regret; much to the horror of our utility, time-saving, money-making neighbors, who never will be at rest till they have converted the whole of our lovely, garden-like island into one vast city. However, we have no such regrets respecting Brother Jonathan, who has "ample room and verge enough" for such undertakings. The sole feeling we possess towards his improvements is a sort of half-surprised, half-jealous uneasiness at their magnificence and extent. Our readers will pardon the dry catalogue we here present to them, but the mere enumeration of the works undertaken since 1824, and described by M. Poussin, will impress them with some idea of the gigantic labors of a nation to which we are the progenitors.

## CANALS.

1. From Chesapeake to Ohio.
2. " Chesapeake to the Delaware.
3. " the Delaware to Rariton.
4. Canal Morris.
5. " of the Junction of the Mississippi and Pontchartrain.
6. " of Pennsylvania.
7. " of Lehigh.
8. " of Hudson.
9. " of New York.
10. " of Champlain.
11. " of Middlesex.
12. " of Erie.

## RAIL-ROADS.

1. From Baltimore to Ohio.
2. " Frenchtown to Newcastle.
3. " Camden to Amboy.
4. " Philadelphia to Columbia.
5. " Philadelphia to Trenton.
6. " New Brunswick to New York.
7. " Paterson to New York.
8. " Baltimore to the Susquehanna.
9. Of Mauch Chunk.
10. " Roan-Run.
11. " Carbondale.
12. From the Mohawk to the Hudson.

Besides these, there are projected canals and rail-roads, which we suppose are by this time rapidly advancing; and post-roads, breakwaters, &c., already executed.



It will be recollected that the United States, at a rough calculation, comprehend 57 degrees of longitude, and 27 of latitude, and, according to the estimate of M. Poussin, cover an extent of 2,037,165 English square miles; and to defend the enormous frontiers of such a country, as well as to promote internal communication, many of the above-mentioned labors were performed. A commission was appointed by Act of Congress in 1816. General Bernard (to whom M. William Tell Poussin has dedicated his book) was connected with it, and M. Poussin was attached to him as his aide-de-camp. During the presidency of Mr. James Monroe, in 1824, a law was made to authorize the funds necessary for a supply of plans, and the information required before operations could be commenced; and surveys of the country were instantly taken, which occupied four years. On the results of these all the future plans were based, and the government liberally assisted the various companies that were incorporated. Some obstacles, however, were afterwards raised by those who were not gifted with an equally liberal spirit; but, the love of enterprise being increased rather than diminished, the government was, in a manner, forced to yield assistance towards rendering several rivers navigable. These, with various improvements on the coasts for the protection of commerce, being considered as a national concern, the proper supplies were annually voted. The canals have been mostly accomplished by companies of individuals, and, in some of the states, by a general fund established solely for furthering improvements, and administered by a select committee. Pennsylvania, for instance, which contains a population of 1,348,233 souls, spread over a surface of 35,776 square miles, has, in the space of four years, and up to 1833, spent 195 millions of francs in rendering rivers navigable, in the construction of bridges, in macadamized roads, canals, and rail-roads. This state has, consequently, 702 miles of canals and rail-roads completed, traversing it in every direction.

To follow M. Poussin through all the improvements of the United States, would not agree with our limits, and we must confine ourselves to one example of the manner in which he has performed his task.

The object of the canal which reaches from the Chesapeake to Ohio, is to form a line of water communication from the Atlantic to the latter; and it has been constructed at the expense of a company, of which the government, the states of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, the corpo-

rations of the three towns of Washington, Alexandria, and Georgetown, (composing the District of Columbia,) and some individuals, are the shareholders.

The eastern division of this canal begins at Georgetown, near Washington, and extends as far as Cumberland, to the mouth of the Savage river, a tributary of the northern branch of the Potomac. It is 186 miles long, and undergoes a considerable difference of level, redeemed by seventy-four locks, which are built of rough pieces of hewn stone, fastened by hydraulic cement, and flows along the left bank of the valley of the Potomac. The difficulties attending this route were very great, for it was necessary to cross a chain of high lands belonging to the Alleghany Mountains; to effect which, excavations were made in the solid rock, and high walls and dykes in many places constructed for supporting the bed of the canal, which was frequently above the bed of the Potomac. The expenses of this part of the enterprise amounted to £1,846,657 sterling.

The central division extends from Cumberland to the mouth of the river Casselman, in the Youghagany, to the west of the Alleghany Mountains. Its length is 70 miles, 1040 yards, and it traverses the high lands by a subterranean passage cut through the rock, a distance of 4 miles and 80 yards. This portion contains 246 locks.

The western division begins a quarter of a mile below the confluence of the Casselman and the Youghagany, and ends at Pittsburgh, at the mouth of the rivers Alleghany and Monongohela, in Ohio. It is 85½ miles long, and has 78 locks. For the first 27½ miles, as far as Connelville, the land presented the greatest difficulties, in consequence of the narrow defiles to be traversed, the declivities to wind round by a bed cut out of the rock, or immense walls necessary for the support of the body of the canal. The expenses of this division have been estimated at £941,775. The whole of the three divisions will have cost £5,053,117.

We shall not, says M. Poussin, in any country find a work which can be compared to the above canal, either when considered relatively to the labors required in its execution, or to the immense political, commercial, and military advantages which it secures. The districts which it is to benefit, contain a population of 1,864,335 inhabitants, and produce coal, lime, building timber and stone, planks, slate, marble, corn, maize, flour, tobacco, hemp, flax, linseed, oxen, pigs, lard, tallow, whiskey, iron, glass, &c.; and M. Poussin calculates, that six years after the opening of the entire



canal, the augmentation of the value of these productions, or, in other terms, the advantages to those who trade in such commodities, will bear a proportionate value of  $1\frac{1}{3}$  to the whole expense of the canal. The population has already increased at an unusual rate, and scarcely was the canal finished, when it was found insufficient for the rapidly increasing commerce, and new projects were started. Its communication with the bay of the Chesapeake adds to its importance; for this bay, by its central position on the shores of the Atlantic, unites the commerce of the north and the south, and in time of war is protected by the fortifications of the Hampton roads.

We must here take leave of the United States, their magnificent country, and their no less magnificent labors. Every inquiry, every chance atom of information, only impresses on us still more forcibly their rising grandeur. It is not into their drawing-room refinements that we must look for their perfections; from them, probably, in our high state of civilization, we shall recoil, and be apt to lose sight of the national greatness in our disgust. We can only be just when we reflect on the natural advantages they possess, and the noble manner in which their inhabitants profit by these advantages.

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ART. VI.—1. *L'Espagne. Souvenirs de 1823 et de 1833.* Par M. Adolphe de Bourgoing. Paris. Dufart et Delaunay. 1834.

2. *Finances of Spain.* London. Richardson. 1834.

THE City-panic, which occurred only in the last week in May, and which has not yet been allayed, concerning the affairs of Spain, the state of her securities, and her political relations with other powers, renders all information connected with either of these subjects of very great importance. Capitalists, in their eagerness to make investments, have depended, perhaps, too unconditionally on her supposed opulence, and the loyalty and honor so long attributed to the national character. Whatever evils may arise from any misplaced confidence of this kind, are tenfold aggravated by the spirit of gambling which ordinarily disgraces the Stock Exchange, and which, in the case of the Spanish securities, is confessed to have been inordinate. Any accident, any event, under such circumstances, is likely to produce the most serious alarm,

and to end in fatal consequences. Moreover, the Carlists, according to the perfidious French journals, were annihilated. Sober politicians believed that Don Carlos, with the remnant of his partizans, would be soon compelled to take refuge on the French territory,—and then all of a sudden were startled from their propriety by the report that the position of the Christinos had rendered it needful for the Spanish government to make application to the King of the French for assistance. The successes of Zumalacarreguy, though spread over many months, seem to have been kept a profound secret—the French telegraph was dishonestly worked—and so bent were the interested parties on mystifying and duping the public, that an English reporter, who had been despatched to the seat of war from one of our papers, was arrested, thrown into a 'dungeon' at Pampeluna, restrained from the use of the pen and ink, and only released alive on the active instance of the British ambassador at the court of Madrid. But it suited certain parties in England to doubt of the rout and defeat of Valdez—anon surprise is expressed that only French interference can prevent the arrival of Don Carlos at Madrid—and behold, the curtain not only drops on many visions of hope, but the *dénouement* of the piece exhibits the departure of fortune once possessed, and of riches that have taken to their wings, as is their wont, and flown away. We write while the event of these circumstances is yet undetermined. We pretend not to be prophets, and accordingly desire rather to retrace the past; to declare the previous occasions, and not the consequences, of the present state of affairs.

Don Carlos, says M. Bourgoing, is the legitimate and direct heir of the throne of Spain, and by right its king. He describes him as a prince surrounded by the love and respect of some, and by the profound hatred of others. Of middling stature, of a physiognomy calm and difficult to impress, cold, grave, not prodigal of useless words, the character of this prince, in his opinion, ought to please Castilians and Spaniards. His enemies, he adds, "have not spared him—they have assailed him without knowing his character—they have attempted to make his silence pass for pride, his calmness for hypocrisy, and his piety for fanaticism—a tactic which had, perhaps, succeeded in any other country; but Spain gives not, unless irrevocably, either its hatred or its love; its just spirit prevents it from surrendering itself without reflection to sudden prejudices, or to an enthusiasm without motives."



Some persons had wished to compare the character of this prince with that of the gloomy Philip II., but ere long the idea of this resemblance was found to be false. Don Carlos opposed to this fancied similitude all the virtues of private life. The model for all fathers of families, he lived in the bosom of his own, beloved by all who approached him; and is possessed of a piety which ought to offend no one, for it is for himself alone. He always showed the greatest indifference for every thing regarding political questions, even at the moment when his interests were attacked by the caprices of Ferdinand. When despoiled of his rights in his own person, and in those of his children, he protested, indeed, with the respect due to his sovereign, and the firmness that gives conviction and faith to a good cause. He removed himself without doing injury to the state, without provoking any one in his favor; but when Ferdinand was no more, he appeared armed to protect his right. "If he ascend the throne," concludes M. Bourgoing, "it will be without the intervention and assistance of foreigners."

M. Bourgoing, in his reminiscences, reminds us of the flights of the swallow, when rain is expected on some lovely summer evening, and the instinct of the bird teaches it to skim along only a few feet from the ground, ready to pounce upon worm or grub peeping from its hole to catch the refreshing moisture. He never ascends, indeed, but there is a swallow-like grace in his evolutions, and we feel certain kindly sensations in his company. If not a learned, a profound, or a deeply thinking man, he is certainly an amiable one. He has evidently a very high opinion both of the Spaniards and of their country. They are, in his eyes, a beautiful, a valiant, and a noble people. Take them in all the ages of their life, you will find them ever the same—animated with patriotism, and governed by great and sublime ideas.

A young man and a soldier, M. Bourgoing nevertheless seems to have taken but slight interest, whether the white flag which floated in Spain for the succor of the royal Ferdinand (descendant of Louis XIV.), or that of the Cortes, prevailed; during the three years he served in Spain, his head appears to have been filled with anything rather than politics or war; he leaves them, in his own words, to more skilful pens.

His account of the clergy is exceedingly in their favor. So far from being intolerant, the Spanish *curé* lends himself to the innocent enjoyments and diversions of the multitude. In the provinces of the north, we see

him descend on the Sunday from the mountains, surrounded with young persons of both sexes, singing their national songs. They dance on the enclosure round the Church, in the interval between mass and vespers; the priests walking in the midst of the happy crowd, their presence not interfering with the pleasures of the people.

We beg pardon of M. Bourgoing for having said he never soared; we give the following flight as an exception:

"I shall consider Spain under two points of view—Spain poetical!—Spain a study for painters!—beautiful by its picturesque sites, its torrents, its chains of mountains, its piquant costumes, and the perfect features of its inhabitants. Poets and artists! take your lyres and your pencils; sing of Grenada and the *Alhambra*. Design here a sea which breaks all foaming against the mighty works, by the arch of the Scipios—there a Grenadian enveloped in his mantillo, sighing forth the airs of soft Andalusia under the windows of some fair recluse, some nun—the beautiful victim of the barbarity of some jealous guardian! Oh! paint and sing of Spain! and your pictures and your strophes shall be renowned and admired!"

Everything seems delightful to the young and buoyant spirit. To M. Bourgoing's perceptions, there exists not a village which has not a beautiful church, a vast square or place, a fine public fountain, and nearly always an *hotel-de-ville* which would be remarkable in the greatest part of the cities of France, even of the third order. Nay;—in no other country exists there an administration more enlightened, more independent, more paternal, and more careful of the interests which are confided to it. "We may say," writes M. Bourgoing—

"We may say that the king of Spain, regarded by most as an absolute monarch, is rather the protector than the master of the different parts of his kingdom. This absolute sovereign dares not touch on certain prerogatives; he finds himself more opposed in raising imposts, or creating new charges on the people, than those kings of Europe who, by the deceitful mechanism of a representative government, crush their respective nations under their heavy budgets. \* \* \* The three provinces that compose the seniority of Biscay have peculiar privileges, rights and franchises, which the government dare not invade. They defend their liberties with energy. For them the sovereign is deprived of the title of king to receive that of *senor*, and every year the deputies of the commons of the three provinces unite in full assembly to discuss subjects of public interest."

Some of our readers will probably dispute the opinions of our reminiscer. His facts, however, are not to be despised. When Napoleon obtained a passage for his troops on the Spanish territory, on his route to Lisbon, the weak Charles IV. saw, or feigned to see in him a faithful ally; whether "aveuglement de ce souverain, soit veritable confiance," in the counsels of Manuel



Godoi, whom Napoleon had purchased by the promise of a throne, which had been formed for him in a dismembered province of Portugal,\* or that he felt his total inability to resist the man, before whom the powerful monarchs of the north had trembled. From this time, nothing could exceed the care and attention paid by the Spaniards to the French, treating as friends those soldiers who a short time afterwards imposed upon them a yoke so hard and humiliating. Volumes would be required, exclaims M. Bourgoing, to recount the motives of the just animosity of the Spaniards against the favorite Godoi; the circumstances that decided Charles IV. to abdicate in favor of Ferdinand VII.; the revocation of that abdication; the snares spread to catch the young king; the arrival of the old one at Bayonne; the deplorable scenes that disunited the royal family; and, notwithstanding the most pains-taking researches, we might fail at last in arriving at the precise truth, as it was so closely surrounded by a thick veil, that it is still unknown to many Spaniards, who have never abandoned the party of Ferdinand.

M. Bourgoing's picture of Catalonia is not so highly colored as that of other parts of Spain. He found indeed the convents abandoned and pillaged; the images of the saints, the protectors of the country, overturned and mutilated. The monks had been the victims of the hatred of the constitutionals. A chasseur raising the stone from a wall in the court of a convent, saw something which floated in a putrid state on the water; he reached it with his lance, and brought out the head of a monk, from which the body had dropped in a state of putrefaction. At length the deliverance of Ferdinand was effected, and thus was terminated the campaign of Catalonia.

Ten years intervened between M. Bourgoing's visits to Spain. In the year 1833, curious to know what changes ten years of peace had brought about in that beautiful country, he visited it again as a private individual, but with increased experience of life and society.

Peace had already produced immense

results. Tranquillity reigned in all the provinces. The public treasure was collected without difficulty; even the revenues of the state, though small, were in his eyes sufficient for its expenses; at any rate the people were not weighed down with imposts. We are, however, able to correct our tourist here. Documents prove that the ordinary revenues of Spain, for five or six years previously to 1834, have rarely exceeded five millions sterling, upwards of one million being absorbed in the charges of collection alone; leaving, on an average, an excess of expenditure over income of from two millions to two millions and a half a year, including the interest paid on the acknowledged domestic and foreign debt, the whole of which has for several years past been raised by the issue of fresh certificates, either in Madrid or Paris; so that Spain has, in fact, never been able to pay any interest on her debt out of her own resources. The Spanish system of taxation, we are told by other authorities, is not only defective but ruinous to the country, besides being grossly unequal and arbitrary. No one can at any time ascertain what sum he may be called upon to pay. The whole system is, moreover, so complicated and expensive, that it is the general opinion that nearly one-fourth of the revenues are lost in the collection. Yet, "under a proper reform," adds a pamphlet now lying before us, "in the system and administration of the taxes and imposts, there can be little doubt but they might be made to yield nearly double their present returns; and that, rather diminishing than increasing the burdens of the people."

We return to M. Bourgoing. The army of Spain, though small, was to him, who still saw all *couleur de rose*, though years might have sobered his view of things, "*fort belle*," and had been found quite sufficient to occupy all the strong places and maintain peace. The regular Spanish army, compared with what it had been in 1823, was doubtless much improved; and, indeed, even only six years afterwards, presented itself to the French officers under an aspect equal to their own. Many of the cities were wonderfully embellished. Vittoria had many elegant houses built around a public square. Florida was still more enlarged; Burgos had added promenades that bordered the stream of Arlançon. Twice a week public carriages went from Madrid for Valencia and Barcelona, Saragossa, Seville, Cadiz, Valladolid, Burgos, Bayonne, Badajos, Guadalajara, Aranjuez, Toledo, "et les habitations royales."

Our readers will be interested by some anecdotes of Maria Christina.

\* "Traité de Fontainebleau, conclu entre le maréchal Duroc, au nom de Napoléon, et le conseiller Izquierdo, au nom du roi d'Espagne, le 27 Octobre, 1807.

"Art. 1er. La province de l'Alentejo et le royaume des Algarves seront donnés, en toute propriété et souveraineté, au Prince de la Paix, qui prendra le titre de prince des Algarves.

"Art. 5. La principauté des Algarves sera possédée par les descendants du Prince de la Paix héréditairement et suivant les lois de succession qui sont en usage dans la famille régnante de S. M. le roi d'Espagne."—p. 336.



"Naturally diffident, Ferdinand VII. feared that his queen would not intermeddle in the affairs of the state. That young princess did not care to show her desire of occupying herself with politics. A Neapolitan, (she was the daughter of Francis I. king of the Two Sicilies, and sister to the Dutchess of Berri,) and adroit, she accustomed the king by her tender cares and constant caresses never to be away from her. At the precise moment when he received his ministers she withdrew, affecting great reserve and a perfect indifference for public affairs. The apartment of the queen was close to the council chamber. At first she left the king alone, but soon, complaining of *ennui*, declared that she could not be so long separated from him. She then entered into the chamber, pretending to say some tender things to him, as if he were fatigued with grave and wearisome discussion; but she left the door of his room open; thus apart retired, without being absent, she shared in all their deliberations. At length she came and assumed her seat in the council, saying she would not quit the king. After this she partook actively in their deliberations, and finished by directing them altogether, or at least her voice was always influential and decisive."

The daughter of this ambitious queen was, by a sort of Salic law, excluded from the throne, and the brother of Ferdinand would become, on his death, the true legitimate heir. This law of exclusion had not operated without interruption, or perpetually. Up to the year 1713, when Philip V. changed the order of succession, the Castilian law, whose origin is lost in the obscurity of ages, had prevailed. By this law of kindred, females ascended the throne of Spain when called to it by proximity of blood. The opposite agnatic law was enacted in full assembly of all the Cortes of the kingdom, who had not been for a long time called together before. The new order of succession, thus established by Philip V.—a powerful monarch, having conquered his kingdom after a dozen years of severe warfare—called to the throne the heirs male only, admitting no females except in case of the total failure of heirs male in the royal house. For one hundred and twenty years, the succession has been preserved, passing from male to male, without the accession of a new monarch operating in the least to the disturbance of the state.

"Ferdinand, (exclaims M. Bourgoing,) by his own will alone, without the sanction of the nation, overturned the hereditary law which governed Spain for more than a century. Thrones may be menaced by democratic eruptions, uprooted by political tempests, but that they should be shaken to their foundation by those very persons who have received the commission to watch over their preservation, can only be accounted for from Ferdinand's having been carried away by a certain obliquity of intellect, which caused him, by his last testament, to bequeath to Spain nothing but endless discord and trouble."

It has been said, that the king of Spain, in council, has power to make a law, and, in this way, the right of Isabella is suffi-

ciently established. But it is objected, that, "instead of the true representatives of the Spanish nation, some few prelates and nobles received an order from Ferdinand to come and take an oath to Donna Isabella. Nearly all these were public functionaries. Ferdinand placed these personages between two fires—their interests and their consciences—the former gained the ascendancy."

It is between these different statements that the gist of the question lies. The advocates of either have contested their opinions with the sword. Don Carlos has now attained some advantages. Will Louis Philip grant that intervention which is claimed by the Christinos? The French government appears to pause. France remembers that she has allies, and she must consult them. In the mean time, things may attain to a crisis in Spain which will render interference too late.

We write while these matters are in progress. By the day of publication, some event may have occurred which will put the reader in an advanced state of information. One thing is certain, that the French have not confided with that faith in Spanish securities, which so many among ourselves have indulged to their disquiet. The *Bourse* has not partaken the panic of our Stock Exchange.

Whatever may be the result of Spanish contentions, the honor of the nation is nevertheless concerned in coming to an honest arrangement with its creditors. The settlement, as stated in the pamphlet at the head of our article, ought, doubtless, to comprise the whole of its engagements, admitting upon the same footing all debts legally contracted upon the good faith of the nation, no matter under what administration. It seems, however, almost impossible that so large an amount as two millions or two millions and a half sterling, required to pay the interest and sinking fund on her foreign debt, could be annually collected and remitted abroad. The balance of her trade, ever since the loss of her colonies, has been in the ratio of two to one against Spain, whilst the whole value of her exportable produce, even in the most prosperous periods, has not exceeded three millions and a half sterling, now, probably, reduced very much more than half, since the exports from Spain to England, (almost the only consumer of her fruits, wines, and wools,) have barely averaged, for the last four or five years, one million sterling.

These are facts—we have stated them simply; and brief as this paper is, it will be of great public benefit, if it restrains the



working of that spirit of speculation which has been so fatal to many; and, above all, if it induces our countrymen to think more soberly on the affairs of Spain than they have been accustomed, but not than they ought, to think.

Another parting word of admonition. We would wish our readers to believe, that it is at any rate just possible that the Carlists may be successful, and that there is considerable doubt whether the people are with the Christinos. Upon this point M. Bourgoing has delivered himself in good set terms, and has closed his work with some remarks, which are, in all points, very spirited, and, to a certain extent, indisputably true. They will, not without some grace, serve for an appropriate conclusion to this paper.

"In the midst of the great European movement, which for the last forty years has been stirring under our eyes, in that struggle between order and anarchy, of democracy against aristocracy, of the privileges of kings opposed to those of the people;—when, agitated by certain ideas, that seek to find the day, the age will finish by an important birth, a *bringing forth* for the nations of a WISE LIBERTY, which will not be obscured by license—and for kings, an uncontested authority, that will not be despotism,—Spain cannot be a long time without following the impulse given from one end of the world to the other. Undoubtedly some abuses will call for a reform, but still the cause will slowly and surely proceed—and reform itself should proceed slowly.

"Let Charles V. assemble the Cortes—let the nation speak to the king—let the hands of a legitimacy firm and confident in its re-established forces, in the assembly of all the Cortes of the kingdom, set flowing for the Spanish nation those liberties which she possessed in the most brilliant days of her glory—let Charles V. break off entirely with the *bastard* system, that political fearfulness which would cry out for mercy from all the kings of Europe—let Spain give the lie to her enemies who are obstinate in representing her as subjected to a shameful yoke! *There are more elements of liberty in one single province of Spain, than in all England!!!*" The national spirit of the Spaniard is not brutified by cupidity—it is not a commercial or nomadic spirit. It is for those who govern it, to direct that energy which rests concentrated in itself. With the Spaniard, we can dare all things, in speaking to him of religion and liberty.

"Royalty, in the present age, has been beheld by the people naked, stripped of all its deceits and trappings, with all its miseries and weaknesses. At a time when the people present their open breasts to the ball and the sword, to conquer, kings alone fear to die, to preserve. They veil their heads, they conceal their persons, to avoid seeing and partaking dangers. The age calls aloud, 'away with weak and timid kings!' The monarchical age commands that kings should be the bravest and the best informed amongst men—that they should march in the van, and not in the rear—that they should rule, and not be ruled—

that they should lead the present generation and not be driven by it. This generation, eager for true and wise liberty, thus makes a proclamation from the citizens of Arragon,—

"NOS QUE VALEMOS TANTO COMO VOS, OS HACE-MOS NUESTRO REY Y SENOR, CON TAL QUE GUARDEIS NUESTROS FUEROS Y LIBERTADES: SINO' NO!"

ART. VI.—1. *Histoire Critique de la Littérature Anglaise, depuis Bacon, jusqu'au commencement du dix-neuvième siècle.* Par M. L. Mézières. 3 tom. 8vo. Paris, 1834.

2. *Die Schöne Litteratur Europa's in der neuesten Zeit, dargestellt nach ihren bedeutendsten Erscheinungen. Vorlesungen gehalten vor einer gebildeten Versammlung,* von Dr O. L. B. Wolff, Professor an der Universität zu Jena. (European Belles-Lettres of the latest times, sketched from the most remarkable Productions; in Lectures delivered to a polished Audience, by Dr. O. L. B. Wolff, Professor in the University of Jena.) 8vo. Leipzig, 1832.

THERE are few kinds of works more entertaining and informing, alike to the philosophic inquirer, to the man of letters, and to the general reader, than sketches or critical histories of the literature of foreign nations, which, in truth, afford means and opportunity for that enlargement of mind and views, by extension and variety of knowledge, which constitutes the real advantage derived from foreign travel. The interest of such critical histories is, moreover, still somewhat enhanced by the charm of novelty, inasmuch as they may be esteemed a new species of the genus criticism. Half a century ago it was necessary to master a foreign language in order to know whether there existed in that language any books worth reading when the power should be gained. Now, the literature of the world is brought home to the reading public, at least of England, France, and Germany. But different nations achieve the same object in different ways, according to the peculiar varieties of their respective characters; and we have selected for review the two works now before us, as much as specimens of these different ways, as for the sake of the information which they contain.

\* An Englishman can well afford to smile at this sentiment.

"We, who are your equals, will support our Lord and King, as long as he defends our rights and liberties: if not,—not.



The French Critical History claims our first notice, both as the larger work, and as being wholly devoted to our own country.

The first remark we have to make upon this work is the very narrow limits within which M. Mézières has confined his Critical History. All the higher and graver branches of literature are excluded from his plan. He rejects philosophy and history; he rejects even pulpit eloquence, one of the glories of that early and splendid period of our literature at which he takes up its history. This, however, it may be said, is only restricting himself to belles-lettres, a very generally acknowledged division of the literature of any country. But we have not completed our list of M. Mézières' exclusions; he rejects that, may we say, highest branch of literature, (it was once so held,) which especially appertains to belles-lettres,—to wit, poetry, including the drama. He restricts his survey to moral essays, novels, and letters—the first being a branch of literature, we shrewdly suspect, pretty nearly obsolete of late years, since the habit of intense political excitement, at home and abroad, has accustomed the English public to such powerful stimulants, that, to the present generation of readers, the simpler literary viands of their grandfathers and grandmothers would appear insipid as the nursery bread and milk to the veteran *gastronome*.

One consequence of this limitation of the History of English Literature to its slightest department, is the rendering the titlepage, in some measure, illusory, if not deceptive. In the mind of the English reader, the words, 'from Bacon,' awaken images of his great contemporaries and immediate successors; and *they* are not here,—for they were not essayists, not novelists, not epistlers for the press. The English reader, however, recollects the reason, and is merely disappointed. A superficial foreigner might be led to suppose that, with the solitary exceptions of Bacon and Temple, our literature dates no higher than the reign of Queen Anne;—and Bacon himself, he it noted, appears here only as an essayist:—although we do not mean to deny that the attentive foreign reader may discover from this book that Bacon wrote more, that others wrote something, between his days and those of Swift, and that the literary reputation of Pope, Burns, and Cowper does not rest *wholly* upon their familiar correspondence. With respect to his reasons for thus limiting his survey, we must in fairness allow our author to speak for himself. In his preface he says:—

"I have chosen the prose writers, who are generally little known on the continent. Most of the great English poets have been repeatedly translated or imitated. \* \* \* Amongst the prose writers I have had again to select; for the English have been successful in very various careers,—in the domain of philosophy as in that of imagination; in history, eloquence, and criticism. One species, truly indigenous, impressed with a character altogether local, and which long flourished only on British soil, first engaged my attention. The Moral Essay, created in England about the beginning of the 18th century, has been there cultivated with especial favor, and has exercised a real influence over the national taste, mind, and civilization. The writers of periodical essays, or, as they are commonly designated, the essayists, form a distinct class in English, as the *novellieri* in Italian literature. \* \* \*

"After the moralists, I chose the novelists, who are much better known in France."—(A very odd reason, it should seem, for thinking it most urgently necessary to give an account of them.) \* \* \* "Another branch of literature very successfully cultivated in England, is the epistolary line. The writers of this class are nevertheless nearly unknown in France."

To our mind a strange, and though not very unusual, yet very incorrect way of speaking of letter-writing. Surely the parent and child who relieve absence by their private correspondence, can no more be said to cultivate a branch of literature, than they can be converted into authors by the publication of their letters after their death.

We will now turn to the German Professor, who avowedly confines his lectures to belles-lettres, and whose range of subjects might thence be supposed nearly identical with the French critic's. The supposition would be erroneous. Professor Wolff holds nothing but poetry to be *beautiful literature*,—the literal translation of *schöne literatur*;—but then according to established German classification, he holds all works of fiction to be poetry. A classification, *soit dit en passant*, by no means consonant with our own opinions, though lately adopted by some English critics; but to investigate the propriety or impropriety of which would require a long and complicated discussion, unsuited to this place.

Wolff confines his survey of this really beautiful literature, in point of time, to the present nineteenth century, but in point of land and language extends it to the whole of Europe; allotting upwards of one half of his volume to the living poetry of France and England, whilst the other half embraces that of Spain, Italy, Portugal, Russia, Hungary, Denmark, Sweden, Poland, and Germany. And let not the reader wonder at the small space allowed to the author's copious fatherland. It arises from his audience needing no speci-



mens, indeed little more than an enumeration, of their compatriot poets.

Pass we now from the selection of subjects to the mode of treating them, in which, as was to be expected, the most striking discrepancy appears between the French and German plans. Both are well adapted to their respective ends; but those ends, though substantially the same, are modified by the national character as well of the readers and audience addressed, as of the historian and lecturer. The French desire only facts, to afford new topics of conversation, and perhaps to increase the knowledge of the studious; and for this purpose we have seldom seen a better course than that of M. Mézières. He first gives a brief sketch of each author's works of the kinds above enumerated; then selects passages, — whole papers of the Spectator, Rambler, &c. — which he translates, and adds the respective opinions of different English critics upon each author's peculiar character, merits, and demerits, with a word or two of general remark of his own. He thus makes his French readers acquainted with English taste and criticism, as well as with English literature of one or two kinds. Had he superadded a ratiocinative French *critique* of these works and their English critics, he would have made his book more complete as a work of art, and have given it value in this country since it is always amusing, and often instructive, to learn the opinions of intelligent foreigners upon the productions of our national genius, whether in literature, political institutions, or even more homely matters.

Our author not having done this, we shall merely give a specimen or two of his style, and return to the German — first remarking that we find among the authors introduced to the French public some names but little thought of here, and miss some we should have expected to find; — how could French gallantry omit among the novelists Miss Burney and Mrs. Inchbald? — that, though he professes to exclude *all* living writers, Godwin is one of his list; and, though he professes to end with the last century, Sir W. Scott is another, because, as he says, he considers him as the creator of the present school of fiction; an especial reason, we should have thought, for not placing him among authors of a bygone age and taste, even had Warley appeared prior to the year 1800.

As M. Mézières sets so high a value upon our essayists, our first extract shall be his concluding remarks upon Addison.

"This long, but still imperfect, examination of the various kinds of merit of the Spectator may

suffice to show the value of those superficial articles in some journals and reviews, that unhesitatingly rank with, or even above, the Spectator, contemporaneous sketches which, though doubtless witty and entertaining, are really as inferior to that immortal work in grace and charm as in depth and philosophy. \* \* \* I have now only to retrace, in a few words, the chief causes of the Spectator's superiority to the numerous works of the same kind that have followed it.

"Amongst the first of these must be placed Addison's wonderful aptitude for the line in which he acquired his fame. When we consider that the greater number of these remarkable papers cost him less time than it would require to translate them properly, we feel inclined to believe that he had but to follow his genius in order to excel in the art of the moralist. Indeed, Addison seems to have been born to produce moral essays as much as La Fontaine to produce fables, or Molière comedies. After the lapse of a century, his writings are still the most perfect models in this line, and criticism always chooses them as the standard by which to appreciate the merit of his successors. To say that a moral essay is, as the English express it, Addisonian in its style, is to give it the highest praise to which this sort of composition can aspire.

"If ever work of morality could boast a visible and lasting influence over the character of a nation, that glory fell to the lot of the Spectator. As Addison had foretold, many of the abuses, follies, and vices that he attacks in his papers, have so completely disappeared, that we might doubt their ever having existed. The English even now like to acknowledge the salutary effects of the Spectator. To it the taste, manners, and civilization of Great Britain owe some part of their progress; and a contemporary eye-witness of this social reform, said, without exaggeration, 'That all the eloquence of the pulpit had wrought less good in a twelvemonth than the Spectator in a day.'

As he bestows more labor of thought, apparently for rather national motives, upon the vindication of Lord Chesterfield's parental morality, we are tempted to extract some of his remarks.

"The Earl of Chesterfield is entitled by his wit and elegance to be flatteringly distinguished in the annals of British literature. His predilection for French manners, and his intimacy with many of our great authors, such as Montesquieu, Fontenelle, and Voltaire, give him especial claims upon our good-will: claims enhanced by the severity with which this preference has caused him to be judged by his own countrymen. He moreover belongs to that excellent school of which, since the middle of the last century, but few disciples are to be found in England."

The justification of Lord Chesterfield against the alleged unfair severity of compatriot condemnation is somewhat diffuse, and not very convincing, at least to English intellects. An extract or two will suffice to show its nature; and we will begin with the beginning. His advocate says —

"We must observe, in the first place, that this correspondence was never meant for publication. It would be unjust to seek in it anything but the familiar intercourse of a father with his son, the confidential communications of one man of the world to another."



Can any human being, who has even a suspicion of the signification of such words as morality and virtue, to say nothing of the existence of the things themselves, consider this as a justification, when he admits, two pages later, that, in this familiar intercourse of a father with his son —

"it is but too true that Chesterfield treats of gallantry with inexcusable playfulness and levity. It may be said that he does not spare his son *pec-care docentes historias*; nor is it his fault if he does not make him an accomplished libertine. \* \* \* He quotes the example of the Maréchal de Richelieu, who owed much of his good fortune to his success with women. He frequently alludes to the novels of the younger Crébillon, of which he was a great admirer. It is evident that he had beheld the corruption then existing amongst the higher circles of French society, and had unreservedly adopted their principles."

And thus M. Mézières thinks to prove that Chesterfield's morality is unfairly censured in England, on account of his partiality to France! — unconscious, it should seem, that these admissions refute the plea upon which he relies, that the father trusted his son stood in no need of moral instruction. From the charge of frivolity so frequently brought against him, and grounded upon his incessant injunctions to study the graces, his French champion might have vindicated him more successfully, had he been aware of a tradition still preserved in the higher circles of his own country, in proof of the degree to which young Stanhope did need instruction in good manners. It is, that the first time the father and son dined together, after all these lessons of politeness and elegance had been penned, and perhaps read, the intended courtly *diplomate*, after eating his portion of cherry pie — cherry pie was not then an impossible apparition at a well ordered table — fairly lifted his plate to his mouth and *drank* the remaining juice!

Let us now examine the German's mode of treating foreign literature. *His* audience would scarcely have thanked him for mere specimens, with accounts of foreign opinions; accordingly, wherever the author is of sufficient genius or reputation to justify the investigation, Professor Wolff enters into a philosophico-critical examination of the character and merits of his works, beginning his sketch of the literature of every separate country with a history or account of the language.

We feel tempted to take this opportunity of affording our readers some idea of the nature of German *æsthetic* criticism, and for this purpose must select Wolff's critique of a single author. We must, at any rate, have confined ourselves to one country, since it is evident that any attempt to com-

press within our ordinary limits the multifarious mass of information contained in Wolff's Lectures would be impossible, at least in sufficient detail to add anything to the accounts of the literature of most European countries given in several of our former numbers.

To his critiques upon German authors, we may probably refer on some future occasion. For the present we shall select from the mass of English literature, both as being a sort of continuation of M. Mézières' book, which stops where Professor Wolff's begins, and as affording the fairest comparison of German and French taste and criticism. We begin with the sketch of the language: and those readers who are aware of the anxious zeal with which the modern German philologists strive to purify their mother-tongue from all words not of Teutonic origin, rejecting even generally received technical terms of grammar, such as, verbs, nouns, prepositions, &c., will not be surprised to learn that the mingled web of the English language is repugnant to our lecturer's taste. This they would anticipate: but even they, we apprehend, may be startled at discovering that a German, whose national guttural enunciation they have probably been accustomed to regard as the *ne plus ultra* of cacophony, reprobrates our speech as singularly and pre-eminently inharmonious. The notion is not, however, peculiar to this author. In many a German book have we met with vituperative sneers at the sound of our vernacular accents, and have found solace only in the soothing counter-declaration of a learned Italian, who averred that our national discourse resembled singing. Wolff thus characterizes English:

"Compounded of such conflicting materials, English had long to struggle with the wilful arbitrament of individuals, and first rejoiced in a beginning of grammatical regularity at the era of the Reformation, principally through the translation of the Bible,\* which first appeared in 1535 and the growing knowledge of the classics, whose writings were repeatedly translated in the sixteenth century. Next, individual poets did much for the cultivation of the language: but it was only in the eighteenth century that, through the exertions of able men, it began to raise itself to any certain regularity. Since then, having engaged the diligent attention of distinguished scholars, it has gradually attained to a fixed enunciation. † If borrowed treasures may tell, English cannot be denied to possess a comprehensive copiousness of ex-

\* Wolff refers either the fixing, or the first formation, of most modern languages to their several first printed translations of the Bible.

† This unusual and somewhat obsolete word is the only one we can think of, at all answering philosophically to the German *ausbildung*.



pression; but, on the other hand, it is deficient in euphony and variety of intonation. Upon the whole, this language always gives me the idea of a self-willed child, that has learned nothing at school and only afterwards, constrained by the relations of life, has conformed, though still reluctantly, and escaping whenever escape was possible, to strict general rules and laws."

We omit the general critique of English poetry, which, according to the Professor's system, intervenes betwixt the account of the language and that of its modern poetry, and proceed to the latter. The poet we shall select is Lord Byron, who, to say nothing of his genius, is, from his extraordinary *subjectiveness*, peculiarly adapted to command German admiration, and elicit the appropriate character of German *æsthetic* criticism. The critique is preceded, still according to Dr. Wolff's regular course, by a biographical notice; a useful introduction, no doubt, to foreign readers; but of which we shall only say, that the simple-hearted German seems to have taken every splenetic expression, every poetic license of exaggeration of the gifted peer, as gospel, and to believe that Lord Byron really was most cruelly persecuted by the envious English aristocracy, and actually driven into exile by a puritanical exclusion from patrician, and indeed all reputable, society. We would fain hope the professor may derive comfort from our assurance, that the chief persecution endured by the noble poet consisted in invitations to dinners, balls, and *conversazioni*; and we now proceed to the critique of his poetry, or rather of his genius.

"Byron was a martyr to genius. His character is his poesy, his poesy his character; subjective truth the marked feature of his life, as of his works. All that can be desired in a poet, he possessed; the most glowing fancy, plenitude of thoughts, the deepest sensibility, and a power of eloquence that, needing no previous adjuration, gushed immediately from the soul, an impetuous mountain torrent, ever ready for service, in unvarying plenteousness when his heart was awakened—a power such as mortals have rarely enjoyed. He was, perhaps, the most perfectly developed of human beings; for in him combined and co-existed all the virtues and all the faults belonging to the human race—love and hate, liberalism and despotism, good-nature and harshness, in short, all save vulgarity, for above the whole soared triumphant the essential nobleness of his nature. We are not to measure and weigh him, for where should we find the fitting standard? \* \* \* He is one of the few spirits whom we may regard as the culminating points of our whole race; therefore must we take him as he is, receiving from him what may profit us for our delight or our improvement. From his immense wealth, no unprejudiced person will go away empty handed, since treasures lie stored up there for every constitution of mind, as for every season of life; and even, because he so entirely gave himself as he was, must he awaken in every bosom some kindred tone, for all that can touch the individual he has experienced—he has

doubly lived through, in his positive and in his poetical existence. \* \* \* Therefore if we cannot always love him, if we sometimes feel resentfully that he offends and hurts us, we must ever admire and venerate in him the nobleness of human nature, as it reveals itself in the richest creative energy of genius. And this is no trifling gain, but a splendid, a beautiful solace for many a troublous hour. A man to whom we are indebted for such a disclosure must rank high, very high, in our estimation."

Our critic eulogizes Lord Byron's smaller lyrical poems, as those which show the poet in the most amiable light; but the remarks on his larger poems are more characteristic, and to them therefore we turn.

"Next in character to the lyrics ranks Childe Harold's Pilgrimage; for it embodies the poet's inmost feelings, as produced by his career of travel, of life, albeit expressed in the assumed character of an utterly profligate youth, resembling, but in caricature, the noble poet, who has taken his own likeness from a concave mirror. This extraordinarily idiocratic poem cannot be assigned to any of the received classes; it is simply a poetic journal, and considered in this light, the faults usually laid to its charge disappear, since from the idea of a journal the writer's *subjectivity* can hardly be dis severed. \* \* \* In the two last cantos we see that the poet's soul had more richly developed itself,—tempered, like fine steel, in the fire of the passions and of destiny. A deeper but nobler melancholy breathes through them; the thoughts are more compressed, more import-fraught; the views of life, although equally peculiar, are not so rugged and extravagant; the fantasy" is as imperatively prevalent, but its colors are more glowing and enduring."

Our professor next gives us the opinion of a deceased German critic, Wilhelm Müller, of Don Juan, and none can be more characteristic of German *æsthetic* criticism. It is too long to insert entire, but an extract or two will suffice to show its spirit.

"Childe Harold and Don Juan, our poet's most idiocratic and comprehensive productions, are reciprocally antipodean; but, like the dwellers on the light and dark sides of our globe, they revolve around a common, all sustaining centre. This centre is the intellectual individuality of their author, which through the intervention, here of a misanthropic pilgrim, there of a joyous reveller, acts in opposite tendencies."

The further description of the opposition between these tendencies we omit, considering the author's conclusion as the most peculiarly German and *æsthetic* part.

"In point of execution, the two poems are alike happy. In the one, deep mental energy and a daring elevation of fantasy are clothed in language that struggles through obsolete forms; in the other all is colloquial ease; poesy, in the lightest dish-bille, pays homage, but in jest to form: its motto is, 'The pleasing is lawful.' Why Don Juan should be decried as more dangerously immoral than Childe Harold is to us incomprehensible. Don

\* Wolff always uses this word in preference to imagination.



Juan is not a book that can allure the seducible mind of youth; and he who is fitted to appreciate its spirit must be adequate to resist it, if there still be any question of danger from Don Juan. The fantasy and feelings are more easily seduced than the understanding; and therefore, to my mind, the witty immorality of Don Juan is far less unwholesome food for the literary taste than the sentimental misanthropy of the romantic pilgrim."

Upon this, assuredly original, view of Don Juan, as innocuous, in which our professor fully concurs, we shall make no comments, having no disposition to undertake works of supererogation. But we cannot neglect the opportunity of observing, that an Englishman must needs be somewhat astounded by the ease with which Dr. Wolf, addressing a mixed audience, composed of both sexes, either mentions or omits to mention, the immorality or the indecency, even when tolerably gross, of the writers of whom he may have to speak. From him the most offensively licentious novelists and dramatists of the present French school meet with no severer critical reprehension than the following:

"It is surprising that a man of taste, endowed with a sense of moral beauty, should wander into such false paths, should select such subjects. \* \* \* \* \* An uncommonly happy temperament and a healthful cheerfulness are most agreeable qualities, under the influence of which one overlooks in Kock much that might disturb."

Let us not, however, delude our readers into supposing this mode of regarding and treating immorality and indecency to be a proof of grossness or impurity in our professor. It arises solely from the German habit of contemplating poetry under an *æsthetic* aspect. Of this the following criticism on Cain will afford a still more complete illustration.

"Into this matter-teeming poem Byron has poured the whole force of his potent genius. One knows not whether most to admire the creative might of his gigantic fantasy, the great consideration in the keeping and conduct of the several characters—of which each, as an individual, represents a whole class of beings—or, the keen dialectic, with which he has so equipped the evil principle, Lucifer, that he soars victorious over the whole, and as if with the light movement of an adroit hand, so destroys the elements of positive belief, that, out of the ruins, as from the dust of burnt-down buildings, no consistent whole can ever again be constructed. This last circumstance makes the drama so dangerous and pernicious, since it annihilates without compensation. \* \* \* \* \* The Cain is written only for strong minds, and, as is every where evident, only for the sake of the Lucifer.—And here, considered as a work of art, lies the fault of the piece; for Cain's orthodox punishment breaks the internal intellectual consequentialness; the idea changes, like an unprepared start from discord to concord in a different key. \* \* \* \* \* His crime albeit a murder, and the first murder upon earth, when contemplated from the exalted position where motives are tried singly and strictly, does not appear so very important."

Can a more hyper-Germanic *æsthetic* view of a fraticide be conceived?

This might, perhaps, suffice to illustrate the different critical systems of France and Germany; but, as there is one author, and he of no ordinary celebrity, who, in spite of their different plans, falls within the range of both the works before us, we feel tempted to add some extracts from the several criticisms of M. Mézières and Dr. Wolff on Sir Walter Scott. As before, we begin with the Frenchman, who devotes the last 168 pages of his 3d volume to our great novelist, beginning thus:

"Of all the authors of whom I have hitherto spoken, Walter Scott (N. B. no honorary Sir) is certainly the best known upon the continent, and his brilliant fictions are still impressed on the memory of his many admirers. He enjoyed the privilege of charming and instructing all ages, and the inexhaustible fertility of his imagination has delighted Europe during twenty years. Since Voltaire, no author has had such influence in foreign countries. The very popularity of his works, however, renders much of detail unnecessary. What critic could hope, at this time of day, to bring forward observations or discoveries with respect to the genius of Walter Scott, that have not been anticipated in the conversations of the drawing room, or of the family circle, or in the solitary meditations of the study. \* \* \* \* \* Like Richardson he discovered in childhood a lively taste and precocious talent for narrative. Attacked in adolescence by a long and serious illness, he was permitted by the indulgence of his family to give up himself uncontrolledly to his passion for books; and in his own words 'plunged into the vast ocean of reading without compass or pilot.' He thus amassed the rich variety of materials which he afterwards so ably wrought up, and for a long time without betraying a symptom of lassitude or exhaustion. \* \* \* \* \* He began his career as a novelist in the full maturity of age and vigor of talent. When, in 1814, he published Waverley, he was already one of the most distinguished poets and most learned antiquaries of Great Britain; the predictions of Blair, Burns,\* Lewis, and some others, who had divined his genius and foretold his glory, were fulfilled. The creator of a new species in poetry, the painter of a nature virgin and almost unknown, familiarized by his literary studies with all the secrets of the art of writing, he had but to pour out the treasures of his memory and his imagination to produce that crowd of master-pieces, which appeared almost without any interval, whilst their rapid succession scarcely satisfied the impatience of the public."

M. Mézières then gives an abstract of the story of Waverley, after which he observes:—

"This novel is altogether of the episodical kind. The scenes follow each other with no connexion save the hero, and the development of the main action is frequently interrupted. Consequently the interest turns more on the details than on the whole. \* \* \* \* \* Charles Edward's reception of the hero is a model of address, tact, and propriety. The author has not always succeeded so well in the

\*Both Blair and Burns died previously to the publication of the Lay of the Last Minstrel.



language and conduct of great personages. (Not of Richard Cœur de Lion? Elizabeth? in a word of all?) \* \* \* He excels in scenes that require warmth, movement and effect. Here, as elsewhere, he skilfully gives a local coloring to accessories of sheer invention; and makes historic accuracy subordinate to general effect."

Then follow a few common-place remarks upon the characters, as that Waverley is weak, irresolute and enthusiastic; Flora Mac Ivor a little romantic, and the like; and the review of this novel thus concludes with an encomium on its style.

"The style is easy, ingenious, picturesque, perhaps occasionally too metaphorical, too much impressed with the forms of poetry. Walter Scott follows no school exclusively. Sometimes he borrows the majestic and symmetrical period of Johnson; sometimes he adopts the elegant simplicity of Mackenzie, to whom Waverley is dedicated; sometimes he comes near the piquancy of Sterne."

M. Mézières selects from the mass of the Waverley novels Guy Mannering, the Antiquary, Rob Roy, Old Mortality, the Heart of Midlothian, the Bride of Lammermoor, Ivanhoe, the Abbot, and Kenilworth, to treat more briefly after the same fashion: whereupon we shall only observe that the French critic seems not to be aware that Rob Roy, although an outlawed robber, is by birth a highland chieftain, *alias* a petty prince, or that a licensed fool is not necessarily a genuine idiot, very little appreciating Wamba, whom we, for our own part, hold to be the true hero of Ivanhoe. He thus closes his account of Sir Walter and his own book:

"By a rare privilege, the fictions of the immortal Scotch author purify the soul, whilst they charm the imagination. \* \* \* A magician more potent than Le Sage has wafted his readers into an abode of enchantment; and it would be impossible to reckon the number of the living generation who owe some of their purest and most delicious enjoyments to Walter Scott."

The German professor allots far less space to our admired countryman, but bestows upon his genius far more critical disquisition, in which much subtle acumen and sound judgment are blended with much unintelligible æsthetic Germanism. The reader will not forget that in German phraseology novels are poetry.

"As a poet, Scott, much as he has in common with his two great countrymen (Byron and Moore,) is in this one point directly opposed to them, that in his works he imparts nothing of his own nature, strictly confining himself to the delineation of the world without, to the exclusion of the world within him. He is gifted with an unequalled talent for observation, for apprehension, but he is a mirror giving back only what has first been received. As an *objective* poet he ranks near to Homer, as a *subjective* poet he is insignificant. He succeeds only in painting the extraneous; and of this he appears to have accumulated so much, as to leave him neither time nor care to preserve what is proper to

himself. He possesses a high degree of poetic peculiarity, but in consists rather in a certain elasticity of genius—which, as well in the intrinsic as in the form, can bend to necessity, but, like a spring, without losing its strength—than in an intensive power of creation. Scott resembles a masterly portrait-painter; no feature, no line, no wrinkle (why not add, no character of intellect or feeling?) escapes him, and of his portraits we might say with the Irishman, 'They are more like than the originals: but we every where miss that inmost vitality, without which no poetic creation can permanently captivate us, for no where does the inspiration, does the very being, of the poet, shine through; and whilst his figures move before us, we cannot discover the Promethean spark that vivifies them. [So the figures be vivified, the English reader will scarcely think this a fault.]"

"The abundance of his images, the nature and charm of his style, the tone of which is ever in perfect harmony with the subject chosen, the inexhaustible flow of his elquence, his command over form, are qualities that wonderfully contribute to enhance the value and reputation of his productions. But what gives his poetry its especial *welt* is that even in the veriest trifle it is national; and that by this, as well as by his peculiar management of his subject, Sir Walter Scott has, in England, opened a new path to narrative poetry, upon which he has hitherto found no rival, though many able followers."

We trust Dr. Wolff does not limit these last remarks to England; but will frankly confess that the school of fiction founded by Sir Walter Scott overspreads the continent, and that there likewise, ay, even in Germany, the disciples are immeasurably inferior to their mighty master.

In reviewing foreign works relative to any thing English, the pen cannot be laid down without a word or two respecting mistakes. On the present occasion these are perhaps not very important, but we will mention some that present themselves to our recollection in both works, as much for the sake of pointing out the danger of hasty judgments upon what is foreign to our habits, as of amusing the reader. The knightly 'Sir' first occurs to us, of which it has been seen that M. Mézières deprives Scott, but by no means him alone, Sir William Temple and Sir Robert Walpole being similarly reduced to the familiar appellations of William Temple and Robert Walpole; but then in return Squire Western is gratified with the questionable honor of being designated as Sir Western. Mézières considers Smollett as the novelist next in favor to, if not the rival of, Scott at the present day; his Commodore Trunnion, it should seem, is a faithful picture of the living commodores of England, while his and Sterne's gross indecency is to us inoffensive. One notion, less properly belonging to our subject, we must remark upon, before we turn to the German professor, because it has of late been so incessantly repeated by French writers, that we are weary of passing it by in silent con-



tempt. M. Mézières catches at an assertion of Sir William Temple's respecting English impatience of privation, as confirming General Foy's assertion that the courage of English soldiers depends upon abundance of beef and superabundance of rum. Now we apprehend that even Frenchmen scarcely possess the same physical or mental energies when fainting with inanition as when healthfully fed; indeed we know upon good authority that

"No Tartar e'er was fierce and cruel  
Upon the strength of water-gruel  
Though nothing can resist his force,  
If first he rides, then eats his horse:"

but we think the battle of Talavera might go far to prove that English soldiers, when nearly starved to death, fight quite as well as other troops in the same condition, and not much worse than well-fed Frenchmen.

Dr. Wolff's mistakes are of a different kind, and with mention of one or two of them we conclude. This critic, after placing Lady Morgan at the head of English poetesses—above Joanna Baillie, we believe—tells us that her father Mr. Owenson (the actor) ruined himself by his passion for the theatre; that Wordsworth's poetry is admired by "the million" and censured only by superior judges; and that Crabbe's *Tales of the Hall* are written in Alexandrines!

ART. VII. — *Vie Politique de Maréchal Soult*, par Alexandre Sallé. Paris. 1834. 8vo.

It is impossible to deny that the French are a vivid people, exhibiting from time to time extraordinary ardor and activity, and singularly capable of exerting a beneficial, or a hazardous, influence on Europe, according to the direction of those qualities. But it must be owned, that the splendors of the national character are exceedingly *periodical*; that, if one age is dazzled by their cometary brilliancy, or thrown into alarm by their eccentric course, the cometary interval follows, and we have to look long and long in vain, for the returning effulgence of the phenomenon. To the observer of France at the present day, no trace of the France of the preceding quarter of a century is discoverable. A universal mediocrity has usurped the space once filled by the wild but prominent and powerful forms of public character, under the stimulus of political change. The daring vigor of the Republic is gone, the stern but splendid ambition of her Empire

has vanished on the winds. The memoirs of both meet the mind in every recollection, institution, and feeling of the people. Yet no existing representative of either is to be detected among the living varieties of the national character. Is France one great *Père La Chaise*, where, in the midst of the monuments of conquerors and legislators, the walks are traversed by holiday groups come to amuse themselves with the sculptures and inscriptions; a region of the dead, where all that is high and historic is dust, and where all that still breathes the breath of life is frivolous, nameless, and formed only to be forgotten?

But, without urging this impression to any extent injurious to the good feeling due to a nation on friendly terms with our own, it is equally undeniable and curious, that, since the war, the production of remarkable public characters in France has been rare or rather that all those who can have any hope to be remembered are the fruit of the Republic and the Empire. Political disturbance, public pressure, and, above all, a national war, have been in all lands the great excitors of a national mind. Nature is impartial, and there probably is not much original difference in the abilities and nerve of any people of Europe. All depends on the time, the impulse, and the leader. Italy was once the great warrior of Europe. Spain then entered the field, and was the universal model of arms. Switzerland followed, and for her day was the unrivalled champion. The feeblest states in succession flourished in the front of European history. The languor, effeminacy and ignorance of the Portuguese were once activity, manliness, and knowledge. Under the inspiration of their Henries and their Albuquerques, their land was too narrow for their heroism, and they grasped alike at the empire of India and Africa. The empty and masquerading Venetians were once the lords of European and Asiatic commerce, the boldest navigators, the most enterprising warriors, and the most profound and powerful statesmen of their age. Even from the fogs and morasses of Holland a spirit rose, which entering into the sluggish frame of the Dutchman, made him, for the time, the ardent soldier, the unwearied discoverer, and the sagacious and fearless patriot. The days of glory have come, and gone, over all in succession; but not as the sun ascends and goes down on all. A finer and more incalculable influence has regulated the greatness of nations. The shooting of a meteor, stooping suddenly from the depth of midnight, and pouring radiance over some peculiar



region below: the sweeping of the gale over some peculiar tract of the measureless ocean, and rousing it in its strength, while none can tell "whence it came or whither it goeth;" the brilliancy of the aurora, at one while flooding the hyperborean world with light and colors dipt in Heaven, at another deserting the north and kindling the equator with living glories; or any other image of fitful and fantastic power or lustre, that lives and vanishes by moments, awakened from what source we know not, and acting altogether beyond human direction, would be the truer emblems of the great influential causes of national renown.

The life of the eminent French soldier whose name heads this article, is written in the spirit of party, and with the palpable determination to break down, for his offences to party, the reputation which he has earned by a long life of public services. Without feeling any unnecessary respect for the habits, personal or political, of Marshal Soult, we may predict that this attempt will be altogether ineffectual beyond the hour. Party is always either blind or frenzied, either incapable of seeing facts in their true light, or wildly bent on fabricating them into the extravagant shapes, and dyeing them with the glaring and discordant hues, which a disordered imagination loves. But Soult's fame has been built on a foundation which, with every Frenchman on earth, is alone equivalent to immortality. He is the living representative of the glories, sad and fatal as they were, of the conquering time of France. Second, was he only, if second, to Napoleon in military skill; and he will no sooner be laid where neither friendship nor enmity can break his slumbers, than all France will be weaving wreaths, sculpturing trophies, and making harangues, over the last and proudest name of her "grand army," the departed Genius of French war.

We shall give, as a matter of curiosity, a sketch of the really extraordinary, indefatigable, and brilliant soldiery of this remarkable personage. The time will come when details of such a career may form some of the most interesting features of human history. If the world should have the wisdom to make peace the universal policy, the annals of a warrior like Soult will be regarded, like the annals of a being of another region of existence, some spirit of restless vigor and vividness whose only purpose was to exhibit his faculty of distinction and destruction. Should the world, unwarned by the follies and miseries of the past, again plunge into war, such a career may show how long and how powerfully the

glories of the field have been anticipated, and how feebly, after all, they protect their possessor from public ingratitude, and from the keen vexations that beset the declining years of him who has lived only for the breath of popularity. But in whatever point of view they may be taken, there can be but one impression of the talent, daring, and intensity of purpose, of which the human mind is capable, and of which the subject of this rapid memoir forms the example.

Nicholas Jean de-Dieu Soult, was born at St. Amand, in the district of Tarn, on the 29th of March, 1769, a year made memorable by the birth of the three greatest generals of modern times; Napoleon having been born on the 15th of the following August; and Wellington, the conqueror of both Soult and Napoleon, being also born in 1569. His origin was humble, but not degrading. He was the son of a steward, or village notary, who had *served*, and who, though he had not risen higher than the rank of a serjeant, seems to have been a man of education and integrity; at least possessing sufficient of both to be taken into the confidential employment of one of the neighboring nobles, the Marquis de Dulac. Young Soult thus received probably more than the usual advantages of French education; but nature had destined him for a soldier. The army was the favorite path to honors in all times of France. Its popularity had become more striking since the American war, and in 1785 the son of the notary, who if he had remained in his village might have been a notary to this hour, set his foot upon the first step of that ascent which led him to the rank of Marshal of the Empire, Prime Minister, and, more eminent and envied distinction still, fixed him among the names that live in the light of French renown.

The activity and intelligence of the young soldier were no sooner called into exercise than they attracted notice. The war had scarcely commenced, when Soult was raised by Marshal Luckner to the rank of a regimental officer. In 1791, he was appointed second lieutenant of grenadiers in the battalion of the Upper Rhine. All was republicanism at this period, and republicanism was all clubs: the new officer saw his way, flourished in the club of the regiment, and declared his civic opinions in the first-rate common-place of republican oratory. "Let all Frenchmen stand together," was the sentiment, "united by the bands of law, and the ties of fraternity. Let us remain under arms to defend the freedom we have conquered. Let us remember that the tyrants would rivet our



chains the faster for our having broken them," &c. concluding, of course, with, "Let us live free or die for the cause of the country." The sentiment was popular, and it gained its reward. The regiment appointed him by acclamation, adjutant, which was soon followed by his promotion to a company. Soult now rapidly distinguished himself. His conduct in an affair against the Germans, next year, was so conspicuous that he was put into the temporary command of two battalions appointed to a difficult position in the hill country of the Rhenish frontier. Hache, a man of military genius, had no sooner put himself at the head of the army of the Moselle, than, with an evident sense of his value, he immediately attached Soult to his staff, and employed him to conduct the attack of one of the fortified camps of the enemy. The selection was justified by its success. The lines were stormed, the enemy's colors taken, and the chief part of the opposing corps made prisoners.

The French army had scarcely plunged into the Palatinate, when Soult was raised to a rank not only of the most confidential nature, but giving the fullest opportunity for the display of those talents which were to form the future marshal. He was appointed head of the staff of the advanced guard of the army. A large portion of the first French successes was due to the rapid rise of the officers. Promotion was at once the cause and the effect. Intrepidity, intelligence, and ardor, were sure of their reward. The gallant son of a ploughman might aspire to the highest honors of the most dazzling life that ever inflamed the vanity, ambition or patriotism of man. The son of the Marquis Dulac's steward was now in sight of the foremost prizes of military fame. Within five years, he had started from the ranks into the command of a division. Within the last of those years, 1794, he was successively lieutenant-colonel, adjutant-general, and colonel. In the celebrated battle of Fleurus, which broke the power of Austria in the Netherlands, the young Colonel made himself remarkable by an instance of that coolness of judgment, which is perhaps the rarest, yet the most important, of all qualities for command. As the day advanced, an Austrian division made a desperate charge on the battalions of the Ardennes, forming the detached corps of Marceau, whose death, some time afterwards, caused such general lamentation. The French gave way, and Marceau, though one of the most gallant men in France, was in consternation. The flight of the battalions had left the

flank of the French line exposed, and all was visibly on the point of ruin. At this moment Soult galloped up to the general, who was doubtful whether he should throw himself into the midst of the enemy's ranks, or die by his own sword. "What are you about, general," he exclaimed, "are you going to die because those fellows run away? Go after them, and bring them back, it will be much better to beat the enemy along with them." Marceau's spirit revived. He took the advice, rallied his battalions, charged the Austrians in turn, drove them before him, and retrieved his share of fame in one of the most memorable battles of the war.

Promotion still followed the career of this son of fortune. In the third year of the republic, (1795,) Soult at the age of twenty-five, was general of brigade. Jourdan's memorable and unfortunate campaign in the valley of the Danube taught the French the new lesson of defeat. Soult commanded the advanced guard on the invasion, and was perpetually engaged with the Austrians in the retreat. At Dutingen he exhibited his intrepidity at a period when the army seemed to have been in despair. Soult, with some battalions, was posted to cover the retreat. The Austrian cavalry charged and swept away every thing before it. Soult was directed by the general in chief to give up his position and follow the troops. But the perils of a too sudden movement were so forcibly represented to Jourdan, that he listened to his brave general of brigade's entreaties that he might be suffered to remain. The attack commenced and was resisted till night-fall. The troops lay on their arms; the Austrians renewed their attack at day-break. They were again repelled and the struggle continued at intervals during the day. The object had been now gained, and, during the second night, Soult quietly withdrew his posts and passed the Danube, without the loss of a man. The prodigious losses of the French troops in the flight before the archduke, which more deserved the name of a massacre than a defeat, placed the merits of an officer like Soult in the most conspicuous point of view. The army, like all armies, possessed an abundance of those headlong and daring spirits, which rush into danger, as the horse into the battle. But now was the time for higher qualities, for deliberate judgment, clearness of view, and that steadiness of military determination, which resists while resistance is possible, and knows nothing of despair. Those admirable qualities for soldiership evidently characterized this



great officer from the beginning, and as much signalized even his last disastrous campaign in the presence of the British army and its pre-eminent general, by resolute resistance, and an indefatigable spirit of yielding to necessity alone, as when he was in the full tide of success, driving the Austrians like deer, through the plains of Germany.

The campaign of 1796 was a campaign of giants; its magnitude of plan, the vastness of the forces employed, its expenditure of national means, and its tremendous succession of slaughters, seem to belong to the age of fable. England commenced the year by a triple alliance with Austria and Russia, and by raising a loan of thirtyone millions sterling, of which three millions were given to Austria to equip her army for the field. France began by sending Hache, at the head of an army of 100,000 men, into the Vendee. Moreau and Jourdan commanded on the Rhine, at the head of 150,000. The Archduke and Wurmser defended the entrance of Germany, at the head of 175,000 of which 40,000 were the first cavalry of Europe. In Italy, Napoleon, with an army of 40,000, was preparing to attack Beaulieu, at the head of 50,000. The first successes of the French were brilliant. They drove all the Austrian corps back from the frontiers, stripped them of their magazines, cannon, and arms, and threatened the hereditary states. Within six weeks, from the commencement of the campaign, the Austrians were reduced by a third of their original force, and the French armies covered the country from Stutgard to the Lake of Constance, a line of 150 miles.

But the hour of retribution was at hand. By one of those singular changes of circumstances, which operate so powerfully in war, the French at this moment abandoned the principle on which they had so often conquered—that of combining their attacks upon separate portions of the enemy's army, and thus overwhelming it in detail. The Austrians, at the same moment, abandoned their old principle of concentric movements, combined their forces, and impinged upon the separate corps of the French. The fortune of the campaign instantly and totally changed. The Archduke, in those Memoirs, which so strikingly vindicate the fame of this great warrior, tells us, that the purpose of this plan was "to retreat slowly, disputing every inch of ground, without hazarding a general engagement, until the two retiring armies were so near that he could fall with superior force upon one or other of his adversa-

ries." He put this important principle in action with great skill, and the subsequent conduct of the Austrian staff was a model of strategy. Remaining at the head of the army opposed to Moreau until he had successively led it across the Neckar, and the difficult country between that river and the Danube, he suddenly turned on his antagonist at the passage of the river, and, after fighting a most gallant action, in which he at one time turned the French right, and would have thrown the whole army into confusion, but for the firmness of the centre, he crossed the Danube, and placed his troops in safety.

Here the war paused, for the blow was to be struck in another quarter.—Jourdan had pressed forward along the valley of the Maine, to turn the right of the Germans, under Wartensleben. That officer continued his retreat according to the orders of the Archduke, slowly converging towards his position on the Danube, and followed by Jourdan, with the eagerness of assured victory. But the time for teaching him a fatal lesson was come. On the 20th of August the Archduke, leaving Latour, with 35,000 men, to defend Austria against Moreau, brought 28,000 into Wartensleben's lines. The united force was near 63,000. The enemy, exhausted by long marches and losses in the field, scarcely amounted to 45,000. The attack was commenced without delay. The great problem of tactics, which consists in concentrating a force against the enemy until the actual inferiority of the assailants is changed into superiority on the point attacked, was completely solved, and the bloodiest and most decisive campaign of the war commenced its most sanguinary scene. Within two days of his arrival, the Archduke gave the order to drive in the French advanced guard, under Bernadotte, posted at the foot of the mountains. The struggle was severe, but, in a few hours, the French were compelled to retire through the gorges of the country in their rear. The Archduke, with a vividness new to the national character, and which he seemed to have learned from the fiery activity of Napoleon, now turned to throw himself, with his victorious troops, on the main body under Jourdan. He found the French general strongly posted; but the confidence of the Austrians in their young general was at its height; they rushed through all difficulties,—the heavy fire of a numerous artillery—the obstructions of a wild and rocky country—and the more formidable obstacles of battalions and squadrons, who felt that retreat through a



hostile land was all but ruin. The Germans came up to the charge with shouts and national songs. The enemy, startled at the sudden daring of the men whom they had so long seen only in retreat, made but a feeble resistance; their flank was turned, their centre was forced; the desperate valor of Ney alone, in command of the rear-guard, rescued the army from finding its grave in the memorable position of Amberg. All was now confusion in the French camp. To advance was impossible, to remain was hopeless. The only alternative was to retreat with the greatest speed. Those who have ever accompanied the march of armies, and who know the waste, the tumult, and the spoil, in their movement even through the most pacific country can alone conceive what must have been the wretchedness of the march which now awaited the unfortunate French army, through the long ranges of mountains covering the country from the Naab to the Maine — the incumbrance of the artillery in the ravines, the blocking-up of the road by the wagons, the crowd of wounded, who must be carried or abandoned to a miserable death by exposure and hunger, the frantic excesses of the troops, indignant at defeat, and glad to throw off all subordination; the flight all day, the few hours of disturbed rest at night, on the bare rocks, and in the beds of riviulets, that the first cloud which swept across the hills might turn into torrents; the agonies of hopeless famine, thirst, and disease; the fever of unhealed wounds, the fury of intoxication; the letting loose, in those hours of recklessness and despair, every evil passion of the human heart. Of all the scenes of human terror, the scene fullest of the images of wretchedness, guilt, and outrage, is the march of a routed army, with a bold and unsparing enemy at its heels.

During six unspeakable days and nights, Jourdan's army wound its slow way through the mountains, with the Archduke thundering in its rear. On emerging from the mountains at Wurtzburg, Jourdan made an effort to recover the honor of France, by waiting for the Austrian columns advancing from the ravines. The occasion was judiciously chosen, for the pursuers, rushing down from the mountains, were liable to be attacked in their disorder, while the French had time to recover their steadiness, and choose their points of attack. But the Austrians were inflamed with victory, and their shock was irresistible. — Superior tactics too were again combined with superior intrepidity. The Archduke outmanœuvred Jourdan, and while the

French general was preparing to commence the attack on what he conceived a portion of the antagonist army, he suddenly found himself enveloped in the whole. The French line was assailed at once in front and flank. One of the most desperate battles of cavalry that occurred during the war closed this bloody conflict. Wartensleben, at the head of the Austrian horse, had crossed the river, and was driving the French light troops and cavalry before him. Jourdan saw his retreat on the point of being cut off, and threw forward his whole line of cavalry. The Austrian squadrons were at first brought to a stand by this movement. But the reserve of cuirassiers, rushing down, took the French in the moment of pursuit, broke through them, trampled them with merciless slaughter, and sent the remainder flying for shelter behind the line of infantry. Jourdan now saw that all was lost, and that his only hope was in an instant retreat. The order was given, and the infantry plunged into the shelter of the forest; this battle delivered Germany.

Thenceforward the only hope of the French general was in the rapidity of his retreat. It was made at immense sacrifices. Before he reached the banks of the Lahn, he lost 122 pieces of cannon captured in the towns on his advance, and 143 of his own. On the Lahn he gladly halted, filled up his broken ranks with 25,000 men under the command of the celebrated Marceau, and was forced to give battle to his pursuers. The Archduke gave a few hours to the arrangement of his assault, attacked him with indefatigable intrepidity, forced the passage of the Lahn, and assaulted him with such desperation, that night alone saved his army. On preparing to renew the attack in the morning, the French position was found abandoned. A remarkably dense fog had covered Jourdan's movements, and saved his retreating columns from havoc, in that most critical and anxious of all manœuvres, a retrograde march in sight of a victorious enemy. The whole Austrian cavalry was instantly pushed forward in pursuit. The French were soon overtaken struggling through the woods, and though the defensible nature of the country protected the retiring army, their retreat was a perpetual battle. Thus harassed for three bloody days, losing troops, cannon, and ammunition at every step, they at length reached Altenburg, a position rendered memorable by the fall of Marceau in command of the rear-guard. In a bold attempt to face the Austrians, he was wounded and taken prisoner. His gallant-



ry had already obtained the respect of his enemy, and the Archduke paid him the attentions of one brave man to another. But his wound was mortal, and his remains were committed to the earth amid the regrets of his fellow-soldiers, and the military honors of his victors. A monument was afterwards erected, and still stands on his grave. The routed army now lost all hope, and fled at full speed to the Rhine. They crossed the river at Bonn on the 20th of September, totally dismantled and incapable of moving for the rest of the campaign.

But the glory of the Archduke was to have another accession. During the retreat of Jourdan, Moreau's force, 70,000 of the finest troops of France, was penetrating into the heart of Germany. The alarming intelligence was brought to the Archduke at the moment when he was in sight of the French column. "Moreau has advanced into Bavaria, and threatens to advance still further," was the language of the hurried despatch. "Let him advance to the gates of Vienna if he will," was the Archduke's prompt and decided answer. "He is undone, if we beat Jourdan." With these words, he continued the pursuit, and gallantly drove the last man of that army from the violated soil of his country. He now turned to vindicate it from the insults and spoil of another still more formidable. Moreau's genius was caution. The fate of the battle of Wurtzburg warned him of his peril, and the advance of Latour's light troops towards his flank at Ulm, was instantly adopted as the signal of retreat; a retreat that was to be made through 200 miles of mountain and forest, from the centre of Bavaria to the Rhine.

This retreat is still commemorated as one of the finest displays of generalship in modern military history. But, paying due honor to the talents of one of the most consummate tacticians that France herself ever produced, we are not to omit that he possessed the singular advantage of having a compact force of 70,000 troops, totally untainted by disaster, and enjoying the abundance of an unspoiled country; in contrast with an army which amounted to but 63,000, divided into four corps, separated from each other by large tracts of country, and wearied with perpetual battle. Near the entrance of the Black Forest, Moreau made the first stand against his vigorous pursuer, Latour, at Biberach. The Austrian general could bring but 24,000 men into the field. The French threw on him such a weight of numbers, that nothing but the most heroic resistance could have saved his army from destruction. Dessaix, head-

ing a French column, fell on his right flank; St. Cyr crowned the heights on his left, and poured down a storm of fire on his line: the position was partially forced, and at nightfall the combat closed, with the loss of 4000 Austrians on the field, and eighteen pieces of cannon in the hands of the French dragoons. Moreau's force now plunged into the Black Forest, in three divisions; the main body marching through the Vallee d'Enfer, and his left and right divisions under Dessaix and Ferino clearing the mountains of the enemy's light troops on his flanks. The Austrian detachments in the mountains were few, and unprepared for this extraordinary movement; they retreated before the clouds of tirailleurs which covered the French march. And Moreau, after sixteen days of deliberate manœuvre, in the most perilous passes of the mountains, calmly formed his lines in the valley of the Rhine. He was now less a fugitive than a victor, and the campaign might seem to have been on the point of beginning again, when the presence of the Archduke suddenly changed the face of affairs. Determined to drive the last squadron of France across the Rhine, this gallant soldier collected all his strength, and threw himself upon Moreau. The battle was fought at the foot of the height of Waldkirch, which was in possession of the French. After a long resistance, the height was carried by the Austrians under Hanendorf, and the whole French line was finally driven into the forest behind the Elz, with the loss of some thousands. One battle more was to clear the territory. The French General pitched his tent on the rocky ridge of Hohenblau; from this picturesque spot his eye might range at once over the noble river which he had crossed with such strong anticipations of triumph, and over the wide but magnificent wilderness of forest and mountains which he had so painfully left behind to its former masters. Moreau's position did honor to his military name; it was incomparably chosen. With his left on the Rhine, his centre on a citadel of rocks, and his right embattled among precipices, he might have seemed beyond the reach of attack. But the Germans were in sight of the Rhine! A new spirit of patriotism had sprung up among them; they saw their favorite General at their head; and they were irresistible. Rapidly forming into four columns, they rushed on with huzzas, climbed the precipices, burst their way through the showers of grape and musketry pouring down from the heights; and with the bayonet plunged into the French masses. The



struggle was brief, the enemy gave way with terrible slaughter, and were hunted from the hills. At the river-side, an unusual chance saved them. The evening grew suddenly tempestuous, and a storm of rain and wind, memorable for its violence, fell on the combatants. The battle was gradually suspended, amid the roaring of the thunder, and the bursts of whirlwind and rain. Night fell, and Moreau instantly marched for the river, crossed without delay, and at length interposed this famous barrier between himself and his victors.

The counsel of the Archduke was now to smite the French invasion of Italy by throwing an army across the Tyrol, and thus bringing an irresistible superiority of numbers into the field. But the evil genius of Austria prevailed. The Archduke was commanded to assault Kehl, the chief fortress in French hands on the right bank of the Rhine. This siege was one of the most tremendous operations of a war abounding in great displays of military power. The troops appointed for the defence were no fewer than 30,000, with a large reserve in the Rhenish Islands! The besieging force was 40,000, commanded by Latour, with the Archduke's army as a covering force. The place was invested on the 9th of October, and on the 21st of the following month the trenches were opened. From this period all was a succession of sorties and encounters on the largest and most sanguinary scale. Inclemency of weather was added to the difficulties of the besiegers:—the trenches were deluged with rain, the works were constantly overflowed; still the Austrians persevered. On the 1st of January, 1797, the Austrians made a general assault on the entrenchments; they were carried in two successive attacks within a few days. The body of the place was now exposed: the defences were crumbling down under the weight of an artillery which had already poured in the astonishing number of 100,000 cannon-balls, and 25,000 shells. Further resistance was hopeless; and on the 9th of January, Dessaix and St. Cyr surrendered by capitulation. The *tête-du-pont* of Huningen alone remained. It was assailed with the same vigor. From the opening of the trenches the fire was incessant. On the 1st of January it also surrendered; and the liberation of Germany completed the most daring, sanguinary, and splendid of all the achievements of German arms.

Soult shared the common defeat, but without the common ignominy. His next campaign was fortunate. He commanded as general of division under Massena in the

attack on the Austro-Russian army in the memorable battles fought in the neighborhood of Zurich. On this occasion the general-in-chief gave him the panegyric due to his services. "This general," was the language of his "order of the day," "has exhibited the highest military skill; and it must be remembered that his passage of the Linth contributed in the most essential degree to our success along the whole line."

The *locale* of his services was now to be changed, but with an accession of honors. Massena, on being raised to the command in chief of the French army in Italy, accepted the appointment solely on condition of being allowed to take with him Soult, Oudinot, and Brune. Soult was put at the head of the right wing of the army, consisting of three divisions. Napoleon's conquests had been already visited with terrible retribution. The march of the Russians into Italy had been over the wrecks of his army. Suwarrow—who seemed to be thrown forward before the face of Europe for the purpose of heaping double humiliation on the French soldiery, by at once defeating them with the most total and ruinous slaughter, and showing their defeat to be the work of a general and a nation whom they despised as equally barbarian—had torn from the brow of France, in a single campaign, every laurel that she had gathered in the three brilliant years of Napoleon. The old army of Italy was in the grave, or perishing in the sands of Syria. Italy was lost. In this emergency, Massena, whom France pronounced the favorite of fortune, was sent across the Alps to refix the national banners on the Po. But fortune had, at length, deserted even this "enfant gâté de la victoire;" and Massena was finally driven within the ramparts of Genoa. Soult's divisions felt their share in this reverse, but his retreat was signalized by his habitual caution and courage. In the position of Monte Notte, so celebrated as the site of Napoleon's first triumph, he was saved from destruction by one of those efforts of gallantry which throw such personal lustre on a general. Twenty thousand Austrians had assailed his corps, which consisted of less than four thousand men; their position gave them advantages equivalent to numbers; and they long resisted the assault. But towards evening the rocks were found to be no longer tenable, and an order was given to retreat as expeditiously as possible upon Genoa. The French had suffered heavily during the day, and at the moment of their commencing to move an ammunition wagon blew up. All the columns were thrown into total confusion. The troops



were already flying down the hills, where they must have been slaughtered, when Soult rushed to their front, snatched the colors of one of the regiments from the ensign, and, under a storm of fire, firmly planted it on the height which they had just deserted. The action was irresistible. The troops rushed back with shouts, and kept the Austrians at bay until night. Under cover of the darkness, Soult threw reinforcements into the fortress of Savona, and marched for the city. The siege of Genoa was now formed. The Austrians, aware of the preparations of Napoleon to raise the siege, pushed their advances with the most unusual rapidity. Massena, with 25,000 men, soon had no alternative but that of forcing their way through the enemy, or surrendering. Soult, in this emergency, made a bold effort to act upon the Austrian communications, and open the blockade. The enemy's fortified post on Mount Creto must be seized, as the first step. Soult's division rushed from its lines, swept the opposing picquets before it, and poured into the Austrian camp. But there the day turned. The Austrians, when they had recovered from their first surprise, poured back upon the French, and a desperate action ensued. The French soldiery are, like the tiger, victorious at the first impulse, or not at all: if they miss their spring, they have no resource but in retreat. They had here missed their spring; they paused—they then turned. A violent tempest that burst over the combatants increased the confusion. They fought in darkness, illuminated only by the lightning; the torrents of rain rendered musketry useless; the columns were beaten down by the fury of the wind. The French gave way, and all was on the point of rout. Soult rushed forward, and was leading them again to the assault, when a ball broke his leg. He fell, and was supposed to be killed. His troops instantly lost all courage, and turned. The general was found lying on the field by the Austrians, and was carried prisoner to Alexandria, where he remained until the final cession of Italy after the battle of Marengo.

High appointments were the natural inheritance of gallantry under a military sovereign. On the coronation of Napoleon, Soult was named a marshal, and the force under his command was raised to not less than 80,000 men. The original destination of this force had been a descent on England; but Napoleon was hourly more and more appalled by the infinite difficulties of the enterprize. While in Paris, surrounded by the plaudits of the multitude, and the panegyrics of the showy slaves of his court,

he felt that he had but to speak the word, and England was conquered. But when he arrived at the coast, the delusion was speedily broken; the rough realities of war were before him; he saw how totally hopeless all his naval resources were against the few frigates and sloops that lay off the shore merely watching him.

When he saw the shore on which the battle must be fought guarded with a thousand ships of war, and, still more formidable, he saw the unanimity, the boiling courage, and the universal determination of the British heart against the pollution of the soil by a foreign foot, a determination which ranged the astonishing number of 850,000 men under arms within a few months, and on the first moment of actual invasion would have ranged many times the number, Napoleon's sagacity, now undimmed by the clouds of Parisian incense, told him the utter ruin of an attempt to vanquish a whole combined people, and pre-eminently a British people. He had already found them his masters in every exercise of national intellect, vigor, and intrepidity. Their sailors had hunted his navy from the face of the seas; their soldiers, a raw army of 15,000 recruits, had beaten in battle, in march, and in manœuvre, his 25,000 veterans, but three years before, in Egypt; and he was now to calculate the chances, whether his 150,000 men might not find their graves in the bed of the Straits of Dover, or if they eluded the vigilance of the British fleet, they could cope with a million of brave men, and ever bring one of their number back to the French soil. From that moment the dream was done. Reviews and pageants were in abundance, pillars were erected, feasts were given, and healths were drunk to the future conqueror of England. But Napoleon resolved on abandoning an effort wilder than the wildness of romance, and that must leave him a sovereign without an army and a throne, or send his corpse back floating on the bloody waves of the Channel. But, to retire from the enterprise baffled even before he had come into the field—this was unquestionably the true cause of the attack on Austria in September, 1805. The great Thunderer must not move without an attendant storm. Napoleon, returning from the shores of the Channel, like the Roman boaster, with nothing better than his cockleshells to boast of, was terribly in danger of being laughed at, even in the hearing of his own gens-d'armes. But Napoleon, "the vindictive Jupiter," rolling back his tempests on the prostrate thrones of Europe, was not to be laughed at. The French thousands and



tens of thousands now suddenly poured upon Austria. The Germans have the faculty of perseverance, but they nationally forget the value of promptitude. They calculated the march of Napoleon at ten miles a day; he marched thirty! Their troops were caught moving, regiment by regiment, from their depôts; they were taken in fragments, enveloped, squadron and battalion, in the rushing masses of the French cavalry. To complete the mischief, a talking tactician, Mack, commanded at Ulm, the advanced post of Austria. Whether iron or gold were the victor on this occasion, the victory was as rapid as the march. Ulm surrendered, with 20,000 troops. Within three months from the declaration of war, Vienna was a French town, the last army of Austria was broken at Austerlitz, and the "German empire" was extinguished forever.

At this final battle—whose results were 15,000 Austrians and Russians slain, 20,000 made prisoners, 40 standards taken, and the whole Russian and German parks of artillery in French hands—Soult was at the head of the right wing. Napoleon's last words to him, in the midst of the crowd of generals, as they were mounting their horses for the battle, were in the strongest spirit of panegyric. "As to you, Marshal, I have nothing to say further than to bid you do as you have always done." In this battle one of those hideous incidents that render war more like the work of fiends than of men occurred. A division of the Russian army in retreating mistook its way, and was gradually forced by Soult's advance on a large extent of smooth space covered with snow. The space was found to be a frozen lake. The French halted at its edge, and commenced a heavy fire of cannon, not on the unfortunate Russians, but on the lake. The ice, loaded with men, horses, and guns, at last gave way under the cannon-balls, and in another moment the whole division was engulfed! To the shame of humanity, Napoleon, who had just galloped to the spot, loudly exulted in this most horrid and appalling spectacle.

In October, 1806, the Prussian war again put the French armies in motion. Napoleon's violence had first forced Prussia into war. His rapidity took her by surprise. His generalship on the fatal field of Jena, in one day deprived her of her independence, her military name and her throne. If on that day the shade of Frederick the Great had risen from the dead, he would have felt in the blighted glories of the house of Brandenburg the solemn and gory retribution of the infidelity which he had taught to France, and the love of conquest

with which he had so long afflicted Europe. In this consummate encounter Soult and Ney commanded the two corps which formed the right wing. In fourteen days from Napoleon's crossing the Rhine, he was sitting victor in the palace of Frederick. Soult pursued the remnants of the Prussian force, and, with Bernadotte, concluded the war and the existence of the army, by the capture of Lubeck and the heroic Blücher. They little dreamt, in that hour of triumph—how noble and complete a vindication of the fallen honors of his country was yet to be achieved by this gallant old man in the heart of France.

The Russian war instantly began, the most formidable that had ever tried the French intrepidity. They found a bold, vigilant, and desperate enemy. The doubtful battle of Pultusk forced Napoleon into winter-quarters. Beningsen startled the French from their repose by a combined and daring attack on their positions. The battle of Eylau, on the 7th of February, 1807, still more alarmingly tried the strength of France. The slaughter of the French on this day was so prodigious that Napoleon proposed a retreat at nightfall. Soult sagaciously and bravely remonstrated with him on the impolicy of the movement. "It must throw," said he, "into the enemy's hands full 30,000 wounded or fugitives; while, if we persist in keeping our ground, the Russians must retire, and thus leave us the honor of the day." The advice succeeded; the Russians were starving; the country was a desert; Beningsen retired towards Königsberg for food, and Napoleon was suffered to reckon Eylau among his victories. The battle of Friedland finished the war in June, and the peace of Tilsit laid Russia at the mercy of the conqueror. But never was triumph more terribly purchased. France was at last forced to taste of the miseries of military ambition. The Russian campaign cost her *three* conscriptions, each of 80,000 men. Soult's services were too conspicuous to be neglected in the distribution of rewards; he was created Duke of Dalmatia.

There is proverbially a point in the history of the most distinguished favorites of fortune, in which they feel the inconstancy of human fame. With some, their sun loses its splendor by the calm and grand descent of nature; with some, it sinks in clouds and storm; with some, it is stricken in its meridian, and plunged into disastrous eclipse. Napoleon's glory perished at once. The fame of his great companions in arms was to be more slowly undone; but the fated hour came to all.



The Spanish war broke out ; Europe has never witnessed a darker outrage on public faith or personal honor. She has never witnessed a more rapid, intense, and sweeping retribution. Begun by Napoleon in a period when all human resistance seemed to be at end, and he had but to wave his sceptre, and see Europe prostrate before his throne ; the assault on the feebleness, confidence, and humiliation of Spain, was retorted with the most condign ruin of any empire since the days of Augustus. The wielder of the thunderbolt, which had already burned from the Mediterranean to the Baltic, found himself enveloped in his own clouds, and consumed by his own lightnings. The conquests of the French emperor had more resembled the work of magic than of the sword. But the magician was now to be baffled, not merely by spirits that he had raised ; a stronger power than he had ever known was come to control his art ; he had lived, risen, and triumphed under the name of the Champion of Republicanism—he was now to be met and crushed by the colossal resistance of the Spirit of Human Nature. In 1808, a year that will be memorable to the latest times, as the beginning of his fall, Napoleon flooded Spain with his armies. Soult, now Colonel-General of the Imperial Guard, was sent across the Pyrenees to command the second corps of the grand army. His march against the Spanish troops was a succession of victories ; but at length an enemy of another rank was to try his powers. The British auxiliary force, under Moore, after waiting in vain the rising of the Spanish population, made the memorable retreat to Corunna, in January, 1809. Soult, repulsed in every attack on their wearied and famine-struck battalions, determined to overwhelm them in the moment of embarkation. He attacked them on the 16th of January, in sight of the shore ; but found he had encountered his masters. The British force of 15,000 men, without cavalry and with but five guns, fought his 25,000 infantry, cavalry and artillery—broke them, drove them from their position with heavy slaughter, and having thus taught the enemy a lesson which he was never to forget, marched unmolested to the beach, and left the Frenchman to look on at the operation.

Soult had now felt the British troops under a General, brave, but too unprepared for the full display of the qualities that distinguish the British from all other soldiers of the earth. Moore had showed their intrepidity. A great military genius was to arise, who, uniting bravery with the most brilliant conceptions of military science,

and vivid and vigorous energy in council with unrivalled skill in the field, had no sooner set his foot on the Peninsula than he changed the whole aspect of the war ; swept away, like so much tinsel, the old glories of his antagonists : and, delivering Spain and Portugal, opened the barriers of the Pyrenees for the universal “ March to Paris.” Soult was already master of Portugal ; on the 11th of May, Sir Arthur Wellesley, at the head of an inferior force, attacked the French Marshal at Oporto, passed the Douro in his presence, drove his army from height to height, took all his guns, baggage, and ammunition, and finished this gallant enterprise by hunting the last remnant of his broken battalions a three days’ journey into the mountains. This glorious achievement broke the spell of France ; and from that hour it was never restored.

Nothing in human history is more extraordinary than the combination of events which fortune seemed perpetually to play into the hands of Napoleon. Soult’s defeat might have been conceived to be among the bitterest strokes of disaster to a sovereign who lived only on the renown of his armies ; on the contrary, it was probably welcomed by him with exultation. The French Marshal had become too powerful. He was openly charged with a design of making himself king of Portugal. Those were the days of sudden royalty. Napoleon’s brothers were kings,—Murat was on the throne of Naples,—Bernadotte was Crown Prince of Sweden. Soult, inferior to no living French general in fame, and perhaps superior to them all in military conduct, must have felt his claims, and his power to enforce them, at the head of an army in full possession of the country, and with Napoleon a thousand miles distant, battling in the wildernesses of Germany. The actual proof of this hazardous speculation has never been brought forward. It was reported that all was prepared for the assumption of the Lusitanian throne by a new monarch ; that the proclamations were ready, and that the House of Braganza was to be excluded forever, by “ Nicholas the First.” But Napoleon was vigilant. A despatch from head-quarters informed the troops, that the proceedings not merely of the Marshal, but of all around him, were narrowly watched ; and the sentence of immediate execution on an unfortunate man, Argenton, an officer of dragoons, who was supposed to be the principal agent in the transaction, strongly intimated to those of higher rank the danger of provoking the master of them all. The imperial



wrath however was prudent. Soult's services were still too important to be thrown away, if his resentment was not too alarming to be roused into resistance. Napoleon wrote to him that "*He remembered* nothing but the day of Austerlitz;" and the bulletin relating the charges against Argenton, concluded with saying, that though "Reports on this occasion had risen injurious to the Duke of Dalmatia, they were hereby declared to be false, and that the Emperor proved his confidence by naming the Marshal Major-General of his army in Spain."

But the question of sovereignty, whether true or false, was speedily brought to a conclusion. The sword of Wellesley saved the Frenchman's character for loyalty; for it drove him headlong out of Portugal. The French flight from Madrid; Massena's Portuguese campaign of 1810, a series of defeats, which stripped that once famous general of all his laurels; the storm of Ciudad Rodrigo in the sight of one French army, and the storm of Badajos in the sight of another; the total defeat of Marmont at Salamanca; the second flight of Joseph from Madrid; and the gallant advance of the British into the heart of Spain, all followed in quick succession, and made the year 1811 the most memorable year of Spanish war. The march of the victorious British on Madrid rendered Soult's possession of Andalusia no longer tenable. He was forced to abandon that fine province which he governed with all but the name of monarch, and hastily effected his junction with the armies of the "Intrusive King."

But a new war burst out in Germany, —the final, fatal war of Napoleon's fortunes. The veterans of France lay entombed in the bed prepared for them by the insane ambition of their great chieftain. A last struggle was to be made, and Soult, baffled by the British General in Spain, was to be summoned for a renewal of his faded laurels, to the army of France in Germany. He crossed the Pyrenees at the head of 4000 men, who were to form the *nucleus* of the imperial guard, frozen in the deserts of Russia. In command of the infantry of the new guard, he was present at the doubtful battles of Lützen and Bautzen. But the day of ruin was approaching with giant strides; Wellington was striking those rapid and impetuous blows at the imperial fame, which were so soon to crumble the throne into dust. Napoleon had scarcely set his foot within the capital of Saxony when he received intelligence of the disastrous battle of Vittoria. His sagacity instantly saw that he had mistaken the true

point of danger, and that, while he was fighting drawn battles beyond the Rhine, Wellington was marching to force the Pyrenees. But, to retreat in the presence of the Russian and Prussian armies was ruin. He attempted to negotiate, and in the mean time sent Soult to take the command of the entire remaining French armies in Spain.

A little family scene, long afterwards narrated by Napoleon himself, may form an expressive *home* episode in these annals of comprehensive toil and slaughter. "Soult," said he, at St. Helena, "had his defects, as well as his good qualities. His whole campaign in the South of France (his defence of the frontier against the British) was excellent. But it will scarcely be believed, from his style and manner, both which give the idea of great character, that he was far from being master in his own house. When I heard at Dresden of the defeat of Vittoria and the loss of all Spain, I looked round me for some one fit to repair so many misfortunes, and I cast my eyes on Soult. He professed himself perfectly ready, but begged of me to speak to his wife on the subject, as she was determined to set her face against it. I desired her to be sent to me. She made her appearance with a hostile front and a high tone, distinctly telling me, 'that her husband should not go back into Spain; that he had already done enough, and deserved to rest after all that he had done.' 'Madame,' I replied, 'I have not sent for you to listen to your nonsense, *I am not your husband*; and if I were it should make no difference.' These few words confounded her; she became flexible, nay, obsequious, and thought only of adding some conditions. To this I paid no regard, and limited myself to congratulating her on being able to hear reason. 'Madame,' said I, 'in great public emergencies, the business of women is to soften our labors; go back to your husband, and *torment him no more*.'

Soult's campaign in the South of France deserved the praise given to it by the great master of modern war. It exhibited indefatigable perseverance, activity, and skill. But he had met with the true antagonists, who were to teach France and her Marshals the frail tenure of human fame. Soult made two desperate efforts to force his way back into Spain, but made them in vain. Wellington, with sixty miles of passes to defend, and liable to be attacked at any of them by the whole strength of his enemy, and so attacked during a long and diversified battle, or succession of battles, for three days, had no sooner assembled his troops on



the point of the chief attack, than he drove the assailants before him, and proved in the slaughter of the French battalions the total hopelessness of coping with England on either shore or sea. Wellington now poured down his masses from the Pyrenees, and, like another Hannibal entering Italy, pointed out to his troops, from the summits of the hills, the luxuriant plains of the enemy's country before them. The French army fortified the banks of the Adour, they were forced; made a stand at Orthez, and were defeated; raised entrenchments round Thoulouse, saw them forced on the 10th of April, 1814, suffering an acknowledged loss of 4000 men out of 25,000; and, to save the remnant of their troops, retreated in the night. The pursuit was on the point of being followed up, to their ruin, when a courier from Paris announced the fall of Napoleon.

All France was instantly loyal, peaceful, exulting and *Bourboniste*. Soult was among the first to hoist the white cockade; and published an order of the day, declaring the adhesion of his army to "The Provisional Government for the restoration of Louis the Eighteenth to the throne of St. Louis and Henri Quatre." Within a few days, he and his companions in arms had a new opportunity of exhibiting their conversion to *Bourbonisme*. The Duke d'Angoulême visited the army. The official report of this scene was romantically tender. The Prince's reception by the troops was described, in the native style, as "a spectacle, at once martial and touching." Everybody wept, as usual; a thousand shouts a thousand times repeated, hailed the arrival of the Duke. "All cried, 'Vive Louis XVIII! Vive le Duc de'Angouleme!' A universal acclaim of joy, enthusiasm, and homage, burst forth at the presence of a prince worthy to be the descendant of the brave and good Henri. All hearts flew to meet him. His own was deliciously moved. The troops in seeing him, recognised the blood of their legitimate sovereign; and, marching before him under the lilies of peace, looked as on a day of victory. The Duke, in the midst of them, looked like a father in the midst of his children." How short a time was to elapse, before this new father was to be turned out of the bosom of his family, and the children to forget this charming reconciliation. In the mean time, loyalty was not to be without its reward. The Marshal was created Chevalier of St. Louis, and appointed to the command of the 13th military division.

The royal proposal to erect a monument at Quiberon to the unfortunate emigrants who fell in 1795 severely tried the marshal's

submission. But the draught was swallowed, and the pupil of the republic and prince of the empire signalized his devotion to a king and a Bourbon. The programme was drawn under the marshal's inspection, and pledged him to every thing that a novelist could have written, or a Frenchman sworn to. "Among the ancients," said this classic document, "some vain ceremonies were used to console afflicted shades. But Christianity, all divine, follows its children far beyond the tomb. It places in the first rank of its affections those victims whom a glorious death has carried away in the midst of battles for the altar and the throne."

"The plains of Carnac, the shores of Quiberon, saw legions of those Christian warriors fall. As they died, their last words were devotion to their king, and prayers for their country. Today the king, after a long exile, the country, after a long silence, each answers to those touching farewells." The programme, having thus expressed the principles of the new loyalists, proceeded to direct that a pyramid should be erected at Quiberon and a funeral monument in the Chartreuse, at Auray, with a view of the return of Louis le Desire on one side, and of the Duc d'Angoulême, paying honors to the dead, on the other. At the obsequies of Louis XVIII. and his unhappy queen, the marshal held a corner of the pall.

These little wanderings from the right line of Napoleonism must be forgiven, or may be forgotten, in the multitude of fellow sinners. Loyalty was the universal business. This was the glorious day of the *girouettes*. All France was in a perpetual whirl before the court breeze. But girouettism was soon to flourish on a still larger scale. Formidable news came in the midst of those days of bowing and smiling, orders of St Louis, and dinners at the table of *Le Desiré*; Napoleon was on the land of France! The emotion in the streets was strong; at the council-table of the trembling government it was stronger still; but in the breasts of the gallant marshals and generals covered with the Bourbon ribbons and crosses, was strongest of all. They knew that Napoleon had a quick memory and a heavy hand; and the grand question now was, who should first mount the tricolor. The king proposed Soult for the command of the army which was to cut off the invader's march from Lyons. The marshal prudently declined the command, satisfied himself with laughing at Napoleon's temerity, and proposed Ney, a headlong and loose-tongued gladiator, who, in the pride of his new favors, made the showy declaration, "That he would bring M. Le Corse



in an iron cage." The Tuileries was still blind beyond the ordinary blindness of thrones, and on the 8th of March, 1815, Soult, as minister of war, published the following order:—

"Soldiers! *That man!* who lately abdicated in the face of all Europe, a power which he had usurped, and of which he had made so fatal an use, BONAPARTE, has landed on the French soil, to which he ought never to have returned. What does he want? A civil war. Whom does he seek? Traitors. Where are they to be found? Is it among those soldiers whom he has deceived and sacrificed so often. Bonaparte insults us enough to believe that we can abandon a legitimate and beloved Sovereign, to share the fate of a man who is nothing but an *adventurer*. This he thinks, madman! and his last act of madness completes our knowledge of him. Soldiers! the French army is the bravest in Europe, it will be also the most faithful. Let us rally round the banner of the Lily, at the voice of the father of his people, the worthy heir of the virtues of the Great Henry, &c. &c. (Signed)

*The Minister, Secretary of State for War,  
The Marshal, Duke of Dalmatia."*

But the king grew uneasy at the unlucky defeat of every plan of his minister of war, and dismissed him with a letter overflowing with royal confidence and compliment. Within two months and a day from the date of Soult's address, he was announced, in the Paris papers, as major-general of the empire of Napoleon! (May 9,) and was made a peer!

The famous and abortive *Champ de Mai*, a pantomime in which Napoleon played Harlequin, and the whole generation of *girouettes* danced as Clowns and Pantaloons, made heavy demands on official eloquence, and the major-general again addressed the army. The effusion was not difficult, for he had little more to do than copy his former performance, changing the names.

"The destinies of France," said this new blazonry of a patriot's heart, "are accomplishing, and all the attempts of an impious league cannot separate the interests of a great people from the hero, whom the most brilliant triumphs have made the admiration of the universe! \* \* \* Every man in France is a soldier when the question is of the national honor and of liberty. The obligations which violence imposed upon us are extinguished by the flight of the Bourbons from the French soil, by the appeal which they have made to foreign armies to remount the throne which they have abandoned, and by the unanimous voice of the nation. \* \* \* But a new career of glory opens to the army. The enemy are numerous, they will say; but what is that to us? It will be the more glorious for us to beat them, and their defeat will add only the more to our renown. The struggle is not above the genius of Napoleon, nor above our own strength. The signal will soon be given. Soldiers! Napoleon guides your steps; let us fight for the independence of our fine country. We are invincible. (Signed)

*The Marshal of the Empire, Major General,  
The Duke of Dalmatia!"*

But the days of the new monarch were numbered, and the triumph of *girouettisme* was to begin again. The major-general attended Napoleon to Ligny on the 16th, and sent an exulting account of that dubious battle to Paris. His attendance was soon to close; he was at Waterloo, on the 18th, and there saw the final fall of his master, the breaking up of the empire, and the extinction of the French army. It is narrated that Napoleon, stupified by the scene of this sweeping ruin, and unable to form any decision, was saved from death or capture by Soult's presence of mind. Towards the end of the battle, when the final advance of the British guards crushed the imperial guard, Napoleon, with Soult, Drouet, Bertrand, and Gourmand, were sitting on their horses under cover of one of the few remaining squares of French infantry. Soult pointed out to him the approach of the British cavalry, who were already within a few hundred yards of the spot. It is said that Napoleon made some exclamation about dying where they were, and finishing their career on the field of battle. But if he ever uttered the words, he was content with the heroism of the speech; Soult seized his horse's bridle, and saying, "Ah, sire, the enemy are fortunate enough already"—a speech which would deserve to be registered in an academy of courtiership in any part of the globe—turned his emperor's face to the rear, and giving his charger the true direction, left Napoleon to his own instincts to make the speediest way he could from the sabres of the British troopers. On the next day, Soult checked his flight at Philippeville, to receive the fugitives, as they came pouring in; while Napoleon hurried on to Paris to be dethroned.

Another scene, equally characteristic, followed this grand display of imperial discomfiture. Wellington pursued the flying emperor and his *braves* to Paris; and there the question was, whether to fight or fly further still. Soult was summoned to the council of generals, for Napoleon was actually under arrest at Malmaison! His opinion was perfectly military and perfectly true. "The left bank of the Seine," said this able tactician, "is totally untenable. The possession even of the right bank, since the capture of Aubervilliers, is extremely dangerous. And if the last hope of the defenders, the line of the canal joining St. Denis to Villette, should be forced, the enemy would have nothing to do but to enter pell-mell with the French into Paris by the barrier of St. Denis." But, to save the "honor of France," an affair of words, which in France are always more important



than things, another council was held, next night, at the head-quarters of the unfortunate Ney, a bold swordsman, but whose conduct to both parties showed that he knew no more of honor than of Chinese. There the time was wasted in worn-out harangues on the grandeur of despair, the invincible things done by Frenchmen when they were defeated, the terrible treachery by which it was the ill luck of the French armies always to be ruined, and the beauties of a free constitution, under Napoleon! To these were added, the fortifications of Paris! and the warlike propensities of the rabble of the Parisian streets. Soult's answer to all this absurdity was practical and irresistible. "You think we can raise the *federés*," said he, "but how are we to give them muskets. You have none. A levy *en masse* is not to be disciplined in a day. Before you can have a single battalion ready, Paris will have before its weak walls 60,000 Bavarians, and 150,000 Austrians more to fight. What will you do then? The affair *must* finish by a surrender, and the blood shed by you will be only so much lost. But will not the enemy make you pay the penalty of your silly resistance? If the allies at this moment think themselves strong enough to refuse you a suspension of arms, what will they not do, when they have on your soil 1,200,000 soldiers? The dismemberment of France, and the pillage and devastation of the metropolis, will probably be the fruits of the giddy attempt which is now proposed to you."

This was plain speaking, without a shadow of that high strain in which the powers and prospects of France were usually blazoned; not a syllable was said about invincibility, the untarnishable glory of the Grande Nation, or the impossibility of taking possession of the last threshold or the last livre of France, by "barbarians," whether from the equator or the pole. The necessity of the case mastered the genius of the metaphor, and the glitter of the allied bayonets along the Seine reduced the established panegyric to common sense. It is true, that the mob orators harangued as long as they thought that they were safe from the cannon-shot of the invaders; that the fugitive troops from Waterloo were doubly indignant at not being suffered to fight; and that the generals, who were glad to escape along with them, boasted fiercely of determining to extinguish Wellington under the walls of Paris. It is true, that they all swore, of course, to die on the spot, rather than abandon Paris; and it is equally true that Wellington's advance was a formidable test of the force of all this oratory. The higher

personages knew how rapidly these national inspirations might vanish in a struggle with the Cossacks and Hungarians; and while some fled and others went openly to pay the homage of their new-born loyalty to the king, Soult, without noise, gave up the command of the army, and glided away to wait the current of affairs on his estate in Languedoc. Ney capitulated, and the army quietly marched out of Paris, and was sent behind the Loire.

Other hazards now awaited the host of unchangeable warriors, who had alternately hoisted the white cockade, and the traitor Soult was seized on his way through the prefecture of the Lozère, and finally escaped the popular rage only by the direct interference of the Duke d'Angoulême. Ney was shot; and a royal ordonnance of July, 1815, declared the marshal to be among the muster-roll of thirty-eight, who were ordered to quit Paris in three days, to retire to whatever part of France the government should direct, and consider themselves under strict surveillance, until the Chambers should decide which of them were to be sent out of the country, and which given over to the tribunals. Soult published a pamphlet in defence, but the attempt was hopeless. By a decree of January, 1817, he retired beyond the Rhine. In May, 1819, he was suffered to find his way back again, and was received into favor with a large pension.

Religion now was presumed to be the future business of a life spent so long amid the tossings of the world. No man seemed more deeply penetrated with a sense of the vanities of courts, camps, and cabinets. The missionaries rejoiced in their convert. Charles X., himself a devotee of the first magnitude, was charmed with the sudden conversion of the great soldier. Soult walked in procession in Notre Dame, carried holy candles, and eclipsed all the religious by the persevering spirit of his piety. The king honored the saint still more than the soldier, and at his coronation, in 1825, Soult's scorn of the vanities of the world was recompensed by his being appointed chevalier of the royal orders! In two years after he was created a peer.

The later portion of his history may be despatched in a few words. The Revolution of 1830, which placed Louis Philippe on the throne, made Soult once more minister of war. Liberty was on every lip, but those who knew more of the liberty of France than the orators in the streets or the scribblers in the journals, knew that the king, who was made by one "July," might be unmade by another. Soult's elevation



astonished all the world of France, but the king and the marshal. The king, a shrewd, active, and experienced judge of the popular mind of his country, remembered the lessons of his exile, and wisely determined not to leave it in the power of every coxcomb in the Chambers, or rabble leader in the Boulevards, to send him back to America. No Lafayette should tow him out of his palace, and no Brissot should sentence him to the scaffold. He adopted the natural cure for the revolutionary fever. He chose the ablest officer in his kingdom to be his defender, and the result has justified the choice. If Charles X. had done the same, he might have been, every hour since, sitting in the Tuileries, the grand regulator of fetes and processions, listening to the murmurs of Jacobinism, as a man on shore listens to the growlings of the ocean, food for his complacency; and using the most furious of the journals to light his cigar. Soult's decision in the formidable affair of the funeral of General Lamarque, shows the practical value of the man. He felt no sentimental pangs at doing his duty, and rescuing Paris from conflagration and the world from a French Republic. He was as plain, prompt, and decisive, in the streets of the maddened capital, as he had ever been in the front of the charging enemy. He had no more timidity or romantic tenderness in the presence of revolution, than he had when the fate of France depended upon his intrepidity, at the head of his battalions in Germany or Spain; and the result was equally fortunate for France, for himself, and for the general peace of Europe.

This eminent person has again left the French cabinet. Such is the caprice of human fortune, and the fate of statesmen in the moment of their highest importance to the welfare of the state. The causes of this change are lost in the infinite gossiping, chicaneries, and mystifications, that belong to all courts, and *par excellence* to the politics and politicians of France. But in him Louis Philippe has lost the most distinguished military man of France, and we have now to see how he will fight the battles of monarchy by the harangues of the doctrinaires. The condition of that great kingdom, at this moment, is made to baffle the pride of prophecy. Whether it will inflame into a republic within the year, or display to Europe a monarchy growing from strength to strength, casting off the ragged, gory relics of democracy, and assuming the dignity, gravity, and regal port of an established throne, is a doubt which no man living can fully solve. But it must be ac-

knowledgeed that Louis Philippe has shown singular fitness for the difficulties of his station. Without unnecessary violence, he has summarily put down all attempts at overthrowing his authority. Without straining the law, he has successively brought all political offenders within the hand of the tribunals; without violating mercy as a man, no monarch has more unhesitatingly executed justice on the disturbers of the state. While he lives, it is not improbable that France may remain a monarchy, that it may preserve peace with the Continent, and that it may even present the honorable and gratifying spectacle of a country gifted with the highest bounties, improved by the highest advantages of an active, wise, and paternal government. But when he is called on at length to give up crown and sceptre to the summoner who crushes crowns and sceptres so recklessly into the dust, on whose brow shall the diadem of France fall? or shall the diadem be exchanged for the red cap, or for some still more ferocious badge of some still more ferocious development of human passions, maddened by the sight of possession, drunk with the banquet of national vanity, and burning like the throats of the wolf or the tiger, for more blood at every fresh draught of massacre? The notorious irreligion, the habitual Jacobinism, and the inextinguishable ambition of the spirit of France in this hour of anxiety, fill the future with terrible shapes of evil. But whether the storm, already gathering all round the horizon, is to cast down its especial lightnings on democratic France, while its thunders shake the hearts of all surrounding nations; or whether, after a brief convulsion, the atmosphere is to be cleared, and the retiring tempest only to augment the glories and splendor of the political heaven; we say, "*Long live the king!*"

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ART. IX.—1. *Geschichte des Deutschen Volkes.* Von Heinrich Luden. (History of the German Nation. By Henry Luden.) Vol. V.—VIII., 8vo. Gotha. 1830—1833.

2. *Geschichte der Alten Deutschen, besonders der Franken.* Von Konrad Mannert, Hofrath, &c. (History of the Early Germans, especially of the Franks. By Conrad Mannert, Aulic Councillor, and regular Professor at the University of



Munich.) Vol. II., Svo. Stuttgart & Tübingen. 1832.\*

IN execution of the purpose intimated when closing our account of the earlier portion of the labors of these able but very dissimilar authors in the field of German History,† we again bring them under the eye of the British public. Mannert has now completed the task which, in the preface to this second volume, he tells us he had assigned himself, to wit, that of affording German readers such a manual of their national history prior to the accession of the House of Hohenstauffen, as may enable them the better to comprehend Raumer's infinitely more detailed development of events, in his History of the Hohenstauffen Emperors.‡ Luden,—whom we take shame to ourselves for not having, in the first instance, introduced to our readers as Professor of History at the University of Jena—Luden does not, in the four volumes now before us, come down quite so low; pausing nearly at the beginning of those violent dissensions between the temporal and spiritual heads of Christendom, that broke out during the reign of the Emperor Henry IV., and the papacy of Gregory VII. These volumes comprise, nevertheless, a period replete with historical interest. They present us with the separation of France and Germany into distinct kingdoms, with the development of the feudal system in Germany, where, in spite of the efforts of such really great emperors as Henry I. and III., Otho I. and Frederic I. and II., it prevented that country from blending into one whole, and thus assuming the station that she was entitled to hold in Europe; with the gradual advance of the papal power; with the rise, or rather, perhaps, dawn, of municipal and commercial freedom; with the devastating predatory inroads of the Northmen, or Normans, and their subsequent establishment, first in France, then in Italy and England; and with the similar inroads of the Magyars, commonly called Hungarians, and their establishment in Hungary, &c. &c. There are topics more than enough for one review; and the reign which must occupy most of Luden's next volume opens a new scene of long-lasting importance in European politics. We have, therefore, thought it advisable, without awaiting this author's further progress, to give our readers some account of his fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth volumes.

\* This volume was somewhat prematurely announced as published in 1831.

† F. Q. R. vol. vii. p. 145.

‡ For Raumer's History of the Hohenstauffens, see F. Q. R. vol. iii. p. 550.

Having already spoken fully of the different characters of Luden's and of Mannert's works,\* it will, upon the present occasion, only be necessary to say that we find little or no change therein. Mannert is still wearisomely dry from brevity; a complaint at which the reader may, perhaps, wonder, conceiving that nearly 600 closely printed octavo pages, devoted to the annals of about three centuries, might afford room for some little of the detail that gives life and animation to history. But Mannert's number of pages must be compared not with the quantity of letter-press of Hume, or of our modern compilers of pocket histories, but with that of his own countrymen; and when we consider that Luden's eight, decidedly thicker volumes, do not contain as many years, by sixty, as Mannert's thinner two, we must allow that the latter work may bear all the characters of brevity, shortness alone excepted, shortness not being a German quality.

This second volume is more in the style of a manual, and, therefore, yet drier than the first; its general abridgment not being relieved, as before, by occasional detail. We must likewise notice a strange degree of inaccuracy or negligence in minor points, easily discoverable, which tends somewhat, though assuredly very slightly, to shake the confidence we formerly expressed in this writer's correctness upon points where, to ascertain it, a laborious investigation might be required. As an instance of this inaccuracy, we may mention his calling Adelheid, the mother of Otho II., his grandmother; and this not once only, going on to say in the next sentence:—

“She arrives; grandmother and grandson fall weeping into each other's arms.”

This occurs within a paragraph of Otho II.'s death, and the author was probably thinking of the next reign, when, as grandmother to the young emperor Otho III., Adelheid took an active part in the administration. But other mistakes of the same kind cannot be even thus, not justified, but explained; as when he speaks of the son-in-law of the childless Henry V., meaning thereby his nephews, the Hohenstauffen sons of his only sister Agnes. Are such trifles beneath the notice of a philosophical historian? Or is the professor deficient in the genealogical organ? Perhaps this last conjecture might be corroborated by the great admiration Mannert expresses for the skill with which old chroniclers have recorded genealogies prior to the facilitating device of surnames. One other example,

\* F. Q. R. vol. vii. p. 150.



unconnected with genealogies, and we will leave the ungrateful but imperative duty of reviewers, that of pointing out small faults in a valuable work. After relating the election of Lothar II., the immediate successor of Henry V., Mannert says :—

“Lothar II. immediately solicited from the holy father the confirmation of his election, by a deputation of three highly respected bishops; this was not the obedience-embassy, usual ever since the time of Henry V.—”

Henry V. being the emperor just deceased.

Of Luden, it will be remembered, we formerly said that his pursuit of originality, his love of reasoning out, from the contradictions of his authorities, from the laws of human nature, &c. &c., what the course of events must have been, render him sometimes a little tedious, and oftener not a guide to be unhesitatingly trusted. But he is full of matter, full of detail, full of speculation; he gives, in copious notes, extracts from those authors whose statements he rejects or amplifies; and, especially with the straightforward Mannert for a corrective, he is a valuable historian. The glowing zeal of nationality, indeed, that awakened all our sympathies in his former volumes, we miss in these—inasmuch as Luden is a modern liberal, and, therefore, so bitter an enemy to the feudal system and every thing thereunto belonging, that he writes of the period now before us in a tone of virulent reprobation peculiarly disagreeable in an historian. On the other hand, this is in a great measure counterbalanced by a delightful spirit of optimism, which leads him to regard every event, every calamity, every condition of things, as essential to the development of European nationality, civilization, and liberty. Nothing is excepted from these views, we believe, save only feudal institutions and judicial combat; and we confess ourselves surprised that he should not be softened towards these by observing how useful were the first in preventing European monarchy from degenerating into Oriental despotism, or the tyranny of the Roman emperors; and that the latter, when judges were as ignorant and barbarous as all men were superstitious, must, at least, have been nearly as efficacious a way as any other of eliciting truths sedulously concealed by self-interest. For ourselves, we must confess, unphilosophical as it may sound, our suspicion that the great majority of early judicial combats were wont to prove that

“thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just, And he but naked, though locked up in steel, Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.”

It will be remembered, that one of Lu-

den's grand objects, in his former volumes, was to show how thoroughly the Franks were Germans, how decidedly the sovereignty of both Merovingians and Carolingians over France and part of Germany, was a German sovereignty. As pertaining to, and completing, this subject, we shall now call the reader's attention to the decline, downfall, and severance of the Carolingian empire; which is moreover highly important in some other respects; viz. relatively to our author's development of nationality, to the natural and political relations of the Netherlands, and to that connexion between Italy and Germany, which occasioned so much discord and bloodshed during the middle ages. We will begin with some of our author's philosophical political speculations upon the consequences of Charlemagne's coronation as emperor.

“The importance of the restoration of the imperial title is undeniable; but it regards a later generation. For the moment, the name of Roman Emperor only awoke obscure recollections, which perhaps brought German into some connexion with Roman times, which probably generated strange notions of grandeur and supremacy; but these wrought mysteriously as preparations for the future. \* \* \* It increased the movement of life, produced collisions and dissensions, and thus contributed to the development of various relations amongst the nations of the German world. \* \* \* The imperial crown obtained its real importance through the Popes. When the Popes acquired the full consciousness of the power, which, in those ages of vicissitude and tempest, the wants of men had accumulated upon their see,—when in this consciousness they strove to bring the thrones of kings under their control, in order to rule as absolutely over arms and civil society as over the minds of men and the united church; then did they seek to set up the imperial crown as the centre, as the very source, of all worldly power, in order to have a determinate object against which to direct their efforts, and in order to make their hard-fought victories over the man who wore the imperial crown available as gained over all kings and princes in Christendom. The exaltation of the imperial crown was to serve as a back-ground to the exaltation of the tiara. \* \* \* Thus did futurity fashion itself into a form utterly different from that which, in all likelihood, it wore to the soul of Charles the Great; and the imperial dignity which, according to his views, might be regarded as the means of bringing the Roman see under due subjection to the throne served only to aggrandize the Popes.”

We must here observe that Luden, though, as we believe, a Protestant, esteems the papal authority to have been of inestimable value during the dark ages, as the producer of a degree of union throughout Christendom, indispensable to the promotion of the regular progress of events towards civilization, and its own eventual superfluity, not to say noxiousness.

Adorned with the revived imperial title, whether useful or not, Charlemagne at length effectually conquered and converted



to Christianity the long-struggling Saxons; and his empire, at the close of his reign, extended from Rome and the duchy of Benevento to the North Sea, from the Ebro to the Elbe. To the north and east of the last-named river, dwelt the still heathen and independent Danes and Sclavonians; the south-eastern provinces of Germany being likewise held by tribes of the latter nation, of whom some few acknowledged a sort of nominal subjection to the Franks.

This enormous empire Charlemagne bequeathed to his only surviving son, Lewis the Pious, a surname given him by contemporary Latin annalists (*Pius*), that the French have been pleased to translate, we know not why, the *Debonnaire*. Lewis was totally incompetent to the office with which the deaths of his elder brothers had burdened him. The great vassals, without denying, disdained his authority; the Sclavonians re-asserted their independence; the Danes and Saracens recovered most of the lands conquered from them; the Northmen ravaged the sea-coasts, and penetrated far up the rivers, carrying with them such ruthless and utter desolation, that, as we read, we marvel how any sort of society could continue to exist amidst such murder and destruction of all the *materiel* of life; and the emperor's sons, to whom he had given portions of his dominions as so many separate kingdoms, rebelled against him. At his death, he left sons and empire in a state of complete anarchy, which terminated temporarily in the tripartite division of the empire, an event which Luden considers as the first step towards nationality; and he, therefore, rejoices that no second Charlemagne succeeded to hold the discordant parts, with a strong hand, together. Lewis had given Italy, with the title of emperor, to his eldest son Lothar; Aquitaine to the second, Pippin; and Bavaria to the third, Lewis, afterwards surnamed the German. Pippin died before his father, leaving two infant sons. But the rights of grandsons were, in those days, little regarded. These lawful heirs were set aside, and Aquitaine was transferred to Charles the Bald, the offspring of Lewis's second marriage. Luden says,—

"At Lewis's death, his favorite son, Charles, now a youth of seventeen, hated by his brothers, was carrying on hostilities against his nephew Pippin (son of his deceased brother Pippin) in Aquitaine; and the contest gained new vigor from the death of the old Emperor. Lewis, King of Bavaria had retreated before his father, but not laid down his arms, and, upon the tidings of that father's decease, his first care was to gain over the collective German nations, and induce them to take the oath of fidelity to himself as their king and liege lord. Lothar likewise was at the head

of an armed force, having been invited by his father to the general assembly appointed to be held at Worms; and, upon learning the Emperor's death, he hastened over the Alps with enlarged schemes, conceiving that the crown and sword allotted to him by the expiring Lewis the Pious authorized his most ambitious pretensions.

"In fact, Lothar immediately assumed the imperial title, and despatched messengers to all parts of the realm, especially throughout Francia" (the Latin form of Frankland then in use) "to announce his accession to the empire. To all vassals he promised that they should retain the fiefs granted them by his father, and even receive more; he summoned them to meet him, and threatened with the punishment of death all who should hesitate to obey his summons. The Frankland vassals, impelled by cupidity and fear, thronged to meet the new Emperor, and received him with joyous gratulations at the foot of the Alps.

"Lewis meanwhile, full of his old anger against this faithless brother, and provoked anew by the pretensions which he now brought forward, was counter-working Lothar. He had assembled his Bavarians, and gained the Allemans (now Swabians). He had advanced to the Rhine, and there arrayed forces sufficient to foil his brother's attempt. Thence he had himself hastened to Saxony, in order there also to impress a conviction of the necessity that all Germans should hold hard together against the projects of a foreign king. Nor were his labors unavailing. But ere he could return from Saxony, Lothar, with an hourly increasing army had descended from the Alps and reached the Rhine. The Emperor at the same time sent an embassy to his brother Charles, to cajole him and secure his friendship during his own war with Lewis. He caused the youthful Prince to be assured, that what he had promised their common father, he would perform to him the more faithfully for having presented him to baptism; and entreated, meanwhile, that he, Charles, would spare their nephew Pippin, until they, the brothers, should meet and converse. Lothar desired, in case of need, to preserve in Pippin an ally against Charles."

But to record the vicissitudes of the—shall we say civil or family?—wars carried on amongst the brothers and nephews, would be a uselessly irksome task. Suffice it to state that they lasted for three years, and that Lothar proved himself the falsest of the brothers, Charles the weakest, and Lewis, without any great superiority of head or heart, decidedly the best. In the course of the struggle, Lewis and Charles united against their elder brother. They met at Strasburg, on the 14th of February, 842, and we are told—

"Believing it necessary to give their alliance the greatest publicity and the utmost solemnity, they resolved to ratify it by oath, in the presence of their armies, and to cause them likewise to swear to its observance; so that the oath of the prince might be corroborated by the oath of every individual warrior. The oath was to be sworn by Lewis in the *Romane* language, by Charles in the German, so that no man in either army might entertain any doubt respecting the oath of his foreign ally. The two armies were assembled, and, Lewis, as the elder, made the following speech in German."



The speech is a mere longish enumeration of Lothar's offences, and an announcement of the younger brethren's intentions.

"Charles repeated this speech in *Romane*. Nithard, the historian, who most likely was present, has preserved it in Latin. Then the kings swore one and the same oath; Lewis, as the elder, first in the *Romane*, then Charles in the German tongue. Lastly, the armies swore a similar oath, each in their own language. The same historian has transmitted these oaths to us, word for word, in the languages in which the kings and their armies swore them."

As a curious specimen of the languages of the times, we give the oaths of the two armies—the king's is less remarkable—with a literal translation; but must observe that Luden thinks the German may be less authentic, as to spelling, &c., than the *Romane*, inasmuch as the oldest MS. of Nithard's history extant is of the following century, when his French copyist might not understand German. Nithard himself was a cousin of the two kings, being the son, it is supposed illegitimate, of Charlemagne's daughter, Bertha. The first is the oath of the *Romane* army, the second of the German.

"*Si Lodhuwigs, sacrament que son fradre*  
 "If Lewis the oath that his brother  
*Karlo jurat conservat, et Karlus meos*  
 Charles swears, keeps, and Charles my  
*Sendra de suo part non los tavit, si jo*  
 Lord of his part not it keeps, if I  
*returnar non l'unt pois, ne jo ne*  
 disturn not him-there-from can, nor I nor  
*neuls cui co returnar int pois, in nulla*  
 none whom I disturn therefrom can in none  
*adjudha contra Lodhuwig non lui ier.*  
 aid against Lewis not to-him will-be.  
 "Oba Karl then eid, then er sineno brudther  
 "If Charles that oath, that he to-his brother  
*Ludhuwige geswor, gelcistit, indi Ludhuwig min*  
 Lewis swore, observes, and Lewis my  
*Herro then er imo geswor forbrichit ob ih*  
 Lord that he to-him swore breaks, if I  
*ina nes iruunden ne mag, noh ih noh thero,*  
 him not-of-it disturn not can, nor I nor he,  
*noh hein, then ih es iruunden mag, wuidar*  
 nor any that I of-it disturn can, against  
*Karle imo co follusti ne? wuidhit.*  
 Charles to-him of help will-be."

Luden expresses his doubts of the French copyist's German, and we suspect that the *ine* which puzzles him, and which he does not attempt to translate, is one of the said copyist's blunders. Should it not stand thus, *follusti ne*? the *i* being the sign of the dative case, erroneously joined to the second *ne*, not?

Lothar, at length, growing weary of indecisive and destructive wars, wrote to his brothers, saying:—

"He wished to send ambassadors to them to treat of peace: where and how should it be done? The brothers answered that he might send whomsoever he pleased, and could easily learn where

they were. At the same time they resolved to march conjointly to Chalons on the Saone. When they reached Meaux, in the neighborhood of Chalons, they were met by many distinguished men—amongst whom are named Counts Josippo, Eberhard, and Egbert—sent by Lothar, who had advanced to Macon. The envoys said that Lothar acknowledged his fault towards God and them, and wished not to prolong the contest; if, for the sake of the imperial title which he had received from their father, of the imperial dignity which the realm owed to their grandfather Charlemagne, they would allow him something above a third of the realm, he would be well satisfied; if not, let each keep his original share; he himself, Lombardy; Lewis, Bavaria; Charles, Aquitaine; and the remainder be divided into three equal shares: then let each govern his own share as well as, under God's favor, he can, independently of the others; but each be ever ready kindly to aid the others; and so an eternal peace, grounded upon reciprocity, subsist amongst all three. Of his nephew, Pippin, Lothar said not a word."

Lewis and Charles accepted the last proposal, but the difficulty was to agree upon the division. Negotiations ensued, and, after much discussion,

"the envoys of the younger brothers proposed to Lothar that Lewis and Charles should divide the empire into three equal portions, and he, the emperor, should choose amongst the three. To this proposal Lothar agreed. Hereupon the three brothers met in the month of June, in a little island in the Saone, called Ansilla, opposite Macon; when they solemnly swore that an honorable and brotherly peace should henceforward subsist between them. They settled to meet again on the 1st of October, at Metz, when each should name forty of his principal adherents, to effect the equitable partition of the empire; and the decision of this great body of men was to be final. So they parted in peace and friendship.

"Each of the three brothers now went his own way, all three proceeding, impelled by wrath and vengeance, to several, but alike horrid, deeds."

These were to be acted against and upon insurgents. When the time appointed for the next meeting of the brothers approached,

"Lewis and Charles left their armies at Worms, and repaired to Metz, against the first of October, accompanied by those of their partizans whom they had selected to act for them in the division of the empire. To Metz came likewise Lothar, with his plenipotentiaries. But it appeared that, contrary to agreement, Lothar had brought his army to Diedenhofen, eight hours' march only from Metz. The vicinity of Lothar's troops appeared dangerous to the younger brothers. At length, they proposed that the negotiations should be removed to some other place, equidistant from both armies; in no case would they expose to danger eighty distinguished men, whose loss would be to them irreparable. This was agreed to; and Coblenz chosen as the most convenient place.

"\* \* \* But reciprocal mistrust and the storm of passion had not yet subsided; and to prevent quarrels it was thought best that the plenipotentiaries of the allied brothers should take up their abode on the right bank of the Rhine, and Lothar's theirs on the left. They held daily meetings in the church of St. Castor. But claims and counter-claims were quickly advanced, rendering



accommodation impossible; then followed complaints and counter-complaints, reproaches and recriminations. The plenipotentiaries were to swear that they would, to the best of their knowledge and abilities, divide the empire into three equal parts. But it soon appeared that the plenipotentiaries were inadequately acquainted with the empire. \* \* \* How could they divide into equal parts a whole imperfectly known to them? Was it not perjury to swear to divide equally that which was unknown? The bishops, to whom these difficulties were submitted, differed in their judgments. Those of Lothar's party thought that the business should be terminated as speedily as possible; that it mattered not though the parts were not quite equal; that he who sinned through his oath might make atonement; and that this would be, at all events, a less evil than the longer sufferance of robbery, incendiarism, murder, and adultery, by the Church of God. Those who were adherents of Lewis and Charles were of opinion, on the contrary, that there was no need of sinning against God; that the existing peace might be prolonged, and the plenipotentiaries meanwhile travel over the empire thus to acquire the requisite information.'

This was the measure adopted; but before proceeding to the division, we must extract Luden's sketch of the miseries which the empire to be divided was enduring.

"The hard winter, this year so pernicious to man and beast, had already begun. The distress was everywhere great. Social order was everywhere dissolved in the long-continuing disorder. Whatever the vassals in their criminal expeditions had spared, was plundered and destroyed by bands of robbers, whom the distress had created and supported. In Gaul, which had suffered most from the contentions of kings and vassals, such a scarcity prevailed, that men mingled a little meal with earth, fashioned the whole into loaves, and therewith assuaged their hunger. The south coasts of Italy and of Gaul were hardly ever free from Moors, for nowhere could these miscreants be repulsed. With like temerity, did the Northmen devastate the north and west coast of Gaul, and even as far as the Pyrenees no security against the violence of these adventurous heroes was to be found. If the German coast was spared, it was only because it offered no booty worth taking. In Aquitaine, hostilities were carrying on between Pippin and the partisans of Charles the Bald. In Saxony, the '*Stellinga*'—this was the name assumed by the lower orders of Saxons, who, prior to their subjugation, had been a sort of free yeomanry, in their rebellion against the feudal oppressions of the Frank lords, against the exactions of the Christian priesthood—the '*Stellinga*, driven to madness by Lewis's frightful revenge, had risen anew, to try once more whether it were not possible to regain life's chief blessing, liberty.'"

At length the plenipotentiaries re-assembled at Verdun, with the requisite knowledge.

"The negotiations at Verdun produced a convention which, in essentials, differed but little from the former proposals of Lewis and Charles; whence it appears that the well-informed plenipotentiaries could not improve upon what the uninformed had planned. The treaty was concluded in August, 843, but has only been handed down to us in general terms. Lewis obtained what he desired, to wit, all the German provinces to the right of the Rhine, and on its left bank the cities

and districts of Spire, Worms, and Mainz; in order, in the first place, indisputably to facilitate his crossing the Rhine in case Charles should need his assistance against the perturbator Lothar; but, in the second place, with a view to what was more important, that the bishops, whose sees were in those cities, might remain attached wholly to the kingdom in which the larger part of their diocesses lay. Charles obtained all the land west of a frontier line, which, beginning from the mouth of the Scheldt, ascended that river, crossed from its source to the Meuse, ran up the Meuse, passed over to the Saone, and finally went down this river to its confluence with the Rhone, and down the Rhone to the sea. Lastly, all the land lying between the allotments of Lewis and of Charles fell to Lothar's share."

Thus it will be observed that Lothar's allotment north of the Alps consisted of the lately constructed and more lately dismembered kingdom of the Netherlands, *minus* Flanders, which was assigned to France, and *plus* the Prussian possessions upon the Rhine, Switzerland, and a large slice of France, including the old provinces of Lorraine, Franche Comté, Alsace, Dauphiny, and Provence. Upon this division Luden remarks:—

"The treaty of Verdun, which founded both a French and a German realm, and gave to Charles the Great's grandson, Lewis, a claim to the surname of the German, was undeniably the work of existing circumstances; but these circumstances had, in the course of events, so fashioned themselves, that the profoundest wisdom of men could hardly have devised or accomplished anything better. Since Italy, Bavaria, and Aquitaine were considered as kingdoms, of which the sons of Lewis the Pious, having once received them from their father, could not be deprived—and since Lothar convulsively clung to the imperial dignity, of which the title was derived from Rome, and the seat was Aachen (*Gallice*, and thence *Anglice*, Aix-la-Chapelle)—it became inevitable that Lothar must choose as his addition to Italy that portion of the empire which contained Aix. By this choice he certainly constructed a most unnatural empire, the durability of which was impossible; for, beginning from the shores of the German Ocean, betwixt the Rhine and the Scheldt, and running down Italy, it had no breadth proportionate to its length; except in Italy, it had no assured boundaries; and the long lever, at the two ends of which hung Rome and Aix, instead of being supported and held in equipoise by the Alps, was broken by them into two parts, that had little or nothing in common. \* \* \* But by severing the land betwixt the Rhine and the Scheldt, Meuse, and Saone, Lothar rendered a service, of which he had no suspicion, to civilization, since he obliged the kingdoms to the east and to the west, that he resigned to his brothers, to develop themselves in their respective nationalities. West of the Meuse and Scheldt, the *Romane* language prevailed; east of the Rhine, German was universally spoken. The transition from one language to the other took place in the provinces between these rivers; there a confusion of tongues prevailed. The previous constant intercourse, and passage of troops from one region to the other, had spread this confusion over Gaul and Germany. Nor were the languages alone thus mingled together, and thereby impeded in their independent formation: equally so were man-



ners, customs, and all the relations of social life. This commingling of languages and manners was now limited by the frontiers of that kingdom; and the Germans were the better secured against the intrusion of *Romane* words and ways, because, in all that portion of Lothar's dominions which bordered upon Germany, life and speech were exclusively German."

But harmony could not be thus introduced into the Carlovingian family, where, as amongst the supplanted Merovingians of yore, guilt and discord reigned. With these matters, however, we need not concern ourselves, but must speak briefly of the subsequent fate of Lothar's unshapely empire. This emperor, at his death, divided his *lengthy* strip of dominions amongst his three sons. The eldest, Lewis, inherited the imperial title, with its then esteemed inseparable adjunct, Italy, or at least Lombardy. Lothar, the second, had the portion north of the Alps, which now received the name of Lotharingen or Lothringen, meaning the possessions of Lothar; a name since Frenchified into Lorraine, and gradually restricted to the single province so called until the French Revolution. From Lotharingen some south-western provinces were severed for the youngest son, Charles, and, upon his untimely death, divided between Lewis and Lothar. In 869, Lothar likewise died without legitimate children, and Lotharingen became the subject of contests and wars, ending in a division; from which, however, the natural heir, Lothar's brother, the emperor Lewis, was excluded, according to Luden, for the following reasons:—

"The unnaturalness of the connexion of the Netherlands with Italy and the severing mountains was generally felt. It was perceived that the Emperor Lewis, who had constantly to struggle and to fight in Italy, could be nothing to the Netherlands unless he deserted Italy, and nothing to Italy should he reside in Lotharingen. Italy, if still to belong to the Carlovingians, must needs have a king of her own; and the vassals seem to have thought themselves at liberty to select any prince of Charles the Great's descendants for their lord.

"On the 23th of July, the two brothers, (Lewis the German and Charles the Bald,) met at Mersen, and remained together until the 10th of August. In this time they arranged a division of Lotharingen, in great detail, to prevent the possibility of future misunderstanding. Generally speaking, Lewis obtained all the country beyond the Rhine contained within a frontier line, beginning from Basle, and running past Metz, Aix, and Utrecht, which towns were assigned to him; giving Toul, Verdun, and Cambrai to Charles's kingdom, together with all to the west and south, Burgundy and Provence"—

meaning by Burgundy, be it observed, not the province of Burgundy, but the southern kingdom of the old Burgundian kings.

Neither brother seems to have been con-

tent with his share of this very reasonable partition, which gave the most German provinces to Germany, the most French to France. The successors of the brothers were still less so; and Lotharingen continued to be, as in truth it has ever since been, the cause and the theatre of constantly recurring wars.

In November, 887, the last legitimate male Carlovingian, Charles the Fat was deposed, and with him (who died two months afterwards) ended the sort of amity which, amidst all its divisions and subdivisions, had hitherto existed in the empire of Charlemagne, from the rights of mutual succession amongst the several kings. Arnulf, Duke of Carinthia, an illegitimate grandson of Lewis the German, and a distinguished warrior, aspired to the whole empire and at once possessed himself of the crown of Germany; but whilst he was engaged in securing the submission of the different German nations, (*i. e.*, the Franks, Saxons, Thuringians, Bavarians, and Swabians,) Eudes, Count of Paris, ascended the throne of France, whilst a Duke Rannolf proclaimed himself King of Aquitaine. Lewis, a Carlovingian by the female side, reigned in the kingdom of Arles, as the provinces of Lotharingen lying between the Rhone and the Alps were now called; and Rudolph, another descendant from the daughters of that family, established a kingdom of Upper Burgundy in the Alps, extending northward over more level districts of Lotharingen; the northern provinces of that kingdom being overrun by, and some actually in the hands of, the Northmen, whilst the Slavonians assailed the north of Germany. In Italy, Berengar, Duke of Friuli, son of a daughter of Lewis the Pious, and Guido, whom both our German authors denominate Wido, Duke of Spoleto, contended for the sovereignty, and were successively and severally crowned by the Pope, as King of Italy, and Emperor. With Eudes Arnulf presently concluded a treaty of mutual acknowledgement and friendship. Lewis of Arles at once owned Arnulf for his *suzerain*, or superior lord, as Rudolph, after a long war and the loss of his lowland provinces, was compelled to do. The Northmen Arnulf defeated and drove out of Lotharingen, which, now wholly German, he gave as a tributary kingdom to his illegitimate son Zuentibald. The Slavonians were again reduced to their usual state of sullen submission, and Arnulf found leisure to visit Italy. Here the struggle was long and arduous, but at length the Emperor Guido died, King Berengar was vanquished, and Arnulf received the imperial crown from



the Pope, and oaths of fidelity from the Romans. But with Arnulf died the last gleam of Carolingian splendor. His son and successor, Lewis the Child, died under age in 911, and Germans and Italians were free to choose their sovereigns out of other houses.

The condition of Germany was, at this period, more disastrous than ever. The Northmen devastated the sea-coast, extending their ravages far inland. The Slavonians emulated those ravages on the north-eastern frontier, as did the Magyars, who had recently possessed themselves of Hungary, yet more destructively, in the south-east; whilst the powerful vassals excited and kept up internal broils and disturbances. These last, as well as the absolute inefficiency of the resistance opposed to external enemies, Luden ascribes to the selfish feudal system; and it is certain that this system had all the weakness of a federal government, which it in fact was. We cannot, in this sketch, pretend to unfold the form and effects of feudalism in Germany, but will here extract from Mannert a few statements that may be useful in elucidating the relations of the higher classes amongst themselves:—

"The Count usually took his title from the *Gau*, or district, of which he was governor, and in which considerable *beneficia* (fiefs) were assigned for his maintenance. In his hereditary possessions he was a commander over subjects; in his official situation he administered justice in the king's name, to the freemen of the province.

"These Counts were the true *Fürsten* (*principes*) or princes, the first amongst the people—a designation which, springing from the forests of Germany, maintained itself through subsequent ages, and has finally assumed the form of a sovereign. The king could undertake nothing without first obtaining their concurrence at one of the frequent diets; \* \* \* without their solicited support, he could neither wage war nor carry a law into effect.

"The Dukes were an exerescence of these counts; they were not those old hereditary lords of the soil who could not bear the title of king because they acknowledged the supremacy of the Franks,\* still less those *duces* who only received the title whilst executing some mission intrusted to them, but the king's lieutenants in some of the principal nations, the union of which constituted the German nation. Necessity was, as we have seen, the creator of these Dukes. Neighboring enemies frequently harassed the adjacent German nation; and the king, involved in family broils, could not always afford immediate succor. By his order, or without his knowledge, the suffering nations sought to help themselves, placed the most considerable of their counts at their head, and followed his banners. The earliest instance is found in Thuringia, where the adjacent Sorbes and Dal-

eminzians harassed the borders. Here the king named a governor, called sometimes count, sometimes margrave, (march-count, whence marquess,) sometimes duke, and displaced him again at his pleasure.

"Amongst the Saxons, the ducal dignity became perpetual. Here, too, it was the produce of necessity. Bruno, the first to place himself at their head as duke, was, together with many counts and bishops, slain by the Danes. Precaution against future accidents were the more indispensable, as the Obotrites, &c. sought to profit by the disasters of the Saxons. We accordingly find Otho, Bruno's brother, and his son, King Henry I., succeeded uninterruptedly as dukes of one family, without opposition, as without support, from the king. \* \* \* Duke Otho took the opportunity to unite many fiefs in his own person, and thence gave weight to the dukedom.

"\* \* \* We have called these leaders of their several nations official dukes; and such they were, created by the exigency of the moment, without any view to a continuous dignity. Commonly the exigency proved continuous, and then so did the duke; in other cases it vanished, and with it the duke.

"The most considerable Counts of their several nations were the original Dukes, and bear, with contemporary writers, now this title, now that. But if a family wished to maintain itself in the new dignity, it was requisite to acquire great additions to its estates, as well as to gain the favor of the people."

To Otho, Duke of Saxony, the mightiest amongst these German dukes, descended in a right line from the old Saxon monarch Witikind, by females from Charles Martel and the Frank Billung, and married to a grand-daughter of Lewis the Pious, the crown of Germany was first offered. He seems to have been little tempted by an exaltation so uneasy; and, excusing himself upon the plea of advanced age, recommended as his substitute the Franconian Duke Conrad. Luden, however, doubts Conrad's having come so honorably by the crown, and suspects that he had not only conspired against Lewis the Child, but actually made away with him. We cannot pretend to investigate the fairness of the new king's proceedings, but however he may have obtained the crown, Conrad's reign, in spite of the energies of the man, was neither tranquil nor glorious; Lotharingen revolted and attached itself to France, where an illegitimate Carolingian, Charles the Simple, now reigned. Bavaria, Swabia, and, after Otho's demise, Saxony, were in constant insurrection; the Slavonians, who had flung off the little more than nominal yoke, harassed the frontiers; the Hungarians carried their predatory incursions into the very heart of the kingdom, and the new monarch had not a moment even to think of Italy and the imperial crown. Conrad left no children, and at his decease is said to have recommended as his successor, Henry, Duke of Saxony, Otho's son.

\* Charlemagne got rid of most of these old hereditary dukes of the several German nations or tribes, as being, from their great power, detrimental to the royal authority.



Having now reached another bright period, another great family, inferior only to the early Carolingians, we shall indulge in something more of detail; and, inasmuch as Henry I. appears to us, as well as to the two Professors, Luden and Mannert, really far superior to his son Otho, surnamed the Great, though less celebrated, we propose, alternately abstracting and extracting, according to our usual practice, to give some account of his reign; but must preliminarily observe, *à propos* to the first appearance of a king, not a Frank, that Germany and France were still called East and West Frankland or Francia; and that, all other German nations being deemed of inferior rank to the long-governing Franks, the Saxon duke seems to have been considered as transformed into a Frank, by the very circumstance of his being chosen king. We shall begin with the domestic incidents of Henry's early years, which Luden introduces into the midst of his reign.

"When Henry succeeded his father as Duke of Saxony, he was already six or seven and thirty years of age; and up to this time, with the exception of his expedition against the Daleminzians, above related, the only thing known of him is the following incident, recorded by Dithmar, Bishop of Merseberg,\* but very confusedly, and without any detail. Henry heard of the beauty and opulence of a lady named Hatheburgh or Hatburg. She was daughter and heiress to Count Erwin, chief proprietor of the town of Merseburg; but she was a widow and had taken the veil. For her Henry burned with all the ardor of youthful passion, and found means to prevail upon her to forget her conventual vow, and become his wife. \* At this time Sigismund, a man of great talent and learning, and of zealous piety, was Bishop of Halberstadt; to him the unlawful marriage could not remain unknown. Grieved at the sin committed, he prohibited, under pain of excommunication, all intercourse between the offenders, convoked a synod, and summoned before it the Prince and his nun-bride. Henry, dreading the prelate's wrath, had recourse to Conrad, then king; his revered father likewise applied to the monarch in his behalf, and by Conrad's mediation the threatened blow was averted."

Some years afterwards, when Henry was Duke of Saxony, his opinions or inclinations appear to have undergone a change.

"Henry was now convinced, it is said, that he had deeply sinned in contracting, and persevering in, his illicit marriage, and transferred his love to a virgin named Matilda, the daughter of Count Theodoric by Reinilda, who is believed to have been a descendant of Witikind. Certain it is, that Henry dismissed his first wife, although she had borne him a son, Tammo or Thankmar, and espoused Matilda. This lady who appears not to have married the Duke without some scrupulous hesitation, was yet more distinguished by talent, high-mindedness, genuine virtue, and exalted piety, than by her beauty. Seldom do we meet with such unanimous and unmingled praise as in all recorded opinions concerning this Matilda."

\* One of the most valuable annalists of his day.

After the death of Conrad, that king's brother, Eberhard, carried the ensigns of royalty to Saxony; and as Mannert informs us,

"with his gladsome communication surprised Duke Henry, when engaged in the sport of hawking. This circumstance, mentioned by later writers, does not appear in Witikind and other older annalists; nevertheless, it must not be rejected as fictitious. The tradition was preserved amongst the people, and received from them by the annalists, who distinguished Henry by the surname of the Fowler, for which there must have been some foundation."

Luden, who takes no notice of this little incident, tells us that Eberhard, by Henry's desire—

"convoked an assembly of all the Franks at Fritzlar, for the beginning of the year 919. Thither Duke Henry repaired, accompanied by the princes and lords of the Saxon people, who triumphed in the honor done to their noble Duke. In this assembly, Count Eberhard proposed Duke Henry as king. Franks and Saxons with one accord gave him their votes, and Henry, the first of his name, received the oath of allegiance from all. Hereupon Heriger, Archbishop of Mainz, the first ecclesiastical prince of the empire, offered to place the crown upon his head, and to confer upon him in the church the priestly unction and benediction. But the new king, wise, experienced and ready-witted, sought to avoid this holy ceremony, and actually did avoid it, concealing his reluctance under a veil of devout modesty. 'Sufficiently glorious for me,' said he, 'sufficient exaltation above my ancestors is it, that, by God's grace and your favor, I am called king—I am king. Let us reserve coronation and anointment for those who shall be worthy of them, which I am not.'"

Mannert nevertheless asserts that Henry was crowned, and only declined anointment and in fact the old authorities seem to contradict each other upon this, more curious than important, point. Both Professors, however, agree as to the object of the king's refusal, namely, the holding the crown independently of the clergy.

At the moment of Henry's election, Burkhard, the turbulent duke of Swabia, was engaged in war with Rudolph II. of Burgundy, whom he had just defeated.

"Henry, judging the moment propitious, immediately sent envoys to Burkhard, requiring his acknowledgement of him as king. Burkhard, seeing in Henry only Conrad's successor, rejected the demand. He thought it good, however, to make peace with Rudolph, and the vanquished did not hesitate to accept the fair offers of the victor. Burkhard gave his daughter Bertha to the young king in marriage, and gained, as he hoped, a useful ally in his son-in-law. With heightened confidence did he now fancy he might venture to slight King Henry. But this monarch, meanwhile, was hastening with an army to Swabia, to show the audacious duke the difference betwixt himself and Conrad. When Burkhard saw the united force of Saxons, Thuringians and Franks; when he observed the spirit of joyous harmony with which the combined host followed



the standard of the new king, his courage sank, and his stubbornness gave way to prudence; he bowed before the king, and submitted himself and his people."

Henry next turned to Bavaria, where Duke Arnulf was deliberating upon the propriety of acceding to the people's wish, and assuming the title of king of Bavaria. But Arnulf, like Burkhard, at once saw that he was no match for Henry. The king invited the duke to a conference.

"Arnulf accepted the invitation, and issued from the gates of Ratisbon in full armor. The king met him unarmed. This confidence subdued the duke, and his crabbed spirit softened at the words of friendliness. Henry now spoke of the German realm, of the German people and fatherland, of the necessity of union against friends and foes, of the blessings of internal peace, of honor and shame, of renown and infamy, so mildly and impressively, that Arnulf, laying aside his wonted stubbornness, yielded to the king, acknowledged his dependence upon the German empire, and promised to be Henry's vassal for evermore. \* \* \* Henry left the government of Bavaria, with kingly authority, to the duke."

During these German disturbances, Charles the Simple had invaded and nearly overrun Elsass, the original German of Alsace, then, it will be remembered, included in Lotharingen. But in 921, Henry advanced against him with an army; Charles retired before the German monarch, evacuated Alsace; and negotiations ensued.

"At length, in the month of October, an interview took place near Bonn, in a vessel anchored in the mid-channel of the Rhine, on board which the two kings, attended by some of their bishops and counts, with all due precaution, simultaneously repaired from the opposite banks. On board of this vessel peace was concluded betwixt the kings of the West and East Franks, Charles and Henry according to the form of older treaties, and it was reciprocally ratified by oath, in presence of the bishops and counts. The terms were, that each king should retain the portion of Lotharingen that he possessed before the war."

But soon after this transaction began that French insurrection, which ended in the deposal and imprisonment of Charles the Simple, and the usurpation of one great vassal after another; until, after another Carolingian interval, Hugh Capet finally fixed himself and his dynasty upon the throne. The attachment of any part of Lotharingen to France was solely loyalty to the very shadow of a Carolingian; and, now—

"The Lotharingians were divided. One party, headed by Witger, Archbishop of Metz, addressed themselves to Rudolph, the new King of France; another party, whose leaders were Duke Gisbert and Rotgar, Archbishop of Treves, invited the German monarch to take possession of Lothar's realm. Rudolph hastened to Lotharingen, and, at the instigation of the Archbishop of Metz, first turned his arms against Zabern, in Alsace, where Henry had stationed some troops for the protec-

tion of the country. He could not vanquish the German warriors, but wrung from them a promise to remain quiet. Henry, on the other hand, did not loiter. In the year 923, he led an army across the Rhine. Immediately, one party of the Lotharingians joined, another opposed him. Hostilities ensued, accompanied by devastation and misery. Henry seems to have been obliged to retreat beyond the Rhine. But he soon returned, probably the following year, pressed irresistibly onward, attacked Metz, and constrained his most violent adversary, the archbishop, to submit. And now all Lotharingen acknowledged the sovereignty of the King of Germany.

"But those Lotharingians who did not speak German were still disaffected. Hence constant disorders, constant confusion. With all his superiority of mind, Henry could never rely upon the Lotharingians. Now he awed them by a display of German forces; now he thought it better to court them by conciliation and kindness, to purchase the fidelity of the great nobles by every sort of favor, and to secure the greatest, Duke Gisbert, now by stratagem, now by the ties of consanguinity, giving him his daughter Gerberga in marriage."

Of the advantages of this last measure, Mannert thinks highly. He says,

"The whole state of affairs henceforth assumed an altered aspect. Gisbert had hitherto been duke in his own possessions; Henry now gives him his daughter Gerberga to wife, names him Duke of Lotharingen, and consequently confers upon him a superintendence over the other nobles. Lotharingen thus rose to the dignity of a national duchy of the realm of the East Franks. In this situation it continued, though in after-times claimed vainly by France. By nature it was and is German, its inhabitants being originally Germans, speaking the German language."

But whilst Henry was recovering the former frontier of his kingdom to the west, his hereditary states, as well as the southern provinces, were suffering grievously in the east.

"The Hungarians were again in Germany. Since Henry's accession, the country had been spared by them, they having found enough to plunder and to do in Italy, where they had fought the battles of the contending kings, readily serving whomsoever would pay them. \* \* \* They now revisited Germany. \* \* \* In 924, whilst Henry was beyond the Rhine, they passed in swarms through the Slavonian territories, conjointly with the Slavonians, burst into Saxony, where they overran the undefended land and wrought frightful devastation. The following year they again appeared, it should seem, in two bodies. One body fell upon Swabia, not unaware probably of the absence of Duke Burkhard, who had marched into Italy to assist his son-in-law, King Rudolph. Bishop Ulrich's gold saved Augsburg; Constance saw its suburbs in flames; the Abbey of St. Gall was visited, and, though found deserted and stripped, was soiled and polluted; and if Count Luitfrid in Alsace repulsed the terrible horde, he did not prevent their penetrating into France, whence they carried off an immense booty. The other body invaded Saxony, which they ravaged with fire and sword. Henry, it is averred, would not risk a pitched battle against the barbarians, because his warriors were unacquainted with their mode of fighting. He therefore patiently awaited



a favorable opportunity in the town of Wörla; and not in vain. An Hungarian prince, most likely Duke Zoltan himself, fell into the hands of the Saxons. The Hungarians were in despair at this misfortune. They could not storm Wörla; to return home without their prince seemed an impossibility. They therefore offered the king any ransom for their captive prince. \* \* \* Henry rejected every offer of the kind, and required a lasting peace. The Hungarians were reluctant, but had no choice. They concluded a peace for nine years, not only recovering their prince, but, under the name of a present, obtaining a tribute that was to be paid them annually. Henry thus procured for his kingdom an interval of repose that had become indispensable, whilst he himself obtained leisure for preparations, institutions, fortifications, that he did not allow to pass unused. And with such advantages, he might well deem the disgrace, that the payment of tribute must be confessed to have brought upon Germany, excusable."

Henry's internal administration, during this period of not very honorable peace, is but imperfectly known, such matters not being of the kind that interested the old chroniclers. We find, however, that he wisely conciliated the different German nations and their dukes, whose submission he had extorted, thus keeping them ever willing to obey his summons to the field; and that he retained his hereditary duchies of Saxony and Thuringia in his own hands. With regard to military measures, he seems to have thought first of defensive precautions, and directed his attention to the towns as yet but scarce in Germany, as capable of affording personal security against savage inroads.

"He strengthened and enlarged the fortifications of the existing towns; he provided them with suburbs and churches for the reception of poor people, and for recalling the misled and perverted to quiet and order. He founded new towns, and endeavored to obtain them a permanent population; he favored both old and new, and in every way promoted their importance."

He next provided garrisons for his towns.

"From amongst all the land-owners who owed vassal-service, or were bound to obey the king's summons to arms, the ninth man was selected to reside in a town. He prepared dwellings for himself and his eight companions in arms, as also store-houses; inasmuch as the other eight were to sow, reap, and harvest for themselves and for the ninth, the townsman, and to convey one-third of the produce into the town, there to be preserved and secured. In case of danger, all were to betake themselves into the town, and there find protection, military resources and provisions. And now the building of towns was urged on with zealous diligence, by day and by night. Further, what would be needful in war, was practised in peace. Lastly, in order to render the towns more agreeable to the Germans, whose free spirit had of old entertained an aversion to walls, the king ordered that all public diets, provincial assemblies and tribunals, ay, all social meetings, should be held in towns only."

Mannert has collected somewhat more information respecting Henry's military

preparations; and in the first place offers some remarks touching the ninth men selected for garrison duty.

"Were these levies free men, already experienced in war, or villeins? Boldly may we answer neither. The proper *miles* (warrior) was worthless as a foot soldier, or for the defence of walls, and the villein might not bear arms without his lord's command. Free or partially dependent\* peasants composed the new infantry, which was in fact merely a regular revival of the general call to arms in the times of Charles the Great, when every five men were bound to equip the sixth for war, and to support him. \* \* \* Now, effective men only were raised; they were armed, and their weapons were always the property of the eldest son of the family; they were regularly trained, not only to the defence of fortified towns, but to service in the field. \* \* \*

"A serviceable infantry was thus provided, but the heavy-armed cavalry, constituting the chief force of the kingdom, likewise required improvement. \* \* \* These warriors were exercised in arms from their youth, but in no regular order. As the several bodies, each under its own banner, collected into an army, so they stood ready for the onslaught, and were assuredly superior to the Hungarians, if these could be brought to encounter them. But how rapidly to open and close their ranks, to overtake and compel to pitched battle the Hungarians who evaded their shock, of this they knew nothing. These warriors then required to be exercised in bodies, and were so by Henry in person. \* \* \* One of his orders was, that the warrior who had a good horse must not gallop away before the rest, in order to show his courage, but remain in his place. \* \* \* Light cavalry was still indispensable, to engage the restless Hungarians and give the heavy-armed time to come up. For this a resource offered, applicable only at that season. We have already seen that great numbers of highway-robbers disturbed the country, under the Carlovingsians; their bands had prodigiously increased during the late feeble reigns. \* \* \* Few were ever caught; they found assistance even amongst the nobles. Now appeared the king's proclamation: 'Pardon for the past: the criminal, in expectation of amendment, shall be fed, and admitted into honorable military service.' By this one measure, Henry obtained a numerous light cavalry. Horsemen, and expeditious horsemen they had ever been; for on foot no one could hope to make any progress in his notable handicraft; he would at once have been taken. The robber now followed his trade in honorable guise. His horse he mostly brought with him."

Whether Henry found difficulty in enforcing these innovations, devised by an intellect far in advance of his age, is not known, but Luden is convinced that—

"The beneficial effect of his measures must have been universally felt and acknowledged. \* \* \* The German nations saw in him the first man of his age; the dukes and princes, their pattern, and therefore their king. \* \* \* The king showed himself more and more good and noble, more and more deserving of love and admiration. He practised all the observances of religion with humble piety, and left no fault unexpiated. He was liberal to all, and never refused a request made to him. He loved cheerful jests, but even amongst his most

\* This is the sense in which Mannert seems to use the term *horige*, as describing men who partially sacrificed their independence, for the sake of a great lord's protection.



intimate friends, so maintained his dignity, that no one ever forgot himself in his presence. In bodily exercises he excelled all competitors in strength, quickness, adroitness, agility, and endurance."

The military preparations just recorded were carried on during the nine years' truce with the Hungarians; but no such armistice existed with the ever-restless Slavonian tributaries, and it should seem that the growing prowess of the troops was often tried against these less formidable enemies, before it was put to the proof against the dreaded Magyars.

"Henry's first enterprise seems to have been against the Havellans, so named by the Germans, probably from their inhabiting the banks of the Havel. These he wearied out in several engagements. Then, in the depth of winter, he suddenly appeared before their town, Brennaburg, now Brandenburg, encamped upon the ice, and reduced the place as much by cold and hunger as by the sword. He next turned his arms against the Dalemizians, those old friends of the Hungarians, upon whom he had, in early youth, proved his military talents and valor. They occupied the left bank of the Elbe, not far from the Bohemian borders. He attacked their town, Grona or Grana, and took it by storm on the twentieth day of the siege. And cruel was the lot to which this town was doomed. It was given up to be sacked; all adults were put to the sword, and the children carried off as slaves. These horrors seem to have struck all other Slavonian nations with terror. \* \* \* The Bohemians, likewise, had again tried to shake off the German yoke; and had not even been able to quell internal discord. Two brothers, Wenceslaus and Boleslaus, seem at this time to have governed Bohemia, one on either bank of the Elbe; sub-kings held single provinces under them. Wenceslaus was a Christian, and Prague his capital; Boleslaus adhered to the religion of his fathers. If they concurred in wishing to be free from the Germans, difference of religion, jealousy, and other passions prevented a cordial union betwixt them. So much the easier was it for King Henry to reduce part at least of Bohemia to subjection. He advanced with a large army upon Prague, and the king was constrained to surrender. Henry levied a tribute from the Bohemians, and endeavored to secure their submission by clemency and humanity, in all possible ways favoring King Wenceslaus. He thus confirmed that prince's fidelity for the remainder of his life; but at the same time inflamed the dissension between the brothers to implacable enmity.

"Whilst Henry was engaged in Bohemia the Redarians made another attempt to regain their liberty. They surprised the town of Wallisleben, murdered such of the inhabitants as they did not drag away into slavery, and then set the place on fire. At sight of the flames all those Slavonian tribes whom the German arms, or their own fears, had rendered tributary, revolted. \* \* \* Henry sent an army against the Redarians, under Counts Bernhard and Thietmar. \* \* \* The battle was hard fought. (The other Slavonians had joined the Redarians.) \* \* \* The whole Slavonian army was destroyed; two hundred thousand men are said to have fallen. The Redarian town Luncin surrendered,—men, women and children giving themselves up to slavery. Hereupon the collective Slavonian nations bowed anew to the fate they had proved unable to avert, and the frontiers of the German empire were advanced further eastward than those of the Frank empire had ever been.

"\* \* \* Henry now felt himself strong enough to encounter the Hungarians, and resolved no longer to endure the disgrace of paying tribute. The historian Wittkind gives us the following words, as addressed by him to the assembled Saxons, in order to gain their sanction of the intended war, and, simple as they are, they do not ill mark the condition of the times. 'How distracted the empire formerly was, and from what great dangers it is hardly rescued, you yourselves best know, you, who have suffered so much from troubles at home and foreign wars. You now see all quiet and united, through God's mercy, our exertions, and your courage; you see the barbarians conquered and reduced to slavery. But one thing still remains; it is necessary that we rise in common against our common foe the Hungarians. Hitherto I have robbed you and your children to fill the treasury of these Hungarians; henceforward I must rob the churches and the servants of the Church; for to us nothing remains but our lives and limbs. Bethink you what it were best to do. Shall I plunder the churches of their valuables, and give them to God's enemies? Or shall I use the money for the honor of God, that we may be freed through HIM who is our Creator and Saviour?' At these words the people lifted hand and voice to heaven, and swore to assist their king against the savage race."

Luden rejects the old chronicler's tale of the manner in which Henry refused the accustomed tribute, deeming it unworthy of so great a man. But as we suspect that what appears ungentelemanly to Professor Luden may, in the tenth century, have been thought merely ingenious and spirited, we take the anecdote from Mannert.

"The nine years' truce with the Hungarians had now expired. They sent ambassadors to prolong it, or at least to receive the tribute, as during its continuance. In lieu of tribute they received a dog, whose tail and ears had been cut off. A heinous insult in those days, though not now, when dogs thus mutilated are seen in every street."

It should seem that Henry either was not quite as thoroughly prepared as he should have been at the moment of sending such a message, or had miscalculated the constant state of preparation of the foes he defied, who, living a life of foray, were, like the Napier, Ready, aye ready.\* That same year, 932, the Hungarians poured through the Slavonian territories into Germany; in the first instance defeated Henry himself, and dividing into two bodies, committed their usual atrocious ravages. One of these bodies, that took a southern course, was afterwards defeated in Thuringia, by the Saxon Counts Sigefrid and Hermann.

"The other body, which had turned to the right, suffered its march to be delayed by lust of plunder. The King had a half-sister, borne to his father by a concubine, and married to a Thuringian named Wido, with whom she dwelt in a town called Wido-nsburg, which may, perhaps, be the present Wittenberg. The Hungarians had heard of this princess, and of her great wealth in gold and silver. They quitted their direct road, turned towards

\* The motto of the Napier family.



Widonsburg, and crossed the Elbe, thinking to take the town and carry off the treasure as they passed. They met with a resistance as obstinate as it was unexpected. Meanwhile King Henry was assembling an army, at a considerable distance to guard against interruption. . . . . When assembled, he marched towards the Hungarians."

The Hungarians heard of their comrades' defeat and the King's movements. They raised the siege; but it was to go in search of Henry.

"With their wonted rapidity they reached his neighborhood before he knew of their march. They pitched a camp in which to secure the booty already collected, and then hastened to the attack."

"Henry led his troops from their camp and drew them up in battle array. He rode through their ranks, and spoke words of encouragement to all. . . . . The warriors shouted their cheerful reply, and the king's anticipations of success were at once fulfilled. The Hungarians fled at the first sight of the Saxon cavalry. . . . . Those left to guard the camp were seized with the general panic; they likewise took to flight, leaving all their booty to the victors. And the victors not only found abundant riches, but had the joy of releasing great numbers of German women and virgins from woful slavery, and restoring them to their families!"

This had been rather a casual rout than a thorough defeat, and Henry expected that the Magyars would seek to avenge it, when spring should again favor their predatory inroads. He accordingly established a winter camp in northern Thuringia, and fixed his own residence at Wörla. Towards spring it was known that the Hungarians were in motion, and the note of preparation resounded throughout Germany.

"The Hungarians came on; the king remained quietly in his camp, avoiding a battle. He wished first to accustom his forces, especially those who had joined the army since autumn, to the aspect and ways of the Hungarians. For the same purpose he sent some squadrons of cavalry to skirmish with the Hungarians. At length he led forth his army in battle array. . . . . The battle was long and terrible. Victory more than once fluctuated. The left wing of the Germans, under Count Hoyer, defeated a large body of the barbarians, who fled in the utmost confusion, and were impetuously pursued by the victors, over a disadvantageous country. This threw the Germans into some disorder; and now the Hungarians, suddenly rallying, renewed the conflict with such fury, that the Germans were, in their turn, put to flight. But Henry sent the requisite succors to his hard-pressed troops, and the fight was maintained. At length victory decided for the Germans. It was complete. But the Hungarians fought with the fury of desperation. Hence their leaders fell; their banners were lost; the great majority slain, and few remained unwounded. Their camp, with all its contents, including their booty, fell into the hands of the Germans. The army, as touched with inspiration, hailed King Henry Emperor."

During these wars with the Slavonians and Hungarians, the Danes had invaded and ravaged Saxony. Henry resolved to secure his northern frontier.

"For this great object two things were essential.

First, a March or Margraviate must be established beyond the old German frontier, the experience of a century having proved the Eyder and its fortifications to be an insufficient defence; secondly, the Danes must be converted to Christianity; since the incessant opposition between Christianity and paganism suffered no peace to subsist, no social intercourse to arise, between the neighboring and kindred nations. . . . .

"In the year 934 he undertook this expedition. . . . . He gained a great victory over the Danes, by which he broke their power, and forced them to conclude a peace, ceding to him the country between the Eyder and the Sley. This land Henry erected into a Margraviate, that took its name from Sleswick. The Margrave resided at Sleswick, surrounded by Saxon warriors, and Saxon colonists were established throughout the Margraviate. In the autumn Archbishop Unni, of Hamburg or Bremen, visited Sleswick, that he might not prove inferior in pious zeal to his revered predecessors, but extend, as far as possible, his diocese and episcopal cares. He was followed by great part of the Bremen clergy, and crowds of monks, all actuated by the like zeal, and by veneration for their devout pastor. Gaurm, King of Denmark, with whom Henry had waged war and made peace, was a virulent enemy to the Christian faith. Upon him Unni's eloquence and doctrines proved unavailing, as did Henry's threats. But Gaurm's son Harold was more docile. With the people the struggle was arduous; but Christian ecclesiastics pressed in, through the doors that Henry's victory had opened, and churches arose here and there. Archbishop Unni named pastors for these churches; and then repaired to Sweden, there also to preach the Gospel. . . . .

"It has been said that Henry, when he had vanquished the Slavonians, Hungarians, and Danes, contemplated an expedition to Italy and Rome. But this tale deserves little credence. . . . . Had Henry wished to extend his power further, he might have found a more convenient opportunity nearer home!"

This refers to the then distracted condition of France, which Luden thinks, Henry might easily have conquered. But he contented himself with such interference as might keep his still fickle son-in-law, Duke Gisbert, steady to his German allegiance.

"But whatever designs Henry might have cherished, he would have had no time to execute any. To him was allotted the happiness of being called from this life in all the freshness of his glory, that no ill-judged attempt might impair his renown, no imbecility of age obscure the recollection of his days of energy. Already, in the year 935, he had suffered a paralytic stroke. He had recovered from it, and stood with unweakened soul. But a consciousness of his approaching end remained, urging him to pious foundations, to cares for the future weal of the empire and of his own family. . . . . His eldest son was Thankmar, borne to him by Hatburg. . . . . What might be King Henry's feelings towards this child of his impassioned love, we know not. But it is conceivable that Henry should not wish Thankmar to succeed him. An ineffaceable stain rested upon his birth. . . . . Matilda had borne to Henry, besides two daughters, three sons, all distinguished in mind and person; youths endowed with the fairest virtues, the noblest qualities, who justified the proudest hopes. Their names were Otho, Henry, and Bruno. Bruno's youthful soul early inclined to study and a contemplative life; he was accord-



ingly destined for holy orders; and it might be hoped that, as a prince of the church, he would be able effectually to assist in confirming the greatness of his house. Otho and Henry seemed alike in genius and energy, equally fitted to take their father's place. Otho was the eldest, and the king deemed it proper to respect the rights of primogeniture. . . . . But Henry, who, as the younger, had remained longer with his mother, enjoyed her especial favor; and the queen with all her high-mindedness, desired to seat her darling on his father's throne. The wish she justified on the plea that Otho was born when his father was only a duke, Henry after he was a king. . . . . The king invited the princes of the empire, spiritual and temporal, to hold a diet at Erfurt. There he proposed the question, which of his sons would they choose for his successor? No one expressed a doubt but that a son of Henry's must be king, or that the son must be Otho. . . . .

"When this great affair was terminated Henry left Erfurt for Memleben on the Unstrut, where he had a palace. Here a second paralytic attack laid him upon his bed. He never rose from it more. When he felt his end approaching, he summoned his consort to his bed-side, spoke long with her in private, and then pronounced the following words in an audible voice: 'I thank my Saviour that I do not survive thee. Never had man a wife of more approved fidelity and piety. Take my thanks. Thou hast tempered my wrath, hast in all things given me profitable counsel, hast kept me steadfast to justice, and awakened in me compassion for the oppressed. I now commend thee and our children, together with my departing soul to the Almighty God, and to the prayers of God's saints.' The deeply agitated queen, after hearing these words, betook her to the church, and prostrated herself before the altar. At that moment died King Henry. Before Matilda quitted the church, the Presbyter Adeldag, a kinsman of her own, was chanting a requiem for the deceased monarch. This was the 2d of July, 936. Henry was in the seventeenth year of his reign and the sixtieth of his age."

The genius, sound judgment, and exertions of Henry I., bequeathed a splendid inheritance, in dominions, resources, and fame, to his son Otho, whose coronation, for that reason possibly, offers the first imperfect sketch of the honors subsequently paid to the emperors of the holy Roman empire. The description of the ceremony is on this account curious, and we extract it.

"After Otho had again been acknowledged as king by the united Franks and Saxons, a general diet was convoked at Aix, the consecrated seat of Charles the Great, that the other German nations likewise might pronounce their recognition and assent. At this diet appeared the dukes and princes, the generals and public functionaries, of all the German nations, together with no small multitude of ecclesiastics. They were attended by a numerous escort of vassals. . . . .

" . . . . . The dukes, princes and officials assembled in a large hall adjoining the cathedral built by Charles the Great. The youthful duke Otho appeared in the Frank garb. The princes placed him on a throne, then they and the functionaries of the empire came forward, gave him their hands, and swore to be true to him as their king, and to aid him against all his enemies. Meanwhile the three archbishops of Mainz, Treves and Cologne, were in the Cathedral with all the clergy and a great crowd of people. A contest

had arisen between the archbishops of Cologne and Treves, as to which should perform the priestly office in the ceremony; Aix lying in the diocese of the first, the second asserting that his was the oldest episcopal see, founded by St. Peter himself. . . . . As a compromise, they both resigned the office to Hildebert, archbishop of Mainz. . . . .

"When Otho had received the oaths of the princes and functionaries, archbishop Hildebert invited him into the church. He received him at the door, with his left hand took the king's right, and, bearing his crozier in his own right, led him into the nave of the church, so that he might be seen by all. Then, turning to the people, the prelate said, 'This is King Otho, chosen by God, named by Henry, acknowledged by all the princes. If you are content with the election, hold up your right hands.' At the priest's word all hands were raised, a general cry of joy resounded, and called down the blessing of God upon the new king. After this homage the archbishop led the king to the altar, upon which lay the ensigns of royalty. . . . . Hildebert took the sword and baldric from the altar, delivered both to the king, and spoke thus: 'Take this sword; with it shalt thou, in the authority committed to thee by God, and with the power of the united empire of the Franks, vanquish the enemies of Christ, and the barbarians, and the bad Christians, and establish peace in Christendom.'"

With similar symbolical explanations, the archbishop invested the king with the other ensigns of royalty. Then

"the crowned king was attended by the ecclesiastical princes to a magnificent throne, erected between beautiful marble columns; and whilst he sat there seeing, and seen by all, a hymn of thanksgiving was sung, and high mass performed.

"When the church ceremony was over, the king repaired to the palace of Charles the Great, where a festal banquet closed the day. . . . . The dukes defrayed the cost of the entertainment. . . . Gisilbert, Duke of Lotharingen, Otho's brother-in-law, had the ordering of the whole, and as Aix was in his duchy, furnished all that was needful for the service of the table and for the decoration of the banquet. Eberhard, Duke of Francoania, brother of Conrad I., undertook for the supply of provisions, and Hermann, Duke of Swabia, for that of drink. Lastly, Arnulf, Duke of Bavaria, had the care of lodging and feeding the troops of horsemen who were present."

Saxony took no part, as having no other duke than Otho himself, though he speedily transferred that title to Count Herman Billung. This allotment of the several offices of hospitality has been often considered as, in a manner, at least, the original institution of the subsequent great imperial offices of the electors. But this appears to have been a mere arrangement of the princes amongst themselves, for their own convenience in entertaining their king, and as such only was repeated at the coronation of Otho II. Besides, the offices, in our estimation menial, held by the several electors, need no particular origin, the like having usually been held hereditarily by great vassals at all feudal courts. The noblest youth performed such duties during their education in a no-



ble castle. From this practice no sort of degradation could attach to such services.

Otho's government was long disturbed by family broils and civil wars. First, his half-brother, Thankmar, revolted, and his rebellion ended only with his life: he was shot by a soldier through the window of a church in which he had taken sanctuary. Then Otho's full brother, Henry, followed Thankmar's example, and was supported by their common brother-in-law, Duke Gisibert, who aimed at rendering Lotharingen an independent kingdom. This rebellion, also, was quelled, Henry was pardoned, and Gisibert drowned in his flight after a lost battle. He was succeeded by his infant son, upon whose early death Otho bestowed the duchy, with the hand of his own daughter, Luitgard, upon Conrad, a Franconian count and celebrated warrior. But Henry, who proved himself little deserving of the eulogies previously lavished upon him by Luden, a discrepancy of which, by the way, this author takes no notice, continued at every opportunity to provoke civil war, until, in 947, he was finally conciliated by his nomination as Duke of Bavaria, a dignity conferred upon him to the exclusion of the sons of the deceased Duke Arnulf; but, as a sort of compromise between hereditary right and the king's claim to appoint every new duke, Henry married Arnulf's daughter, Judith.

But if Henry now became a loyal vassal, he did not the less remain his brother's evil genius. He now excited dissensions between Otho and Ludolf, Otho's only son by his first queen, Edid or Edgid, an Anglo-Saxon princess, bearing in her own country the name of Edgitha. These dissensions arose after Edgitha's death, and became more vehement after Otho's second marriage, with the romance of which we shall now endeavor to relieve the painful tale of war and desolation that we have had to relate, and which, if we do not continue to relate, it is to spare ourselves and readers, not from any deficiency of such subjects. But even this fragment of romance will need, to render it intelligible, a brief introductory glance at the internal distractions of Italy.

Even from the time of the emperor Arnulf's death, had that fair but unfortunate peninsula remained a prey to contending kings and emperors, to say nothing of Saracens, nobles, and popes, with whom we have no concern. During the conflicts of the first-mentioned personages, a certain Count Hugh of Vienne—who, without assuming the kingly title, had, in point of fact, deposed the kings of Arles, or, as it is

sometimes called, Lower Burgundy, and possessed himself of their authority—sold that state to Rudolph, King of Alpine Burgundy, or rather bartered it with him for the title of King of Italy, the mountain sovereign being one of the candidates warring for the peninsular monarchy. Hugh's son, Lothar, married Adelheid, Rudolph's daughter, and for a while maintained the struggle against a second king Berengar, grandson to the first. At length, upon Lothar's untimely, sudden, and, as Luden thinks, suspicious death, Berengar became, and for the moment remained, undisputed king of Italy: and now we proceed to the adventures of Lothar's youthful widow, Adelheid of Burgundy.

"This beautiful princess, now in the twentieth year of her age, was celebrated as much for her beauty and winning manners, as for her piety, virtue and understanding. These qualities, and the misfortunes that had befallen her, even in the bloom of early youth, had given her a hold upon the hearts of all men in whose bosoms generous feelings dwelt; and of such men there was no want in those any more than in other times. Berengar, therefore, whether he were or were not the author of her widowhood, dared not hold her cheap. . . . His wish was to marry the beautiful widow to his son Adalbert, and by this union to gain over to his side not only all those who had been followers of Lothar, but likewise all whom Adelheid had won to her interest since her husband's death, or might still win. But Adelheid, in the depth of her sorrow, rejected Adalbert's suit, whether it were that the young prince himself were disagreeable to her, or that she could not reconcile herself to the idea of marrying a man, whose father she regarded as the murderer of the husband of her youth, of the father of her infant daughter.

"Adelheid's refusal exasperated Berengar. . . . He found means to seize her person, and shut her up in a castle upon a rock of the Lago di Garda. Here she was undoubtedly subjected to harsh and unworthy treatment: since she had rejected the tender addresses of a wooer, she must be reduced, by want and privation, to long for that deliverance, which was offered her only on condition of her marrying the detested Adalbert. . . . But the story of Adelheid's imprisonment, and of the ill usage with which it was accompanied, has been worked up by report, tradition and poetry, into a fairy tale. The chroniclers took delight in placing the humiliations that the illustrious lady was constrained to endure in glaring opposition to the grandeur and splendor to which she was subsequently raised, in order to enhance the recompense awarded by divine justice to steadfast virtue. The facts seem to be these:—

"Queen Adelheid was released from captivity by a priest named Martin, who managed to elude or deceive Berengar's vigilance. From this moment until she found an asylum, she ran many risks. Attended by a single maid, she lay hidden during the day amidst reeds or in corn, and at night resumed her wanderings. She suffered hunger and thirst; she found refreshment and safety only in a poor fisherman's hut. Meanwhile her situation was made known to Adelhard, bishop of Reggio, her devoted and trusty adherent. The bishop consulted with Marquess Azzo, who held the castle of Canossa, in vassalage of the Church



of Reggio. This castle stood on a steep solitary rock; Azzo's skill had aided nature, and Canossa was deemed impregnable. Queen Adelheid was secretly introduced into this rock-fortress, and here she first found solace under her afflictions."

But the marquess and bishop could not rely upon their own force to protect the persecuted widow, and perhaps were unwilling to brave king Berengar, without some effective support. They despatched the priest Martin, Adelheid's deliverer, to solicit the aid of the most potent monarch of his day, Otho I., who, by this time (951), had subdued all his domestic foes, and quelled an insurrection of tributary Slavonians. It is by no means unlikely that Azzo and Adelhard may have offered the hand of the beautiful widowed queen to the widower king, as the price of his services; and Berengar's very persecution of Adelheid showed the political importance of the offer; but we fully adopt the opinion of our two authors, that, if the princess herself wrote to Otho, it could only be to ask his gratuitous protection. Otho, whether impelled by chivalrous gallantry or by ambition, at once resolved upon an expedition to Italy; and, to save time, whilst he was assembling his more northern forces, he first sent forward his brother and son, the dukes of the southern duchies of Bavaria and Swabia, with their troops. Ludolf had been invested with the latter duchy, upon marrying the only daughter of the deceased Duke Hermann.

"Henry crossed the Carinthian Alps, conquered Aquileia, and penetrated further into Italy. . . . When the Swabian army, under its duke, descended from the Ræthian Alps, and entered Italy, Ludolf found every city close against him, everywhere met with unexpected obstruction, and vainly did he call upon the Italians to submit to his father. The young prince, whose first essay in arms this was, who was bent upon gratifying his parent, and upon showing the world that the genius of his father and grandfather was not wanting in him, fell into the greatest embarrassment."

This, Luden, as it should seem upon Ludolf's authority, imputes to the artifices of Duke Henry. What is certain is, that Henry retained his conquests, and that Ludolf retreated into Germauy; afterwards returning southward with his father, who now advanced at the head of a powerful army.

"By his very arrival everything was at once decided. Berengar, terrified at the might of the king, formerly his protector, fell back, and retreated into the western mountains. The cities opened their gates without resistance; even Pavia, then considered as the capital of Lombardy, peacefully admitted the German army. Milan alone seems to have been carried at the point of the sword" . . .

"But along with this prosperity, discord entered the German host, and there found abundant food. The king had not seen his son's failure without

annoyance. He might probably ascribe it to imprudence and inexperience, and therefore look less kindly upon his son. Ludolf endeavored to throw the blame upon his uncle: but Otho would not listen to him. \* \* \* Ludolf, who thought his father unjust, became shy and mistrustful. And whilst he was brooding over his anger, Queen Adelheid came, upon Otho's invitation, from Conossa to Pavia. At her approach, the king sent his brother Henry with a guard of honor to escort her. Her reception at Pavia was most ceremonious, most magnificent. And quickly was everything settled; the widower king was to marry the widowed queen."

This projected marriage excited the most violent jealousy and resentment in Ludolf; and Henry, we are assured, blew the flames.

"Ludolf, in youthful impetuosity, formed an unfortunate resolution. Without permission or leave-taking, he quitted Italy with his Swabians, and crossed the Alps into his own country. And he went not alone. Many princes of the empire accompanied him."

These discontents did not, however, break out into rebellion before the year 935, and the immediate cause seems to have been a slight put by Otho upon his son-in-law Conrad. Ludolf and Conrad conjointly rebelled, and for a while success attended their arms. But gradually they were overpowered, and the sentence of the College of Princes deprived them both of their respective duchies. Otho now divided Lotharingen into two duchies, Upper and Lower Lotharingen, and committed the general superintendence over the whole to his brother Bruno, now Archbishop of Cologne.

These civil wars revived the hopes of the Hungarians; they renewed their devastating inroads, and Henry and Ludolf reciprocally accused each other of having invited them into the country. We have no intention of wearying our readers with further details of the wars with barbarians, with which Otho's reign, like his father's, was harassed. But the battle of the Lechfeld was too important to be passed over in silence. In the year 935, the Hungarians in great force penetrated to the river Lech in Bavaria. There Otho, with an army drawn from all parts of Germany, met them on the 10th of August. The Hungarians were the first to attack. The battle was hard fought and long contested. In the end Otho triumphed, being mainly indebted for his success to the prowess and skill of his son-in-law Conrad, his confidence in whom appears to have been little impaired by that prince's revolt and punishment. The victory was purchased with Conrad's life.

"The joy was nevertheless great and universal. The king ordered a solemn service to be performed in every church throughout his dominions, giving thanks to God for the victory he had granted to



the German arms. To Pope Anapet II., likewise, he, in the joy of his heart, sent tidings of this victory gained, not for Germany alone, but for all the Christian nations of the west. Those nations acknowledged that the victory of the Lechfeld was the greatest gained by any monarch for the last 200 years; and the victors, in exulting inspiration, hailed the king as emperor, and father of the country. In fact the consequences of this victory were most important. \* \* \* The Hungarians never again invaded Germany collectively. \* \* \* Scarcely a quarter of a century had elapsed since that battle, when many of the Hungarians knelt to the Cross: and, before the end of the tenth century, the princes of that people had acknowledged that the only security for the welfare and existence of the nation lay in the Christian religion, the universal Church, and the institutions of German life in peace and war. Such were the consequences of the victory of the Lechfeld."

When Germany was tranquil within and without, Otho revisited Italy, and, with Adelheid, received the iron crown of Lombardy at Milan, from the hands of the Archbishop of that city, and the imperial crown at Rome, from those of the Pope. He established his authority over the Romans, as well as his right to inquire into, and ratify, every papal election, before the new pontiff should assume the tiara. Upon his return from Italy, Otho visited his mother in a nunnery that she had built and endowed at Nordheim; and we cannot resist our inclination to soften the picture of these rude and troublous times, by extracting the simply touching account of their parting.

"Both felt that this parting would be their last. On the appointed day, the mother and son repaired early in the morning to church, to hear mass. After service Matilda thus spoke to the emperor:—'Once more, my dearest son, I repeat my request,' (for his favor to the nunnery). 'In this town I gave birth to your brother Henry, whom, because he bore your father's name, I have dearly loved. Your sister Gerberg likewise was born here. Therefore I have founded this convent, chiefly for the salvation of your father's and your brother's souls. Favor it. We speak together for the last time; let the recollection of your last sight of your mother always remind you of this convent.' Otho promised. She then embraced her son with tears, and accompanied him the church door. Otho mounted his horse. Then was he told that his mother had returned into the church, and was there upon her knees, covering his footsteps with tears and kisses. This message moved the strong man so powerfully, that, springing from his horse, he hurried back into the church, flung himself once more into his mother's arms, and could with difficulty tear himself from her heart."

Otho's last years were much occupied in founding bishoprics, throughout such Slavonian districts as really owned his authority, in order thus to promote the conversion of the heathen inhabitants. In 973, in the 62d year of his age, Otho I. died suddenly; and with him again died the splendor of a dynasty. Ludolf had preceded his father to the tomb, and Otho I. was succeeded by his second son, Otho II. The short reigns

of this prince and of his son, Otho III., offer nothing beyond the calamities usual to weak sovereigns of feudal kingdoms. They were followed by a yet feebler prince, Henry II., grandson to Otho I.'s troublesome brother of the same name; and he, who died childless in 1024, was the last of the Saxon kings.

Again the German princes were free to choose themselves a sovereign, and their election now again fell upon a Franconian, Count Conrad, the great-grandson of Conrad, Duke of Lotharingen, and of Luitgard, daughter of Otho I. Conrad II., distinguished in history by the surname of the Salic, was an able prince; but his reign was chiefly occupied by wars against the insurgent Slavonians, who had cast off the imbecile Henry's sovereignty, and in recovering the authority that this, his feeble predecessor, had lost in Italy. Conrad II.'s principal achievement was annexing Burgundy, both Swiss and French, to Germany. He claimed that kingdom, either as the husband of Gisela, the heiress, if the succession were open to females, or, if not, as a fief lapsed to the crown for want of a male heir; and he accomplished his purpose, though not without some harshness and perhaps injustice to Ernest, Gisela's son by a first marriage.

Ernest, who, though his mother, the lineal heiress of Swabia as well as Burgundy, was still alive, had become Duke of Swabia upon his father's death, strove in arms against his step-father; and in many successive feuds the mediation of the Empress Gisela, wife of the one and mother of the other, succeeded in restoring peace, or at least mutual forbearance. At length the interference of third and fourth parties drove matters to extremities, and the end of this dispute offers, we think, a happy illustration of the manners and opinions of these times.

"A Swabian Count, named Welf, began a feud against a Swabian prelate, Bruno, Bishop of Augsburg, to whom Conrad had committed the education of his little son Henry. \* \* \* Duke Ernest perhaps took no part; certainly he did not oppose Welf; whence it is clear that he was no stranger to the Count's enterprise."

This might seem a hasty conclusion of our historian's; but from the context there can be little doubt of Ernest's having been from the first intimately connected with Count Welf, (an ancestor, we believe, of the House of Hanover,) and well acquainted at least with all his schemes. We cannot give the whole of this civil and domestic broil, but must select the most striking parts. Luden thus relates the catastrophe of the war between the Count and Bishop.



"In the following spring the Count took Augsburg, and put the Bishop to flight. Bruno, with his royal pupil, escaped across the Alps, and joined Conrad in Italy.

"The Emperor summoned Duke Ernest and his partisans to a Diet at Ulm, that the Swabian disputes might be legally decided in Swabia. The Duke appeared, but not as a suppliant. He came in hostile array, surrounded by his Swabian vassals, either, thus armed, to conclude an honorable agreement with the Emperor, or to depart as an enemy and try the fortune of war. \* \* \* Before entering into negotiation, he again assembled and addressed his followers. He reminded them of their oath of fidelity; exhorted them not to forsake him, not to endanger his honor: he bade them remember their fathers, who had ever been true to their lords; and promised them, provided they would act as good Swabians, great present rewards, as well as future honor and glory. When he ceased speaking, the Count's Frederic and Anselm stood forward. \* \* \* They said, 'We purpose not to deny that we have sworn fidelity to you against every man, him only excepted through whom we are subject to you. Were we the thralls of our King and Emperor, and by him given as thralls to you, then we might not sever ourselves from you. But we are free men; and the chief protector of our liberty is our King and Emperor. Should we desert him, we should therefore forfeit our liberty, which a nobleman resigns only with his life. So long as you require of us what is just and right, so long will we obey you. Should you demand other than that, we shall return freely thither, whence, conditionally and as free men, we came to you.'

"This declaration opened Duke Ernest's eyes. All, indeed, were not thus disposed. Many were resolved to run every risk with him; either because they had pledged themselves so to do, or because, knowing themselves the instigators of the insurrection and seducers of the young prince, they feared the Emperor's wrath. Of these Count Wernher of Kyburg was the bravest and noblest. But Duke Ernest felt that these few could not protect him. He saw the precipice upon which he stood; he saw his only resource, and submitting unconditionally, threw himself upon the Emperor's mercy. Conrad accepted his submission, but judged it fitting to confine the untractable youth for a while in the Saxon fortress of Gibichenstein. All the Duke's followers at once submitted. \* \* \* Only Count Wernher disdained to yield. He flung himself into his strong castle of Kyburg, and there awaited the Emperor."

Of course this single Count could not resist the Emperor. His castle was taken, he became a fugitive, and the duchy of Swabia was Conrad's. But the fate of her son lay heavy on the heart of the Empress Gisela, whom Conrad tenderly loved; for her sake he resolved to release his step-son, and give him the duchy of Bavaria, instead of Swabia; since there, where he had no family connexions, his restless temper would be less able to excite rebellions. But untoward circumstances prevented the fulfilment of this wise and generous plan, and the Emperor now resolved to bestow Swabia upon him, first however completely separating him from his misleaders. He thus executed his purpose:—

"The Emperor kept his Easter at Ingelheim. He released Duke Ernest and invited him thither. The Duke appeared. Conrad restored Swabia to him, but upon condition that he should swear to pursue, as a public enemy, the still contumacious and fugitive Count of Kyburg.

"Conrad, who had conceded so much from affection for his Empress, might deem this a fair and moderate condition. \* \* \* But Ernest, exasperated by his captivity, looked upon the restoration of Swabia, as only giving him back what was his own; whilst he thought himself wronged by the denial of his right to Burgundy: and for this was he required not only to abandon Count Wernher, who had fought for him, had lost all for his sake, was for his sake living the life of an outlaw—must he even persecute this faithful friend? Ernest rejected the Emperor's proposal, and fled, to share the lot of those who had proved true to him.

"The young prince's flight threw the Emperor into perplexity, the Empress into despair. \* \* \* To console the sorrowing mother, Conrad conferred the duchy of Swabia upon the younger son of her first marriage, Hermann, under the guardianship, during his nonage, of Warmann, Bishop of Constance.

"Duke Ernest, bursting with grief and anguish, with rage and affection, with all feelings, noble and ignoble, joined Count Wernher and a few faithful followers. \* \* \* He was now abandoned, even by his mother, and saw no resource but in his sword and the fidelity of his friends. With them he returned to the land of his birth, of which even in childhood he had been Duke. The little troop concealed themselves in the most inaccessible ravines of the Black Forest, supporting their wretched existence by plunder and by the chase. When armed men were sent out to seize the Duke and his band, the outlaws flung themselves into the rock-fortress of Falkenstein; and thence, compelled by hunger, plundered the neighborhood. Want of food for themselves and their horses soon obliged them to extend their excursions. Count Manegold was now commissioned by Bishop Warman to watch Duke Ernest and his companions, to prevent their marauding expeditions, and to shut them up in Falkenstein. The Count found means to seize at pasture the fine horses upon the strength and fleetness of which they relied in their adventurous excursions. The loss was irreparable. Ernest, Wernher, all, saw that no choice now remained but death in battle, death by famine, or a dastardly surrender at discretion. The choice could not be difficult. Having supplied themselves with horses, though of an inferior kind, they left the castle and the forest, on the 17th of August. They met Count Manegold and his men; few against many. The fight was horrible. Manegold and his warriors fought, like brave men, for honor, fame, and reward; Ernest and his comrades, like heroes self-devoted to death. Manegold and many of his party fell; Duke Ernest, sparing none, spared by none, covered with wounds, found the death he sought; so did his friend Wernher;—and the fight ended when the last of his band was slain."

And thus, partly from the unsettled state of the law respecting succession, and, indeed, respecting most other points, partly from the habits of fierce independence and self-reliance belonging to a rude age, the son of an Empress, the descendant, and perhaps heir of Kings, the legitimate and acknowledged Duke of a wealthy and pow-



erful Duchy, fell as the leader of a band of robbers.

Conrad II, at his death transmitted the uncontested sovereignty of Germany, Burgundy, and Lombardy to his son Henry III., a prince as able and yet more energetic than himself; who, had his life been prolonged, might perhaps have secured the permanent union of Italy with Germany, and the subjection of the Popes to the Emperor. Luden, of course, rejoices that he did not live to effect this, and thereby change that course of events which has produced good. During the seventeen years of his reign, Henry III. reduced the Duke of Bohemia to actual faithful vassalage, and compelled the Hungarians to acknowledge Peter, the nephew of their Christian king, the subsequently canonized Stephen. He subdued insurrection, and enforced tranquillity amongst the great German vassals. He supported the citizens of Milan against the nobility, and thus helped to found the subsequent liberty of that republic. He acquired the right of naming the Popes, and cordially concurred with Hildebrand, then Papal adviser and director, afterwards the formidable Gregory VII., in his endeavors to purify the Church of Rome from the vices that defiled and deformed her, especially from simony. But Henry III. was cut off under 40 years of age, leaving his crown to a child five years old, and the regency to his empress Agnes, a French princess. And here, for the present, we lay down the pen. The troubled reign of Henry IV., is, under every aspect, not to be reviewed but at length, and as a whole; and Luden, whom we cannot desert for the uncircumstantial Mannert, gives us in these volumes, as before said, only its earlier portion.\*

ART. X. — 1. *Souvenirs d'Orient*, par Henri Cornille. 1831, 1832, 1833. Paris, 1 vol.

2. *Souvenirs, Impressions, Pensées et Paysages pendant un Voyage en Orient*, 1832, 1833. Par A. De la Martine. Paris, 4 vols.

3. *Moniteur Ottoman*. Weekly Newspaper; Turkish and French. Constantinople.

WE cannot afford to remain any longer

\* The appearance of Luden's ninth volume, since this was written, does not induce us to change our purpose. We reserve it for a future article.

in such absolute ignorance of the state of the East. We cannot remain ignorant as hitherto of the ties that bind together a society, which appears on the very surface so differently constituted from our own. The public, if we only judge from the extensive demand for works professing to give an insight into the state of Turkish society, has shown that it takes a deep and lively interest in the inquiry. It is no idle curiosity that seeks to be gratified—it is not the curiosity of the enlightened few that would understand our nature better by studying mankind living under institutions different from what they have been accustomed to—it is imperative necessity that urges on the European community to investigate the nature of that social system which has so long single handed arrested the tide of Russian encroachment; whilst Russia has been aided by the ignorance, the errors, of her antagonists, has been supported by the whole weight of the moral influence of the kingdoms of Christendom, and has had the dexterity to turn against her rival the arms of those most deeply interested in her preservation, and that too at a moment when she was the least capable of resistance.

In spite of such a formidable confederacy against her, Turkey still survives. The public then desires to have this extraordinary vitality satisfactorily accounted for. It seeks to know what are those ties that bind together populations differing so essentially in every respect, that, judging according to notions drawn from the centralized administrations of Europe, there seems to exist no common bond of union. It would know the reason of that deep repose, observable in every part of the Ottoman dominions, which so strongly contrasts itself with the actual state of Europe; of that absence of all revolutionary feelings, of that restless, reckless desire of innovation, of those principles of *mouvement*, the absence of which Monsieur De la Martine noticed in a speech pronounced from the tribune, but which he did not—shall we say could not?—account for. Has the government been obliged to imitate the example of our continental neighbors? Has it had recourse to those strong and vexatious measures, and that formidable organization, by which the cabinets of the continent seek to arrest the progress in their dominions of the moral contagion? It has not. But is this war of principle an evil of our day only? Ever since European society has been fashioned on its present basis, has not every century had to record its tale of popular convulsion,



which has shaken society to its centre — its tale of domestic strife and civil bloodshed — of monarchs hurled from their thrones, not by a foreign foe, but by an angry and excited multitude — of dynasty succeeding dynasty — of principle supplanting principle — system changed for system? and yet how has the mass profited by these violent changes? We appeal to history for the answer. If, after some terrible crash, there has been a pause and temporary reaction in the popular mind, it is because the people stand aghast at their own handiwork. In amazement they find that, in their work of destruction, they have failed to arrive at the source of their disquietude, to eradicate the root of bitterness.

To this confusion, what a forcible contrast does Turkey and Turkey alone, present! To this day, the race of Othman sits on the throne it has occupied for six centuries, and governing its subjects according to the same fixed fundamental principles. This, be it remarked, is not predicable of any other eastern government. It is not predicable of Persia, India, or China. Any one, reflecting for a moment on this remarkable fact, must admit that the institutions which form the links of this society cannot but contain principles at once natural and strictly conservative. The public would inquire what these principles are? and this question is not one of speculation, but to be turned to immediate account, that we may oppose the progress of Russia.

Now, how have the travellers who profess to exhibit a picture of the social system of Turkey discharged their duty to the public? How have they answered these questions, which meet them at the very threshold? How have they accounted for facts of such a startling nature? There is not one observation, in the numerous volumes that yearly issue from the press, under the title of travels in the Levant, that intimates that the mind of the writer was in a state to feel the importance of these facts — the necessity of being accounted for. We are not therefore surprised at finding that the traveller has only recorded those facts which he could hardly have failed to notice, without shutting his eyes — and that he has been quite contented with the picture he has given of eastern society — that he has mistaken the exception for the general rule — the general rule for the exception, so that the falsehood of an opinion often rests on the correctness of a fact. Just as we should have expected, after a hurried journey, a superficial view of the country and its inhabitants, and a necessarily slender stock of

information; the traveller decides off-hand on all the subjects that connect themselves with such a vast and extended question — subjects of so diversified a nature that the very giving an opinion on them would presuppose at once an intimate acquaintance with military tactics; political science, whether administrative or financial; the principles and details of commerce; and not only a minute comprehension of the habits, local uses, and trains of thought, of all the different races and populations that inhabit this extended empire, but also a profound insight into the feelings and motives that actuate the human heart.

When conclusions are formed so hurriedly, it is no wonder that facts, as they come to light, show the invalidity of these conclusions — than the anticipations based on them are disproved by time. Whilst industrious to record and prone to condemn the individual instances of misrule and abuse which have come across them, we find them clinging to the very causes of the abuse as if they were the conservative principles to which the Sultan owes the stability of his rule. Had they taken the trouble of tracing the abuses up to their source, whilst, on the one hand, their opinions respecting recent changes would have been of more value, on the other, the spirit of research would have probably led them on farther, and finding the true principle of conservation, they would have been able to separate the good from the bad in the institutions of Turkey. Were we to draw our moral code from their writings we should come to this conclusion, that honesty, integrity and a regard for truth, may be domestic virtues, but must be looked on as political defects; and that institutions, which foster their growth, and with which their development is inseparably connected, are radically and incurably bad; — that hospitality and politeness are signs of barbarism, when divested of certain conventional usages which mark a feudal origin — that simplicity and docility of character are barriers to improvement, and that a high state of civilization and refinement is necessarily one of falsehood, pauperism, political fermentation, and crime. Whilst protesting in the strongest manner against doctrines so abhorrent to our better nature, we are combatting no ideal phantoms; we have marked with pain these sentiments gradually gaining force in the public mind. We have heard them put forward in society and defended, as justifying the notorious neglect of our political interests in the East. That neglect and all its consequences, together with the disposition to



observe and judge uncharitably, we cannot but attribute to the absence of correct information respecting Eastern society.

But the question naturally suggests itself, why is it that only writers of the stamp we have described have taken up the subject?

Are there not others who might give the public more correct information? If so, why have they not done so? We ourselves know several who have seen the question in its true light. But these are naturally men of a logical turn of mind; cautious by temperament and habit; and not inclined to appear before the public rashly. The mass of evidence they have collected bearing on the question appears to them insignificant when they compare it with what they deem necessary for discussing with satisfaction to themselves a subject of such gigantic dimensions. They in fact have felt the real difficulties of the question. The difficulties that a man has to encounter who would penetrate beyond the veil that conceals the East from the West, are not few or easily overcome. Indeed we should be inclined to place more confidence in the published accounts of travellers, had they shown symptoms of their feeling these difficulties. These difficulties the *Moniteur Ottoman* indicates to us in language equally forcible and comprehensive.

"In order to understand Turkey, one must disencumber one's-self of an immense load of prejudices, and when the investigator has put off the old man, the man of Europe, he has to surmount numberless obstacles, which arise from the difference of manners, ideas, and language. The very terms he is accustomed to use characterise but imperfectly every step of the social question, and express erroneously every part in detail of the social system. Then what a void in the absence of all those facilities which the publicity of facts and statistics afford in Europe! There is no spirit of analysis to be found among the Orientals. He that would observe them as a nation must collect all this information for himself. To the European, Turkey is a political accident—an assemblage of facts essentially differing from the facts of Europe. Not one of these facts has been classified by political economy, and yet the knowledge of these facts would enrich that science, and extend its bounds."

Here then we find difficulties which the observer of the Turkish social system has to overcome, sacrifices which he is called on to make, and a vast field of inquiry opened to his view, which we should have never dreamed of had we seen only with the eyes of the tourists in Turkey. In order to be able to appreciate the merits and demerits of any of the societies which form branches of the grand European family, the traveller must divest himself of all his national prejudices. Our neighbors on the continent have failed in their attempts at forming a just estimate of society in our

own island. Why? The traveller had perhaps freed himself from the pre-conceptions peculiar to his nation, but he had forgotten to divest himself of his continental prejudices. Yet what advantages does he not enjoy? He possesses our language, or at least a language in common—he enters into our society—he has access to our newspapers, reviews, pamphlets, and parliamentary reports, our ballads, proverbs and histories, illustrating our society at different periods; and our own social system, in that it has a common origin, bears somewhat of a family resemblance to that on the continent. But he that would appreciate eastern society at its just value is called on to divest himself of the more abstracted prejudices of the European. This requires no little exertion. Nor is this all. He must learn to think in a foreign language; for the words in which he is accustomed to clothe his thoughts, and which seem to stand for things that bear the closest analogy to what he observes in Turkey, are most calculated to lead him astray. He must go forth without a guide to direct his inquiries, and then he must break up new ground; he has to study a new science of political economy—he has habits and national usages to familiarize himself with—he must penetrate into a society which has been described by those who never saw it—he has histories to study—the languages in which the histories are written to acquire. In order to comprehend Turkey as a whole, he must remember that the system of government is not uniform as in the centralized administrations of Europe, but diversified and adapting itself to the local exigencies of the different regions and districts. Not one faith but many—not one race but many—not one region but many—a generalized view of the whole can only be taken after an intimate acquaintance with all the parts.

An acquaintance with any one of these branches requires many years' labor and calm investigation; yet, before this investigation can be effectual, the master-key must be found, and that is, a correct understanding of the general principles of the economy and administration of the government.

Now, what are the qualifications which enable the travellers that have published on this subject to form any thing like a correct estimate? What information did they possess which would enable them to generalize? Which of these conditions have they fulfilled? With the exception of the lamented Burckhardt and Colonel Leake



which of them has examined satisfactorily any of the details? And neither of these two touched even remotely on the principles that bind together eastern society. They did not treat of the action of government on the different parts, nor of the ties that connect these parts with the government. They had not the advantage of witnessing events of recent occurrence, which have rendered the task of anatomizing Turkey, and of discovering its principle of vitality, one of less difficulty than formerly. But, coming to the others, what one of these conditions have they fulfilled? and, not fulfilling them, they are exposed to all the dangers incidental to a man who cannot distinguish false information from true.

We know what it is to travel in Turkey. We have had to struggle against all the difficulties which beset the path of the inquirer, and we have found that it is only by coming in constant contact with the natives—by witnessing the manner in which they conduct the concerns of their families and their villages, and the economy of the local administrations—by diving into the minutest circumstance—by abstaining from forming any opinion until one has frequently shifted his ground and examined the subject in different lights, that one can hope to hazard one's self from being deceived by the false medium which surrounds every department of the Turkish question. We have ourselves had opportunities of observing many of the travellers who have since published the results of their inquiries, when engaged in collecting what they look on as information, and think that we can point out the sources whence this information is derived, and account for their works bearing such a strong family resemblance. The traveller on landing at any seaport in the Levant, is immediately struck by a number of moral phenomena which are contrary to any thing he was prepared for or accustomed to. He enters into a new world, where every thing astonishes and confounds. Like the blind man restored to sight on a sudden, he sees objects quite new and strange to him, but they present themselves in a confused manner. It appears to him like a chaos. Institutions, manners, habits, customs, trains of thought, nay, everything, from the most trifling conventional usage to the very foundations on which the society is based, appears to him, and indeed is, the very antithesis to what he has witnessed in Europe. He would come in contact with natives; but he is ignorant of any languages in which to hold communication with them,—but he would learn them. His enthusiasm is cooled by the information

that the two languages most current in these countries would each of them require at least ten years hard study to gain a competent knowledge of them; and then these are only two of a dozen, at the lowest computation. Resigning all hope of deriving information immediately from the natives themselves, he turns to the European population, expecting to gain at least from them what he is in quest of. Travellers have over and over again described what is the character of the society of the Frank population in the seaport towns of Turkey; in fact they have devoted so many pages to the description of this society, that we suspect they gave more of their time to studying it than they did to that society which they came professedly to examine. They have set it in the strong light of caricature. They have ridiculed the ignorance, presumption, and corruptness of these people, little imagining that they were breaking the ground from under their own feet; that they were invalidating their own testimony; for, such being the character of their informants, their information was good for nothing. Much as we may think the pictures they have given of this society overcharged,—much as we must disapprove that heartless levity which could wound the private feelings\* of individuals, and violate the sanctity of hospitality, frankly offered and as eagerly accepted,—we think their description in the main correct; and it is natural to expect that a European should be better qualified to judge of European society than of Asiatic, especially as he saw the one and did not the other.

The Frank population, either at Constantinople or Smyrna, (and these two cities give the tone of opinion to the Franks all over the Levant,) is as ignorant of the nature of Turkish society as the mass in England with the difference of their pretensions. The Franks have no sort of intercourse of a friendly nature with the natives; instead of mixing with them and instilling into their minds more civilized notions, if so superior in civilization as they pretend to be, they are exclusives! The Turks have more than once endeavored to establish amicable and social relations with the Franks, and that not only latterly—but

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\* One writer sets down a young lady at Smyrna as an ignoramus, because she said she did not know what a nightingale was. The poor girl said to us with tears in her eyes, "French is not my language; I did not know what a *rossignol* meant: had he addressed me in Greek, and spoken to me about the *andovi*, I should have said, 'I hear multitudes of them at Budjà, where I spend the summer.'"



they have been invariably repulsed. The merchant transacts his business with the people of the country. How is it that this does not lead to more familiar intercourse? The Turkish purchaser and the European merchant were ignorant of a common language, separated by feeling and custom; thence arose a class of persons—brokers—or *muhtal*, who transacted all business between them, and whose interest it was to render all direct communication impossible. What Frank merchant has been able to emancipate himself from this interference, and to do business directly, if ever so well acquainted with the language? It has been tried and failed, we know, in Smyrna. Thus naturally arose prejudice between the two parties, which has led to ill will, opposition, and mutual injury.

Formerly the Frank merchant, particularly the English, was, though prejudiced against the native, blindly attached to the government. Recent circumstances have changed his opinions. The Frank merchant, now no longer a member of a privileged body, has to compete with the superior knowledge, activity, and economy of the native trader. His position daily rendered more slippery—his profits diminished—his feelings soured—he exclaims, "Trade decays and the government is detestable." The answer of the *Moniteur Ottoman* is conclusive:—

"It may be granted that commerce, especially in Turkey, has diminished for each establishment in particular; but it has increased considerably for the mass. The proof of this is, that in all the ports of the empire there are twenty times the number of establishments that existed in the time so regretted, reckoning only European establishments; and all these are placed in a state of affluence and luxury which they could not enjoy elsewhere, without considerable capital and more sedulous attention. Forty years ago, the French almost alone monopolized the commercial resources of Turkey," (during the existence of our Levant Company.) "Compare the exports and imports then with what they are now, and you will find them increased more than tenfold. But it is said, that the productions of Turkey have decreased; with what then does she pay for the enormous importations from England, America, and France, which existed not before? It is notorious that she can only pay in kind. If the French have fallen behind their rivals, they must thank the monopoly created by the sanitary system at Marseilles. Turkey has never known the *scientific madness of a balance of trade*. In consequence, every part of her territory is supplied according to its wants and at a moderate price. Paying with her productions, the internal production has increased with increased consumption—which is sufficiently proved by the increasing demand for the rich cargoes from England and America, of which none remain without buyers and consequently without payment."

Besides, the atmosphere of Pera and Smyrna is designedly impregnated with

maxims favorable to Russian designs; and it is not to be supposed that Russia, who makes her influence and her gold be felt in every country of Europe, should neglect to poison the sources whence the traveller receives his information. But do not the *employés* of the different governments move about and examine for themselves? Yes: the Russian and Austrian do; and we know how anxious they are to make out the best case possible for Turkey. Well—but the dragoman? Here we come to the ultimate cause of the line of demarcation drawn between the Frank and native society. The system of using interpreters at first was only contemplated as a temporary measure. It never could have been imagined that any friendly intercourse could exist between two nations, when that intercourse was carried on through the medium of men who lived by non-intelligence and fattened on the misintelligence of their employers. How can we expect to have any beneficial intercourse with the Porte, so long as the channel of our communications is not only not one of our own nation, but one who knows no country, is connected to us by no tie, and is thus ready to sell our secrets to the highest bidder? The power power that pays is Russia; therefore she is the only power served. The dragomans are the noblesse of Pera. They, with the different missions, give the tone to opinion; consequently that power, which has the most of these attached to her, will impregnate the society with maxims favorable to her views. This power is Russia, and she has at her disposal the Prussian, Austrian, Danish, Dutch, and Swedish missions, all which openly and notoriously work for her,—others do so not less effectually, because in secret. But what opportunity have the dragomans, if ever so conscientious, of understanding the Turk? They are Franks—members of that community which is neither eastern or western by virtue or intelligence, but both in vices, prejudice and ignorance. How can the Turk unbosom himself to one whom he has so little reason to trust? \* Besides, this small insulated society is bound up in an endless chain of relationships and connections. Our present head dragoman is brother of the first dragoman of Russia? What a field for Russian intrigue to work in. Then for *espionage*. We know a consul at Smyrna, representing a nation whose guns once shook the

\* A delicate matter was in treaty between one of our former ambassadors and the Porte. Our then dragoman revealed the secret to his wife, she to her paramour, he to the Prussian minister, and thus did it reach London through St. Petersburg.



windows of Catherine's palace at St. Petersburg, to make a diversion in favor of Turkey, who is invited on board every English ship of war that visits the bay; is on the most intimate footing with our consul; and gets acquainted with every traveller. We observed one of the highest orders of Russia glittering on his breast, and we had ourselves observed enough to justify the recompense.

Such is one source whence the traveller derives his information. Let us examine another. There are some Greeks acquainted with the European languages, who possibly have travelled in Europe. They have been dazzled with the glittering varnish that covers the exterior of European society and conceals its defects from their eyes. Perceiving that we in Europe are free from that peculiar class of abuses, which they have experienced in their own country, and dreaming of no others, they imagine that our system must be perfect, and conclude that the government in Turkey, in that it differs *toto cælo* from European governments, must be radically bad. They turn an eye of hope to the new kingdom of Greece. Their hearts' desire is, or rather was, until very lately, its aggrandizement, which is incompatible with the existence of Turkey. Many such individuals went to Greece enthusiastic in the idea of a government established on the European model. They have found with amazement that the system does not work—that the people sigh for their old institutions—that the peasantry in bodies and whole communities emigrate to Turkey. If some travellers, who have built their opinions on such testimony, were to visit Turkey again, they would find the sentiments of their informants essentially changed.

The traveller, in his peregrinations through the capital, in his visits of ceremony to the officers of the Porte, or in his journeys into the interior, is accompanied by an interpreter; and he cannot well escape seeing every thing with the eyes of this *fidus Achates*. In fact, the occupation of the interpreter would be well-nigh gone, and his gains decreased, if his master were to burst his trammels, and to come to anything like an understanding with the people of the country. It is his interest, therefore, to spread before the eyes of his employer a beguiling medium. Nor is it intentionally alone that these people mislead you. Their position, ignorance, and disposition, unfit them for rendering any useful assistance to the traveller's inquiries. They generally are men who have been driven by their vices from their native land—who,

perhaps, have only a smattering of the language they pretend to interpret; despised, they hate in return; but they are clothed with the immunities of a Frank—the privilege of censuring what they do not comprehend, and flippantly designating their superiors among the natives, barbarians. The traveller, soliloquizing with himself on observing different occurrences that strike his senses, and thinking them anomalies, exclaims, "This is a most extraordinary country!" His companion replies, "*Quest' è Turchia, signore.*" "Who is that man with such a dignified carriage?" "*Ba! è Turco.*" "That shopkeeper is a rogue." "*Che volete, signore? E Turco.*" It is on such testimony that the traveller builds his opinions, although unconsciously. Nay, we have traced to no better authority than this, tales which travellers have recounted as facts; while they have sought to conceal, by metaphor, point, and antithesis, the spuriousness of the source.

What confidence is to be given to those who have enjoyed the greatest advantages, may be seen from the following circumstance, which places the difficulties of this inquiry in a different point of view from any we have as yet touched upon:—A French consul stationed in Albania during the war, and who, by long residence, by acquaintance with the language of the country, by travelling into the interior, and by his very position, one would imagine, was better enabled than any one else to give an exact description of the state of the country and its resources, returned to Paris with the materials which he had collected, and, above all, valuable statistical tables of the productions and resources of the country, compiled with great care and attention. The results of his experience and observations were calculated to leave a favorable impression, in the main, of the action of of the Turkish government, and to make the commercial world alive to the importance of that country remaining in the hands of a government which, with all its abuses, maintains the principle of free trade. A high Russian functionary, then at Paris, and now in our own capital, accidentally saw the MS. when the work was in the press. The result was, the picture was changed, and the resources of the country diminished one-third—but the author since then has been an opulent man!

But we think that the traveller is not only unfortunate in his having every source of information poisoned, but the public whom he addresses must come in for its due share of blame. Whether seeking emolument or reputation, the writer depends for both on



the public. Now, how would the public receive, at least until very lately, a description of the state of Turkey that only observed the modesty of nature and the simplicity of truth? From our infancy we have been accustomed to look on the East as a land of romance and fable; in our nurseries we have assigned it as the "local habitation" of genii and monsters, armed with supernatural powers and inhuman propensities. The untractable taste of the writer and the public alike must find in the East associations, impressive scenery, costumes, and drama; it will not endure investigation, reasoning, statistics, all important but sober every day occurrences, and scorns the homely narrative of facts recorded and accounted for. To prove this assertion, we will give one instance out of the many which have come to our knowledge: A distinguished member of the French chamber, several years ago, published the result of his observations in the East. He had remarked the high state of morals in Turkey, so strongly contrasting itself with what he lamented in Europe. This phenomenon he traced to the financial system in that country, which had not the effect of arraying interest against interest. This he conceived removed the manifold causes of uneasiness, animosity, wretchedness, and crime. He traced to this cause the absence of pauperism and idleness, the parents of crime. He found this so contrary to the public conviction, that he bought up the first edition of his work, and put forward a second, more in harmony with the notions of the day.

We think it necessary to make some apology to our readers for having dwelt so long on this branch of our subject; but when we look on this question as involving interests dear to us as Englishmen, and affecting our future destiny as men, we feel that no consideration ought to prevent us from removing whatever stand in the way of its being fully and clearly understood. Our brother critics have done little to expose these mis-statements; nor was it to be expected that they should possess the necessary information to do so. It requires no small acquaintance with a subject to be able to detect error when put forward in an abstract form. This is a subject on which every part of the community, however well-informed on other matters, has been notoriously in the dark—a subject on which only now light is beginning to break—and, in the absence of correct data to go upon, even critical acumen becomes dangerous, because it systematizes error. Whatever may be the wholesome influence that the

periodical press has exercised on the mind of the public in this country on the generality of the subjects which it is called on to handle; whatever may be the learning and talent it has evinced for the most part in exposing error and supplying information where wanted; whatever may be the consistency, impartiality, and discrimination, with which it has generally discharged its high office of censor, we find on this subject—we had almost said alone—the periodical press exhibiting a remarkable exception. Every new author is cordially welcomed, his tale listened to with marked attention, his assertions admitted unquestioned. His judge descends from the bench, conscious that he is not possessed of a body of evidence sufficient to decide. He feels it useless for him to attempt to hold the critical balance, not possessing the weights for trying the testimony. He knows of no test by which to ascertain the truth or falsehood of the statements. Thus we find in the same review statements approved of and argued on in one number, and subsequently contradicted. Nay, we have observed two works on this subject, containing statements so contradictory, that, if one was true, the other was altogether false—we observed these two works reviewed together—both authors equally commended; the testimony of both admitted; no attempt made to sift out the truth; a syllabus of the opinions of both drawn out: and, presenting it to the public, the reviewer said, "Decide for yourselves, we cannot."

This confusion and uncertainty of opinion shows that ideas on the subject are in a state of transition, incidental to the birth of a new science; for the study of the Turkish social system involves in it a new science, important in its results, wide in its bearings, extensive in its application. Whilst, then, we have seen that there exists in this country no standard of opinion on the subject, we congratulate our readers on one having arisen (where indeed it was most natural to look for it), that is, in Constantinople. Availing ourselves of this new and most important light, we shall proceed to examine the different false positions that some of the most popular of the subject among European writers have taken up.

One of the most popular English writers on Turkey is Mr. St. John. Before him, we may say he deserved his popularity. He enjoyed great advantage, from the position into which he was thrown by accident, at the time he made his tour, and his having taken the trouble to obtain some small



quaintance with the Turkish language, which saved him from being haunted by a vagabond interpreter on ordinary occasions. These advantages, however small, compared with what was requisite to understand Turkey, might have led him to greater results, as we shall show. But first, we shall do him the justice of pointing out what he has done well. The insight he gave us into the state of the Russian invading army of 1829 is important. This was comparatively easy; for, as we observed before, there is no reason why a European should not form a correct estimate of what is European. He sets before us the degraded and demoralized state of the Russian soldiery; their ignorance as contrasted with the intelligence and independent spirit of the peasantry of the country invaded; the wretchedness and starvation of that army, occasioned by a peculating commissariat and a defective medical department; the excesses the soldiery were thus driven to commit, which, together with bad faith and other causes, had disgusted for a time the Russian predilections of the Christian natives. He ridicules the ignorance\* that could make us fear Russia's menaces of attacking our Indian possessions until fairly at Constantinople, and thus holding Persia. He exposes the falsehoods published by the authority of that government. Nor did the deep mystery with which Russia carries on all her operations in this quarter, concealing them carefully even from those mixed up in them, escape him. Officers were ignorant of the most trifling incident passing out of their encampment. "They asked me of the state—strength of regiments—existence

of officers, &c. They knew not in one station what passed in another. The death of a general officer could scarcely transpire ten miles off. The estafette carried no private letters; indeed, none would be written for the commander-in-chief's inspection." In fine, he gives much information which would lead us to form a correct idea of the designs of Russia, and the means employed to realize them; but gives nothing by which we can even suppose that there exists in Turkey elements by which we may foil them. It was with society, as it exists there, that he had principally to do. So have we. We, therefore, turn to what he says of Bulgaria.

He was the first and only traveller that has given a description of that country, with something of detail, and true as far as it goes. He shows the ease and affluence which the inhabitants enjoyed even in the midst of a war, and quotes passages from other authors, showing that the comfort he observed there is not confined to Bulgaria. He describes the domestic peace and contentment in the main to be found there, the industrious habits of the people, the development of their agricultural resources. Finally, he finds an absence of crime and a consequent absence of punishment. This is correct; indeed, we may say, that whatever he saw with his own eyes is generally so. But he is a careless observer, and as seldom penetrating beneath the surface as any of his predecessors. His very manner of mistaking misplaced levity for wit, leads us to expect it. We shall give one remarkable instance of this, to illustrate our meaning: After a tiresome journey, "three hours wading through deep mud," he seeks refuge in a Bulgarian hamlet, in which the only house unoccupied by the Turkish soldiery, was one "where lay a child with a bad fever. This was offered to us; but, preferring filth to disease, we crept into an adjoining shed. Our host and hostess (parents of the sick child) were unremitting in their attention; they gave us a good soup, eggs, and a dish of fried meat (*perhaps from the next dead horse*)." Comment on this observation would be needless. While noticing the strict attention to cleanliness of this population, both with regard to their persons and their dwellings, he seems to forget that it extends to what they eat, drink or touch; that it is considered a religious duty, not only by Mussulmans, but by all the different races and populations. Thus the bare intimation of the possibility of a peasant's serving up fried carrion, shows such an ignorance of the habits and feelings of the people, that it is no wonder he falls

\* We have heard it stated that when there was an idea that our fleet was likely to come in collision with the Russian at the Dardanelles, in 1829, secret orders were despatched by the government for a formidable army to hold itself in readiness to march to India. This was one of her *stage* whispermans. Let us hear what Mr Slade says: "The penury of the Russian government renders its armies inefficient when dependant on their own resources. We have seen how the armies that reached Constantinople suffered from the common yet there a wind and rain in this fine climate; a Russian army home who seriously think of a Russian army may in capable now of reaching India. To extend her empire to India, if we allow her 200,000 men left Asian frontier. At present, if ours. Russian offshoot, not 2000 would reach treated this as vision with all their boasting, twenty or thirty years; for at least the next to have Persia organized at that time they hope with roads, the Persians cultivated, intersected resources theirs," &c. on vassals and their

In a preceding article we have seen that Russia, if once she establish a camp down that Russia, will be to dislodge us without the expense of sending a steady so far by means which she has a ready cre-



into graver errors. It is a notion common in the East, that all Europeans are unclean, and will eat carrion or any filth; an idea taken up and exaggerated by seeing some Franks not over-nice. We have observed a Greek peasant relieved from a load of horror, when we succeeded in convincing him that the guest he harbored belonged to a nation that prided itself on its cleanliness. It may be said that the observation above was a mere slip of the pen: perhaps this little slip may better account for the want of hospitality on the part of English merchants to English travellers, and particularly the navy, which our author complains of, than the supposition that the merchants, as a body, have taken it into their heads that the navy swarms with Don Juans.

But, little fitted for judging what we call things of sense, what can we expect when he comes to grapple with abstraction. He says, the prosperity the Bulgarians enjoy, is the result of the country being thinly inhabited. We have seen elsewhere the misery, mendicancy and discontent of the Greeks under the rule of Capodistrias, ascribed to the same cause—thinness of population. We can conceive Nature having fixed some limit to a nation's population; but what is that limit? Is the number of paupers a criterion? Then long before Elizabeth's time this country was over-populated. Has a system of government nothing to do with creating paupers? Has a change nothing to do with diminishing them? Look at France since the revolution. With all her errors, only one-twentieth part of her population are paupers. Ours amount to one-sixth. Mr. Slade contradicts himself elsewhere—noticing "the superior condition observable in their flourishing towns and abundant fields. Witness," he adds, "Tarnova, Gabrova, Rusgrad, Selimnia, Yamboli, Aidos, &c., all *thickly peopled*, wealthy, and *possessing manufactories of cloth*." Besides, the quotation above contradicts the implied assertion, that the inhabitants derive their revenues from the land. This is so far from the fact, that, calling to mind the manufactories of woollens, silk, and cottons, as well in Philippopoli and its environs, as all over Bulgaria, and the articles for which different places are famed;\* remembering the magnificent khans with extensive magazines, that we remarked on our road from Constantinople to Philippopoli, which, of themselves, show the activity of the trade between the capital and that town, chiefly in the hands of the Bulgarians; having seen the immense numbers of Bul-

garians that at a particular season of the year regularly repair even to Syria to meet the Persian caravans, and exchange their own manufactures for the rich stuffs of Syria, Persia and India; not to mention their coasting along Asia Minor, when homeward bound, and making further exchanges—judging from these simple facts, (if we had not the surer grounds of statistics to go upon) we should not hesitate to assert that the most apparent portion of their prosperity depends on their manufacturing energy and commercial enterprise.

Having shown what is *not* the reason of this prosperity, we shall show what *is*. In Mr. Slade's work, we find no mention of the Codja Bashi, though we doubt not that he, as well as ourselves, was more than once indebted to the municipal officer for lodging and entertainment; but this authority has higher functions to discharge than merely to attend to the wants of the casual traveller. He is the intermediary between the government and the people of his district; but, elected freely by the suffrages of every taxpayer, or (which is the same) householder, he represents public opinion. It is as much the interest of the government as of the people that the communications between them should be as easy as possible; and whenever the municipal authority does not represent public opinion, opposition to authority follows, which there is no organized system to overawe. Being thus the focus of public opinion, and placed in such a situation, one can conceive what influence he possesses, and how naturally he turns it against anything that might disturb the peace of the community. Thus he prevents the commission of crime, rather than punishes it when committed. Further, when the Turkish government demands the payment of the taxes, he convenes and presides at an assembly of the tax-payers. The sum required is stated, and the tax-payers assess themselves, distributing his share to each, or throwing the burden on whatever, looking at the locality, can best bear it. It is not a central administration, deciding on what demands at once a perfect knowledge of minute detail and immense powers of generalization. Industry and commerce are left entirely free, because it is impossible to use difficult methods of raising the revenue, therefore the government does not vexatiously interfere with men's buying where they can cheapest, and selling where they do so to the best advantage. The interest of the community is not sacrificed to a few by fiscal artifices: there is no collision of interests, each interest striving to shift the load of taxation from its own back to

\* To adduce an obvious instance—the otto of roses.



that of another. National interest is felt as *one*, and therefore the central administration has not more work than it can do, in trying to reconcile interests, which it has first brought into collision. It is betrayed into the enactment of no laws creating fictitious crimes, the commission of which holds out great advantage, and insensibly leads on the mind to transgressions against the light of nature and divine commandment. It is not tempted to enact laws thwarting Nature, by "unequally distributing wealth, to the great deterioration of social happiness" (Slade). It is not tempted to enact laws, which give a few dazzling results, at the expense of widely diffused misery.

Such is the social system which we observed in Bulgaria. We might have scrupled to lay this statement before the public a few years—perhaps months—ago, fearing to be met with an incredulous smile. But now these accounts have received confirmation, and we know that the enlightened at least, of the public, will admit the correctness of our statements.

It would be curious to trace in history the origin of institutions which have converted hordes that once menaced Europe, into the peaceful husbandman, the industrious artisan, or the enterprising trafficker. Did the Bulgarians bring them with them? Possibly; as nearly similar institutions are found among all the tribes that travelled westward from the East, about the same period. But there are institutions, resembling these, which the Turks brought from Tartary and the Arabs from Arabia. This circumstance leaves us in doubt as to who planted them, but prevents us from forming a contemptible idea of the skill with which the social system was founded as a whole. Speaking of the institutions of Turkey, we feel the danger of treating them in general terms. The system is not uniform, it being the distinguishing feature of the Ottoman government not to interfere with the genius of the place, but to suffer its attachment to its natural predilections. Thus the constitution of the local authorities in mountainous tracts is somewhat different, but their intercourse with government as regards taxation, nearly the same. In champaign countries, (not the deserts) the system is much the same as in Bulgaria; in some places worked out with more purity, in others less so. In different places, more or fewer abuses prevent the free action of the system; but we have invariably found, in the low lands, comfort and prosperity in proportion to the purity with which the municipal system was worked out.

Mr. Slade, having allowed this to escape

him, blames the government for having acted up to the very principle which is its strength, thus:—

"The more we examine the conduct of the early Ottoman conquerors, the more we are convinced that *religious toleration* is the rock they split on in Europe: They should have either *extirpated* the Greek religion, which has ever been a cancer to the Mussulman power, as they could have done, or they should have made its professors dependent on the government for salaries, whereby *they would have ceased to care so much for the affection of the people*. Amurath II. adopted the former plan in Albania. [?] He succeeded. [?] The Christians that are now there are later settlers. [?] After all, conversion by the sword, though it sound horrid, is as good as any other way—certainly more efficacious. There may be doubts as to the insincerity of forced proselytes, but their children are certain of being born in the faith; and this assurance in the converters of saving generations in future counterbalances the injustice of making one generation forswear itself."

What a host of reflections rush on the mind while reading the above paragraph! the monstrosity of the opinions (if such a term be applicable) is paralleled by the perversion or ignorance of historic events, and may suffice to render the author's conclusions suspicious by the very fact of his having arrived at them. We were inclined to think that the Ottoman government was obnoxious because it had not allowed sufficient freedom to conscience. We had hailed with pleasure the recent enactment of the Porte which went still farther towards equalizing the rights of all sects, especially as the Porte showed that it felt "that equality of rights involves an equality of duties."

The Porte may thank its stars that it has rejected all fellowship with all such counsellors, who would parade, for its initiation into civilized existence, the worst errors and vices for which civilization has to blush. Have "salaries, which made religious teachers dependent on governments," removed "the cancers to their power"? Has not the system broken up sympathies, because these teachers "ceased to care so much for the affections of the people"? Mr. Slade says elsewhere, that the Bulgarians of the Greek Church "lived tranquil, and never, until 1829, formed one of the jarring elements of the empire." Neither did they then, unless momentarily. He has shown how soon they learned to hate the Russians. Recent events have proved the strong and increasing attachment of all the Christian subjects to the Porte; but if it ought to extirpate the Greek Church in Europe, (the religion, by-the-by, of the Cossack refugees, the most faithful adherents of the Turkish government) why not also in Asia Minor? why not the Armenian Church? why not the religions of the Maronites and Druses,



in the mountains of Lebanon?—that of the Jews everywhere? “Amurath II. adopted such a plan in Albania, and succeeded.” Where is this fact to be found? It is not a century since the mass of the Albanian tribes became Mussulmans. It is worth while to compare with the above quotation one on the same subject from another writer on Turkey:—

“What traveller has not observed the fanaticism, the antipathy, of all these sects—their hostility to each other? Who has traced their actual repose to the *toleration* of Islamism? Islamism, calm, absorbed, without spirit of dogma or views of proselytism, imposes at present on the other creeds the reserve and silence which characterise itself. But let this moderator be removed, and the humble professions now confined to the sanctuary would be proclaimed in the court and the camp; political power and political enmity would combine with religious domination and religious animosity; the empire would be deluged in blood, until a nervous arm—the arm of Russia—appears to restore harmony by despotism. Did not the animosities of the eastern and western churches lay the Greek empire at the feet of the Turkish conqueror? Open abruptly the political arena to similar contentions, the same scene would be reproduced; and, even if the Christian sects alone remained, the theologian and sectarian acrimony of Mount Athos, of Etchmaidzin, and the Vatican, would re-appear, unaccompanied by the remnants of the science and philosophy of Athens and of Rome, England, France, Russia, and Turkey.”

We think a great number of Mr. Slade's miscalculations may be ascribed to his imagining that the government held its tenure by force and religious fanaticism. This explains his idea that the annihilation of the corps of the janissaries is the ruin of Turkey; that the body of the Ulemas is its “sheet anchor,” &c.

“It is to form of government in general a very contracted and gross idea, to believe that it resides alone in the coercive element, particularly that it resides in its force to make itself obeyed. Without doubt force is originally mixed up in every institution; doubtless it has something to do with its progress; but, whenever you find results established and continually occurring—whenever you find a great event develop itself and reproduce itself during a long series of centuries, and in the midst of different situations—you must not attribute it to force.

“Whatever part force plays in human societies it is not force that governs, that presides over their destinies; but principles and moral influences, which, concealing themselves under the accidents of force, regulate the course of societies.”

Such is the philosophic Guizot's view of the influence of the *element coercitif*, even in societies where there are strong standing armies, not to repel foreign invasion, but to keep the people under—where a formidable and costly organization constrains the free action of thought.

But in Turkey, where is that organization of force to which the long stability of the empire is to be ascribed? The popu-

lation of European and Asiatic Turkey amounts to thirty millions, at the lowest computation; the standing army to 40,000 men, and that not an element of internal conservation. Contrasted with this, the population of Egypt is two millions. Mohammed Ali, before he was possessed of Syria, could hardly keep down a tame, dispirited people of Fellahs, chained to the soil, and whose daily bread is the condition of their slavery, with an army of 60,000. In Candia alone, an army of 10,000 was necessary for a population of 90,000. Such is the practice of *civilization* as applied to the East. Further, in Independent Greece, with a population of 850,000 to 1,000,000 troops, the people are always, whether under the Germans or Capodistrias, on the verge of a revolution. The police of Constantinople (a population of 600,000) consists of 150 men. Was it ever greater? Since the destruction of the janissaries, the executioner has found his office a sinecure. Are there prisoners immured for political offences, or rather opinions? In fact, where are the state prisons? Copodistrias filled Napolì with spies; is there one in Constantinople? Do not the Turks, &c., meet every evening at the coffee-houses, and freely discourse on every topic? Could they not hatch treason during the nights of the Ramazan, the Saturnalia of the Turks, inasmuch as all discipline is then relaxed? Finally, so strongly is the idea of individual liberty rooted in the habits of the people, that no sooner is any one, no matter who, put in confinement, than every influence is at work to procure his liberation.

But the Turkish government held its tenure by force, and the organization of this force was the janissaries. The most superficial glance at the history of the Turkish empire, and of this corps, shows, that ever since the days of Murad IV., if not before, the existence of this body was a source of internal weakness—a reason why the real strength of the government could scarcely develop itself. They were the first to mutiny, whether in peace or during war. It was this body that resisted every change, whether beneficial or the reverse. What hold had they in the Mussulman's affections? Selim III. contemplated their destruction; but before, he had rendered himself unpopular by the enactment of some erroneous financial measures derived from Europe. The janissaries, whose interests were in common with the body of consumers, found the people enlisted on their side, and he was deposed. His fall, while it taught Mahmud a lesson, made the military oligarchy miscalculate its own power.



Mahmud did not mix up with foreign matter the simple question, whether the janissaries were to govern Turkey or he; and they fell without enlisting one partisan—nay, out of their own body proceeded that man, who was the immediate instrument of their downfall. He is allowed on all hands to be one of the ablest administrators in Turkey, the one best acquainted with her history, and consequently best acquainted with her real elements of strength. All the janissaries were not cut off, only the ring-leaders and those found in arms. How came it, then, that Russia tried to awaken the janissary feeling during the last war? Should not this very circumstance have opened Mr. Slade's eyes, knowing, as he does, the designs of Russia, and how she works to effect them, namely, by fostering every element that can weaken the Porte, and alienate the affection of his people from the Sultan? She attempted to enlist a body of them in her service, and failed. This experiment was tried in the North of Roumelia and Asia Minor. Since then the Albanians in the West of Roumelia made an insurrection—Ibrahim Pasha marched through Asia as far as Kutahia. Neither attempted to resuscitate the janissaries; for they knew that the people had, with a unanimity seldom witnessed, passed on that body the sentence of condemnation; the Sultan only carried that sentence into effect.

It is quite new to us, that a measure which gives universal satisfaction should have a tendency to weaken the hands of government. But are the disasters of the late Russian war attributable to the extinction of the janissaries? Would the janissaries have compensated to the Porte for the destruction of her fleet, which gave the Russians the command of the Black Sea? Would they have prevented us from throwing in the whole weight of our moral influence against Turkey, and on the side of Russia? Turkey was attacked at a moment when least capable of defending herself, being without an organized military force. But he must have read the Turkish history to little purpose, who has not seen that this military body in her wars with Christian and other powers, acted invariably as a drawback on the inherent power of Turkey.

Akin to this error is the supposition, that the abolition of the Derebeys has weakened the power of the Porte. So much did Mr. Slade understand the constitution of the Derebeys, that he confounds them with Ayans. The former were usurpations against the principles of the government.

The Ayans were the municipal officers of the Turkish population, originally elected like the Codja Bashi. Some of these had also made successful usurpations, and rendered their office hereditary. The Porte, putting an end to these usurpations, showed the intention of returning to her original principles.

We come to the question of religious fanaticism. This is generally supposed to be the vital principle of Turkish power; so that we are not surprised at a superficial observer setting down the Ulema as "the sheet-anchor of Turkey." What is this body of the Ulema? Is it a body at all? What is its constitution? what its constituency? what its revenues? what its rights, influence, functions? These points should have been defined; they ought to be self-evident. A body which is the anchor of hope of an old and tottering empire, must force itself on the attention of the most superficial observer of its agonizing throes. Can Mr. Slade answer the questions we have asked? can any traveller tell us satisfactorily what the Ulema are? If not, is not the supposition merely gratuitous? Does Mr. Slade suppose the Ulema is the body of the church? If so, he is mistaken. He cannot suppose they are merely the body of the law, and call them the sheet-anchor of Turkey. But he supposes that they are possessed of immense revenues—revenues so large as to be visible means of accounting for the existence of the capital, namely, the revenue of the vakoofs and mosques, or a full third of the rental of the empire. It happens most unfortunately for Mr. Slade's theory, that the administration of this property has been lately taken into the hands of the government. The proposition was coolly, calmly discussed. It was decided. A firman of thirty lines appeared in the Gazette. A week sufficed for the new arrangements to be understood and acted on; nor was there opposition or convulsion among the Ulema; and though some of the individuals of the body may have suffered in their pocket, neither did the body consider itself injured, nor was it lowered in public estimation. We have not undertaken to say what the Ulema are; we merely cite this fact to prove that our author understood no one branch of what he decided on so summarily.

It is too bad to see fact, morals, history, institutions, and futurity, dealt with in this heedless style; and the compound considered a work of authority on Turkey—we turn for relief to something satisfactory, something intelligible on the principles of conservation of the Ottoman Empire. A co-



temporary has this remarkable passage, when speaking of the Crusades :

"Christianity," or rather Catholicism, "then put on all that warlike character to which the success of Islamism is ascribed. The tide of Mohammedan conquest was rolled back, Christian kingdoms erected, and Gothic dynasties established in the centre of the former conquests of Turks and Saracens. Mussulman enthusiasm, ardor of conquest, and zeal for proselytism, might be deemed extinguished by defeat and the triumph of a hostile creed. From what series of causes then should Christian princes fail to consolidate their dominion in the East, and reap the fruits of their labors? Why could they not, by virtue of civil institutions, retain conquests won by religious zeal and superior military prowess? The difference in the mode of civil government pursued by Europeans and Asiatics offers the solution. The causes of the disastrous results of the religious wars are to be found in certain points of contrast between the administration, political maxims, and practice of Europe and the East; and these points are chiefly the introduction of feudalism and all its concomitant evils by the Norman and Gallic princes, together with the commercial despotism of the trading republics, the carriers of the crusaders, and the ascetic severity of a political church government. Against these are to be placed a government despotic in name, but never exercising its despotism in the local administration of the country; occasionally oppressive in its burdens, but leaving commerce and industry free; intolerant in its creed, but without a political church or inquisitorial police. *The establishment, remarkable prosperity, and permanency of Islamism in countries where that creed does not predominate, can only be attributed to its political character.*"

But we will give other instances of Mr. Slade's carelessness and self-contradiction. Looking at the immense number of build-ings at Constantinople, he says,

"The question naturally suggests itself—how do their inhabitants exist? for Constantinople does not offer the same resources as the great Christian capitals for those who live by their wits. *Vice, the great alimenter of idleness, is kept under by the strong arm of religious law!* There is little commerce, few arts, no great influx of travellers. The rich men of the provinces do not congregate to it. The commonest necessities come from distant parts; corn from Odessa," [this, we observe, is not the fact, but the reverse was the case during the year of Russian famine,] "cattle and sheep from Asia Minor, &c., rice from Philipopol, poultry from Bulgaria, fruit and vegetables from Nicomedia and Macedonia. Thus a constant drain of money was occasioned without any visible return except to the treasury or the property of the ulema. The places mentioned may be considered foreign parts; their inhabitants never visit the capital to restore the equilibrium. Though I cannot precisely solve the problem of the incomes of the Constantinopolitans, I may give a rough sketch of them, &c."

"The manufactures of Constantinople consist chiefly of sword-blades, gun-barrels, pipes, saddlery, gold-lace, muslins, silks, leathers. Their gun-barrels are singularly good, made of heated wires beaten together, often inlaid with gold, producing a beautiful wavy appearance, the stocks generally inlaid with mother-of-pearl, the locks bad. Flowered muslins; embroidery of all descriptions, sometimes in gold and silver, executed

in a manner superior to anything of the sort in France or England. Great skill is shown in chibouques, silver coffee saucers, and everything relating to horse furniture. The excellence of Turkish woollens, especially carpets, and the temper of Turkish blades are too well known. Wonderful art exhibited in MSS. Korans, well-written and illuminated, are beautiful things, as also the Perpetual Almanacks, on long rolls of parchment. The Osmanlees carry the art of dyeing to great perfection; their vegetable dye, *sang de bœuf*, is inimitable and unsurpassed in durability. The art of coining, in which they are the only people except the Venitians that preserve the same color in every piece of their gold money."

We might extract from other parts of the work, what would swell the number of the arts of the Constantinopolitans. Had the writer observed caravans and boats at their departure from Constantinople, as well as at their arrival, he might have seen how the equilibrium is restored between the capital and the provinces, just as it is between the capital and the provinces of this or any other country.

Again, we are informed the Turk is externally decorous, but his harem is a scene of obscenity. Does the writer speak from personal observation? We had imagined that unlimited gratification of brutal lust had a tendency to smother all the kindly sympathies of our nature; to break up the ties of kindred; and yet we find these sensual animals make the tenderest parents—the most dutiful, respectful, and obedient children that are to be found. By his own confession, by the laws of Mohammed the Turks are allowed to take four wives. The availing one's self of this license is the exception; *one wife* is the general rule.

In regard to the individual Greeks he happened to come in contact with he is pretty correct. They were in a certain manner "the most favored subjects of the Ottoman Porte," and this was "an abuse that crept in with time." Hear him further:

"Visit any part of Grecian Turkey, the peasant is well clothed and well fed—his property protected—his wife and daughters held sacred—(excluding periods of revolt) his great hardship is being obliged to lodge and feed troops on the march, and to receive government officers. The Turkish peasant is equally exposed. The Armenians, though not more oppressed, are less considered, because not so completely a nation; the Jews absolutely despised; the Fellahs of Syria slaves in comparison." [It is not the fact.] "The Fellah in Egypt is in a state disgraceful to humanity."

He concludes, then, that the Greeks had nothing to complain of. The simple fact of their revolution is a sufficient answer. Men in these countries do not fight about theories; when they complain, they do so about something tangible, although it may escape the observation of the European speculator, who expects to see in the clouds



what lies at his feet. They did suffer under oppression, on which foreign intrigue was able to work. It is true their wrongs have been exaggerated and misunderstood. Their condition was infinitely superior to that of the peasantry in most countries of Europe, but there was not that complicated organization to keep them under. We think that the view which the official organ of the Turkish government has given on this subject is more intelligible. Speaking of the unwholesome influence of the janissaries :—

"If Greece is objected to us, we answer that events in Greece come precisely in support of an opinion which we have entertained so long. Detached, because the municipal principle was deprived of free action by military preponderance, Greece took up arms in the very sense of those reforms which were beginning to form themselves in the mind of Sultan Mahmood. This very revolution has contributed to his success, and if Greece be now separated, it is because, during the first five years of the insurrection, the government and the Ottoman people were still under the fatal and stationary dominion of the janissaries."

Mr. Slade seeks to lower the character of the Greeks, and to do so, says that Greek literature has had little influence on the development of mind in this country. Mr. Slade, we believe, makes little pretensions to scholarship, yet, even on such a subject as this, talks of what he has never had opportunities of understanding.

We dismiss this author, on whom we have spent more time than really the intrinsic merits of the book might claim. We have done so, because a happiness of style and a facility of expression have served him as a passport to public favor, and given currency to his most erroneous opinions. In conclusion, whatever Mr. Slade describes from personal observation is generally to be relied on. Whatever he took on the testimony of others is the reverse. Whenever he attempts to analyse, abstract, and reason, he goes beyond his tether. Take his facts—avoid his opinion.

From what we knew previously of Monsieur Cornille's character, we should have said that he was the last person from whom was to be expected not a description of Turkish institutions, but even a faithful picture of the most obvious parts of that society. There is a frivolity and flimsiness about all he says or does—a jumping to conclusions when he should be looking for premises—a tendency to erect theories on small foundations—to establish analogies where little or no similitude exists, that totally unfit him for a work which demands patient investigation and cautious deliberation. His political bias makes him necessarily see every thing through a distorted

medium. The modern republican, if we are to take our author as a fair specimen, is one attached only to outward forms, substituting theories for practice, and taking words for things. If he wants to know whether a nation enjoys liberty, he looks for charters in black and white, not perceiving that the very writing down that "*Tous les Français sont égaux devant les loix*," is the severest satire on his nation. What faculty for observation of society can he have who looks on religion as a matter of taste and treats it as a theme for jesting! He observes amongst the Turks great moral virtues, and the use to which he has applied this observation is to cast a stigma on the Christian religion.

Religion has been on all occasions brought forward as the mode of explaining effects of political and moral causes beyond the observer's reach. In no country has that word stood more in the way of inquiry than in Turkey. Habits, institutions, there, are the reverse of our own. Islamism is called in to account for them all. Today we find Islamism the cause of political prostration, and tomorrow we meet with it as the cause of the successes of the Califat. In one author we find Islamism productive of turpitude, corruption, and crime; in another bearing the goodly fruits of chastity, sobriety, honesty, and truth. In fact, we see in the lucubrations of our wanderers over the East the counterpart of the impressions which some Turk, ignorant of the manners, history, languages, and differences of Europe, might carry home to his own country, after a visit to the West. All that was not eastern, correctly or incorrectly observed, he might trace to the effects of Christianity. Let us imagine what our feelings would be on finding, in a Turkish tourist, our dogmas called in to account for the victories of Napoleon, the Reform Bill, Arkwright's spinning-jenny, saving banks, and street prostitution.

We admit Mr. Cornille's observation to be quite correct. What we have ourselves seen of the Turks, subsequently, of course, to the first two or three years of false observation and difficult apprenticeship, induces us to give our unequivocal testimony to the truth of the observation, that the Turks (excepting always government *employés*;) are a people "that speak only the truth and always act honestly." If there be truth in this proposition, and we fear no contradiction from those whose contradiction would be of weight, it proves that no institutions seriously affecting the moral and political state of this people can be radically bad. But while we deny that re-



ligious dogmas have produced this political prostration, we also deny that the faith of Islamism accounts for the moral virtues of the Turks.

There is a passage in the fifth edition of "England, France, Russia, and Turkey," that so illustrates this position, that we extract it. Speaking of Lazistan, the author says,

"The Dereh Bey system sprung up, and this, with the discredit attached to Christianity by the proximity of Russia, has led to the apostasy of the Lazs. Russia, in separating them administratively from the Porte, has unexpectedly brought about their union to the Sultan: she has also raised their character; for, it must be observed, the difference here is not between the Bible and the Koran, between Christianity and Islamism, but between the superstition and idolatry of the Greek church and the simplicity of the Mussulman practice, but between two systems, the apparent differences of which are religious, but of which the material differences are *political and social*.

"The Georgians are proverbial for drunkenness and debauchery: they are not brave; they are superstitious. Those who have become Mussulmans have also become sober, chaste, and hospitable—these are habits of their new faith. In confirmation of this change of spirit it may be mentioned, that the village schools date in each from the period of its conversion."

M. Cornille treats of the Mahomedan religion. His first observation shows that he knew nothing about the most trivial circumstances connected with it. He confounds the Ulema with the Emirs or descendants of the Prophet, whose distinguishing badge is, as any child knows, a green turban. Hear him—this is a man who was three years in the country—speaking of the Ulema. "Cousins, and children of Mahomet, if one may believe their own story, they bind their heads with a triple green handkerchief, as a mark of their boasted descent. We know that green was the favorite color of the Prophet. The Ulema alone have the right to wear their master's livery."—"The Ulemas," he goes on to state, "enjoy high consideration from wearing green turbans;" whereas, in what estimation the "turbans verts" are held, may be learned from their obtuseness of intellect having passed into a proverb. He then tells us that the Ulema are "a privileged body, immovable in the enjoyment of their property." He does not tell us what property belongs to the body, but he lets us into the secret of their privileges, or at least one of the most important of them—the being allowed (if condemned to death) to be pounded in a mortar! The address he puts into the mouth of a poor Ulema going to suffer capitally, and revolting at the idea of being hanged like a dog, is excessively witty—"You must pound me,

Sultan—pound me, for it is written (we suppose in the Koran) 'Thou must be pounded.' " We thought that this privilege was confined to the Sheik-El-Islam; at least we do remember that one Sheik Islam, in the reign, we believe, of Murad II., about to be executed for his misdeeds, claimed that his blood could not be spilt. The Sultan ordered (in wanton waggery) that his brains should be dashed out with a stone. Thus originated the story of the mortar. Our author's three years in the East were certainly not necessary for him to acquire this information; he might have got it in his nursery. Every thing is in the same character. We feel that we have done him too much honor in noticing him at all. We have only done so, to show the public what trash will be foisted on them, if they do not show a disposition to resist imposition.

We make some observations on a trite parallel which he re-produces, between Peter the Great and Sultan Mahmood, not because brought forward under such auspices, but because we have heard it so frequently repeated, and think it perfectly unfounded. We introduce it in the garb in which we find it decked out by Mons. Cornille.

"Mahmood has commenced, they say, the work of Turkish regeneration. Like Peter the Great, he combats the prejudices of his people, and imposes on it civilization. But Peter had to do as it were, with a new people. He had not to do with a people grown old in its opinions, unattackable in its faith. Branches are not revived when the root is dead. One hopes everything from a new sprout. It has every care taken of it. The oak, which shows above the young forest but two long branches, blackened and worm-eaten—the tree contemporary with bygone ages—is left to die in peace."—p. 69.

Now, wherein lies this analogy? Peter destroyed the Strelitzes, Mahmood the Janissaries; both military bodies—it goes no further. The constitution of the two bodies was different; the influence they wielded; every thing different. We have seen it elsewhere asserted that Mahmood *copied* Peter. He had as much thought of imitating Peter as any of his predecessors, who, before Peter was born, contemplated the same thing, and for the same reasons. Monsieur Cornille remarks a striking difference between these two sovereigns, but instead of following it out, immediately rushes off into a labyrinth of analogies and similes. The common-place parallel between the infancy, youth, maturity, and old age of individuals and nations, has been demolished by the profound Playfair. In his work on the decline and fall of nations, he shows that nations have nothing analogous in their constitution that causes them to de-



say—that no law in nature condemns them to death—that nations, the institutions of which were originally good, are only in danger if corporate bodies grow up with interests distinct from those of the community, with chartered privileges, exclusive rights, and a strength of organization by which they divert to themselves the nourishment that should be equally distributed over the whole body. He says, if such corporations exist, and the nation has not sufficient energy to shake them off in time, they must lead to national extinction. Now, Turkey has shaken off the only corporation that had the consistency to prevent her institutions from working as they were intended to work, and the machine of government from performing the necessary functions. Peter, M. Cornille says, had to do with a new people. What does that mean? A people that had then no institutions capable of giving them national strength and consistency. He was thus necessarily a creator. Mahmood reigns over a people whose institutions had once made them formidable to Europe. He does not harbor the remotest idea of imposing on his people *French* civilization, and if he did, he could not; for his people are too sober-minded. His reforms, hitherto, have a tendency to lead the nation back to their original principles. We mean not to say that he has not committed errors, but of these very errors M. Cornille has not the slightest idea.

The nonsense that M. Cornille talks about the people being “grown old in their opinions and unattackable in their faith,” shows that he knows nothing about the matter. As he can never get beyond externals, we suppose that he means the change of dress. What complaint did he hear in 1833 among the people? The Sultan feared that contemptuous depreciation of every innovation had too long co-existed with the turban and a particular style of dress, for the two ideas not to have become associated. Consequently, he laid aside the turban and appeared in the simple *fez*, which he had always worn underneath—a head-dress that abolished, too, all vexatious distinctions, because common to all, and the only part of Eastern costume that is so.

To say, as M. Cornille does, that the turban is as much the sign of Islamism as the cross is that of Christianity, shows that he knew as much about one religion as the other. He should have known that there are many individuals, many classes, among the Mussulmans who never wore the turban—the artillery, bombardiers, and dehlis, among the military, for instance, and the dervishes, or monks, among the religious

community; and that there are many who never wore it from choice. We have entered into this absurd question further than its importance demands. It makes a great noise in Europe; it is rarely spoken of in the East. We do it to descend to our author's level, and to show the style of observation of Eastern travellers. On this subject we add, that we know many Turks deeply interested in the regeneration of their country, who desire, not to return to their ancient costume, but to change their present attire for something more oriental, merely because they apprehend that, by too near an approach to European systems, their national character and spirit may be impaired. In this wish we cordially concur. This notion is gradually gaining ground among the influential portion of the community, and we entertain no doubt that the Sultan, when relieved from his political embarrassments, will turn his attention to the subject; and from his innate good taste may be expected a change to something more national, convenient, Eastern, and picturesque.

We respect the personal character and talents of M. de la Martine. We feel that we should wrong him by contrasting his full-toned mind and piety with the flimsy superficiality of his sceptical compatriot. But he seems not the person to be able to appreciate Eastern society. There were impediments in his way peculiar to himself. In his manners, conversation, and writings, whether prose or verse, we see scarcely anything that denotes his belonging to any particular nation in Europe. But he has not those cosmopolite qualities so necessary for examining the comparative merits and demerits of a society so differently constituted to that of Europe, in order to give an impartial verdict. He is essentially a European. He had been accustomed to move in society where there was much that was trifling, but much that was agreeable and brilliant. He had too long been accustomed to give the tone to opinion in his own country to consent to modify his opinions—too long a doctor to become a disciple. His character of poet alone disqualified him for political investigations. Poets, in simpler states of society, were the best instructors in legislation, were the best builders up of social systems, because their study is nature, whether physical or moral; but, in the European system, nature and politics have been so long disunited, that the observer of nature is disqualified for political investigation; so unused to the task, that, even where he may find political institutions based on natural principles, he fails, as M.



de la Martine has done, to observe the connection.

But there was another impediment. It has long been the object of M. de la Martine's writings to arrest the progress of the *mouvement* in France. The means by which he proposes to accomplish it, is the revival of the attachment of his fellow-countrymen to Catholicism. Coming into a country where he found the faculties of the Maronite Catholics developed by education, by contact with Italian priests, by their own natural quickness, (if we may use the expression,) contrasting them with their neighbors the Druses, the mass of whom is uninitiated into any creed, whose ignorance is a by-word,\* he perceives their superiority. But then he finds that the Catholics do not enjoy that consideration in Syria which would please his predilections; for the Mahomedans, who give the tone to opinion in the country by their numbers, by their connection with the religion professed by the chief of the state, and by their superior intelligence, cannot disguise their real sentiments; they despise Catholics as idolaters and inferiors. He then observes the tolerance, the dignified forbearance of the Musulmans. He feels the moral superiority of Islamism over what he had mistaken for Christianity; but he dares not hint it to himself. Thus he is overpowered, confounded. His convictions receive a rude shock, but his prejudices remain unchanged. He was laboring, too, under considerable irritation of mind when he visited the East, where he wandered an involuntary exile. He left France in a moment of disgust at seeing the turn things were taking; still he longed to have an excuse to return. We witnessed his delight when his nomination as deputy for Dieppe furnished him with that excuse.

With such conflicting feelings, he was too preoccupied and prejudiced to look at any thing in its true light. He had not the spirit of investigation. In his conversation with a distinguished lady, who, in spite of all her eccentricities, might, had he better chosen the subject, have supplied him with much correcter local information than he did obtain, he neglected any topic that was connected with the spot. He converses with two intelligent priests—not on the nature of a society on which he was to pronounce an opinion. He asks not how they

account for its existence; he touches not a theme, on which, in discussion, either he or they might have thrown out some new view whereby to account for that which has never been fully explained. His heart turns to Europe; he speaks of Paris, London, Florence. He travels to Syria to discuss St. Simonianism, and makes greater progress in their doctrines than in Syrian customs.

Yet what a field of inquiry does not Syria present? Let us take, for instance, the commercial emporium of Damascus. We meet there the nomade Arab, the mountaineer, and the inhabitant of towns, of villages—their character partly agreeing, partly disagreeing; we there see mingling specimens of the patriarchal system preserved in the desert, of mountain clanship, of the municipal system prevailing in the plains. Were these distinctive features not to be remarked by an inquiring mind? Were not these apparent contradictions sufficient to call forth the analytical powers of a man of superior and logical intelligence? Would not the first appearance of classification lead on to further inquiry? And, to take in a more immediate point, does not the practical, though certainly neither the intelligent nor systematic, reverence of the Porte for different institutions, that is to say, its non-interference, explain the greatest phenomenon of present history, the permanence of its dominion?

The high state of cultivation in which he found the mountains of Lebanon strikes him, but only as regards the picturesque. He admires the precipitous and terraced sides clothed up to the summit with vines and mulberry trees. The high cultivation of the plain, wherever the presence of water enables the inhabitants to struggle against the aridity of the soil, does not strike him, as not being so obvious; and, while he imagines that he is giving a history of the government of the mountains, he does not attempt to trace this prosperity to any causes. Our readers may well imagine what it is to be ascribed to, when we say that, though the local administration is in the hands of an hereditary governor, this governor is easily removed, if he opposes the feelings of the people, another, of the same family, being set up in his stead. The revenue is collected by self-assessment, as in Bulgaria, and we thus find in these two countries similar results;—property equally distributed—absence of crime and punishment, except in times of high excitement—and great manufacturing industry, great commercial enterprise. Would Monsieur de la Martine trace these results to religion,

\* Little is known of the religious tenets of the Druses. They are divided into two classes:—a few called Accals, Intelligent, or initiated into the mysteries of their Creed. The mass are Jabeels (Ignorant)—literally, believing they know not what. Their only religious tie is implicit obedience to the Accals.



because the Maronites are Catholics? This prosperity is common to the Druses, Mutuals, &c., as well as the Maronites.

He says that he ventures to entertain hopes of a brilliant *avenir* for the Maronites. But he neglects to state what it was that allowed him even to entertain hopes which we think delusive. Did he know that had it not been for the supremacy of Mahomedanism, the Maronites would now be extinct? Fakreddin was the last Drusé Prince of the Mountains. The Maronites were then a small sect, their numbers few; but they were more enlightened than the Druses. The prince naturally favored his own race, and harassed the Maronites. For this reason, the Turkish authorities discontinued the Druse princes, and placed a Mussulman chief of the race of Chab, under the title of Emir Beshir, over the mountains. Thus, justice being in the hands of one that could judge impartially between the contending creeds, the continual jar was removed, the resources of the country developed, as we have seen, and the natural power of superior intelligence felt, insomuch that the Maronites now are equal in number to the Druses, and are augmenting their converts. Take off the balancing weight, and you will have discord again. This is proved by events of no very ancient date.

The Druse population, perceiving the inroads that the Christians were making on their body by proselytism, raised a storm which forced the Emir Beshir to fly. He was reinstated by a small body of troops sent by the Pasha of Acre. This shows that the mountains are not inaccessible to Turkish troops. Besides, the Maronites are far from united; for amongst the party opposed to the Emir Beshir were many Christian chiefs; and thus we do not exactly discover the brilliant prospects which Monsieur de la Martine holds out to them, to prop up his confederation theory. The Emir Beshir, he seems to think, is a Christian; we know that this is an opinion entertained by the Franks at Beyrout; but we imagine that they have as little means of judging as Monsieur de la Martine or ourselves; for this distinguished personage does not let out his private opinions to casual visitors. As he is a man of enlarged mind, he may possibly see something superior in the tenets of the Christian religion; but he governs the country according to the administrative maxims which have become incorporated with the religion of the Mussulman. The Maronites are promised this brilliant prospect, because they are of the same creed as Monsieur de la Martine. The external form may be the same, but

the practice is essentially different, as the priesthood forms no corporate body, separated from the community by vows of celibacy or by such a provision "as makes them careless about the affections of the people." The Jesuits, who have penetrated into almost every country in Europe, and succeeded in distracting the settled march of government, whether courted and caressed by the chief authority, or discountenanced and frowned on—after having made repeated efforts to gain a footing in Turkey—after having spent such sums to erect vast edifices for monasteries, &c.—have failed to establish themselves even in the mountains of Lebanon, where there are so many Catholics. It must be premised that it is contrary to the principle of hospitality acted on by the Porte to expel the stranger. Should not this failure then be tried to be explained as well as noticed by M. de la Martine?

M. de la Martine goes on his pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and there alone he observes the beneficial effect of the Turkish system. It forced itself on his notice. He approached the Holy Sepulchre with notions highly exaggerated, and with worked-up feelings. He expected that the priests (of his persuasion at least) from residing within an enclosure which was hallowed to him by every association, would be men devout and pious, who had long withdrawn their thoughts from earth to heaven. He found them mercenary, ignorant, degraded, demoralized; jesting and blaspheming near the tomb itself; with their utmost might fanning the flame of superstition and fanaticism, in order to turn it to profit. In the moment of bitter disappointment, he looks at the conduct of the Mussulman guardians of the church. What a mortifying contrast! Dignified and decorous; showing respect for the feeling that led the pilgrim to the spot; they watch over the Sepulchre, to prevent one religious communion from interrupting the devotions of others, which they are well disposed to do; such is the rancor of the several sects against each other. But for the Turks, he says, the tomb would be a scene of constant strife between rival creeds; would pass into the hands of some one, to the exclusion of every other communion. "I see no grounds," he observes, "for accusing and abusing the Turks: their alleged brutal intolerance only shows the ignorance of those who prefer the charge—they are the only tolerant people in existence."

Is not this one fact worth all his lucubrations, as showing, what he did not himself understand, the nature and spirit of the



government of the country? In every other part of her dominions, and with very few exceptions, the impartial toleration of the Ottoman government has calmed down the irritations of religious animosity. Here, the associations of the place keep alive angry recollections; but even here, all record of the fierce disputes between the Christian churches of the East and West would have died long ago, had it not been for the intrigues of Italian monks, supported by foreign powers. But we do not attribute this toleration to dogma, because we find the same feeling taking upon itself a character purely institutional; because we find the Porte not only respecting difference of creeds, but difference of local laws, usages and customs; because we trace to this spirit, combined with hospitality, the privilege that the Porte confers on the stranger of every nation—the privilege of living under his own laws though in her dominions, enjoying his own customs, gratifying his own tastes, amenable only to officers appointed by his own government. These are the obligations which M. de la Martine and every eastern traveller have been under to the Porte; and the way in which these individuals have, for the most part, repaid her, is, by misrepresenting her people, her institutions, and her system; by publishing mis-statements that favor the designs of her ambitious enemy.

We have not space to enter into all the erroneous opinions that have given a false coloring to all M. de la Martine's pictures of Eastern society. A *résumé* of his opinions is to be found in a speech which, on his return, he pronounced in a deliberate and solemn manner before the assembled representatives of his nation. How well he understood Turkey may be seen from his mistaking her vital principle for symptoms of dissolution. So well had he appreciated the reforms of the Sultan, that what had curbed the arbitrary exercise of power, repressed military tyranny, secured property from rapacity, and increased the resources of his people, was characterized as elements of weakness; so well had he studied the spirit of the different races and creeds, that a confederation of states was to be formed—that they were to be bound by sympathies when the Ottoman supremacy ceased to connect them; so deeply had he penetrated into Russian policy, that such a confederacy was to prevent a power so artful in sowing dissensions from occupying a position, which was not with her a question of more or less importance, but one of life and death; so well had he read history, that the ground (once Tur-

key) was to be proclaimed by a simple treaty neutral; and that thus, amidst jarring interests and conflicting passions, we were to see there Elis reproduced without its associations.

A detailed refutation of these visions appeared in the Augsburg Gazette, which subsequently was reproduced and still further commented on in the *Moniteur Ottoman*. The first of these works happily contrasts, in its refutation, as it says itself, of the arguments of the statesman, but of the metaphors of the poet, the benevolence of the intentions of M. de la Martine with the bigotry of his opinions.

M. de la Martine, in his anxiety to invigorate the East, looks around to see if he can find elsewhere renovating materials. He sees that under "*notre brillante civilisation le peuple souffre et se plaint.*" The philosopher is not arrested in his speculations by this astounding fact, which strikes him with such force when, coming from the East, he sets his foot on Europe. No! but the benevolent poet sees in this *mal-aise* motives to induce the most unhappy sufferers from European civilization to emigrate, and thus enlighten the barbarous East. "Is this, then," continues the writer in the Augsburg Gazette, "the result of all your charity, to cast the Dejanira robe of Western fiscalty over the simplicity of Eastern institutions?" But that speech carried with it its own refutation; and, had the recollection of it not been revived by the publication of his "*Souvenirs*," it would have passed from our mind as the weakness of an amiable man of genius—"absorbé dans une contemplation mystique plus près au ciel qu'à la terre."

But we return to our original question: Is the problem not to be solved? How frequently and anxiously have we asked ourselves this question, while wandering over the East? We saw the danger that menaced Europe; we saw that, if the name of Turkey were blotted out of the map of Europe and Asia, Russia's would there be stamped in characters which must efface every other. We heard of several proposals. We had sufficient local knowledge to see that, the Ottoman supremacy once removed, no substitute but Russia could be found. The Ottoman government we considered in a state of rapid decline; Russia constantly encroaching. Is there no expedient to be hit on? Can Turkey be made to stand by herself? Is she not rotten at the core? Must she not always be propped up? To this doubt we opposed the extreme difficulty that Russia had ever experienced in dislodging her antagonist,



though Russia really had so many and seemed to have every advantage. What necessity, we reasoned, for those immense exertions, those enormous sacrifices, those extended ramifications of intrigue, which she carries into every cabinet in Europe, to subvert an empire tottering to its fall? Why not wait patiently until it falls, and then step in quietly, to reap the fruits of a conquest which would not cost either blood or treasure?

We could not explain the reason of the extraordinary contradiction. This very difficulty was a result of long observation. We did not even appreciate the facts as we should have done; we knew that the Ottoman dynasty was the oldest in Europe—we could not account for it. We saw populations so divergent held together for ages, and subject provinces lost with difficulty and retaken with ease by the Ottomans. We could not account for these historical facts; we had not possessed ourselves of the key. We put these questions to others—every one had his different theory—none was satisfactory to any but himself. We visited almost every province in Turkey—we examined every circumstance carefully. We stored up in our mind facts, opinions, conversations. We looked into books, we found nothing satisfactory.

In this state of gloomy foreboding were we, when a small unpretending volume fell in our way. It was no account of fearful accidents—it was no romance of which the author was the hero, and in which he recounted the perils he had gone through while roaming over the world in quest of adventures. In fact it was not "*Travels in the Levant*." It was "*Turkey and its Resources; its Municipal Organization and Free Trade*." The title startled us—it appeared as if it was rearing at once the standard for Turkey? We glanced at the advertisement. The first sentence riveted our attention—"The lingering adhesion of the parts of Turkey to each other is far more surprising and less easily accounted for than the dismemberment of the empire." Here then was one who at length had addressed himself to the problem which so long perplexed us. We sat down to read the volume: at the first hasty glance we found that it bore the internal evidence of truth. It traced great effects to simple and natural causes. We then perused it with more serious attention; and we found here the key to the system which appeared before no system; that institutions did exist, although those who lived under them and enjoyed their advan-

tages were totally unconscious of their existence. We tested the positions by the facts which we had been long collecting; we found that they solved them, that they completely reconciled all apparent discrepancies.

But we feared that we were under delusion, and became sceptical from a desire of finding it true. We examined its effect on others, and we found even the most deeply-rooted prejudice staggered. We heard men for the first time actually talk of the institutions\* of Turkey; differences of opinion then for the first time arose. In discussion the abuse began to be separated from the principle. We observed, even in the ambassadorial circles, from which such discussions had been banished by absurd mystery and pompous trifling, these questions mooted, attacked, and defended. But what was much more important, we observed this influence over Turkish opinion. The government had formerly felt the necessity of reforms, of removing abuses. It had entered the career without a guide, without having reasoned on itself. Anxious to imitate Europe, that it might be admitted into the European family and enjoy its protection, the imitations were undertaken without system, consequently they were often injudicious, and opposed to the very organization to which the government owed its stability. It attempted to imitate the errors of Europe: the genius of the people formed by these unknown institutions prevented it from succeeding. Their pride was insulted by the necessity of change; the injudiciousness of the change often ennobled that pride. The nation, detached from its habitual moorings of custom and opinion, was exposed to every danger and every apprehension. They concurred in the mass to despise their own practice, to imitate foreign customs and manners, of which scarcely one individual knew even the external forms; or, on the other hand, they clung with a hopeless but pertinacious conviction that all was old. They knew not where to stop or where to begin; they knew not what was European or what was not—pride and expediency stood opposed

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\* The Frank population and the merchants naturally pronounced at once their anathema against these doctrines. Their animosity has since subsided, as will appear from the following extract:—"If I could speak to you I could convince you that there is not a resident in Turkey, or an individual who had any transactions with the country, who is not under the greatest obligations to Mr. Urquhart. Should Turkey become alive to its own intrinsic value—should monopolies be done away with—should the *iktisab* be taken off—I say, should such things take place, whom will you have to thank but the man you are so violent against?"



—yet pride, honest pride, was often uselessly sacrificed, and expediency disregarded in the means taken to secure it. At this moment the opinions of a European became known, and as immediately obtained favor and carried conviction—for that European commenced by reconciling them with themselves—pointed out excellences they had neglected, and which were worthy of the admiration of that very Europe whose contumelious reproach had not less affected them than its untoward acts—while he urged them to hold fast by that which really was good, he pointed out to them that which really was bad, and thus again conciliated their self-esteem even in their self-condemnation. While they themselves despaired,—despaired of even arriving at the conditions required by civilized Europe,—he, a European having examined them with the attention necessary to arrive at such results, did not despair; pointed out how the end was to be attained; and revived hope by directing opinion. One instance we quote, out of hundreds, as proving by a single expression the reality of the mental state which we have attempted to describe. One of the doctors of the law declared to us that he had no hope for his country until he understood the principles exposed in this work.

The Turks felt respect and awe for the power of Europe, and admiration for her institutions. From political circumstances they felt that their existence depended on its good opinion. Their feelings may well be conceived when they found themselves treated with respect. They received encouragement and confidence from feeling they had claims to that respect. Could they doubt that the European who had taken this view, who had rendered them this service must be right? How many authors have reproached the Turks with intractability, because, though they received politely the suggestions of reform offered by Europeans, in imitation of European models, they did not adopt them. How could they adopt suggestions offered in total ignorance of all that it was requisite to know, and which, consequently, generally injudicious, were often impracticable? Could these fail to produce a most unfavorable impression with respect to individual European sagacity and judgment? The Turks, too, were intractable while we were ignorant. This change of disposition, so contradictory to all preconceived opinions, proves that we now have arrived at the truth.

The influence that the author of these views gained amongst them was of the most

rapid growth. To enter into the reasons of this we must observe that he was the first European who had gained their confidence on account of his opinions. His position then had all the charms of novelty. Besides, it is further accounted for by that very absence, among the Turks, of analysis, and of those laborious habits of thought necessary to arrive at conclusions which led them more readily to admit conclusions formed for them, when these bore the characters of truth recognisable in their eyes; and oriental society is not split into a number of factions, with opposite opinions and interests. The confidence of one man thus gained implies the confidence of the million. There is a difference of creeds and races, but no difference of opinion. The unity of sentiments and principles is at once satisfactorily established by the fact, that the author of "*Turkey and its Resources*," while enjoying the confidence of the Turks, enjoyed equally that of the tributaries and rayahs.

The Turkish government had asked for encouragement from Europe by means of its official organ. "When the West confers on the East the benefit of enlightenment, may it also add that of opinion!" On the publication of this work the *Moniteur Ottoman* sees its aspirations realized. Reviewing "*Turkey and its Resources*," and putting the seal of its sanction on those principles as the authentic elements of Turkish institutions, as the directing spirit of future reforms, it prognosticates that the work will operate change in the sentiments both of the East and West towards each other; and time is beginning to show the truth of the prophecy.

"A fact occurs today, which has occurred once before in the history of Europe. The fact is, a violent animosity against Mahomedans, changing suddenly into contrary sentiments, and seeking, with all the good faith of real regret, to discover its errors.

"The early times of the crusades, that long *cauchemar* of the Christians, was a period of bitter hatred, of infuriated passions, rejecting all inquiry and exercising a despotical action over the masses of men that passed over to Asia. To hate and to fight, such was the only thought of the crusaders, during the eleventh century. But in the succeeding, opinion changes. The struggle between two systems, religious and social, loses its character of blind fury. It continues because begun; but the spirit of inquiry had taken the place of passion; fanatical prejudices are effaced. The crusaders study the character and habits of their enemies; sympathies arise; and from this moment commences that movement of civilization, which was the final result of that vast irruption of the West on the East.

"The crusade of civilization of the nineteenth century commenced precisely as the religious crusade of the eleventh—in prejudices, blind hate, and condemnation, without reason. It finishes, like



that of the thirteenth, in inquiry, sympathy, and justice. Ten years have sufficed to operate this reaction, which, in another age, required two centuries. The diffusion of knowledge, facility of communication, and the immense power of the press, explain the difference. Thanks to those whose high intelligence raises them above the prejudices of their day, to whose investigations we owe this return to impartiality, fraternity; this return to the true spirit of civilization. Mr. Urquhart has caused his cotemporaries to make a gigantic stride in the path of honor, of social science, and of humanity. His laborious researches have thrown a new light on the question, so obscure before, of the institutions of the Ottoman empire, of the reason of its decay, and of the means of its regeneration."

After opening up the elements of Eastern society, and of the state of Turkey, the author turns round to the political question, for it is impossible not to attribute the pamphlet that appeared at the close of last year, under the title of "England, France, Russia, and Turkey," to the same master-mind that created order where all before seemed confusion—that reduced to principle what appeared only "jarring elements"—that, after having worked through the minute details of local administration, finance, and commercial intercourse, rose to all the imposing truths of political economy, social science, and moral philosophy. In both publications we find the same observation and appreciation of minute detail, the same searching analysis of facts, the same facility of combination, and, what is still more striking, the same tracing of great and complicated effects to simple causes. So evident appears to us the connection between the discovery of the cause of resistance on the part of Turkey to Russia, and an understanding of the means that Russia takes to overcome that resistance—of the necessity for those immense exertions she makes, both in East and West, and of the simple means by which Russian progress may now be arrested—that we hesitate not to say, that if the author had not written on the institutions of Turkey, his *exposé* of Russian policy for the last twenty years would never have appeared. He never could have made that policy intelligible even to himself. We refer not to that pamphlet for the purpose of pointing out its merits or supporting its positions. We merely point out the intimate connection between the administration of Turkey and the policy of Europe. The effect of this publication on opinion, in England, is perhaps unparalleled; the question interests now because it has been rendered intelligible.

But its action on the mind of the Turk is not so well known, and yet more remarkable. It has attracted the attention of the Turkish government, and has been trans-

lated into Turkish, by order of the government. Turkey had been calumniated by Europe; from Europe she had learned that she did possess elements within herself of regeneration. By the errors of the European cabinets, particularly that of England, she had been prostrated; from England again proceed a dissection of those errors; an exposition of the means by which Russia was working her destruction; of the means of rectifying these errors. It is shown that, whilst she depended on England, England knew and felt the necessity of her existence. Thus, while the consideration of her dependence on foreign interference humbled her and rendered her docile, she rose in her own estimation, from feeling that her existence was necessary to the tranquillity of Europe.

It is wonderful to see a great nation perishing through ignorance of its own means of existence, abandoned and wounded by other powers through the same ignorance; one able power profiting doubly by this ignorance, to cause this nation to destroy itself, and to cause others to destroy it; and by such means proceeding uncontrolled to the erection of one universal dominion on the ruins of all the existing powers; and to discover that it is owing probably to some trifling accidents of every-day occurrence, which led to the observation, establishment, and combination of these simple truths in the mind of one individual, that the means are pointed out of blasting the gigantic schemes of such insatiable ambition.

#### ART. XI.—*Tableau de la Dégénération de la France, et des Moyens de sa Grandeur.*

Par A. M. Madrolle. (Picture of the Degeneracy of France; and the means of her greatness, and of a fundamental Reform in Literature, Philosophy, the Laws, and Government.) 8vo.

IT may be taken for granted that the author of a work under such a title could not fail to discover abundant matter for severe censure, indignant reproof, and bitter sarcasm; that, if so disposed, he would find

"Ample room, and verge enough  
The characters of hell to trace;"

and this, were he merely to confine himself to the Dramatists and Novelists of the day. But his work appears to us to be a singular performance. While, on the one hand, it contains many evident truths clearly and forcibly stated, and supported by incontrovertible facts; it puts forth many notions



which will be deemed literary heresies, and many bold assertions, chiefly remarkable for the dogmatical *naïveté*, (if the expression may be allowed,) with which [they are advanced. He dedicates his work *à la jeune France*. He says,

"The greatness of France is the hope of the world. France alone is great, gentlemen, and you are France. You are France, and you know it; and you act accordingly. On whatever side we turn our eyes, in the lower, in the middle, in the higher classes, among all the factions which now divide society, among the citizens and the merchants, in the University and at the Bar, even in the Academy, in the Chamber, in the Ministry, and, above all, at the Tuileries, it is *la jeune France* that is the most prominent, that gives the law."

He then compliments *la jeune France* as commanding public opinion by the Journals, the young editors of which, and not Messrs. Soult, Guizot, Thiers, &c., and Louis Philip, are now the true prime ministers of France, and its kings.

We fear that those who are acquainted with the French journals of the present day will hardly join our author in expecting from their conductors the religious and moral regeneration of France; for which, in fact, he does not seem to have any much more solid foundation than that his principle, which is exclusively religious, is proclaimed by the most independent of them; that one of them has said, that "the annihilation of religious faith has left a vacuum in the world, which it is difficult to fill up; that a religious tendency, a moral *reaction* are evident; that the journals hesitate less than ever to mention God." But, in another chapter, treating of the bad effect of the revolution in putting every thing out of its place, he says: "Old age, so respected among the ancients, is now an object of contempt; it has every where given way to youth, which inundates (he says encumbers, *encombre*) the public functions, the journals, the schools, societies, the forum. In a word, we have children every where; all that we now want is one upon the throne, and all that we do, our passions, and even our virtues, are about to place him there."

We must leave it to the author to reconcile these sentiments with his compliments to *la jeune France* in commanding public opinion by the journals.

"Modern literature is complex, obscure, hollow, unintelligible, untranslatable. I defy you to understand a single word of Messrs. Janin, Hugo, Villemain, Chateaubriand, Lamennais, as they themselves understood it. Only one of their thoughts is clear to every body; I mean the blank spaces, pages, and even leaves, which they interpose in their works; these are their real lucid intervals."

"There is nothing more systematic than genius; nothing more opposite to the sublime than litera-

ture; nothing more different from great men than men of letters. We are so blind, so simple, that we give the epithet of sublime only to *ignes fatui*, the name of genius to flagrant contradictions, of great men and dwarfs."

It would require a work much larger than that of the author to accompany him in the development of his opinions, either to show their truth or to expose their errors. There is scarcely a name of eminence in literature or science, from the remotest ages to the present time, that is not pressed into the service. While we agree with much that he alleges respecting the existing evils, we are by no means sure that we should be satisfied either with his remedies, or the results which he would obtain. From what he says of the reformation of England, of its government and the spirit of the people, and from the whole tenor of his argument, we conclude that, while he would with reason make a religious principle the foundation and the strength of political institutions, he has the Roman Catholic religion alone in view. We apprehend that he misunderstands the signs of the times; and that there is, perhaps, more truth than he will allow in the assertion, which he quotes, of the *Globe*, the *Tribune*, and the *National*, that "Catholicism, Legitimacy, Nobility, all this is *dead, absolutely dead*, in France. You may give to it, as to a corpse, a convulsive semblance of life, but life itself is fled for ever."

M. Madrolle has composed a work called "Universal Legislation," of which he gives the heads, and which he seems to expect will produce the happy change to which he looks forward.

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ART. XII.—*Pensees d'un Prisonnier, par le Comte de Peyrounet*. (Second Edition.) Paris. 1834.

THERE are many reasons why we should not give our own opinions concerning the above-mentioned work, of which we will state only one. There is a sacredness in the present situation of the author, that would prevent us from openly expressing ourselves, either to praise or to condemn; for we might be accused of being misled by our feelings of compassion, or admiration of the magnanimous bearing of the prisoner of state; or, on the other hand, we might be thought to insult an unfortunate minister, who has been punished for doing what he deemed his duty.

However all this may be, there can be no



reason why we should not tell the reader what is the nature of the Count de Peyronnet's work. It is prefaced by a zealous and admiring friend, Count Jules de Rességuier, who commences in the following manner: "Thoughts of a prisoner! . . . Are these thoughts marked by the impress of fetters? narrowed by the want of space? discolored by the absence of light? No; they are animated, they are lofty, they are free; because bolts cannot curb either the mind or the soul of the prisoner;" and who relates the following anecdote: "The chapter concerning the punishment of death was written while the author was imprisoned at Vincennes, when the people were loudly demanding his execution." M. de Rességuier conjured him to lay more stress on several parts of his defence; but he, valuing his reputation more than his life, said, with the utmost tranquillity, "My friend, I have two causes in hand, that of the present and that of the future. I should be sorry to lose the first, but I am anxious to gain the latter."

The book consists of a series of political reflections and essays, some written before the last revolution in France, others at Vincennes, during the Count's temporary imprisonment in that castle, and the rest at Ham. It is dedicated to his friends, and is divided into short chapters, treating of some of the great political questions which have, in all modern times, agitated mankind; such as, Liberty of the Press, Civil War, Capital Punishments, Amnesty, Oaths, Obedience, Factions, Perseverance in Opinions, and (which forms a very curious chapter) Women in Adversity; to which is added an imitation of Montaigne, entitled, "De la Solitude Forcé," a sort of *jeu d'esprit*, an ingenious defence of, or rather reconciliation with, the Count's present situation.

In order to give an example of the style in which the work is written, we make the following extracts:—

"Now, how are we to understand this? If the people are to command, who is there to obey? If the people are to obey, who shall command? Shall we have obedience without command, or command without obedience? Do you take it to mean that the people shall be their own masters, and, at the same time, their own subjects? that they shall obey themselves collectively, and command themselves in like manner? that there shall need a deliberation of this collective sovereign for each collective act of this subject, prince, and people?"

"And where shall reside the sovereignty, one of whose principal attributes is command, while the people, reduced to obedience, shall have no other condition than that of subjects? Will you tell me that it shall be vested in the prince? Is it, then, an essential of your popular sovereignty to reside habitually elsewhere than in the people? Oh, the marvellous prerogative, which one possesses merely to be subject to it, and which one obtains only

to let it be exercised by others! Do you tell me that it will not be in the prince? Shall it, then, be no where? Admittable sovereignty, whose character is that it exists scarcely for once, and but for a day during many ages!" . . .

"Confess, then, that popular sovereignty is but the negative of sovereignty. You give the appearance of it to the people, to take its reality from the prince; you take the reality from the prince, without being able to give more than an empty and false appearance to the people."

Our female readers will thank us for giving the Count's opinion of them while laboring under misfortune:

"What can be more beautiful, what can be greater, what less analogous to our miserable characters as men; in general so cold, so inattentive, to all that does not concern ourselves! Pure and true devotion, that is to say, the entire sacrifice of self for others, is incompatible with us, and out of our nature. This virtue, which brings with it so many others,—exquisite mixture of courage, perseverance, charity, and forgetfulness of self,—is the most perfect of perfect virtues."

"It is, nevertheless, to this that weak women raise themselves, where great calamities help and conduct them; it is in this that they excel, and enoble and fortify their sex. Their soul is transformed, if I may so express myself, and the emotions which take possession of it far surpass the common limits of humanity."

Far otherwise does the noble Count speak of the weaker sex in prosperity; but we suspect that he will be forgiven when it is seen what he thinks of it in the hour of trial.

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#### ART. XIII.—*Réponse de Lucien Bonaparte, Prince de Canino, aux Mémoires du Général Lamarque.* London, 1835.

THE object of this pamphlet is to justify the writer and his imperial brother from the accusations of General Lamarque, who, in his Memoirs, imputes to them the having been actuated, respectively, by self-interest and mental feebleness, in the course they adopted after the battle of Waterloo. The Prince of Canino is an acute and subtle dialectician, who reasons ingeniously and plausibly, even when he fails to convince. With respect to his own conduct and motives, however, we think he does more, and, although we can occasionally detect a fallacy, resting upon an ambiguous use of words, we think he may be fairly said to exonerate himself from the charge of having been then, or perhaps ever, influenced by views of personal aggrandizement.

With respect to Napoleon the case is different. Lucien Buonaparte himself allows that, at the time, he thought Napoleon's last abdication an act of weakness, a mean



dereliction of his exalted post; and avers that his own advice was, not to abdicate, but to dissolve the refractory chambers, and appeal to the nation for support against the invaders. It is only twenty years of subsequent meditation that have converted him to his present opinion, which will probably startle our readers as much as ourselves. It is, that Napoleon never held himself to be more than the chief magistrate of the French nation; that their good, not his own glory or greatness, was ever his paramount consideration; that he knew he could effect his own personal objects by the help of the army, without the chambers, but thought he could not thus save the country, and, caring for nought else, abdicated. Now, as we before intimated, the prince has failed to convince us of Napoleon's noble and perfect disinterestedness, or, indeed, to make it intelligible to our foggy insular capacity; for, though we readily conceive that the sacrifice of a sovereign and his dynasty may be the price of a country's independence, we cannot make out how an emperor can preserve his empire without preserving the independence of the country which constitutes that empire; unless, indeed, it be meant that Napoleon might have bargained to be sent back to his empire of Elba, thence annually to invade France.

But we suspect that any question as to the political virtue of a great character who disappeared from the stage of active public life twenty years ago—a considerable period in the life of man—possesses but little interest for the English reading public of the present day; and to our own mind, the more important part of the pamphlet consists of the views entertained by the Prince of Canino—a professed and unflinching republican, be it remembered—of political liberty, the English constitution, and the late French revolution. This last he holds to be illegal; but why? Upon grounds thoroughly republican, but elsewhere conservatively qualified. He says—

"But this revolution is as yet a mere fact, because it has not received the *indispensable baptism of universal suffrage*, or votation. \* \* \* Since the three general votings upon the consulship, the empire, and the *acte additionel*, the French people, whom you call sovereign, has not been consulted. Without such universal voting, there can be no popular legitimacy. You must acknowledge either the principle of absolute sovereignty, and so Henry V. is your king, or the principle of popular sovereignty, and then you are renegades from your political faith if you do not consult the people of today upon the authority that you have substituted to the authorities voted by the people of yesterday."

Respecting the forms of liberty, let us hear this staunch republican.

"From my childhood, I was accustomed to regard the English government of balanced powers as the only species of monarchy compatible with public liberty. A witness of, an actor in, the French revolution, I could not be ignorant of the national antipathy of France for aristocratic power; or, knowing that, conceive how those who proscribed all intermediate bodies, could dream of constitutional royalty. Without a peerage, I cannot comprehend a limited monarchy; wherefore I thought, and still think, that France, if irreconcilable to an hereditary peerage, independent by fortune and position, cannot hope for English liberty; can establish herself only upon a republican basis."

"I am aware that such institutions are still as antipathetic to public opinion as they were thirty years ago; but all that can be argued from this antipathy is, that it must either be conquered by the influence of a monarchical and constitutional press, or the consulship with two chambers must be revived. Should there be a wish to know more of the opinions of a citizen who has vegetated in exile for so many years, I would say, that, could a monarchy, like the English, be established in France, I think it preferable, for the interest of humanity, even to the consular republic; because it is better adapted to modify, by the force of example, the absolute monarchies of the continent, and thus to establish the constitutional system throughout Europe, without new revolutions, or with the fewest possible. But if, as it is asserted, the successive generations increase in their hatred for hereditary bodies, then I see no possible liberty for France except in a republic, the elective powers of which shall be so equipoised as to maintain us at an equal distance from despotism and anarchy."

"I write this in a country happy enough to have enjoyed these blessings (universal personal liberty, and civil equality before the law) for upwards of a century. Although the laboring class be here unrepresented, nowhere does human dignity breathe so freely; and this fortunate land, whose liberty I day by day more envy for my own country, does not slumber in the career of improvement, but advances with measured steps, in order to preserve the legislative equilibrium amongst influences that cannot be stationary."

"Large property governs through the House of Peers, hereditary, as is the transmission of the land, the greater part of which belongs to that house. Small property governs through the House of Commons. And, to balance these powers of great and small property, exercised by the two branches of the legislature, an immutable head, hereditary and powerful like the peerage, irresponsible, who reigns but does not govern (masterpiece of human wisdom) forms the keystone of the social arch. Is not such a monarchy the best of governments, especially where large territorial estates exist?"

"When can this political equilibrium be constituted in France? If it be true that our social condition repels the great hereditary patriciate, what is the use of an hereditary government?"

"You cut out of your constitution the power which monarchical hereditament is designed to repress, and leave your king as much power and money as though he had to balance the English aristocracy! Should this king err, where is the independent body, potent, irremovable, hereditary as himself, that may stay him without insurrection, the natural and just counterpoise of powers



which have no legal counterpoise? You seek it in vain, that intermediary, which might have held you back from the abyss; and after half a century of alleged political progress, you give the world the frightful spectacle of Lyons and Transnonain!"

We shall rejoice if the republican celebrity of Lucien Buonaparte tempts some of our headlong reformers to read and meditate on his political opinions here avowed.

ART. XIV.—*De la Democratie en Amerique.* Par Alexis de Tocqueville. 2 vols. 8vo. 1835.

MUCH as has already been written respecting America, and especially the United States, the subject seems to be inexhaustible, if we may judge from the numerous publications which the press continues daily to send forth. The present work may be considered as the indispensable companion of that of M. de Beaumont, "*Marie, ou l'Esclavage aux Etats-Unis*," who, in his preface to that afflicting, because too faithful picture, speaks of the work of M. de Tocqueville in terms of commendation, in which we are disposed to concur. Limited as is the space which we can devote to this work, we must content ourselves with giving some striking extracts, and withhold the observations which we might be tempted to make.

M. de Tocqueville conceives it to be an indisputable fact that the same democracy which rules in America is rapidly advancing to power in Europe also. "A great democratic revolution," says he, "is taking place among us; all see it, but all do not judge of it in the same manner. Some consider it as a new thing, and, taking it to be an accident, hope they may still arrest its course; while others think it irresistible, because it seems to them to be the most continuous, the most ancient, and the most permanent fact that we know of in history." Supporting this opinion by a brief survey of the increase of the popular power, especially in France and England, he seems to hope that ultimately "the nation, as a whole, will be less brilliant, less glorious, less powerful perhaps; but the majority of the citizens will enjoy a greater degree of prosperity, and the people will be peaceable, not because they despair of improving their condition, but because they feel that it is already good." He, however, paints in striking and gloomy colors the actual result of this progress of democracy, as manifested in the present moral and intellectual state of France. "The

whole book," he says, "was written under the influence of a kind of religious terror, produced in the author's mind by the sight of this irresistible revolution, which has been advancing for so many centuries, in spite of all obstacles, and which we still see advancing amidst the ruins of its own creation."

"It was not to satisfy curiosity," observes M. de Tocqueville, "that I examined America; I wished to find there instruction, by which we might profit. It will be evident to those who read my work, that it was not my intention to compose a panegyric, nor have I meant to extol any form of government in general. I have not even pretended to judge whether the social revolution, the progress of which seems to me to be irresistible, be advantageous or baneful to humanity. I have taken it for granted that this revolution is accomplished, or on the eve of being accomplished; and, from the nations who have witnessed its accomplishment among themselves, I have selected that nation in which it has attained the most complete and the most peaceful development, in order to study its natural character, and to discover, if possible, the means of rendering it beneficial to mankind. I have sought in America an image of democracy, of its predilections, of its character, of its prejudices, and of its passions: I wished to become acquainted with it, were it but to know what we have to hope or to fear from it."

Our author accordingly, beginning from the first settlement of the colonies, shows, in the spirit that animated the first emigrants to New England, the germ of the peculiarities, whether good or evil, which now distinguish the political and social condition of the American Union, the manners, the character, the virtues, and the vices of the people. Setting out on the incontrovertible assumption that "the social condition of the Americans is eminently democratical—that such was its character at the foundation of the colonies, and that it is so in a still higher degree in our times"—he treats successively of the principle of the sovereignty of the people, which, "in the United States, has attained all the practical development that the imagination can conceive;" of the government of the several states, and of the federal government;—he proves, we think, that the latter is admirably adapted to the American Union, where the people were prepared for it by their previous political education. He continues:—

"When we examine the constitution of the United States, the most perfect of all federal constitutions with which we are acquainted, we are confounded on considering the variety of knowledge and the discernment which it takes for granted in those who are to be subject to it. The government of the Union almost entirely rests upon legal fictions. The Union is an ideal nation, which exists, as it were, only in the mind; and the extent and limits of which are discernible only by the understanding. The general theory being understood, the difficulties of applying it re-



main : they are innumerable ; for the sovereignty of the Union is so blended with that of the individual States, that it is impossible, at the first view, to distinguish their limits. Every thing is conventional and artificial in such a government, and it can suit only a people which has long been habituated to manage its own affairs, and in which the science of politics has been diffused, even among the lowest ranks of society. I have never more admired the good sense and the practical understanding of the Americans than in the manner in which they extricate themselves from the numberless difficulties that arise from their federal constitution. I have hardly ever met with one of the common people of America, who did not discern, with surprising facility, the obligations arising from the laws of Congress, and those originating in the laws of his own state."

"The constitution of the United States resembles those beautiful creations of human skill, which give glory and wealth to their inventors, but are unproductive and useless in other hands. Of this truth, Mexico affords a striking example. It has adopted, almost literally, the federal constitution of the Anglo-American States, but it could not acquire the spirit which vivifies it."

But though the federal system of government has so well succeeded in the United States, notwithstanding its complex and artificial nature, and even in spite of the second and most fatal of all defects, which the author considers as inherent in the system itself, namely, the relative weakness of the government of the Union, he does not seem to think it adapted to nations in other circumstances, especially to those that are liable to be engaged in foreign wars, which the United States have at present no reason to apprehend ; for the nation which, in presence of the great military monarchies of Europe, should divide its sovereignty into fractions, would, in my opinion, resign by that one act, its power, and perhaps its existence, and its name."

Having in his first volume examined the institutions, the written laws, the present forms of political society, in the United States, the author proceeds, in his second, "to treat of that sovereign power, the power of the people, which, above all institutions, is restrained by no forms, and destroys or modifies them at its own pleasure." He endeavors to show "the mode of its proceeding, its instincts, and its passions; the secret springs which impel, retard, or direct it in its resistless course,—the effects of its omnipotence, and its future destiny."

As, however, an English translation of this work has made its appearance during the preparation of our present Number, we shall refrain from further extract.

Absolute monarchies have rendered despotism odious ; let us take care that democratic republics do not re-establish it ; and that, in rendering it more heavy for some individuals, they do not take from it, in the

eyes of the greater number, its baleful aspect and debasing character.

ART. XV.—*Du Duché de Savoie, ou Etat de ce Pays en 1833.* Par M. F. C. N. d'Héran, d'après les documens statistiques fournis par M. P. P. Darbier. 8vo. Paris, 1833.

THIS is a genuine French *mouvement* book. Professedly a statistical account of the duchy of Savoy, it is manifestly compiled and written for the express and sole purpose of proving that Savoy ought to be French not Sardinian, partly for its own good, partly (and this second partly might be suspected of being the lion's share) so far to re-establish *la grande nation* in her natural boundaries of the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees. We took it for granted that this advocate of natural boundaries was himself one of the *grande nation*, for whose territorial enlargement he so zealously pleads ; but some expressions towards the end of the volume seem to indicate that we were mistaken, and that M. d'Héran, like his supplier of facts, M. Darbier, is a malcontent absentee Savoyard ; and here we discover a third "partly cause," probably the true lion's share, for the desire of annexation to France ; to wit, that such Savoyard gentlemen as find the gaiety and excitement of the French capital more to their taste than the primitive rustic simplicity of their native mountains and valleys, may be enabled to combine the intoxicating pleasures of absenteeism with the moral self-satisfaction of conscientiously discharging their patriotic duties as Savoyards.

One portion of his case, supposing his facts to be correct, our author must be allowed to have made out ; to wit, that Savoy and Piedmont are not well adapted, geographically or morally, to be united. Occupying the opposite sides of the Alps, the difficulty of crossing the ridge may so impede the intercourse of the two provinces as really to render their amalgamation into one people well nigh impossible ; and if this be so, the national pride of the higher, the educated, classes of Savoyards must needs revolt at seeing their country—which was the original seat of government, which gave its name to the sovereigns until the ducal hat of Savoy was, at the peace of Utrecht, exchanged for the kingly crown of Sardinia—sunk into a dependent province of Pied-



mont and Sardinia, piecemeal acquisitions by marriage, by conquest, and by treaty, of the House of Savoy.

But if we are willing to be thus far convinced by our statist's arguments, still, supposing his data to be correct, we can concede to him no further. It by no means follows that if Savoy be ill governed by Italian officials, and therefore dissatisfied with her Sardinian connection, she must, according to M. d'Héran's plan, be forthwith transferred to France, the King of Sardinia indemnified by Italian provinces—taken from Austria we presume—and the defence of the Alpine barrier against France, which it will be recollected is this sovereign's especial business in the European Commonwealth, withdrawn to the summits, defiles, and actual passes of the mountains. We are aware that civilian judgment upon military questions is seldom allowed much weight; but as neither M. d'Héran nor M. Darbier is, we apprehend, more skilled in the science of the engineer than ourselves, we trust that our opinion may be as available as theirs; and we must say that to surrender all the lower Alps, and one side of the Alps *par excellence*, to France, appears to us much such a scheme of defence as it would be to place all the outworks of a fortress in a besieger's hands, and, allowing him to make lodgments in the glacis, to limit the exertions of the garrison to endeavoring to maintain possession of its crest.

If, for the satisfaction of the laudable national pride, or even for the real advantage, of some half a million of Savoyards (the full amount of their number, as estimated by the best and latest authorities we have at hand,) Europe must, partially at least, be re-constructed—and, in very truth, affairs in the east of Europe are not unlikely to render necessary a large re-modelling of the elements of the balance of power—we think Savoy might, more beneficially for herself and for all Europe, France excepted, be annexed to Switzerland, every possible addition to which seems desirable upon both political and philanthropic principles. This, however, is no proposal of our statist's,—haply, because Geneva, Berne, &c., seem to him scarcely preferable as residences to Chambéry or Annecy. With him Sardinia or France are the only alternatives; and most pathetically does he deplore the cruel rupture of family ties, produced by inter-marriages between the inhabitants of the two banks of the Rhone, which must ensue upon the breaking out of any future war between the courts of France and Sardinia. But this argument would equally hold good

either against the restoration of any province once unjustly acquired, or generally against river boundaries; and, upon the latter hypothesis, what becomes of natural limits, for example, the Rhine? And how far eastward is France to extend?

But to return to Savoy. Annexation to France our author represents as the ardent desire of the whole population, thus substantiating his assertion.

"Throughout the whole duchy of Savoy, French only is, and time out of mind has been, spoken." An idiom exists, nevertheless, which is the language of the populace of the towns and of the peasantry. This idiom, or dialect, reaches far into Switzerland, and into the adjacent French departments; a pretty strong proof that it was formerly the language of one and the same people." (A proof, if of any thing, that at least half of Switzerland, as well as Savoy, properly belongs to France.)

"The affection of the *Savoisians*"—a new denomination coined by M. d'Héran, to avoid, we conclude, the vulgarity of Savoyard to Parisian ears—"for France induces a large portion of the young generation to leave their country upon reaching the age of fifteen or twenty. Unable to endure at once the intolerance of the priests, indigence, want of liberty, indeed a sort of slavery, they leave their mountains, repair to France, chiefly to Paris, rather than to Piedmont or Austria. Since the restoration, the emigration increases from day to day; so that some districts, the inhabitants of which never before quitted their domestic hearths, now reckon their absentees by hundreds. There are in Paris from 350 to 400 persons, belonging to a single parish; and in France alone, upwards of 100,000 men are reckoned either native Savoisians, or of Savoisian descent."

Out of a population of half a million, these numbers sound rather appalling; otherwise we need hardly refer to mal-administration and priestly intolerance, to explain the temporary emigration—for all return to enjoy their earnings at home—of young chimney-sweepers, shoe-blacks, and errand-boys, who cannot find occupation, or, consequently, food, upon their bleak native mountains, and whose fathers thus emigrated before them; especially as this seeker of deep political motives for the actions of hungry children afterwards remarks that—

"The ignorant Savoisian mountaineers can no more conceive limits to royal authority, than the possibility of lessening its extent. It would take them three centuries to overthrow a throne, a dynasty, a deceptive charter,—to destroy the old established order, which they hold sacred, and to create a new one which they cannot imagine."

For the preference given by the migratory Savoyard youth to Paris, over Turin or Vienna, we are quite content to see the causes in similarity, or rather approxima-

\* Is Italian nowhere spoken in Savoy?



tion, of language, and facility of communication ; the more so, as this preference equally prevailed, we believe, when France was as despotically governed as Sardinia or Austria.

But enough of our statistician's theories and projects of improvement ; let us now look at the *data* upon which his schemes rest. In turning over the leaves to look for them, we meet sometimes with pieces of information, which it is surely a work of supererogation to repeat in these enlightened times, when the schoolmaster has so long been abroad ; such as that—"at the epoch of the second kingdom of Burgundy," (which ceased, merging into the Holy Roman Empire, A. D., 1032,) "Savoy was not traversed in all directions, as now, by good high roads."

But think not, gentle reader, that all the information afforded by M. d'Héran is of this truismatical kind. He sometimes shakes the reliance which might thus have been induced upon his diligence and accuracy : as when he speaks of King Amadeus VIII. in the 15th century, when kings were not "as plenty as blackberries," and no Savoyard Amadeus aspired to a higher title than that of duke ; adding that J. J. Rousseau, who lived, as we fancied, in the 18th century, wrote 200 years after the days of the said King Amadeus VIII. in the 15th ; or calls Adam Smith, whose *Wealth of Nations* he cites, Schmit, as though the great Scotch political economist had been a German.

That he make the Rhone *enter*, instead of *issue from*, the Lake of Geneva, on the side of France, is, we may charitably conclude, a mere *lapsus pennæ*, analogous to the *lapsus lingue* recorded by Mrs. Butler, whose American guide descanted upon the grand effect produced by the water falling from the *bottom to the top* of a cataract. And as M. d'Héran is a most unskilful writer—we apprehend a very tyro—often by the awkward construction of his sentences, and collocation of his matter, seeming to say the reverse of what he means, we conclude that he does not purpose to assert that the representative system of government was established amongst the Allobroges prior to their subjugation by the Romans, although such a chronological order of events might be inferred from the following passage :

"The States-General consisted of prelates representing the clergy, of military barons, castellans, governors, bannerets, representing the nobility, and of the syndic of all the corporations, representing the third estate.

"The Romans, once masters of the defiles of Maurienne, triumphed over the Allobroges and Centrones. After a long sanguinary struggle, the Allobroges were subjected to Rome, in the year of Rome 691. But the Roman Senate, appreciating the virtues, the character, and the courage of these dwellers of the Alps, left them their democratic form of government, respected their usages, &c."

But want of method, or slips of the pen, will not explain all M. d'Héran's startling positions ; amongst others, that the clergy, secular and regular, in Savoy and Piedmont, are as numerous as the working classes or proletarians of France and England ; the assertion being positive, not relative. Nay, we confess ourselves somewhat posed by the following illustration of the tyrannical and bigoted form of jurisprudence imputed to the kings of Sardinia :—

"By the aid of affirmation on oath, they will some day or other succeed in practising the greatest iniquities, in destroying all those who disturb their measures, or impede their schemes,—all whose knowledge, intellect, or spirit of independence they dread. By following the tyrannical system of Richard III. and Edward IV., they will deliver up to the injustice of tribunals, consisting of their own creatures, such men as they suspect of being opposed to their doctrines ; the magistrates will condemn through a religious spirit (*par esprit de religion*), &c. &c."

Now, really, did history afford us any variety of Richard the Thirds and Edward the Fourths to choose from, we should suppose the author did not mean the English kings thus designated, partly on account of the order in which he places them, and partly because we are not aware either of any thing that religion had to do with the executions or murders that disgraced their reigns, or of any peculiar system of tyranny that they devised or practised, beyond putting their enemies to death, like many other selfish and unprincipled rulers. We should have thought Louis XI. of France a far better pattern-tyrant.

But we have probably said enough of M. d'Héran, and the manner of his book, to satisfy our readers that we were more surprised than disappointed, when, upon seeking the statistical information furnished by M. Darbier's documents, we found—to say nothing of what we did not find—that the mensuration upon which the proportion which the cultivated bears to the uncultivated land in Savoy, is given in dates pretty nearly a hundred years back, to wit, between 1735 and 1738. The population is stated to amount to 550,000 or 560,000 souls ; 50,000 or 60,000 higher than it is estimated by our *Encyclopædia*, a German one, just completed. But we confess that we feel too little confidence in our professed statistician's accuracy, to be disposed to pick out his facts, which, we presume, might almost be termed his *postulata* ; and think that, if M. Darbier, *ex-procureur* in the province of Haute-Savoie, really has collected any important statistical documents, he would do well to publish them in a simpler, or at least in a different, form.



ART. XVI.—1. *Die wahre und die scheinbare Bahn des Halleyschen Kometen bei seiner Wiederkunft im Jahr 1835, anschaulich dargestellt und allgemein fasslich erklärt.* Von Möbius, Professor der Astronomie zu Leipzig. (The true and the apparent Path of Halley's Comet, on its Return in 1835, represented and explained in a popular manner, by Möbius, Professor of Astronomy at Leipzig.) 8vo. Leipzig. Göschen. 1834.

2. *Beiträge zu einer Monographie des Halleyschen Kometen.* (Materials for a Monography of Halley's Comet.) Von Litrow. 8vo. Vienna. Müller. 1835.

3. *Neue Erfahrungen und Ansichten über die Kometen, insbesondere über den 1835, wiederkommenden Aprianschen [Apian] Kometen, und über dessen Einfluss auf die Witterung.* (New Observations and Views respecting Comets, particularly the Apian Comet, which will re-appear in 1835, and on its Influence upon the Weather.) Von Dr. J. W. Fischer in Kornenburg. Vienna. Lollinger. 1834.

WE shall endeavor to compress into as small a compass as possible the most important particulars furnished by these works respecting the comet which is to make its appearance towards the end of the present year.

Our countryman Halley, who observed it in the year 1682, was the first who demonstrated its identity with the comets observed in 1607 and 1531, and, from a calculation of the perturbations of Jupiter and Saturn, predicted its re-appearance about the end of 1768 or the beginning of the following year. Clairaut, a distinguished French mathematician of the same period, subjected Halley's calculation to a rigorous scrutiny, and after a most laborious investigation, embracing the three revolutions of the comet, he decided the time of its nearest approach to the sun to be the 4th of April, 1759. It took place a little earlier, namely, on the 13th of March; and this calculation, which reflects honor on astronomical science, would have been more exact, if Clairaut had been as well acquainted with the mass of Saturn as we are, and had been able to take into account the planet Uranus or Georgium Sidus, which was not then discovered.

Two French mathematicians, Pontécoulant and Damoiseau, have distinguished themselves by their calculations of the next appearance of Halley's comet. Pontécoulant has gone through this labor several times, and fixes the 31st of Oct., 1835, for

the day of its nearest transit through the point of the perihelion (*Théorie Analytique du Système du Monde*, tom. ii. 147), but afterwards (p. 500 of the same volume of his work) the 2d of November, and finally, in the "*Connaissance des Temps*" for 1833, (p. 112,) the 7th of November. Damoiseau, on the other hand, in the "*Connaissance des Temps*" for 1832, (p. 33,) fixes the 4th of November as the day. The differences are small; they arise chiefly from the difficulty of taking into the strictest account the earth's power of attraction on the comet approaching it within twenty-four millions of miles; on which subject, Pontécoulant, in the passage already quoted, remarks "*que cette détermination est fort délicate et que l'on doit s'attendre à plusieurs jours d'incertitude.*" We have thought it right to insist with such emphasis on this circumstance that, in case the comet should not appear punctually at the specified time, our readers may of themselves be able to account for the deviation, and not conceive a distrust of the most sublime of sciences, Astronomy.\*

In August, 1835, the comet will advance towards us from about 230 to 130 millions of miles, and during the latter half of that month it will rise about midnight in the north-east, and be visible till the dawn of morning in the eastern quarter of the heavens.

In September it will proceed with augmented velocity towards the well-known constellation, the Great Bear. Its apparent magnitude will increase considerably, in proportion as it approaches nearer to us; and towards the end of the month, it will be but about 28 millions of miles distant from us. It will rise earlier every evening, and more northwardly; and, towards the

\* It is frequently the case that persons who have not penetrated into the mysteries of astronomical calculation, raise doubts of the possibility of the most accurate determination of the result of the motions of the heavenly bodies, and have alleged the difficulty of calculating precisely the movement of bodies so much nearer to us on the surface of the earth, for example, the course of a projected ball. None has given a more triumphant answer to this objection than Pontécoulant, in the excellent work quoted above (tom. ii. 167): "The motions of bodies which we observe on the surface of the earth," says he, "are thwarted by so many obstacles, and affected by so many secondary causes, that the simplest frequently surpass the powers of analysis; but this is not the case in the heavens. One general law, which it is easy to subject to calculation, governs the motions of the celestial bodies. One principal power animates them, and the action of the secondary powers is so small in comparison with that of the primary one, that it produces in their course slight irregularities only, the effects of which may be comprehended in general formulæ." This explanation, brief as it is, is yet perfectly satisfactory.



end of the month, it will be so near to the north pole that it will cease to set, and of course be visible the whole night in the vicinity of the Great Bear.

During the first days of October, the comet will approach nearest to us in its present revolution; it will then be no more than 23 millions of miles distant from us. If the weather should be favorable, its appearance will then be the most brilliant; it will still be in the northern heavens, but at no great height above the horizon, and of course it will not set. It will then recede rapidly to the south, and towards the conclusion of the month, it will be visible only in the south-west, where it will set earlier every succeeding evening.

In the month of November, at the beginning of which the comet, as we have already mentioned, approaches nearest to the sun, it will cease to be visible, being concealed from our view by the sun's rays.

In the last days of December, however, about six in the morning, it will again be discernible in the eastern horizon. Its distance from us then will be nearly 190 millions of miles.

In January, 1836, it will again approach us and be visible, after three in the morning, in the southern sky. It will rise earlier and earlier, and, in February, soon after midnight. In March it will again be visible all night in the southern heavens; it will then rapidly recede from us, and in April we shall lose sight of it entirely.

Its nearest approach to the earth, therefore, as it takes place in October, will precede the transit through the point of the perihelion, which, as we have seen, will not occur till the beginning of November—a circumstance that is to be regretted, because it is not till after the latter that comets assume their most brilliant appearance, and that phenomenon, therefore, will not be coincident with its greatest proximity to us. Had these two circumstances occurred together—that is to say, had the comet *after* acquiring its greatest brilliancy, approached us within 23 millions of miles, as it will do in October, we should probably have enjoyed a more magnificent spectacle than will now be presented. In December, on the other hand, when the comet, after acquiring its greatest brilliancy, will again become visible, it will unluckily be 190 millions of miles distant from us, as we have already observed.

We may here take occasion to observe that the history of astronomy makes mention of many comets, the appearance of which, with their luminous tails, was not less beautiful than terrible. Thus Justin,

for example, relates of a comet which appeared at the time of the birth of Mithridates (130 years before Christ), that its brightness seemed to illumine the whole sky, and the length of which occupied a fourth part of the visible heavens.\* Another comet (135 years before Christ) covered, according to Seneca's account (*Quæst. Natural. vii. 15*), the whole milky way; and in modern times, a comet that appeared about two years before Halley's, in 1680, excited notice and apprehension by the extraordinary magnitude of its tail. "*La comète de 1680 était une des plus étonnantes qui eut jamais paru, par l'étendue de sa queue*" (*Astronomie*, par M. de Lalande, iii. 382.) The magnitude of these tails seems, in many cases, to depend on the proximity of the comets to the sun at their transit through the perihelion. This was particularly observable in the above-mentioned comet of 1680, whose tail appeared so unusually large and brilliant on its approach to the sun, to which, on the 18th of December in that year, it was 166 times nearer than the earth at its mean distance. Newton, who adverts to this circumstance (*Principia*, p. 640, edit. 1742), is of opinion that this comet, when so near to the sun, must have acquired a temperature far surpassing that of red-hot iron, and retained it for thousands of years; on which, perhaps, may depend the possibility of keeping a certain temperature at the immense distances to which comets afterwards move from the sun. He also considers the extension of the tail as depending solely on the vapors exhaled by the sun's heat from the nucleus or body of the comet. Later experience, however, seems to impugn this assumption; and the comet of 1811, for instance, which must still be fresh in the memory of many of our readers, had a magnificent tail, though it did not approach so near to the sun in its perihelion as the earth.

Without attempting to follow Dr. Fischer, the author of No. 3, in his theory of the generation of light, and its application to comets, which would require the coinage of new terms, we shall merely protest against his connecting with the subject certain pre-suppositions, which have nothing in their favor but their triteness. How happens it

\* "Hujus (Mithridatis) futuram magnitudinem etiam cœlestia ostenta prædixerant. Nam et eo quo genitus est anno, et eo quo regnare primum cepit, stella cometes per utrumque tempus septuaginta diebus ita luxit, ut cœlum omne flagrare videretur. Nam et magnitudine sua quartam partem cœli occupaverat, et fulgore sui solis nitorem vicebat; et cum oriretur occumberetque, quatuor spatium horarum consumebar."—*Just. lib. xxxvii. cap. 2.*



that mathematical minds, which do not suffer themselves to be easily led astray by the fancy, nevertheless scruple not, pretty generally, to maintain that comets travel through two, perhaps more, solar systems, which they visit by turns? Not a single fact can be adduced in support of this hypothesis; it is a pure fiction. Equally unfounded is the assumption that "comets are planets in a state of transformation." Not only is there no evidence to this effect, but the conjecture is, on the contrary, most improbable; because there is such a striking difference between comets and plants, and because comets are so innumerable that all of them, in process of time, could not possibly find a place as planets in our solar system, without overturning those laws of harmony by which it is governed. If, in order to escape this objection, you thrust out all these supposed new planets beyond the Georgium Sidus, and adopt the notion that new comets are continually forming, and that these again are transformed into planets, you do away with all limits to the solar systems, and multiply their spheres to such a degree, that they could not find places without disturbing one another. In fact, you might as well insist that falling stars are transformed into hills, as that comets change into planets.

Respecting the great comet which is expected to appear in the present year, Dr. Fischer thus expresses himself:—

"This comet is usually called Halley's comet, after the celebrated astronomer of that name, because in the year 1682 he turned his particular attention to it, determined its course mere precisely, and predicted its re-appearance in the year 1759. Edmund Halley was appointed astronomer royal at Greenwich in 1720; he was born in 1656, and lived till 1742. But it was by the assistance of the earlier observations and conjectures made by Apian, the German astronomer, in 1531, that Halley was enabled to arrive at his conclusions. Peter Apian or Bienewitz, born in 1495 at Leisnig, near Meissen in Saxony, and afterwards professor at Ingoldstadt, where he died in 1552, deduced from his observations on the comet of 1531 the probability that it was the same which had appeared in 1305, 1380, and 1456."

Dr. Fischer next presents us with the substance of all the recorded observations of this comet since the year 1005, and a statement of the weather which attended each of its appearances—an interesting analysis, the results of which we shall subjoin as briefly as possible. In 1005 the appearance of this comet was attended by a great famine; in 1080 by an earthquake; in 1155 by a cold winter and failure of crops; in 1230 by rain and inundations (part of Friesland was overwhelmed, with 100,000 inhabitants); in 1304 by great drought, and intense cold in the following

winter, succeeded by a pestilence; in 1380 by a still more destructive contagion; in 1456 by wet weather, inundations, and earthquakes; again, in 1531, by great floods; in 1607 by extreme drought, followed by a most severe winter; in 1682 by floods and earthquakes; in 1759 by some wet, and slight earthquakes. Hence it appears that this comet has brought with it sometimes heat and drought, at others wet and cold, but the latter oftener than the former; if, however, these meteorological phenomena were not wholly independent of its appearance.

The author concludes with some particulars respecting its next appearance, which differ, more especially in regard to distances, from those given in the preceding part of this article. His report of its course and motions is as follows:—

"Towards the end of August, 1835, the comet will make its first appearance in the eastern quarter of the heavens, in the sign Taurus. Its light will then be very faint, partly on account of the length of the days, and partly on account of its distance at this time from the earth, amounting to 190 millions of miles.

"As the motion of the comet will be at first directed towards the earth, its position in the heavens will not be much changed till the middle of September, though its light will rapidly increase in intensity. On the 13th of September its distance from the earth will be 95 millions of miles; from this time its magnificent tail will increase in magnitude and brilliancy; the comet will rise gradually earlier; and its motion will appear to be more and more rapid. In the latter half of September it will enter the sign Gemini.

"On the 1st of October the comet will be only 27 million miles distant from the earth, and it will then enter the fore-foot of the Great Bear, in which it will cease to set, so that about this time it will have attained its highest degree of brilliancy and its greatest apparent magnitude. On the 6th of October its distance from the earth will be only about 16½ millions of miles, being the nearest point to which it approaches. Its magnificent tail will now extend from the hair of Berenice to the principal stars in the constellation of the Great Bear. The head of the comet will set about nine in the evening, whilst the inner visible tail will be visible the whole night in the northern heavens, till the head re-appears in the morning red. From this period it will continue to approach perceptibly nearer to the sun, setting earlier in the evening, and at the same time receding from the earth.

"On the 17th of November the comet will be in its perihelion, consequently it will be no longer visible to us, either during the rest of that month, or in December.

"In the beginning of January, 1836, it will issue from the sun's rays, again become visible, and be 190 millions of miles distant from the earth, as it was at the end of August. Meanwhile it will approach the earth a second time, and remain visible to us during the month of February.

"On the 1st of March it will be about 120 millions of miles distant, and will be visible to us in the morning in the constellations of Corvus and Crater. Thence it will continue to recede more and more from the earth and the sun, attain its greatest distance from the latter in 1873, and again arrive at its perihelion in 1912."



# MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

No. XXIX.

## BELGIUM.

The Royal Commission for collecting the Chronicles and History of Belgium held a meeting on the 3d of April, at which Mr Gachard read a very interesting account relative to the Bollandists, and to their great work, the *Acta Sanctorum*, which was left incomplete. The printing of the Chronicles of Belgium, which are to be divided into three series, will immediately commence. Three volumes of each series are to be printed at the same time.

Mr Serrure has just made a discovery which is highly interesting to the lovers of the Flemish language. He has found, on the parchment cover of a book, about seventy verses of Nibelungenlied in Flemish. The importance of this famous poem, which has for the last twenty years engaged the attention of the German literati, renders the discovery both interesting and honorable, since it proves how far advanced the Netherlands were in literature in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

The celebrated Mr Micali, author of the History of Italy before the Times of the Romans, is now at Brussels, collecting materials for a history of the commercial intercourse between Flanders and the Italian Republics in the middle ages.

## FINLAND.

A translation of the Odes of Anacreon and Sappho has appeared in the Finland language, by Erich-Alex. Ingmann;—also a translation of the Goldmacherdorf, by Zschokke.

The first tragedy ever written in the Finland language has been published by Fr. Lagerwall, by the title of "Bunulus Murhe Kurwans." It is a decided imitation of Macbeth, adapted to the manners and scenery of Finland.

The Finland Literary Society at Helsingfors intends publishing a very large collection of ancient Finland songs and ballads, made by Dr. Lourot, physician at Kajana, during many pedestrian excursions which extended into the government of Archangel.

## FRANCE.

There never was at any former period such ardor in France for the publication of the sources of the national history as at this moment. The government has successively taken up again the collections commenced before the Revolution, by the Benedictines and the Academy of Inscriptions, the Cartularia of Brequigny, the writers of the Crusades, the *Historiens des Gaules et de la France*, and the Literary History of France. To these are to be added the colossal enterprise of publishing the Documents of French History, which the two commissions, appointed within a few years, have commenced; the foundation of the Society for French History, which has begun two series, and lastly, many private speculations, the object of which is to publish inedited MSS. Should this zeal continue for twenty or thirty years, the only difficulty of the historian will be to read this immense mass of documents. It is to be regretted that, all these plans being independent of each other, there will be numerous repeti-

tions of the same documents; the collection of the *Historiens des Gaules et de la France* will frequently come into contact with the other collections, and the *Histoire Littéraire*, with the two last collections. So long ago as 1762 the French government conceived the idea of a work similar to Rymer's *Fœdera*. Three volumes, in folio, of a catalogue by Brequigny, were printed in 1769, 1775, 1782, and four-fifths of the fourth volume was printed before the commencement of the French Revolution. But a decree of the 14th August, 1791, suspended all the literary undertakings commenced by the government, and confiscated the sum in the funds, producing 45,000 francs per annum, which had been allotted to the publication. The Directory, indeed, ordered in the year iv., and the Consulate in the year xi., that the publication should be renewed, but as no money was granted nothing was done. However, in 1832, funds were assigned to complete Brequigny's Catalogue. All that portion of the fourth volume which was printed had been lost or destroyed during the Revolution, so that it was necessary to do it over again. The fourth volume is nearly ready for publication, and the fifth is in great forwardness. This, however, is but a preliminary work, and the great work, which is to contain the documents themselves, is scarcely begun. The Academy, however, has now resolved to proceed in earnest, and by the advice of M. Pardessus, in a report on the subject to the Academy of Inscriptions, has made some judicious alterations in the original plan. But still, as is above remarked, the want of concert in the direction of the several collections will cause numerous repetitions.

At the end of February last there were in Paris 81 printing-offices 155 lithographic printers, 32 copper-plate printers, 25 letter-founders, 8 press-makers, 9 printing-ink manufacturers, and 95 engravers and punch-cutters.

In the 84 departments of the kingdom, including Corsica, there are 258 newspapers, consequently on an average three to each department. But three departments,—the Upper Alps, the Lower Alps, and the Upper Pyrenees,—have no newspaper at all. Out of these 258 papers, 101 are exclusively devoted to local intelligence, and 4 are confined to literary matters; so that the number of political journals is no more than 153.

The French papers have announced a singular speculation. They say that several booksellers, in concert with the proprietors of "*Œuvres complètes de M. Chateaubriand*," are preparing a new edition of the works of that eminent writer. Each subscriber will be furnished with a ticket which will entitle him to a chance of obtaining one of 70 prizes, representing the value of 180,000 francs. One of these prizes will consist of one third of the property of the complete works of Chateaubriand—a property which is known to have cost more than half a million (of francs.)

M. Fontanier has published a new volume of *Travels in the East*, undertaken by command of the French government from 1830 to 1833. It contains the narrative of a second tour made by the author in Anatolia. The account of the first appeared at Paris in two volumes, 1829.



The commission appointed for superintending the publication of the works of M. Champollion, junior, composed of Messrs. Silvestre de Sacy, Letronne, Champollion-Figeac, Lenormant, and some others, presented on the 26th of April the first *livraison* of the "Monuments of Egypt and Nubia" to the minister of the interior. The designs are admirably executed by M. Dubois; and the price will be so moderate as to render this important work accessible to artists and literary men.

The property of the immense work by Piranesi, representing the most remarkable edifices of ancient and modern Rome, has been lately sold at Paris. Independently of the skill displayed in the designs and the merit of the execution which have given celebrity to the name of Piranesi, senior and junior, these plates possess the advantage of representing a considerable number of monuments which no longer exist, or which were much less injured when the views were taken than at present.

John Baptist Piranesi, whose work formed sixteen volumes, atlas folio, died at Rome in 1778. His son, Francis, continued this work. The Pope conferred on him the honor of knighthood, and Gustavus III. of Sweden appointed him his *charge-d'affaires* at the court of Rome. In 1793 he was sent as minister of the Roman republic to Paris. Some years afterwards, as he deemed himself unsafe at Rome, he sought refuge, with his collection, at Naples, was there apprehended, and owed his liberation to the interference of the First Consul, who gave him an invitation to settle in France, which Piranesi accepted without hesitation. His collection of engraved plates, which had fallen into the hands of the English, was restored to him, out of respect for the talents and reputation of the engraver. Napoleon granted to him his especial protection, assigned to him the College des Grassins for an *atelier*, and one of the lower rooms of the Palais Royal, opposite to the Cafe Valois, for the sale of his works. It was in this his new country that Piranesi published his "Roman Antiquities." But, though supported by Napoleon, he was obliged, by the magnitude of the undertaking, to dispose of his establishment. By an ordinance of the government it was decreed that it should be purchased at the cost of the state, and that the sum of 300,000 francs and an annual pension of 12,000 should be paid to the artist. But the disastrous Russian campaign prevented the execution of this decree. Messrs. Firmin Didot, brothers, have now become proprietors of this magnificent work, the most extensive monument of engraving produced during the last century. It comprehends 2000 plates, almost all of atlas size, the engraving alone of which cost upwards of a million of francs. Several of them are yet unpublished, and will enhance the value of the new edition which Messrs. Didot are about to prepare.

It is stated as a fact that 20,000 copies of the "Histoire de la Revolution Francaise," by M. Thiers, published by Messrs. Firmin Didot, and now completed, have been sold in the course of one year.

### GERMANY.

The Leipzig Easter Fair Catalogue comprehends in the whole 4193 articles. Among these are 426 works in the press, and 3767 ready for delivery; and among the latter are 103 atlases or single maps of the earth or heavens. There are consequently 3664 printed works ready for delivery: 320 of these are in living foreign languages, 202 in the ancient languages, and 3142 German books, of which 146 are novels, and 49 plays, leaving 2947 books and pamphlets of a scientific or miscellaneous nature. The 3767 articles ready for publication have been produced by 487 houses, which gives an average of scarcely eight to each. Those whose publications amount to twenty or more are the following: — Basse, 74; Reimer, 71; Manz, 50; Levrault, 44; Metzler, 42; Cotta, 41; Brockhaus, 39; Reitzel, 36; Hoffmann and Campe, 35; Haase, 35; Hahn, 34; Schlosser, 31; Arnold and Steinkopf, each 29; Godache, 28; Perthes and Besser, 27; Duncker and Humblot, and Frand, each 27; Friedrich Fleischer, and Gerold and Mayer, each 26; Barth, 25; Baum-

gartner, Hinrichs, Leske, and Voigt, each 24; Bader and Schuboth, each 23; Vetter and Rostovsky, and Weidmann, each 22; Brodhag, Herold, Kollmann in Leipzig, and Max and Co., each 21; Voss, Friese, Hammerich, Kollman in Augsburg, and Lofund, each 20.

The total number of articles produced since 1831 have amounted as follows: — in 1831 to 5508; in 1832 to 6122; in 1833 to 5653; and in 1834 to 6074 articles. The publications of the last year, under their different classes, exhibit the following proportions: —

1. Belles-Lettres and Fine Arts, 1327 articles, among which there are 358 novels, 173 plays, and 109 relating to music.
2. Divinity, 1141 articles, including 550 sermons and books of devotion.
3. History, 880 articles, including 212 biographies and 87 on antiquities.
4. Politics and Political Economy, 777 articles.
5. Medicine, 639 articles, including 81 on chemistry and pharmacy, 78 on the homoeopathic system, and 42 on veterinary medicine.
6. Philology, 597 articles.
7. The Natural Sciences, 400 articles.
8. Geography and Travels, 385 articles.
9. Technology, 333 articles.
10. Works for Youth, among which the 126th edition of Wilmsen's *Kinderfreund*.
11. Jurisprudence, 285 articles.
12. Philosophy and Literature, 269 articles.
13. Domestic and Rural Economy, 237 articles.
14. Education, 217 articles.
15. Mathematical Sciences, 212 articles.
16. Military Science and Equitation, 187 articles.
17. Commerce and Mining, 175 articles.
18. Forests and the Chase, 55 articles.
19. Miscellaneous Works, 200.

M. Deiters of Munster has announced the speedy publication of a History of the Anabaptists, from their origin to their suppression, by Mr. J. Hast, in an 8vo. volume.

The same bookseller has ready: — "Travels through Italy and Sicily, from 1823 to 1830," by J. B. Hege-mann, which professes to furnish an accurate guide to travellers in those countries.

Duncker and Humblot of Berlin have announced a German translation of "Baine's History of the Cotton Manufacture in Great Britain."

The announcement of a collection of the German classic-writers by the booksellers of Paris, has induced Brockhaus of Leipzig to issue a circular containing proposals for supplying the trade of Germany with a similar collection. He proposes that each author should be sold separately; that the size of the work should be medium duodecimo; and that there should be no graphic embellishments, in order that the volumes may be afforded at a reasonable price. He also intimates his readiness to treat with the proprietors of copyrights for the use of such books as it may be thought desirable to introduce into this collection.

Chevalier Baader, well known for his efforts for the improvement of rail-roads, has just produced a little work on the impossibility of employing steam-carriages on ordinary roads with advantage as general means of conveyance, and on the absurdity of all the plans for dispensing with rail-roads by means of them.

The second part of the second volume of the "Description of the City of Rome," by Platner, Bunsen, Gerhard, and Rotstell, has just made its appearance, together with thirteen quarto plates in portfolio. This portion treats exclusively of the rich treasures of art deposited in the Vatican. It gives a complete catalogue of the antiques preserved there, a history and description of the Vatican library and archives, and copious accounts of the principal manuscripts and miniatures, and also of the ancient Christian monuments and antique vases attached to the library. An important division is devoted to Raphael's Cartoons, and the Vatican collection of pictures.

The "First Tour in North America, in the years 1822—1824, by Paul William Duke of Wurtemberg," with a map of Louisiana, has just been published in an 8vo. volume.

The approach of the expected comet has caused a second edition of the work "On the true and apparent



Path of Halley's Comet, on its re-appearance in 1835," by Aug. Ferd. Mobius, professor of astronomy at Leipzig, to be required in the space of four months from its first publication.

Wilmans of Frankfort has announced:—"Observations and Remarks on Bessarabia, made during a Residence of many years in that country," by Dr. Zucker, in one volume, 8vo.

The second and third volumes of Dr. Ungewitter's translation from the Swedish of "Berggren's Travels in Europe and the East," have been published.

Mr Cotta is about to publish a complete and splendid edition of the works of Schiller. In the supplement to his works, published by Doring, there is an interesting medico-psychological essay, in which the great writer paints with much delicacy and feeling his sister-in-law, Madame de Wollzogen. A lady residing near Stuttgart is in possession of many valuable papers, among which are the letters to Laura.

Mr Cotta has lately published:—"Reise auf dem Caspischen Meere und in den Caucasus," by Dr. Edward Eichwald, in the years 1825 and 1826, with plates and maps. Only the first volume is yet published, under the title of "Periplus of the Caspian Sea," containing the narrative of the voyage on the Caspian.

A bookseller at Munich has published a work, in a royal quarto volume, entitled "*Skereins Alwaggeffons thairh Johannen*," (Explanation of the Gospel of St. John,) in the Gothic language, from Roman and Milanese MSS., with a Latin translation, illustrative remarks, and historical inquiry, a Gothic-Latin vocabulary, and specimens of the writing, by Dr. H. J. Mussman, Professor of the ancient German language and literature in the University of Munich. This volume furnishes entirely new, and hitherto unpublished monuments of the Gothic language, which are more valuable, as they not only afford ample contributions to grammar and lexicography, but also confirm and complete the translation of the Bible by Ulphilas, but more especially because they supply absolutely new information respecting the Arianism of the Goths. The discussions which have taken place on this subject induced the Editor to engage in a most laborious, but successful inquiry, concerning the author, and the original language, &c. of the old Gothic translation, by which much light is thrown on that very obscure part of the history of the Church,—the Christianity of the Goths, and other German tribes.

Hoffmann of Stuttgart has announced a popular System of Mineralogy and Geology, by Dr. E. F. Glocker, director of the mineralogical cabinet of the University of Breslau.

A Mythological Dictionary, by Edward Jackobi, in two volumes, 8vo., has just been published by the house of Sinner, at Coburg.

On the 1st of July, Baumgartner of Leipzig will commence publishing a popular "Bible," with 532 plates and cuts. The ideas for the historical subjects are taken from the works of the most eminent masters, ancient and modern, and M. Leo de Laborde, who has lately explored Arabia has observed the most scrupulous accuracy in the landscapes, and particularly in those connected with the peregrinations of the Israelites after leaving Egypt. The work will appear in parts at short intervals.

Rieger and Co. of Stuttgart are preparing "The Select Works of Victor Hugo," translated by Friedrich Seybold, in about twenty small volumes.

The publication of Retzsch's Sketches to Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet, has been delayed owing to an ailment of the eyes, which has prevented the artist from transferring them to the copper. They will appear about the end of the present year.

The Chevalier Wiebeking, well known by his important publications on Hydraulic Architecture, the

History of Civil Architecture, &c., has commenced a work in two quarto volumes, relative to what is most curious and useful in Hydraulic Architecture, with thirty-six large topographic-hydrographic charts, and seventeen copper-plates. The first volume will be published in the course of the present year.

The Bavarian architect, M. L. von Klenze, has just published a highly interesting work under the following title: "Anweisung zur Architektur des Christlichen Cultus," with thirtynine copper-plates, in folio.

## NAPLES

The Neapolitan journals give a very favorable account of the recently published "Grammatica Italiana," by Dominico Pandullo.

At Palermo there has appeared the second volume of a new work, entitled—"Le Antichità della Sicilia esposte ed illustrate per Domen. Le Paso Pietra-santa Duca de Serradifalco"—with thirty-seven engravings on copper and lithographs. A curious circumstance attending this splendid work is, that the second volume has been published before the first. It embraces the ruins of the ancient Selinus; the first will comprise the grottoes of Segeste.

## PORTUGAL.

Accounts from Portugal state that, with the books found in the suppressed convents, a library of 300,000 volumes had been formed in the convent of San Francisco.

## PRUSSIA.

The late learned Baron William von Humboldt has ordered in his last will, dated January 20, 1832, that all the ample philological materials which he had collected, and which at present are not in a fit state for the press, shall be the property of the Royal Library; on condition that men of learning, who devote themselves to any branch of the study of philology, shall be at full liberty to make use of them in their literary labors. He has also bequeathed to the Royal Library all his books and writings, many of which are very rare, relative to foreign languages. These works are enumerated in a separate catalogue. As the deceased Baron had long intended to leave this part of his ample collections to the Royal Library, he had taken especial care to add to everything upon the subject which the Library did not already possess.

Among the Manuscripts left by this eminent scholar are two important works designed for publication; the one, "On the Languages of the Indian Archipelago derived from the Sanskrit;" and the other, "On the Origin and the Philosophy of Languages in general." This interesting intelligence has been communicated in a letter from Alexander von Humboldt to M. Arago at Paris.

Professor Preuss, in his life of Frederick II., speaks of the following literary treasure without being able to state where it was to be found. Mr Folchau, of Berlin, who possesses an invaluable collection of MS. music, has obtained, by the intervention of his royal highness the crown prince, permission to make a search in the royal palaces for early musical compositions, and in particular those of Frederick II. He has had the good fortune to discover in the palace at Berlin and the New Palace 120 musical compositions by his majesty, consisting of concertos, solos for the flute, with bass, &c.

The Berlin Military Journal of May 16, published the hitherto inedited introduction of Frederick II. to his "General Principles of the Art of War, applied to the tactics and discipline of the Prussian troops," 1752. It was a confidential communication to the chief officers of his army, which has been, at length, brought to light after a lapse of eighty-two years.

A splendid work, entitled "Der Dom zu Königsberg



in Preussen," being a history and description of the cathedral of Königsberg has just appeared in two parts. The first contains the history of the cathedral, by August Rudolph Gebser; and the second the description of the edifice, and of the works of art which it contains, by Dr. Ernst August Hagen, with eight large lithographic views of the cathedral. The work owes its origin to the celebration of the five hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the cathedral in 1833, on which occasion it was resolved to build a school-house, and in order to increase the funds for this purpose, the authors undertook this work, which gives much information on many points of local history hitherto imperfectly known.

### RUSSIA.

The Imperial Academy of Sciences at Petersburg, has awarded the first Demidoff prize for 1834 to a work of Mr Sidonski, entitled "Introduction to the Science of Philosophy," in which the author shows himself thoroughly acquainted with the German Philosophical Schools. The second prize was adjudged to the well-known Father Hyacinthe, for his "Historical Account of the Calmucks, from the thirteenth century to the present time."

### SWEDEN.

This country may now boast of possessing a history worthy of itself. This is the "History of the Swedish Nation, from the most ancient times to the present period," by Strinnholm. This work is calculated to interest not only the historian or antiquary, but the lovers of history in general, as well as those who take an interest in adventures, and in the manners, and customs of ancient times. A young writer, named Cronholm, has furnished valuable contributions to the early history of Sweden, in detached Essays, such as the "Waringer and Ancient Northern Reminiscences." These compositions, the result of long and assiduous investigation, are written in an elevated and singularly pleasing style, and bear indisputable marks of great ability. The collections of Swedish documents and records are of much importance to the history of Sweden, especially the "*Scriptores rerum Suecicarum*;" the "Memoirs appertaining to the History of Scandinavia;" the "*Swedish Diplomatarium of Liljegren*;" and the "Documents collected from the Archives of the family of La Gardie," edited by Wieselgren.

Considerable additions have been made to the statistics of Sweden, especially by "Carl af Forsell's Statistics of Sweden," (Statistik öfver Sverige, grundad på offentlig Handlingar), which is an invaluable addition to Swedish literature. The author makes comparisons not only between the former and the present state of Sweden, but also that of other countries, and points out some improvements which might be made.

Professor Geyer, who is still proceeding in the composition of his History of Sweden, has meanwhile published Reminiscences of a Journey in England and Germany, under the title of "*Minnen Ultradrag ur Bref och Dagböcker*."

The total number of periodical works in this kingdom is 103; 16 of which commenced during the last year, and 6 in the present. Of these 27 are published in Stockholm, 7 at Gottenburg, and 5 at Upsal. Among the new works published since June 1, 1835, are: Atterbom's Works, vol. i.; The Scandinavian Fauna, by S. Nilsson, 2 vols., with plates; Travels in North America, by Gosselman, and several pamphlets on the approaching Comet.

### TURKEY.

A young architect, M. Texier, after finishing his studies in Italy, has been sent by the French government to Constantinople and Asia Minor, to examine the antique monuments of that nearly unknown country. He has lately written from Phrygia, and communicated an interesting account of the town of Azan, of the antique monuments of which we have hitherto had neither description nor drawing. He has discovered there a magnificent temple surrounded by an Ionic colonnade, which, he says, surpasses everything of the kind that either Greece or Italy can boast, in regard to purity of style and preservation. Upon the outer walls there are still eight Greek and Latin inscriptions relating to Panhellenic festivals and magisterial ordinances. Almost all the other public buildings of this ancient town are still extant—marble bridges and sepulchral monuments, quays, the theatre, and the circus. The theatre is in the highest state of preservation. The stage is yet entire, but the Ionic columns have been overthrown by an earthquake, and the orchestra is covered with rubbish. In the proscenium is a frieze with relievos, representing hunting scenes: among the animals may be distinguished the Zebu, or humped ox, (an animal now found nowhere but in India,) torn by a lion; stags and boars caught by dogs, horse-races, &c. The doors are still standing, with all their decorations. Opposite to the theatre is the circus, built of white marble. Near the temple is seen a large portico, probably the gymnasium, with columns of the Grecian-Doric order. Amidst these remains are scattered the houses of a small village. M. Texier has caused several excavations to be made, and taken measurements and drawings of the buildings.

A late number of the Turkish Gazette announces that the fourth volume of "Ishak Efendi's Manual of the Mathematical Sciences" is published, and may be had at the Imperial Printing-office.

### UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

A Description of the Gold Mines of the United States is published at New York, in numbers; each number has a map of the district containing the gold mines described. No. I. North Carolina, with an Essay on the Gold Region of the United States, for the Transactions of the Geological Society of Pennsylvania. No. II. Virginia and Maryland. No. III. Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York.

### WALLACHIA.

(Extract from a Letter.)

In a literary point of view our country can hardly be said to exist; we have no national history, and very few works in the national language. The higher classes speak modern Greek, French or German; the latter is spoken, in particular, by the female sex, because they are, for the most part, brought up by German governesses. We have, however, some good translations of foreign classical works. Thus, for instance, M. Eliade, Editor of the Wallachian Courier at Bucharest, has translated the Meditations of Lamartine, and the Phædra of Racine. He is now writing a National Epic Poem, the hero of which is Michai Woda Witeclia, (Prince Michael the Brave,) who lived in the seventeenth century. Among our poets John Vakoresko may be mentioned, who has written some songs, and translated some cantos of Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered. We are now endeavoring everywhere to form public libraries with the books that have been long buried in the monasteries. I shall acquaint you, from time to time, with the progress that we make. . . . .



# LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL NEW WORKS

PUBLISHED ON THE CONTINENT.

FROM MARCH TO JUNE, 1835, INCLUSIVE.

## THEOLOGY AND ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

- Coelln, K. G. von, Handbuch der biblischen Theologie. Herausgegeben von Dr D. Schulz. 1ster Bd. 8vo. *Leipzig*.
- Krummacher, E. W., Tägliche Herzensweide aus Dr. Martin Luther's Werken zur Erfrischung und Stärkung der lieben Christgemeine. 12mo. *Frankfurt am Main*. 7s.
- Schleiermacher, F., Sämmtliche Werke. 2te Abtheilung. Predigten. 3ter Bd. gr. 8vo. 4 Bde. *Berlin*. 2l.
- Strack, Dr F., Stunden der Einsamkeit. Betrachtungen, Gebete und Gesänge. 8vo. *Bremen*.
- Tholuck, A., Einleitung und Commentar zum Brief an die Hebräer, mit besonderer Rücksicht auf biblische Dogmatik. 8vo. *Hamburg*.
- Arendt, W. A., Leo der Grosse und seine Zeit. 8vo. *Mainz*. 6s.
- Beiträge zu den theologischen Wissenschaften von den Professoren der Theologie zu Dorpat. 2ter Bd. 8vo. *Hamburg*. 8s.
- Dahlmann, Betrachtungen über die wichtigsten Gegenstände der christlichen Religions, und Sitten-Lehre. 8vo. *Essen*. 3s.
- Dursch, Prof. Dr G. M., Geschichte der christlichen Religion und Kirche, zur Belehrung gebildeter Katholiken. 8vo. *Leipzig*. 5s.
- Engelhardt, Dr J. G., Handbuch der Kirchengeschichte. 4ter Bd. 8vo. *Erlangen*.
- Schweizer, A., Schleiermacher's Wirksamkeit als Prediger. 8vo. *Halle*. 3s. 6d.
- Moser, F. J., Gesammelte Kanzel-Reden, herausgegeben von Dr Räss und Dr Weiss. Die Glaubens-Predigten. 1ster Thl. 8vo. 7s.
- Ruttenstock, Prof., Institut. histor. ecclesiasticae N. T. Tom. III. 8vo. *Vienne*. 6s.

## LAW AND JURISPRUDENCE.

- Code Universitaire de l'Université Royale de France, par Rendie. 8vo. 15s.
- Daloz, Dictionnaire général de Legislation. Tom. I. 1ère Livr. 4to. 12s.
- Kratzsch, Darstellung der Gerichts-Verfassung im dem Preussischen Staate. 1ster Thl. 8vo. *Zeit*. 8s.
- Phillips, Prof. Dr G., Deutsche Geschichte, mit besonderes Rücksicht auf Religion, Recht und Staats-Verfassung. 2ter Bd. 8vo. *Berlin*. 13s.
- Savigny, von, Ueber das altrömische Schuldrecht. 8vo. *Berlin*. 2s.
- Schilling, Prof. Dr. F., Lehrbuch der Institutionen und Geschichte des römischen Privatrechts. 1ste Lief. 8vo. *Leipz*. 5s.
- Siegen, H. J., Juristische Abhandlungen, vorzüglich den Zustand deutscher Gesetzgebung und Rechtspflege betreffend. 8vo. *Göttingen*. 7s.
- Zöpfl, Dr H., Deutsche Staats, und Rechts-Geschichte. 3 Abthl. 8vo. 1ste Abth. *Heidelberg*. 17s.

## MORAL PHILOSOPHY, METAPHYSICS, EDUCATION, AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

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ART. I.—1. *Die Deutsche Litteratur*, von Wolfgang Menzel. Stuttgart. 1828.

2. *Menzel's Geschichte der Deutschen*, in einem Bande. Stuttgart und Tübingen. 1834. 7te Lieferung. 21stes Buch. Die moderne Bildung.

3. *Conversations Lexicon der neuesten Zeit und Litteratur*. Leipzig. 1833. Voce, Menzel.

WOLFGANG MENZEL is a writer who deserves to be better known than he is in this country. He is a man of more than ordinary calibre. He has *stuff* in him. The German authors in general may be divided into five classes: *Fantastics*, *Mystics*, *System-builders*, *Poetical Idealists*, or men of fancy and feeling, *Eruditi*, *ὠλισται*, or men of learning and science. Hoffman, Chamisso, Fouqué, are well known as heads of the fantastic school; devils, gnomes, sylphs, Undines, *Doppelgänger*, and animal magnetists, are the commodities in which they deal; a pair of seven-league boots, or a bottle of devil's elixir, is the magic wand of their enchantments. Tauler and Jacob Böhmen, Novalis, Friedrich Schlegel, Steffens, Jung Stilling, Görres, &c. are the no less celebrated heads of the mystic school. They rise a degree above the fantastics, and, amid much of the childish, contain a great deal of the essentially sublime. Their ideas, though not apt to be over clear, are never shallow, often profound, and not seldom grand; if they sit not on the throne of Jove, they float upon the clouds wherewith it is encompassed. The System-builders, again, are men of enterprise and of grasp. If

they are mad—as to a British perception they sometimes appear—their madness has “method” in it. Their mysticism—when mystics they are—is not a floating dream, a creation of clouds, but a pervading principle, an organizing power, a vivifying emanation. Schelling may be considered as the king of this higher class of mystics: and it may well be doubted whether the human mind is ever exhibited in a more august and commanding form than in their brotherly amalgamation of science, religion, and poetry. Applied more closely to nature, this systematic mysticism produces such men as Oken and Schubert; whose comprehensive minds seem, in studying to recreate nature, to give us an anticipation, if not a knowledge, of her secret workings and wondrous developments. But the System-builders are not all mystics; Kant and Hegel are not less wonderful examples of the power and compass of the German mind than Schelling—the clear acuteness of the one, and the abstract logicity of the other, belong equally to the wide domain of German intellect. Our fourth class is that of the Poetical-idealists. Schiller is a larger and Körner a minor star in the constellation. Jean Paul's weeping heroes are scarcely less celebrated than Werther and Siegwart. There is a deep fountain of feeling in the German mind, often opened into tears, with which the robust Briton cannot always sympathize; but, if tearful eyes are sometimes a sign of babyhood, tearless eyes are often the index of selfishness. Next follow the men of mere talent, to whom frugal Nature hath denied the *divini ignis particula*—these men are more numerous every where than



the men of genius; but in Germany they are particularly abundant and of a higher order. There are few trifling, few superficial minds in Germany—what an honest *Deutscher* does, he does with all his might, and leaves no corner of the earth unransacked, where stones of fit size and beauty may be found, with which to fabricate his erudite mosaics. Therefore it is that we have designated the learned of Germany *ωιδῆται*; they are heavy-armed soldiers, panoplied with the lore of all tongues and of all ages; their works are sometimes splendid temples of science, often proud-towering rubbish-heaps of useless learning. The perseverance of a German is proverbial—“*cui nationi, inter animi dotes*”—says Leibnitz, though a German himself—*sola laboriositas concessa esse videtur.*” A hard saying: but in some respects true. If German literature is useful for nothing else, it is useful, yea indispensable, as an index to the literature of the whole world.

*Sed quorsum hæc?* Our end is to show what Wolfgang Menzel is, by first setting forth, comprehensively, what he is not. He is neither a fantastic, nor a mystic, nor a system-builder, nor a poetical-idealist, nor a mere heavy-armed man of erudition. In so far as by *Germanism* we understand *nonsense*, whether it be ignorant nonsense or learned nonsense, nonsense puerile, or nonsense senile—whether it be clever nonsense or silly nonsense, nonsense religious, philosophical, poetical, musical, artistical, political—thus far, we can assure such of our readers as are, not without reason, apprehensive of being infected with the epidemic disease of *Teutomania*—that Wolfgang Menzel is no German. “*Er schreibt wie ein Britte*”—said one of his countrymen, in giving his opinion of Menzel’s style. “He writes like an Englishman!” certainly a very strange, and to us, a very complimentary manner for a German to express his admiration of one of his native authors.

To pass from negatives to positives, we would say—Menzel is a man of a sound mind, of a strong mind, of an acute mind, and of a comprehensive mind. He is essentially of the Doric order. He has more power than beauty, and his beauty is always of a masculine cast, seldom if ever softened down into feminine sweetness. To illustrate the unknown by the known, he has more affinity with Lessing than with any other German author familiar to the British student. He has also some of the fire and some of the sarcasm of Martin Luther; and when we have compared him with two such great names in the history of German literature—always, of course, *deductis deducendis*

—we have said enough to indicate that we have to do with a mind of no ordinary calibre. Menzel is decidedly a practical man and a sound-headed man; with him there is no vague dreaming, no interminable groping, no high-sounding but empty palaver—he fixes his eyes upon that which human eyes can see at one glance, and pursues his cue with indefatigable endeavour and certain success. He never prefers a circuitous route to a straight one, when the straight is equally convenient—he never loses sight of the end in the means—and, from all his speculations, which, as being those of a German, are many, both wide and deep, returns to the all-important question—how, under present circumstances, the civil and religious condition of his country may most surely and most speedily be ameliorated? With Pfitzer, Schott, and a few other high-minded patriots in south-western Germany, Menzel has done a great deal to draw the minds of his countrymen away from those splendid but profitless dreameries in which they have too long indulged, and taught them to apply their hands to the more solid though less dazzling architecture of practical life. With this tendency, Menzel’s literary existence could not do otherwise than assume a polemical character; and, to sustain this character, Nature seems to have armed her chosen champion with the choicest weapons, both offensive and defensive, for intellectual warfare. Strong and able-bodied from his youth, he endeavoured, though unsuccessfully, to realize in practice those gymnastics of the Greeks on which the erudition of consumptive pedants had so long fruitlessly commented; to recal his transcendental countrymen from the learning of the dead to the wisdom of the living, has been, and is, his unremitting endeavour. To attain these ends, unflinching rebukes and unsparing satires could not be applied with too much resolution; and in the fearlessness of the one, Menzel has no equal but in Fichte, as in the severity of the other he has no rival but in Richter. Heine and Börne bespatter their countrymen with the merciless mud of vulgar abuse, and hold their political sloth up to the scorn of Europe, amid the squibs and crackers of Parisian wit. Not so Menzel. He sees the weakness of his country, but he also knows its strength; his lash, when called for, is speedy and unsparing, but not inflicted with a willing hand, or with an air of malignant triumph. He may warn, he may rebuke, but he will not curse the mother that bore him. Like the author of the *Reisebilder*, Wolfgang Menzel is a ringleader of that bold sect which has ventured to call in ques-



tion the title of Göthe to the kingly seat on the German Parnassus—but he is too dignified to indulge in literary Billingsgate, and no protrusive egotism leads us to question the purity of those motives by which his opposition is animated. He is a preacher of new doctrines, but not as a babbler; a caster-down of images, but not as a fanatic.

Our author is a poet, a critic, an historian, a politician—and, as all German authors are, a philosopher. It is only in his critical capacity that we have at present any concern with him—but no man can read a page of his "German Literature" without perceiving that the acuteness of the critic is here merely an instrument in the hand of the profound philosopher, the brilliant poet, the patriotic politician.

The work to which we propose more particularly to direct our attention—the "Deutsche Litteratur"—has been long known and valued in Germany as the most profound and most original work on its native literature that has yet appeared in that country. Franz Horn's works are brisk and lively, and at the same time most comprehensive and exhaustive in their erudition—but he is too thoroughly German in his feelings to be relished by those who have not studied at Berlin or at Munich—his veneration, too, for a certain Christian simplicity and quietistical calmness of character often borders closely on mawkishness and puerility. Menzel again, is, as we have said, a man of nerve—nothing feminine, weak, or dreamy, nothing empty or childish, can he tolerate; *manly* is the image and superscription of his being. We have little doubt, therefore, that, if ever introduced, this author will become a favorite with the British public—at least such of them who, amid the bustle of ephemeral politics, still retain an eye for the beauty of art and the dignity of intellect.

The work on German literature is not a history but a characteristic—not a geographical tracing of the stream from its fountain-head to its æstuary, but a panoramic view of the landscape, its present state, and future prospects. It is divided into two parts, that stand to one another in the relation of spirit to body, of principle to practice. The one is the physiology, the other the classification, of literary botany. The first part contains the following titles: "The Mass of Literature—Nationality—Influence of School-learning—Influence of Foreign Literature—The Trade of Literature—Religion—Philosophy—History—State Education." The second part is well digested under three heads: "Nature—Art—Criticism." The style of Menzel is so solid and

so well squared, that there is little or no room for the lopping or epitomizing work of the reviewer. He himself gives us only the essence and extract of long digested and closely compacted thoughts. There remains for us, therefore, little or nothing to do but to select and give prominence to some of those paragraphs that, either from their own nature or from British associations, are likely to be read with peculiar interest.

The literature of a nation is but the reflex, or rather we should say it is the offspring, of its character—and he who would know the son must know the father. What then is the national character of the Germans? Some people tell us that they have no national character at all; or, if they have any, it consists in a sort of "wise passiveness" (not exactly in Wordsworth's sense) whereby they receive into themselves and appropriate the characters of all nations that are or have been on the stage of the world. "We are bears," says Menzel, "in the eyes of many, and can do nothing without a foreign dancing-master." And, truly, if we consider the successive Gallomania, Anglo-mania, and Græcomania, that gave a name to the most important eras of German literature, we shall see some causes to fear that this accusation is not altogether groundless. No person can say that Shakspeare or Milton imitated any man or nation of men: they are as thoroughly original, as much *sui generis*, as Homer and Æschylus; but Wieland, it is said, was a Frenchman, Klopstock an Englishman (a caricature of Milton,) and Göthe was a Greek. Certain it is that in no country is foreign literature so universally studied as in Germany. To see the ardor with which they throw themselves on our Shakspeares and our Scotts, and even our Bulwers and our Wilsons,\* one should imagine that the idolatry which is paid to Göthe and Schiller consists more in a sort of national pride, than in a real admiration of any thing substantially excellent in these authors. Surely a nation that imports so much foreign corn must be woefully barren of native aliment. Such are the arguments of those who decry the literature of Germany without knowing it; forgetting too, that, even if the Germans were so devoid of originality as they represent them, this very lack of national character, this very mer-

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\* We have on our table a work entitled "Tom Cringle's Schiff's Tagebuch, oder Abenteuer eines Offiziers der Englischen Marine, von Wilson: aus dem Englischen übersetzt von August Schaefer." We congratulate the learned professor on this unexpected accession to his continental fame!



ging of the character of *German* in that of *man*, is capable of an explanation which redounds most highly to the honor of the Teutonic race. Menzel sees the evil and acknowledges it as freely as any of our dogmatical critics may; but he knows also that there is no evil that has not also its concomitant good; and, of this universality, and manysidedness, as it is called, this imitative instinct and appropriating power of the German mind, he gives the following account.

"The deepest fount of this inclination for things foreign (says he, p. 44) is the *humanity* of the German character. We are thorough cosmopolitans. Our nationality is to have no nationality at all, but to substitute what belongs to man in general for the particular peculiarities that distinguish other nations. We appropriate the culture of all nations, and would regenerate in ourselves the blossoms of the human mind in every age. Other nations strive to make themselves a normal nation for the whole world; but this they do, not by self-annihilation, but by imprinting their own image on all mankind. We have the same ambition to make our race a normal race for the whole world; but we strive after a different fashion; we strive to realize the ideal of a philosophical archetype. Other nations reverence what is foreign, but they do not therefore think it necessary to undervalue themselves. Nevertheless, this self-denial has its good side, and its foundation in nature. There can be no true love without self-denial. Egotism and national vanity are the greatest enemies of culture. *The noblest nations have always been the most tolerant, and the basest always the most conceited.*

"Our love for what is foreign thus arises from our philosophical and cosmopolitan character; but it has also another root, and that is our poetical and romantic disposition. A poetical illusion floats with a beautifying power around all that is foreign, and takes our imagination captive. We possess this magic art of mystifying ourselves; we metamorphose ourselves into dramatic personages and give ourselves over to a foreign illusion. Many of our learned men have thought themselves so into Greeks, many of our romanticists so into the middle ages, many of our politicians so into France and French, many of our theologians so into the Bible, that they know no more of what is going on around them than a *somnambulist*. This state of mind is very closely allied to madness, and in madness it too often ends."

This is severity following upon apology, and almost neutralizing its kindly influence. But it is in this species of unsparing attack, this unqualified slash of the scimitar, that Menzel's strength lies. He has too great a love for beauty to soften down distortion, even in the features of his German mother.

But we recur to the question and ask, what is the distinguishing feature of the German character? That they have no character at all, as the French Abbé supposed they had no genius, is a proposition too absurd to be maintained in the present era of European development. Sterne may be a weak imitator of Cervantes and Rabelais;

but to call Jean Paul Richter a weak imitator of Sterne would betray an ignorance and a presumption equal only to that of Voltaire, when he proclaimed himself the rival of Æschylus and the judge of Shakspeare. They who deny originality, wit, and humor, to every other German author, must surely concede them all, and much more than all to Richter. This man's name is of itself sufficient to answer all the unworthy jibes and jeers that have been idly thrown in the face of the German muse. When we find united in one mind all the humor of Rabelais, without its nastiness—all the feeling of Sterne, without its affectation—all the intellect of Kant, without its systematic stiffness—all the beauty of Göthe, without its coldness—shall we say that the nation which possesses such a mind is destitute of originality and invention? To the man who knows and sympathises with German literature the very thought is treason, and the broaching of the question only shows that it deserves no answer.

Madame de Staël long ago drew the proper line of designation, when she said that "Germany is the native country of thought." The Germans are a sort of "intellectual miners," and spiritual moles—and this is one among the many reasons why their merits are so often concealed from superficial eyes. As the Hindoo philosophers convert every thing into religion, and every thing in nature is with them a mere modification of Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, these sacred three themselves being mere modifications of the one eternal Brahm—so the Germans can do nothing without metaphysics. They must have a principle and a soul in every thing, and the whole of external nature and life is valuable to them only in so far as it is a revelation of the internal Divinity, in whom we live and move and have our being. Jean Paul said ironically that God had given them the air for their domain, as he had the land to the French and the sea to the English. He might have said with more truth, though with less humor, that the Germans are masters of the soul, while other nations control the body—the one are lords of the world within, the other lords of the world without. Menzel has given a prominent place to this distinctive character under the head of nationality—and, as usual, he shows us both the light and the dark side of this picture, and begins, after his fashion, with the most unsparing severity.

"From the oldest times have we Germans been a fantastical nation. In the middle ages we were mystical, and now we can live only in the cold region of intellect. In all ages we have manifested an exuberant power and fulness of soul, that, wel-



ling forth impetuously within, pays but little regard to the world without. Ever have we been awkward and helpless in practical life, but so much more at home in the inner world, and all our national virtues and vices can be deduced from this one source—this meditative, brooding propensity of our inward man. It is this that makes us, *κατ' ἔξωχόν*, a literary nation, and it is this that gives our literature its distinctive character. The writings of other nations are more practical, because their life is more practical; our writings have a cast of *overnaturnality* or *unnaturality*, something savoring of ghosts and kobolds, which is always at war with the actual state of the world, and that because we never have our eyes on any thing but the strange world of our inner man. We are more fantastical than other nations, not only because our fancy takes more monstrous flights into the regions of the ideal, but also because we believe our dreams to be true. Our feelings follow our imaginations, and now sink as low into the mawkishness of domestic sentiment as they at other times rise high into the exuberance of pietistical reveries.\* Our intellect takes even larger flights than our fancy—we launch out into the infinite blue of empty space, and, as speculatists and system-builders, we are followed by a *fama clamosa*, a hue and cry, from every corner of the globe. Our splendid theories, however, we can realize nowhere but in our literature, and thus we give an undue preponderance to the world of words, above the life, of which words are but the sign,—and foreign nations are not far wrong, when they despise us as book-worms and as pedants.

“But this is only the dark side of the picture, as to which, however, we are unwilling to practise any self-deception. Opposed to this, we can boast a light side of our national literature, to which strangers much less frequently do justice. We aim at a universal cultivation of mind, and not in vain do we offer, to attain this important end, all our energies and all our national ambition. The knowledge which we acquire might well be more beneficial to our race than many loudly-trumpeted deeds of glory; and there may be more true honor in learning from a foreign nation than in achieving a victory over it. There is in our national character something peculiarly fitted to elevate and humanize the race. In every possible direction, we put forth our strength in the great work of extending our knowledge. Nature has given us a sympathy with all her doings; and our intellect collects from all quarters the objects that its capacious grasp desires, and penetrates into the inmost depths of all the mysteries of nature, life, and the soul. There is no nation so multifarious in its intellectual development as the German; and what the individual wants is made complete in the varied whole. It is only by a wise distribution of the different organs of knowledge among individuals that an accumulation of science in the mass can be realized.”

We appeal to any person in the least acquainted with German literature—we appeal to every unprejudiced observer of national

\*It is worth while to remark how exactly this criticism of Menzel's tallies with what Mr. Bulwer puts into the mouth of his German student in the *Pilgrims of the Rhine*. “With our most imaginative works we mix a homeliness that we fancy touching, but which in reality is ludicrous. We eternally step from the sublime to the ridiculous—we want taste.”

character—whether this be not a most impartial and a most just self-anatomizing of the German mind. Could any judge sum up more impartially the opposite evidence on both sides of a case? Our critics in this country either condemn the Germans wholesale, or run into a sort of wild idolatry, which perhaps does more harm than indiscriminate censure,—but a masterly portrait of the thing as it is—a just estimate of its good and its bad—it is strange, passing strange, that we should have first received from a German!

One evil, and not a small one, which flows from this contemplative habit of the Germans, is what they in their language very impressively designate by one word, *Vielschreiberei*, but which we are forced to make intelligible to ourselves by two Latin words, *cacoëthes scribendi*. A man cannot think and feel much, without having a desire to express what he thinks and feels. A woman cannot be always in labor—she must bring forth,—even so a man cannot be always a thinker—he must write a book. And thus is generated that chaos of mis-born imps, that tumble and reel annually, to the amount of millions,\* in the literary mud and slime of the Leipsic fair. On this great evil our author is peculiarly severe. He gives vent to his bile in the very first page;—yea in the very first sentence of his work. The following is certainly a very abrupt, and, to German ears, not a little startling (we fear to many an ungrateful,) proëmium of a work on literary history.

“We Germans do little, but write so much the more. When one of our descendants, in future centuries, shall look back upon the present epoch of German history, he will be apt to find more books than men in our nation. He may march back through past years, as through so many repositories. He will say, that we have been sleeping, and that books are our dreams. We have made ourselves a nation of scribblers, and might fitly exchange the double eagle of our heraldry for a goose. The pen governs and serves, works and rewards, fights and feeds, blesses and curses for us. We leave the Italians their sky, the Spaniards their saints, the French their deeds, the English their bags of money, and sit contentedly at our books. The meditative German nation, devoted to thinking and feeling, has time for nothing but writing. It invented the art of printing, and thinks it a duty to work indefatigably at the great machine. School erudition, affectation of things foreign, fashion, and bibliopolism have done the rest: and thus is piled up the immeasurable mass of books that waxes with every day. And we stand astounded at this *monstrum horrendum*, this new wonder of the

\*According to a moderate calculation, ten millions of volumes are printed every year in Germany.”—Menzel.



world, the Cyclopean walls, which the mind has raised, not the hands."

We assent to every word of this powerful writing, except one. Are not the *deeds* of the British as glorious as those of the French?—and is the reproach of *la nation boutiquière* to stick to us for ever? We sincerely hope that this reproach is altogether unfounded.

Under the heads "Religion"—"Philosophy"—"State Education"—which explain themselves, there is much that could not fail to interest the British reader; but we are compelled to pass by them, with scarcely a hasty glance at their contents. Though writing professedly on literature, Menzel has thought it necessary to dedicate full eighty pages to a searching examination of the present state of religion in his native country; convinced probably, as we are, that religion is the mother of poetry, and that a literature, which has no devotion to animate it, must always remain in a great measure shallow and unsatisfactory. He complains, not without reason, of the indifference to religion at present so common in Germany, especially amongst the Protestants; and notes it, as at once an evidence and an effect of this universal apathy, that Catholicism and Pietism\* are every where on the increase. To this latter, indeed, our author seems to attribute a degree of importance which, from a man of his strong understanding, we could scarcely have expected; but we are to bear in mind that Menzel is no mere anatomizer—no mere "reasoning self-sufficient thing"—no "intellectual all in all:" he has a heart as well as a head, and the proud temple of science is to him little better than a death-vault, when not animated by the genial life-glow of poesy. Himself a poet, it is no wonder that he should prefer the deep earnestness of the Pietists and the Mystics to the cold calculation of the self-styled Rationalists. There is one class of men in particular, whom Menzel, influenced by this feeling, has, though himself a stanch Protestant, taken under his peculiar protection. We mean the much undervalued poetical Catholics, with Tieck, Friedrich Schlegel, and Novalis at their head, whom Göthe used to sit in his chair with so much self-complacency, and laugh at. The "master-mind," however great he might be, in his own element of the beautiful in art, seems to have been a

perfect child in devotion—a good easy David Hume of poesy, who, enjoying the present allowed the Religionists to fight to their heart's content about the future—and looked on and smiled. Menzel is not a man to trifle with any thing, much less with religion; and he is not ashamed to profess his preference of a warm glowing Catholicism of the heart to a cold self-contained Protestantism of the understanding. On this principle is based his defence of Görres, Steffens, and other fraternal spirits, whom the narrow and exclusive criticism of the Kantians has condemned, wholesale, as enthusiasts and "whirlheads."

"A whole band of slavish souls," says he, "has united to banish such a man as Görres from the literary hemisphere of Germany—a man of the most original genius and whose works are a triumph of the most complete spiritual freedom. The view taken by these ostracists is the most narrow and slavish that can be conceived. To the mere outward form of faith they ascribe an omnipotent influence over the mind of man—whereas it is the mind that exercises dominion over his faith. These men vainly conceive that, as the seal of Protestantism, wherewith they are stamped, has metamorphosed them at once into free and cultivated men, so the seal of Catholicism, wherewith their adversaries are stamped, has necessarily rendered them barbarians and slaves: and they have no perception of this most simple truth, that, as Catholicism, in a great and pure mind, may assume a most worthy and venerable shape, so Protestantism, in such narrow minds as theirs, may sink down into a most unworthy caricature."

Thus far of Religion and Catholicism. We only remark, by way of practical inference, that there is not a little here from which we moral church-going English might take a useful hint. If there were as much piety as there is church-going in our land, as much true Protestantism as there is a superstitious cry of "No Popery," we should be an exemplary nation indeed!

It is with much reluctance that we make no extracts from the interesting chapters on philosophy, politics, and education. The narrow exclusiveness of Kant, the notional despotism of Hegel, in philosophy; the shameful passiveness of the German people, the insinuating circumvention of the Prussian *bureaucratie*, in politics; the bigotry of the classical monopolists, the mania of the utilitarian *pandialectics*, in education—all these, most fitting subjects as they are for the application of Menzel's lash, we are compelled to pass over, in our haste to arrive at the proper literary department of the work.

Our readers have already seen enough of the manly grasp which our author takes of his subject, to form a pretty accurate anticipation of the manner in which Menzel

\*Pietism in Germany is pretty much the same as Methodism with us; the worthy Spencer, we believe, was the father of the sect to which this appellation was originally applied.



walks over the proper literary division of his extensive domain. He takes a broad and expanded view of the mighty field of action that lies before him, and is too anxious for important results to dwell upon those ephemeral phenomena, that, however beautiful, flit before the eyes but for a minute, and then disappear, leaving no trace of their working behind. Hence it is that he sometimes seems to make too sweeping conclusions, and, with an unqualified reprobation, to condemn that in the gross, which in the detail unquestionably presents many singular and attractive beauties. But, in a work which aims to give not the history but the spirit of literature, this is the only practicable, the only rational, procedure. It is not with pretty poems, but with great poets, that in such a case we have to do. It is not on mere verses, much less on rhymes, that we are to descend, but it is on the soul, the animating spirit, that breathes in the literature as in the life of a people. It is a trite saying, that the noblest poetry is often written in prose; and it is a saying which we must peculiarly bear in mind, when attempting to form to ourselves an intelligible outline of the great body of German literature. There is a poetical element in every member of that mighty leviathan. We must expect to find poetry in its metaphysics, poetry in its theology, and poetry in its philosophy of nature. Schelling, Oken, and Görres, are no less poets than Goethe, Wieland, and Schiller.

With this understanding, we shall not be surprised at the summary manner in which Menzel dismisses not a few names of might from his literary review. Are they men of strong intellect, of pure heart, and of elevated principles? What have they done, either by word or deed, to assist in the great work of nature? These are the questions to which every candidate for a place on Menzel's Parnassus of the Germans must give a ready and an explicit answer; and, if the answer is unsatisfactory or suspicious, the petitioners are immediately elbowed out, as mere cumberers of the ground and impeders of necessary business. The mere man of amusement, the mere poetical mountebank, the mere carver and gilder, the mere raree-show-man of literature, however much he may have been estimated in his day, if he has done nothing else, meets with no more attention from our stern Aristippus than if he were a dancing bear. Amusement is all very well for a recreation, but to make a business of amusement, even though it be amusement of the highest kind, as in developing the formation of the bones, or watching the metamorphosis of plants, if it have no reference to the moral amelioration and

advancement of our race, is with Menzel an unpardonable sin: and, on this score, as we shall see, even the universal and autocratic Goethe is treated with a nonchalance, and dismissed with an unceremoniousness, which might almost make a weak mind tremble for the stability of the universe itself.

With some qualifications, however, which the tenor of these remarks will easily suggest to the reader, Menzel is a most just and impartial critic. No man could possibly be more catholic. He delights to search out and acknowledge every thing that is noble and great in the intellectual world, under whatever form it may appear. Having once set himself forth as the advocate of Schiller and the antagonist of Goethe, he has naturally been led to maintain his original polemical character, and preserve the same attitude of war through all the successive scenes of his literary activity. With regard to these men, therefore, his *dictum* must always be received *cum grano salis*. But, when there is no reason to suspect any bias, his judgment is always deserving of the very highest respect. If we except Goethe, to whom he seems to cherish a declared and unmitigated hostility, there is no great German author, none of the *Dii majorum gentium*, to whom he has not done merited justice. Lessing, Herder, Schiller, Tieck, Richter, and even Wieland, all receive from him the full meed of ready and discriminating praise. Still the polemical Brougham-like activity of his nature never sleeps long: and the unintelligent herd of imitators, that turn every thing great into caricature, seldom escape unchastised from his hand. He has also a most savage enmity against Voss, which, to the degree Menzel carries it, we find it very difficult to excuse or even to palliate; for surely the man who wrote "Luise," though he might be a weak and a narrow, certainly was a good and an amiable man. We give a hint here *in transitu*, which we hope may come to Menzel's ear, that in moderation and tolerance of criticism that arch-heretic Goethe might give him some most useful lessons. Most pitiless in particular, though certainly in many respects not undeserved, is the censure with which he endeavors to annihilate that whole class of "destiny or fatalistic tragedies," which, since the precedent shown by Müllner, has been inundating the German stage. The thing may be overdone, certainly, and if it is a good thing, the overdoing of it will only make it so much the worse: but what is there in the "Guilt" more than there is in "Hamlet," or many other plays that we could mention, to authorize the indiscriminate charge of fatalism, upon which the des-



tiny-tragedies have been so often condemned wholesale? It rather appears to us, that in Müllner's play there is a satisfactory reason assigned in the very name, for the apparently indiscriminate game which Fate plays among her victims. "The iniquities of the fathers are visited upon the children even unto the third and fourth generations." But in Hamlet all is chance, all is blind, inexplicable, contradictory fate; man is made the football of fortune; and a capricious God seems to take delight in defeating the best concerted plans of the wise, and thrusting unmerited advancement upon the foolish. Menzel, however, who has had better opportunities of seeing the destiny-system in full operation than could possibly have fallen to our lot, admits of no such favorable comparisons. He distinguishes philosophically between the Fate of the ancient Greek tragedians and the Destiny of the modern fatalistic playwrights. As Mr. Gillies some years ago labored, we hope not altogether unsuccessfully, to introduce Müllner, Grillparzer, and the other destiny-tragedians to the British public, perhaps a sample of Menzel's criticism on this theme may not be altogether unwelcome.

"Müllner," says he, "treading in Werner's steps, drew the destiny-tragedy out into that frightful caricature in which it now walks abroad, ghost-like, on every German stage. Werner's 'February,' gave the first impulse, and Müllner's 'Guilt' was the culminating point, and this strange mannerism straightway spread abroad on all sides like a pestilence. The new phasis was not essentially different from the old; but its Fate is always a hostile, destructive, revengeful power. With the ancient Greek tragedy it agrees only in name. We must be allowed, however, to draw a little more accurately the line of distinction.

"In the ancient tragedy, Fate was an iron, inexorable, truly sublime power, horrible and yet beautiful, worthy of the idea that we have of an all-ruling destiny. It stood as eternal necessity opposed to heaven-storming liberty, and the measure of its sublimity lay in the power and dignity of the hero. The more free, the more exalted, the more divine the hero, so much the mightier, deeper, holier, was the power that set bounds to his striving. This pervading idea of the Greek drama is in the conflict of the hero against Destiny; and this Destiny, though in itself invincible and unchanging, receives, nevertheless, a relative greatness from the strength of the resistance that is made to it, and the worth of the victim that is sacrificed to it, which relative greatness alone gives Fate a right to assume a poetical significance. In the free will, the power, and the inward worth of the hero, the criterion of tragedy lay. By how much greater and worthier the hero, by so much more powerful was Fate, so much nobler was the conflict, so much more sublime the poetical fiction. The resistance of the hero was the measure of the whole poem. Such is also the tragedy of Schiller, and such tragedy alone did he make a favorite with the Germans. But now what has become of all his promising blossom; when moral impotence and a sickly striving after originality presumptuously seek to lair themselves upon his laurels?

"The heroes of our modern destiny-tragedies are without volition, without worth, without dignity. From their birth upward they are in the hand of a dark mysterious power.\* They commit their mon-

strous crimes, not as free agents, but as predestined. A curse, inherited from an ancestress, or inflicted by a malignant Sycorax, drives them on to their fate; and their sin, like its punishment, is indissolubly connected with one unavoidable fatal hour of their existence. The poor sinner must sin because this happens to be the 24th or 29th of February, and no other day. Not from any incitement of passion, not from any determination of will, does his sin proceed; if there is any motive in him, it is not his own, but inherited as a judicial punishment, transmitted as a curse. Yea even the Devil himself needs take no trouble to seduce him; he must sin when the clock strikes twelve, and the dagger is the hour-hand, and the heart which he transfixes is the mysterious number—the hand advances, and the deed of terror is done. The witch-trials are profound and intellectual, when compared with this meaningless fatalism. In them, man, however beset with devils, has yet a free choice left, and the powers of darkness must work for their prey before they are sure of it. But in these Destiny-plays there is no need of a compact between Faust and Mephistopheles. The hero has neither choice nor enjoyment; and the powers of darkness themselves have not the pleasure of combating the yielding strength of man, and leaving the field of battle with a solemn ovation. It is an unmeaning game with puppets. It is impossible that even the Devil himself can feel any thing but *ennui* at a sport, where he has no strength to baffle, no will to overreach, no holiness to corrupt, no angel to seduce,—no office to perform but that of a common executioner on subjects, which are delivered ready for decapitation to his hand."

So much for Müllner and Grillparzer. It is time, however, that we leave this skirmishing with lesser heroes, and advance into the very heat and throng of the battle. We must endeavour to grapple with the grand *quæstio vexata* of German literature,—the *articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesie*. We are called upon to decide the great question, whether Göthe or Schiller be the king of the German Parnassus—and the divided worshippers of the literary world wait with suspense upon our decision, whether Göthe be a divine Shekinah, or a golden calf of the idolaters.

We perceive Menzel, like a sturdy old Gaul, advance fearlessly up to the chief-consul of literary senators, and, regardless of his calm, dignified, god-like demeanor, impiously pluck his beard. Heaven and earth are in awe-struck expectation, what punishment shall follow such unheard-of audacity.

The truth of the matter is, that the great Göthe—for great he certainly was, by the admission of all parties—has been so much bepraised and bewildered, and the admiration justly due to his genius, has run wild, as well in this country as in Germany, into such a rankness of besotted idolatry, that there was an imperative necessity that some one should arise to revindicate to the literary mind its lost independence, and dispel from the eye-sight of men that mist which an overheated enthusiasm had raised. The

be permitted to ask Dr. Menzel whether this observation does not apply to *Œdipus Tyrannus* as well as to the heroes of "*Die Schuld*" and of "*Die Ahnfrau*?"

\* We beg pardon for this interruption, but we must



Minerva who was destined to perform this kind office is Menzel; and none could have been chosen better fitted for such an honorable enterprize. Schlegel (A. W. we mean) has once again, by a few miserable squibs and lampoons,\* attempted to darken that halo of glory which shines round the consecrated head of Schiller; but, we believe, the blasts of his penny trumpet never produced any effect, but to throw back ridicule on him who blew them: and the name of Schiller still stands resplendent in its own unsullied purity. Not so ineffective, we fear, have been the shafts, or rather the blows, which Wolfgang Menzel has from time to time directed against the Olympian head of Germany's poetical Jove. Menzel was not a man to strike, without knowing what he was striking at; the words that he wrote are as well-aimed strokes of a hammer—they are sure to tell. We must not, therefore, expect to find Göthe coming entirely unscathed out of this doughty warfare—though the crown may still remain on his head, yet, to Menzel-illuminated eyes, it shines no more with a divine, but with a human, lustre. Göthe still remains a great man, a splendid piece of humanity; but he is no more the only great man that Germany or Europe contains. He is a man, according to Menzel's view, and merely a man; no demi-god, much less a god, the last and greatest incarnation of the poetic Brahmā.

Our space, as well as our tactics, on this occasion, lead us to plunge straightway in *medias res*. We have no inclination to dash off our critical arabesques upon the Doric portico of Menzel's well-compacted edifice. We extract the following quintessence of our author's *Anti-Götheism* from the "History of the Germans."—p. 776.

"Göthe had all the delicate tact of Lessing, with a much richer imagination, but without his manliness; all the tenderness and sensibility of Herder, but without his faith. So far as the mere handling of his subject was concerned, he was, doubtless, the greatest of our poets; but he had no enthusiasm for anything but himself, and his works are merely flattering portraiture of his own individuality. As, in his study at Weimar, he was wont so to dispose himself in reference to the light, that he might appear to strangers who came to visit him under the most pictorial distribution of light and shade, so were all his works mere artificial means of throwing a favorable light upon himself. He had no sympathy with the world, but in so far as it served him for this end. For the affairs of his country he had no eye—he positively hated them. He sung the praise of Napoleon, because Napoleon flattered him, and during the great liberation war (in 1813) he shut himself up in his study, occupied with Chinese trifles, and disgusted with an age that acknowledged something greater than himself. This man, however, to his contemporaries appeared to be

the greatest man alive; and that, because he could not flatter himself, without at the same time flattering a countless number of souls as base as his own, and because his talent threw a poetical beauty over the inclinations of an aristocracy, that, boasting of a high degree of refinement, submitted willingly to the lowest grade of national degradation. Lessing had frightened the weaklings of the age—they were contented to admire him, but felt his sting not the less severely. Göthe was their favorite, because he convinced them that their weakness was beauty."

This certainly is no spare measure of rebuke; but the reader must remember that it is Menzel who is attacking, and Göthe who is attacked. "In the wars of the giants," as Jeffray said, in speaking of Lord Brougham, "great blows must be given and received." The admirers of Göthe were too numerous and too loud to be affected by what might appear to them to be the mere "whisper of a faction." A declared and open war was necessary to make head against Götheism; and none but a bold and dauntless leader could change the presumptive name of rebel into that of hero and of patriot.

Not to go too far into a vague and loose declamation, the charges brought against Göthe by Menzel and his friends may be reduced to the following:—

1. That he was no politician.
2. That he was no patriot.
3. That he was selfish and egotistical.
4. That he had no enthusiasm.
5. That he had no religion.
6. That he had no morality.
7. That he affected an air of state and majesty, and thought himself entitled to the veneration of the whole world.

The charges in this indictment are clearly and distinctly stated, and we shall endeavor to answer them with as great brevity as possible, pleading either guilty or not guilty, with or without such modifications as shall appear necessary or advisable.

Article 1. Admitted. "Göthe wanted to observe, his age wanted to act."—FALK. . . Every man cannot be a politician, even though a Universal Suffrage Bill should attempt to make him so by force. At the same time, we cannot help observing, that that lack of interest in things political, which Göthe himself again and again admits, squares but ill with the "universality and manysidedness" of which we have of late heard so much. Göthe himself allows (in his *Morphologie*), "Wir sind an's Leben, nicht an die Betrachtung angewiesen, —Man is an active, not a contemplative, being;" and yet his own life is a continual practical denial of his own maxim. A man of action must take an interest in politics. Göthe was no man of action, therefore he

\* As that,

"So lang es Schwaben gibt, in Schwaben  
Wird Schiller stets Bewunderer haben."



was no politician. What dreaming, passive substanceless, creatures are his heroes! What is Werther? a die-away. What is Faust? a dreamer, and one who cannot even dream himself, but lets the Devil dream for him. What is Meister? a milksop, a nincompoop, the football of circumstance.

Article 2. Admitted as a corollary from article one; but under the qualification, *Non omnia possumus omnes*. Horace was a great poet, but a bad soldier. Cicero was a great orator, but a bad poet. Bacon was a great philosopher, but he could not withstand a bribe. It was not in Göthe's nature to be fired with the enthusiasm of a Körner or an Arndt, because he had no eye for things political. Whether Homer was as valiant in the fight as that Achilles whose valor he celebrates, we cannot tell; but we know that to do great deeds is one faculty, and to sing of great deeds is another faculty. It would be absurd to demand of an artist to be all that which it is his vocation only to describe.

Article 3. Denied *in toto*. A kindlier man than Göthe, except perhaps Jean Paul, never existed. Of this the manner in which he has spoken of Herder, Voss, and Schiller—men in many respects the antipodes of himself—is a sufficient proof. Göthe loved nature and loved art, with a fondness and a constancy never equalled. And the man who does so cannot be selfish, cannot be egotistical.

Article 4. Denied—Göthe had an enthusiasm, but a calm and clear, not a noisy and troubled enthusiasm. His enthusiasm, however, was not, like that of many men of the present age, vented entirely in chasing political, theological, and pedagogical bubbles. He had an enthusiasm for the beautiful in nature, and for the beautiful in art, as imitative thereof. With the grand, the sublime, the powerful, the terrible, he had no sympathy—his strength is the strength of rest, and his sublime is the sublime of composure. There is no objection that is brought against Göthe, under this head, that cannot at the same time be brought against Wordsworth, Coleridge, and a host of other most elect sons of the Muse. Nay, this lack of enthusiasm may, with equal force, be urged against the whole art and ideal of the Greeks. The Jupiter Capitolinus shakes his ambrosian locks in quiet dignity, and the Apollo aims his certain shaft without perturbation. It is only in the low regions of earth that the storms rage and the winds contend; above, all is serene, all is divine.

Article 5. This article is denied, when stated in the unqualified terms in which it appears in the indictment. It is admitted,

however, that religion was not the element in which Göthe's muse delighted to dwell.

Here, again, the trumpeters of the "many-sided master-mind of Germany" find themselves at a discount. We never could discover that strong development of the bump of veneration on Göthe's cranium, of which Carlyle and some of our German *illuminati* so mysteriously discourse. Franz Horn, who sets out with that intolerant rule of criticism, that none but a true Christian can be a true poet, has great difficulty in discovering where Göthe's Christianity lies. At the same time, as the "dear dear man" whom he reveres as the first of poets after Shakspeare, must be brought within the orthodox fold by some contrivance or other, he sees the secret sun of Göthe's Christian piety glowing in that beautiful little Indian legend—"The God and the Bayadere." The critic of Shakspeare is right, if, from this poem he draws the conclusion that Göthe had one of those chords in his heart which might, if properly touched, have learned to vibrate to the music of the Christian scheme. But if he attempts to go farther, and thinks to tie down this poetical Proteus to the definite and exact shape of the Gospel of Christ, he will find himself egregiously deceived. The smiling angel will straightway metamorphose itself into a lascivious faun, and the woman, so beautiful above, prove a filthy sea-monster below.

Article 6. This article is in one sense true, and in another sense false. Göthe was not a moralist, but he was not therefore an immoral man. None of his works are written with a view of inculcating any moral precept, but they do not, therefore, inculcate immorality. To him, the good (*τὸ ἀγαθόν*) appeared only under the avatar of the beautiful (*τὸ καλόν*), and that which is right appeared only under the phasis of the natural. The words *duty*, and *ought*, were not in his dictionary, but for these he substituted *beauty* and *is*. He could not oppose *man* to *nature*, as Schiller, Tiedge, and the Kantian poets did—"vivere convenienter naturæ" was his watch-word, and he conceived that all the distortions, excesses, and monstrosities, with which the moral world was defaced, arose from not observing and imitating Nature. At the same time, it cannot be denied that there is a sort of tendency to Epicureanism in some of his works, against which the youth of Germany and of Europe ought to be warned. It is absurd and ridiculous to torture the mind into moral systems, as Hindoo yogees do their bodies into devotional distortions—but it is irrational and unmanly to be sensual.

Article 7. To this article it is shortly an-



swered, that Göthe would have been more than a man, had he remained altogether unaffected by the profound homage that was paid to his genius, not only by Germany but by universal Europe. We remark further, that Göthe was, in all his doings, animated by a love of order, which sometimes bordered very closely upon formality.

With these few remarks we must leave Göthe. That Menzel underrates him we hold to be quite certain; that Carlyle overrates him is equally certain; but what the true measure of his stature is may long remain a problem. We may, perhaps, have acted injudiciously in putting the question into a systematic shape, and arguing the point *pro* and *con*, in our own person; but it appeared to us the most brief and comprehensive, as well as the most impartial, mode of stating the substance of Menzel's philippic. To have calmly translated the whole oration, without one word of explanation or reply, would have gone beyond the compass of our endurance, if not contrary to our most conscientious principles. We shall, however, make amends by allowing Menzel to plead the cause of Schiller in his own words, and we know that many a warm heart will glow, and many a bright eye beam with sympathy, as the eulogy of that purest of poets flows in ready translation from our pen.

"The greatest of the poetical idealists was Schiller. He brought back the abstract ideal to the fullness of nature, as Göthe also did—but he did further, what Göthe did not do—he elevated nature up to the ideal. His heroes were, in romantic poetry, what the gods of the Greek sculpture were to the Greeks—divine men, human gods.

"Schiller has concentrated his whole poetical energies in the representation of man, and that not vulgar man, but the ideal of all grandeur and beauty of soul, the highest and most mysterious of all wonders. The external world served him only as a foil to set off, a comparison to illustrate, man. To the blind powers of nature he opposes the moral energy of man, that he may thus exhibit human nature in its highest nobility, or wrestling in triumphant strength, as in 'The Diver,' and in the 'Surety'; or, again, he introduces human sympathies with nature, and gives a moral significance to her blind powers, as in 'The Lament of Ceres,' 'Hero and Leander,' the 'Cranes of Ibcus,' the 'Bell,' &c. Even in his historical works, it is not his aim to set forth the epic progress of the whole, subject as that is to the necessary laws of nature; he delights in painting character, and bringing out in *alto relievo* the powerful heroes of the drama, who oppose human freedom to changeless necessity.

"The soul of all Schiller's creations is his ideal characters. He paints nothing but man, and man in his highest moral beauty and sublimity. He seems to have thought it impossible to give the name of poetry to that, which, while it imitated, did not, at the same time, idealize humanity. We do not, indeed, go so far as to assert that mere moral dignity can ever constitute true poetry. On the contrary, our earlier poets, who were all great moralists, were at the same time the greatest sinners

against true poetry; and it is as difficult a thing to paint as to possess a noble soul, though nothing is more easy than the assumption of both. When ideals of moral beauty are to be represented in poetry, it is indispensable that the nature of the characters be not made to suffer under their morality. It is as erroneous to defend bad poetry, by the allegation of good morality, as it is to make good poetry a veil of grace thrown over the deformities of bad morality. Most of our moral poets, however, are like the vulgar painters of the images of saints; they claim veneration for the vilest daubing, merely because the daub represents, or is intended to represent, a saint. Few of them are like Raphael, whose saints are real saints, and whose art is as holy as the subject of it. Among these few, Schiller is a chief. Even in his youthful productions, which are so often and so severely criticized as unnatural, this inward truth to nature is triumphant over all extravagance—which extravagance accordingly disappears altogether in his later works. We have some great poets, who have painted beauties, but not moral beauties; and these poets, perhaps, possessed the tact of the artist in greater perfection than Schiller, but we have no poet who so well knew how to unite poetry and virtue into one beautiful whole. We have no representation of virtue which is more poetical, no poetry which is more virtuous.

"In Schiller's ideals we find no dead mechanical law, no theory, no dry system of morality, but a living organic nature, an active life of acting men. This idealized nature is the creation of true genius, and of that alone. It is the vocation of genius to develop from its own internal depth the noblest humanity. It is genius alone that brings to full glowing bloom what in the minds of common men slumbers deep beneath the earthly covering of the soul. The true poet re-creates, as it were, the world to us by the new light which his genius sheds over it, by the new view which he enables us to take of it, by bringing that which is old to a higher development, awaking the sleeping germ to life, unfolding to us inclinations, capacities, virtues, talents, which we knew not of before—enriching, ennobling, and elevating us—in one word, by spreading the magic light of god-given thoughts upon all nature, internal and external, in us and about us, and thus raising us, and the world along with us, to a purer and a nobler existence. A poetic nature creates by necessity its own poetical world, and the only wonder is that these poetical worlds are at once so manifold and so peculiar. Greater than the world itself are the worlds that genius creates in it. Nature, which is but one, blows out into a thousand natures, and each metamorphosis is richer, more wonderful, and more lovely, than that which went before. This regeneration is the work of genius. Every great genius is a rare species of flower, of which only one single plant exists, peculiar in its habit, in its color, in its fragrance. The inner, spiritual and vital power of such a plant is a mystery—self-created, to be perfectly comprehended by none. Who has ever accounted for the color and the fragrance of flowers, or been able to give a reason why it is so in one and so in another? Who has ever explained the mystery that draws us on to admire a picture of Raphael's, and who the spiritual atmosphere, the paradise charm, that dwells in the characters of Schiller? Here no mere definition of the understanding can avail: comparison alone may help us more closely to define the inexplicable feeling.

"Raphael's name has forced itself upon me, and it is an undeniable conclusion that, as Raphael's



pictures are remarkable for the most perfect *natural* beauty, so are Schiller's poetical creations for the most perfect *moral* beauty. Moral beauty has its origin and its waxing in the history of man, and action and conflict are the conditions of its existence; the beauty of nature and of sense is, like nature itself, calm, great, unchangeable.

"According to this distinction, the ideal characters of Schiller must manifest themselves in conflict, those of Raphael in calm and sublime repose. Michael, the warlike angel, was a fit symbol of Schiller's genius; Raphael was most fitly characterized by the mild angel whose name he bore. But the same original, inexplicable charm, the same heavenly magic, the same reflex of a higher world, that lie in the countenances of Raphael, lie also in the characters of Schiller. No painter has painted the human countenance, no poet has exhibited the human soul, in equal grace and majesty of beauty. And as Raphael's genius is always like to itself, and the same mild, peace-bringing angel, in many-named apparition, still meets our eyes in the same divine beatitude and glory; so is Schiller's genius always like to itself, and we see the same warlike angel in Karl Moor, in Amelia, Ferdinand, Louisa, Marquis Posa, Max Piccolomini, Thekla, Mary Stuart, Mortimer, Joanna, and William Tell. The one rests in the consciousness of a peace that nothing can destroy, of a glory not borrowed from another; the other turns its beautiful, angelic countenance, threatening, and yet sad, against the monsters of the deep.

"The first mystery in Schiller's characters is that ANGELIC PURITY, which is ever found in the noblest natures. This nobility of innocence reappears in all the creations of Schiller, under the same features of a pure youthful angel. In sun-beliit glorification, as pure childhood, unarmed and yet invulnerable, it appears in Fridolin—like that king's child in the ancient fairy tale, who played with lions in the forest and yet was scathless.

"When the blessed creatures of Schiller's fancy become conscious of their own bliss, then the Nemesis of the heavenly powers is aroused against them. This is the circumstance that confers an additional charm on his 'Hero and Leander.'—Adorned with the helmet of war, and with the fire of noble passion reddening upon its blooming cheek, the youthful innocence of his heroes marches dauntless against the darkest powers of Hell. In 'The Diver,' and in 'The Surety,' in Charles Moor, in Amelia, and in Max Piccolomini, this interesting spectacle is presented. Over these moving figures floats a magic of poesy that has never been equalled. It is the tone of a heavenly flute amid wild discordant music, the blue of ether amid a storm, a Paradise on the edge of a crater.

"This purity and innocence is equally compatible with the male as with the female characters. The Virgin of Orleans is then most a virgin when she stands forth as the consecrated amazon of God. It is the deep mystery of the Christian religion and of Christian poetry, that the salvation of the world goes forth from a woman, the highest power from the purest innocence. Joanna of Arc is the most perfect impersonation of that angel who bears the helm and waves the banner of heaven. So in Schiller's male characters. Among these, three heroes stand in holy pre-eminence; Max Piccolomini, the warrior-youth, pure and uncorrupted amid all the vices of his general's tent, and of his father's home; Marquis Posa, whose soul, though decked out with all the intellectual culture that this world can afford, is yet a pure temple of innocence; and lastly, that stalworth son of the mountain, William Tell,

a finished companion, in its way, to the Virgin of Orleans.

"A second mystery of beauty in Schiller's ideal characters is their DIGNITY, their NOBILITY. His heroes and heroines never belie that pride and that lofty bearing which are the indication of a higher nature; and all their expressions bear the stamp of magnanimity and innate nobility. Every thing low is their antipodes. Powerful, free, independent, original, following only the impulse of a noble nature, Schiller's heroes tear in pieces the webs in which common men drag along their prosaic existence. It is none of the least remarkable characteristics of Schiller's poetry, that the stamp of genius which they bear, the imposing attitude which they assume, is the very same that in actual life is wont to distinguish the noble mind from the mean. The stamp of Jove is impressed upon the brow of all his heroes. In his first poems indeed this free, bold demeanor appears in a somewhat uncouth and uncivilized exterior; and, in the elegant Weimar, the poet himself was seduced to attempt to civilize his Robbers a little from their original fierceness. But what man that has eyes can fail to perceive the diamond heart of a noble nature, even through the rough crust of a Karl Moor and a Fiesco? This power of moral beauty is only made so much the stronger by the contrast.

"The third and highest secret of the beauty of Schiller's characters is the FIRE OF NOBLE PASSION. This is the fire that animates every noble heart: it is the altar-flame which ascends heavenward,—the vestal flame fed by consecrated hands in the temple of God,—the Promethean spark brought down from heaven,—the Pentecost fire of enthusiasm, in which the souls of men are baptized: it is the phœnix fire in which our race renews its youth eternally. Without the glow of noble passion there can be nothing great either in life or in poetry. Every man of genius bears within him this holy fire, and all the creations of genius are penetrated by it. Schiller's poetry is as strong and fiery wines. All his words are flames of the noblest feeling. Those ideals whom he has created are the genuine children of his own glowing heart, parted beams of his own fire. The honor of at once the purest and the strongest passion belongs undoubtedly to Schiller before all other poets. None with such a pure heart ever possessed so much fire; none with so much fire ever retained such purity. Thus we see the diamond, which is the purest of earthly substances, when it is inflamed, burn with a glow and a splendor in comparison of which all other fire is weak and cloudy.

"Does there exist—can we conceive, a more chaste, a more holy love, than that which Schiller has breathed into the souls of his lovers? And where again do we find a love so fiery and so powerful, invincible before a world of foes, at once stirring up the highest strength of soul, and patiently enduring the most unheard-of sacrifices? From its softest charm, from the first meeting of the eyes, from the first gentle beat of the heart, to the storm of feeling that shakes the whole being, to the awe-striking deed of virgin valor, to the sublime sacrifice of two loving souls—love here unfolds the unmeasured riches of its beauty, like a sacred music, that from the tenderest tone rises to the fullest storm of sound, but always in the purest accords.

"The glow of an enthusiastic heart in Schiller communicates its influences to all that is dear to humanity; and here his genius arms itself with the flaming sword of heaven: here begins the contest of that warlike angel with the spirits of the abyss.

"Schiller's pure soul could suffer no unright-



ousness: and he steps forth, panoplied, into the lists where night is the watchword of the battle. Like an inspired prophet, he proclaims the holy love of that blessing which dwells in right, and of that curse which follows unavoidably on all injustice. And never does the glow of his feeling, or the glitter of his ornate speeches, throw a dazzling indistinctness over the truth of his piercing judgment: they only bring it forward in more striking and brilliant relief.

"FREEDOM, which is inseparable from Right, was the dearest jewel of his heart. But that lawless freedom which proceeds from, as it ends in, injustice, belongs to the order of the demoniac powers, against which he wages an unmitigated war.

"We possess no poet who has exhibited Right and Liberty with such fiery enthusiasm and with such lovely adornment of poesy; and none who has at the same time known so well how to temper his enthusiasm with moderation, and march onward in the triumphal path of truth and integrity.

"His genius belongs to mankind. Never were the rights of man advocated from a higher point of view than by his Marquis Posa. For the rights of the people, his Virgin of Orleans enters the lists: the rights of individuals are maintained by Tell. And not only in these instances, but in all his other heroes, do we find Right and Liberty in combat with tyranny and arbitrary will; and Schiller is manifestly as much the poet of Liberty as he is of Love."

With this splendid eulogy of Schiller, we hope that we have done justice both to Menzel and to German literature. The bard of Wallenstein is evidently the *magnus Apollo* of our author; and his unqualified veneration of Schiller will, no doubt, seem to many over-critical minds as uncalled for as his unqualified reprobation of Göthe. As to the latter, we have already spoken our sentiments; but we pity the narrow self-containedness of that man's mind who measures, by degrees of the understanding, the admiration due to such a genius as that of Schiller. We pity the icy coldness of that man's heart who can apply the thermometer of a calculating criticism to measure the glow of poetical enthusiasm.

On that mysterious question, the character of Göthe, our minds, we confess honestly, are not yet entirely made up. But on the merits of Menzel, as a literary and philosophical writer, and that of a high order, we think there can be but one opinion. We deem, too, that we have, on the present occasion, spoken a word in season, by making audible to English ears the Anti-Göthian philippics of Wolfgang Menzel. Certain it is that to the *Kotzebue-mania*, so prevalent at the end of the last century, a *Göthe-mania* has, after an interval of forty years, succeeded; the German epidemic has appeared under a new form; and though the calf that we now worship may be a *golden*, whereas the object of our former veneration was merely a *gilded*, calf,—still, if there is any truth in Menzel's views, we are worshipping an idol,

and the sooner the mystical nimbus is removed from the brow of this pseudo-divinity the better. We are not, however, apprehensive that the fame of Göthe is based upon a foundation that can be shaken even by the strong arm of such a man as Menzel. We only protest against the unlimited idolatry paid to a foreign genius, whom even his most ardent admirers confess to be in many views not altogether intelligible. We fear that the *omne ignotum pro magnifico* applies here, and that there is a great deal of childish mystification and sheer fudge written and spoken about Johann Wolfgang von Göthe. However this be, the study of Menzel's writings can do no harm to our German students: if he is a hollow pretender, he will soon be exposed; if he speaks truth, he ought to be listened to. We advise the translation of some of his works, as an edifying *passer le temps* for some of our young scholars. The "History of the Germans" were well worthy of such an honor; and surely the translator of such a work, though he might attempt less, would achieve more, than many of the monomaniacs of the age, who work as if they thought it necessary for their salvation to translate Göthe's Faust. It is time that this travesty and caricature manufactory of English Fausts should be put down as a public nuisance. We may touch upon this subject some other day: in the mean time—

"Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines,  
Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere notum."

ART. II.—*Friedrich-Wilhelm I. König von Preussen.* Von Dr. Friederich Förster. (*Frederick William I. King of Prussia.* By Dr. Frederick Förster.) 3 vols 8vo. Berlin. 1835.

THE work before us will be found to fill up a chasm in the history of Prussia, which though an object of intense curiosity and interest, in consequence of the decisive part which that kingdom has acted in the affairs of Europe, especially since the accession of its greatest sovereign, still requires to be cleared up in many important points. The intimate connection formed by repeated intermarriages between the reigning families of Prussia, Hanover, and Brunswick, and the close political alliance of Prussia and Great Britain, should render the history of the rise and progress of the Prussian power, the bulwark of the Protestant religion on the European continent, peculiarly attractive to Englishmen. But we have hitherto fixed our eyes almost exclusively on Frederick II.; yet, as it has been already shown in the re-



view of his life by Preuss, in No. XXVIII. of this journal, even his character has been neither duly appreciated, nor, indeed, fully understood. With regard to his father, Frederick William I., we have learned (chiefly from the memoirs of his daughter the Margravine of Baireuth) many particulars of his character, his predilection for tall soldiers, his violent passions, his harsh treatment of the heir to his throne; and, on the other hand, we have heard something, but not so much, of his political sagacity, his steadfast adherence to engagements once contracted, and the general success of his enterprises. There existed not, however, even in Germany, any satisfactory account of his reign. Dr. Förster therefore judged well when he undertook the task of composing this work. Mr. Fr. Horn had already done justice to the great elector, Frederick William, who succeeded to the government in 1640, at the age of twenty, and to his son Frederick III. The bulky work of Preuss has not indeed given us such a history of the greatest sovereign of modern times as a more judicious use of his copious materials might, we think, have enabled him to produce. Dr. Förster's work throws great light on many important parts of Prussian history, and even on that of Frederick II. himself; the author having been so fortunate as to obtain a vast mass of original documents, particularly relative to the intrigues of the imperial cabinet at the Prussian court.

It is a favorable circumstance for the historians of our days that the jealousy which formerly denied them access to original documents, which alone can enable them to give a just and impartial view of their subject, has greatly subsided, and that princes and public bodies now allow the inspection, and even the publication of private and state papers, which were never before permitted to see the light. Writers themselves too have become more sensible of the necessity of recurring to original and contemporary authorities, and have been more diligent in searching after and exploring private collections, the existence of which had been either unknown or unnoticed. Dr. Förster has been peculiarly fortunate in this respect. All the Prussian ministers, the magistrates of Berlin, the governors of the provinces, gave him all possible assistance and encouragement, and he received valuable contributions from many private collections and family archives. The most important documents, however, were obtained, not in Prussia, but in Saxony, at Meusselwitz near Altenburg, the seat of Baron von Seckendorf, where there is a prodigious collection of diplomatic papers, official reports, and letters relative

to the mission of Count Seckendorf, who acted so distinguished a part at the court of Frederick William I. as ambassador from the court of Vienna. Among these papers are, the first authentic copy of the treaty of Wusterhausen (1726), of the secret treaty of Berlin (1728), and the correspondence respecting them, between Count Seckendorf, the Emperor, Count Zinzendorf, and Prince Eugene; a great number of papers of Count Seckendorf's relative to Frederick the Great, as crown prince; and the correspondence of the latter with General Grumbkow, which Preuss regrets that he could not find, but which Dr. Förster has discovered in the Seckendorf collection.

Dr. Förster has thought fit to divide his work into two distinct parts. The first volume contains every thing relative to the king personally, his character, mode of life, household arrangements, &c. The second volume presents us with the political history of the period, from the peace of Utrecht to the king's death. It was intended to comprise the whole in two volumes, the documents being placed at the end of each; but the importance of the papers discovered in the archives of Count Seckendorf has caused a third volume to be added. We shall, for the sake of convenience, follow the author in the course he has adopted, and begin with the king's private character and habits.

Frederick William I. was the son of Frederick III., Elector of Brandenburg, who in 1701 assumed the royal dignity, with the title of Frederick I., king of Prussia. His mother was the celebrated and accomplished Sophia Charlotte, princess of Brunswick and Hanover. His father's court was one of the most splendid in Europe, the king endeavoring in every particular to imitate the court of Louis XIV. His early education was confided to Madame de Montbel, a French Protestant lady of great merit; but when he was about five years of age he was found too intractable for Madame de Montbel, and was sent to Hanover, to be brought up with the Electoral Prince, afterwards George II. king of England. The young princes, however, agreed so ill, that Frederick William was brought back to Berlin in the same year, and afterwards placed under the care of Count Dohna, a man of austere manners, inflexible probity and honor, but who, having been from his youth devoted to a military life, had contracted a haughty and imperious manner, which excited the enmity of the courtiers. He was also proud of his high birth, and despised all persons of meaner origin. Having studied the character of the Electress, to whom he was entirely devoted, he was, like her, always



opposed to the favorites, and ready to blame not only them but even the Elector himself, chiefly for his love of pomp and prodigality. He, undoubtedly, endeavored early to impress on the mind of his pupil an aversion to vain show and useless expenditure; which was not difficult: for Frederick-William, even when a child, manifested no taste for the too great splendor which surrounded him. Count Dohna, on undertaking his charge, received detailed, and, on the whole, judicious instructions respecting the manner in which the education of the young prince was to be conducted.

"In his twelfth year he accompanied his mother and grandmother to Holland; and while the princesses remained at Spa and Aix-la-Chapelle, he was sent to his uncle William III., king of England, who took such a fancy to him, that he conceived the plan of getting him nominated his successor both to the throne of England and the Stadtholdership of Holland. On returning to London, the king took his nephew to Helvoetsluys, and the captain of the yacht unexpectedly coming for his majesty while at table, he took his nephew by the hand and went on board. Count Dohna, who happened to be absent at the moment, was dreadfully alarmed on missing his pupil, and immediately followed the yacht. Going on board, he addressed the king, saying, with much agitation, 'Would your majesty wish me to lose my head, that you take away the prince, for whom I must answer with my life?' The king, offended that the Count had not rather asked leave to accompany him, said, laconically, 'If you can do better for him than I can, take him.' Count Dohna accordingly took the prince back, and brought him to the Electress, his mother."

This anecdote appears to rest entirely on the authority of Morgenstern.

The prince accompanied his father to Königsberg, where he was crowned on the 18th of January, 1701, as Frederick I., king of Prussia. He was the first who received from the king the order of the Black Eagle, and who did homage to his father in the hall of the coronation. In all the splendid festivities on this occasion he had the precedence: yet, though only twelve years of age, he appears to have taken but little pleasure in all this profusion, in which the court aimed to rival in splendor that of France. In fact, he showed from his early youth such an inclination to frugality, that the queen was fearful it might degenerate into avarice. There is, however, a book of accounts kept by the prince of the manner in which he disposed of his pocket-money, which does not justify the apprehensions of the queen. He has headed it—"Rechnung über meine Ducaten (Account of my Ducats)." Every expense, however trifling, is duly entered; and it appears that his ducats were very frequently expended in the relief of the poor, and in presents to his friends; but they were chiefly laid out in disbursements for a company of cadets, which the king had formed for his practice in military exercises,

and to excite in him an inclination for war-like pursuits.

Another circumstance which excited still more the apprehensions of the queen was, his violent and passionate temper; but yet proper measures were not adopted for correcting it, if we may believe Morgenstern, who affirms that Frederick-William, when speaking of his mother, used to relate various instances of his own violent conduct; when, instead of the chastisement which he merited, he received only a slight reprimand.

"The queen, finding that she could not subdue the stubborn temper of the crown-prince by persuasion or correction, thought of exciting in his heart an inclination for the fair sex; and in a letter to Baroness Pöllnitz, she gives her the rather ticklish commission to tell Count Dohna, 'qu'il ne s'oppose pas aux galanteries du prince-royal; l'amour polit l'esprit et amollit les mœurs. Mais qu'il dirige son gout, qu'il ne porte sur rien de bas.' His first serious attachment seems to have been to Caroline Wilhelmina Charlotte, Margravine of Anspach, who, however, gave the preference to George-Augustus, afterwards king of England, which was perhaps the origin of the hatred that he bore through life to a rival equally dangerous in politics and love.

"In 1704, the king, yielding to the wishes of the queen, consented that the crown-prince should go to Holland, and thence to England. But, much as the queen had wished for this journey, she took leave of her son with a heavy heart; as if she had a presentiment that she should see him no more. In fact, just as he was ready to embark for England with the Duke of Marlborough, he received the melancholy intelligence that the queen had expired, on the 1st of February, 1704, at Hanover, whither she had gone to visit her family. He immediately returned to Berlin, where the king was engaged in preparations for the funeral, which was celebrated with all the prodigal magnificence which his majesty was so fond of. This mournful ceremony was soon to be succeeded by one of a different kind. The king had resolved to marry the crown-prince, who was eighteen years of age, and had chosen for him Sophia-Dorothea, electoral princess of Hanover, daughter of George-Lewis, elector of Hanover, afterwards George I. of England. She is described as a princess of great beauty, virtue, and accomplishments, and was a year older than the prince. The king's proposal for the marriage having been accepted by the elector, his majesty and the prince went to Hanover, where the ceremony of the betrothal took place on the 17th of June, and the prince and princess signed the marriage contract. The king left Hanover to go to the Hague, to settle the difference respecting the succession to the property of the House of Orange; while the crown-prince joined the army under the Duke of Marlborough, who had just gained the victory of Ramilies, and was then besieging Brussels. The crown-prince was present during the siege, as well as at the siege and capture of Menin, and gained credit with the duke, as well as with the army, by his intrepid courage. At the close of the campaign, the prince returned to Berlin. Count von Finkenstern was sent to Hanover to fetch the bride, who was received in the Prussian territory with extraordinary pomp. The marriage took place at Berlin, November 28th, 1705."

Among the foreigners who visited Berlin during the marriage festivities was a Neapolitan count, who styled himself Dominico Caetano, Conde de Ruggiero.

"This man soon attracted general attention by the splendor of his equipages and the magnificent style in



which he lived. Curiosity was excited to learn some particulars respecting the possessions of this opulent count, and it was soon rumored that the source of his wealth was the art of making gold. At a time when the treasury was exhausted by the boundless and improvident profusion of the court, nothing could be more welcome than such an artist; and he was accordingly invited to court, where he was treated with great attention. After a time, he began to drop hints of his secret; and, on being urged to explain himself, at length consented to give a proof of his skill.

"The crown-prince had from the very outset declared against receiving the Italian at court, and was warmly reprimanded by the king for expressing his want of confidence in the probity of Caetano. The king therefore desired him to be present at the experiment, and to provide every thing that might be necessary for the occasion. He accordingly had every thing arranged, and procured from the master of the mint an ingot of copper a foot long and an inch thick, with a stamp on it that it might not be changed. The day having arrived, the king, the crown-prince, the treasurer, the master of the mint, and several persons of distinction, were assembled; the count came: with an air of mystery, he took from a gold box some of his *miraculous* powder, threw it into the crucible, and addressing the crown-prince requested him to stir the fire, and at last to put into the crucible the bar of copper, after he had covered the half of it with potter's clay. He took it out red hot, cooled it in a pail of water that was at hand, and, wonderful to relate, half of the ingot was converted into brilliant gold! The master of the mint assayed it, and affirmed that it was pure ducat gold. The king, delighted at this successful experiment, was going to advance a considerable sum to the artist, but the crown-prince was still incredulous, and he would not consent to allow the count any thing but a dozen of French wine, and to be provided for at the royal expense for twelve days. The cunning Italian was not satisfied with this, and secretly left Berlin; but the king, who placed the greatest confidence in his skill, sent his chamberlain, Marshal von Biberstein, in quest of him; who, having found him, persuaded him to return to Berlin, where the king loaded him with favors, and granted every thing he asked, to enable him to make his experiments on a grand scale: but the time which he demanded having expired, without any appearance of the promised gold, he fled to Stettin. He was again brought back; but, after amusing the king for a time with vain promises, he again escaped, and fled to Hamburg, where the king caused him to be apprehended, but not without some difficulty, because the burgo-master and senate protected him. Hoping still to derive some advantage from him, the king had him conveyed to Cüstrin, where he was treated like a state prisoner. He contrived, however, so to insinuate himself again into the king's favor, that he was allowed to return to Berlin. A large building was assigned to him that he might carry on his operations on an extensive scale; and considerable sums of money were advanced to him. But a strict guard was set over him, and he only obtained permission occasionally to go out of the city for the sake of the air. He at length contrived to escape with the gold which he had made out of the king's silver, but was arrested at Francfort-on-the-Maine, at the instance of the Prussian Counsellor von Plothow, and conveyed under a strong escort to Cüstrin, where he was tried as an impostor, condemned to death, and hanged on the 23d of August, 1709."

We should not have related this tragical history so particularly, but that it throws great light on the character of Frederick-William, and marks the close of the age of superstition, and the dawn of a more enlightened era. Frederick I. confides in mysterious arts, but his son has no faith in them; nor is he disposed to owe good fortune and wealth to magic. He knew that that fortune

is the most gratifying and durable which is gained by the exertions of our own energies. He too, undoubtedly, wished for gain and the increase of wealth; but he employed the ploughshare to dig for treasure, and his cane was the conjuror's wand that showed him the hidden gold:—

"Saure Wochen, heitre Feste,  
Tages Arbeit, Abends Gäste,"

was his powerful spell.

In November, in the following year, (1707,) the crown-princess was delivered of a son, to the great joy of the king, which was however of but short duration, as the young prince died in the May following. The king's health rendering it advisable for him to go to Carlsbad, he left the affairs of government, during his absence, to the crown-prince, who thereby gained considerable insight into the real state of the kingdom, and became acquainted with so many abuses, that many who had hitherto enjoyed the unlimited confidence of the king, fearing the increasing influence of the crown-prince, persuaded his majesty to marry again, and he was accordingly united to the Princess Sophia Louisa of Mecklenburg. This marriage did not prove so happy as might have been wished, and to the domestic cares of the royal family was added the general distress of the country, which was visited by a contagious disease that induced the necessity of very rigorous precautions.

A visit, in July, from the kings of Denmark and Poland, who concluded a defensive alliance with Frederick against Charles XII. of Sweden, interrupted the dull uniformity which had latterly prevailed at court; and, the crown-princess having given birth to a daughter, these two sovereigns were invited to stand sponsors. The crown-prince was not present at the festivities on this occasion, having gone in April to the army in Flanders, where he was constantly with the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, and conducted himself so well on many occasions, especially in the sanguinary battle of Malplaquet, where the Prussian troops had a great share in the victory, that he was most highly commended by both these great commanders. In April, 1710, Prince Eugene visited Berlin, where he was received with great honor.

The negotiations respecting the succession to the property of the House of Orange, on which Frederick had a claim, after the death of William III., and which the States General would not acknowledge, induced the king to undertake a journey to the Hague, in which the crown-prince accom-



panied him. They arrived there in June, 1711, and, on the melancholy death of the hereditary Prince Stadtholder, he concluded a convention with the States General, by which certain estates and revenues were secured to him, to the great satisfaction of the crown-prince, who had a strong predilection for the Netherlands, where the plain sincere manners of the people, the air of prosperity and cleanliness, and even the free constitution, much pleased him.

On his return, the king, in spite of his neutrality, found the Pomeranian frontier menaced on many sides, the Russians, Danes, and Poles, having threatened to invade Swedish Pomerania. This matter was amicably arranged. Towards the end of the year 1711, some ill-disposed persons having disturbed the good understanding between the king and the crown-prince, Count Dohna undertook to effect a reconciliation, in which he happily succeeded. The count gives in his memoir an interesting account of this affair. "The crown-prince," he says, "who tenderly loved his father, was so affected, that he would neither eat nor drink, and was rapidly falling away, and neither persuasions nor entreaties that he would not take the matter so much to heart could avail to console him. Count Dohna took an opportunity of representing to the king the injustice and malice of the enemies of the prince, and easily prevailed with his majesty, who said, 'Would to God that every one would speak to me with the same frankness! but it is the fate of princes to see truth only through the false medium of dissimulation and cabal.'" He sent for his son the same day, and was fully reconciled to him.

The evening of the old king's life was cheered by the birth of a prince, of whom the crown-princess was delivered on the 24th of January, 1712, a day which may be called ever-memorable in the annals of Prussia and of Europe, as the birth-day of Frederick the Great.

In consequence of the continuance of the war in Pomerania, by the Russians and Poles, against the Swedes, the Czar Peter the Great came to Germany and visited Berlin twice in the course of the autumn. The crown-prince was much struck with the character of the czar; his plain mode of living, his aversion to etiquette and ceremony, his predilection for the military, his preference of things of practical utility, were qualities which the prince highly prized, and in all these respects Peter was his model; and, notwithstanding the difference of age, great cordiality seems to have subsisted between them. The old king, whose

health had been gradually declining, died with great composure and resignation, on the 25th of February, 1713.

"Frederick-William I. had attained the twenty-fifth year of his age, when he ascended the throne of his ancestors. Endowed with a sound constitution and a vigorous mind, he thought himself entitled to claim something from the world, as he feared no claim that the world made on him. Giving to his efforts an entirely practical direction, he attempted only what he knew how to execute, and, while he confined himself to a definite and restricted sphere of activity, not a day, not an hour, was lost. The most rigid order was, in his mind, the fundamental principle of the state; and it is therefore necessary to view him in his family circle and court, before we follow him, as a commander, to war, or as head of the government, to the provinces. Besides, as, in the case of an unlimited sovereign like Frederick-William, it is on the temper and character of the prince that the welfare or the misery of the state depends, since here all centres in the will of one man, which is elsewhere divided among the several authorities, as legislation, administration, &c., the biographer should first endeavor to draw a picture of this distinguished and original character.

"Frederick-William had in his whole appearance and air, something in which every subject could not but recognize his sovereign; his figure was finely proportioned, his carriage upright and military, his step firm, his action suited to the language, the command, or the momentary frame of mind, sometimes calmly imperious, sometimes lively or impassioned, seldom angry. His face, a fine oval, with a high forehead, was full and ruddy, and the serious expression of his countenance was softened by the open friendly look of his blue eyes, which, however, when his passions were excited or his wrath was kindled, flashed with appalling fierceness. Even in calm moments nobody dared to approach the king whose conscience was not clear, for his look was so piercing, that none could bear it but those who were sensible that they had a good cause, and spoke the truth. His complexion was extremely delicate, and though even when a boy he rubbed his face with oil and exposed himself to the sun, in order to become brown, he could not change his fair complexion. Eloquence and a copious flow of language was hardly to be expected of the king in those days: both in speaking and writing he expressed himself with conciseness. In ordinary conversation his voice was rather harsh and low, so that a person who heard him for the first time did not readily understand him."

It is to be observed, however, that, in the above-mentioned instructions given to Count Dohna, the necessity of accustoming the prince to deliver himself with propriety and elegance, is peculiarly dwelt on; eloquence being peculiarly becoming in a prince, who has such frequent occasions to speak in public, in the council, or in reply to addresses made to him, &c.

"The dress of the king corresponded with the simplicity of his domestic arrangements. He wore alternately a civil dress or a uniform till 1719; after which time he always appeared in the uniform of a colonel of the Potsdam grenadier guards,—blue cloth, with red facings and silver lace, buff waistcoat and breeches, white linen gaiters, with copper buttons, and square-toed shoes. When hunting, and in wet weather, he always wore boots. All his things were made to fit very tight. His cocked hat was bound with a narrow gold lace, and had a gilt button without a loop, and a gold cord with two small tassels. When pursuing the chase at Wusterhausen or Potsdam, his general costume was a green hunting-dress and a *couteau de chasse*. 'The least expensive article of his majesty's wardrobe,' says Faszmann, was the *roquelaure* or



great coat, which was made of a very coarse white or blue cloth. Nay, it almost seemed as if his majesty considered it silly and extravagant to wear a fine coat in bad weather.

"So careful was the king of his best home suit, that, when engaged in his cabinet, he invariably put on a linen apron and half sleeves. He was the declared enemy of new fashions and showy attire. He was much vexed to observe the admiration which the laced hats and enormous bags of the French ambassador, Count von Rothenberg, and his suite, excited at court. In order to prevent the adoption of this fashion by the imitative citizens of Berlin, the king, at a grand review on Whit-Tuesday, 1719, caused all the executioners of the army, who lie under the same stigma as public flayers and executioners, to be dressed in this new French mode, exaggerating the brims of the hats to the dimensions of penthouses, and the bags to enormous sacks of hair. The king further commanded that all persons who should be declared infamous, should for the future have their queue cut off and wear the hair-bags and costume of the army executioners. In order to ridicule the magnificent embroidered dresses and large wigs of his privy-counsellors and chamberlains, the king had the court-fools always similarly attired on gala days. The queen and princesses were in the same manner allowed to wear only dresses of the plainest kind: while children, the latter were clothed in home-spun serge, and never permitted to have either silk or cotton dresses. Rouge was positively prohibited. On very grand occasions, however, the king would sometimes wear a rich dress of blue velvet, lined with crimson and trimmed with silver lace. Notwithstanding this great plainness of dress, he carried his ideas of neatness to an almost painful excess. He not only washed himself regularly five times a day, but also whenever he had touched any thing that was clammy, or his hands felt heated. He enforced a spirit of Dutch cleanliness throughout the palace, and for this reason selected Dutchmen for his house-stewards. In order to prevent any accumulation of dust, silk hangings, cushioned chairs, and even carpets, were banished, and none but wooden benches and tables were seen in the royal apartments.

"The queen, the blooming mother of a growing healthy family, was a worthy partner to the king; who observed the most inviolable fidelity to his consort, and in this, as in other respects, declared open war against the prevailing French licentiousness, (which had ruined most of the German courts, especially that of his neighbor, the king of Poland, in Dresden,) by restoring the holiness of domestic life, and replacing the penates in their sanctuary, setting in his own person a bright example of morality and virtue. King Augustus having attempted, while he was on a visit at Dresden, to surprise him with a sleeping Venus, he turned away with indignation, and declared that he would leave Dresden instantly if such scenes should be repeated. In the year 1732, as he was going to meet the emperor, the king, passing through a village in Silesia, chatted with a lively pretty country-girl. General Grumbkow thought, as master of the household, to do him a pleasure, and offered to make proposals to the girl. But the king gave him a severe reprimand, saying he would never be unfaithful to his Sophy, as he usually called the queen. So eminent an example of inviolable respect for the sanctity of the marriage vow, could not fail to have a most salutary influence, at a time of shameless licentiousness; and the manner in which contemporary writers extol it as an extraordinary phenomenon, shows to what a low ebb morality had fallen."

We need hardly observe how forcibly the justice of this remark must be felt by Englishmen, who know by long and happy experience the incalculable blessings that are conferred on a nation by a virtuous court.

"The king did not allow the queen to meddle with the affairs of government, except when, during his ab-

sence from Berlin, the privy council was referred to her: otherwise he was as jealous of his unlimited authority in his house as in the state, and would not allow petticoat government in the one any more than in the other. In his father's life-time he conformed, as far as possible, to his wishes; but as soon as he was absolute master, there was nothing to prevent him from acting on the conviction, that the old system of government must be wholly abandoned, and a new life begun in the house, the court, and the state. He set about this task, at the age of twenty-five, with heroic courage, and prosecuted his object with unrelenting zeal. In doing this, he completely formed his character; and if we were to depict this character in one word, we would call him the *Prussian autocrat*: neither before nor after him could there be a second autocrat of this kind. From this focus a thousand rays diverged in all directions, and the royal will was felt in each of them in such a manner as proved the concentrated energy of that will. It was not the law that the people in office and the subjects—from the highest to the lowest, the nearest and the most remote—feared; it was the word, the look, of the king, before which they all trembled: and, however glad we may feel that such a state of things has long since passed away, we must confess that this trembling for fear of the sovereign was the beginning of freedom. We have observed, in another place, that the predominant feature in the character of the people, at the time that Frederick-William ascended the throne, was cowardice. He found no insolent knights who declared war against him from their castles: no citizens who refused him the keys of the capital, as had happened to the first princes of the house of Hohenzollern; no upper or lower house demanded an account of the expenditure of the taxes that had been granted; and the honor of defending the country was given up by the vassals, for a reasonable indemnity, to hired mercenaries. It was time that the degenerate enervated race should be aroused by chastisement; and there is much less reason to accuse Frederick-William of despotism, on that account, than the nation of servility; and if it has since shaken off such degrading sentiments it is owing to the drastic remedies which he administered. Though he repeatedly acknowledged the republican constitution of the Dutch to be a model for all states, and boasted of himself 'that he was a true republican,' he was very far from allowing any check on his own power as unlimited sovereign; and though he affirmed 'that he was only the first servant of the state, who, as God's representative, must give an account of all his actions,' he very often set himself above state and law, and with conscientious despotism disposed of honor, life, liberty, and property. In the consciousness that he had divine authority for so doing, and in the conviction that he was executing justice, and that the good of the state required it, he often (painful as it was to his heart, which was not unfeeling,) silenced the voice of humanity and clemency, aggravated the severity of the decision of the judges, and took it on his own conscience to pronounce sentence of death."

Fearful as was this despotism, it was regarded by the people in general as just, because the king invariably acted with the strictest impartiality, and suffered no superiority of rank, no intercession of favorites, to influence him where a crime had been proved; and he did not even spare his own son when he had been found guilty. Besides this, as the rigor of the king was chiefly directed against persons in office who had been unfaithful to their trust—against judges and advocates who had denied justice to the poor—against clerks who had been guilty of embezzlement—against landlords who had wronged their vassals,—he generally had the public voice in his fa-



vor. It was only when passion swayed, or the anger of a naturally violent temper was suffered to interfere, that this formidable power excited indignation and alarm.

As an instance of the severity of his justice, we may mention the execution of Mr. von Schlubluth, Councillor of War and Domains at Königsberg. The king had detected some embezzlements in the accounts of his Prussian dominions, particularly in the Lithuanian territory, for which many of the officers were called to account. Among them was Counsellor Schlubluth, who was convicted of having embezzled a large sum of money from the grant allowed for the settlement of the colony of emigrants from Salzburg. The Criminal Court at Berlin, to which the sentence had been referred, condemned him to several years imprisonment in a fortress; for although the sum embezzled was considerable—above ten thousand dollars—yet Schlubluth had given sufficient security to cover the loss. When the sentence was submitted to the king, he did not confirm it, but said that he would decide upon the spot, at his next general review in Prussia. On his arrival at Königsberg, in 1731, the king summoned Schlubluth into his presence, represented to him his guilt, and declared that he deserved the gallows. Schlubluth, instead of throwing himself upon the king's mercy, answered haughtily, that it was not the fashion to hang a Prussian nobleman, especially as he intended to refund the deficiency. The king replied very shortly, "I will have nothing to do with your roguish money;" and ordered him to be put under strict confinement. During the night, the king had a very high gallows erected in the courtyard of the castle, opposite the sessions house of the Chamber of War and Domains. The king in this case took upon himself to pronounce sentence on the counsellor, whom he condemned to die by the hands of the common hangman. This arbitrary sentence excited the utmost sensation at Königsberg; for though the counsellor was acknowledged to be guilty, yet every body was grieved and angry to see the sentence of the first criminal court in the kingdom set aside in this despotic manner. The powerful family of the criminal left no means untried to soften the heart of the king; much was hoped from the next day being Sunday, when the king attended the chapel-royal. The chaplain chose for his text, "Be merciful, and ye shall obtain mercy." This sermon was directed chiefly to the king, who could not conceal his emotion, and shed tears. The following morning, however, he summoned the members of the

Chamber of War and Domains to the session house, and had their colleague hung before their eyes. The body was delivered up to the family, and the gallows was immediately taken down.

"The first act by which Frederick-William manifested the rigorous spirit of his domestic economy, was the diminution of the number of court attendants. The crowd of lords in waiting, chamberlains, and pages, so completely thronged the ante-chamber of the apartment in which his father had just expired, that the king had great difficulty in making his way through them, in order to receive the first homage of his brothers, who, with their children, embraced his knees. After indulging his grief for some time in his private apartment, he sent for the steward of the household, Mr. von Printzen, desiring that he would bring with him the list of the royal household. The king glanced at the paper—called for a pen, and made a cross over the whole list. He then returned it to the steward, saying that by this act he had cancelled and abolished all the court offices of his father, but that none of the household should quit the palace, till after the funeral of the deceased king.

"The king retained in his service only one chamberlain, two pages, two valets, several grooms, two cooks, a steward of the household, and a butler. The establishment of the queen and princesses was in the same manner limited to one lady in waiting and a few maids of honor. He allowed the queen an annual income of 80,000 dollars, with which she had to defray not only her own private expenses, but also the charges of the court, to provide the table and other linen, as well as clothes and linen for the king and princesses. As an extraordinary item, the king required her to furnish the powder and ball for partridge-shooting; in return for which, he granted her the profits of the sale of all the feathered game that was not consumed at the royal table. Every year the king made her majesty a present of a winter dress, and generally, also, some handsome gift on Christmas day;—for instance, in 1735, he gave her a gold hearth-broom, valued at 1600 dollars. The king took much pleasure in joining family parties: he frequently attended christenings and weddings, and sometimes invited himself.

"When the king had invited himself as a guest, he had at times to pay the reckoning. One of his generals, who was noted for his parsimony, having declined the honor of a royal visit under the plea that he had no establishment of his own, his majesty desired him to order a dinner at the Hotel of the King of Portugal. This of course could not be evaded: the king was invited, but came with twice the number of attendants the general expected. The very best, however, that the cellar or kitchen could afford, was produced in the greatest abundance, and the king expressed his entire satisfaction. The general sent for the landlord, and inquired the price per head. 'One florin, without the wine.' 'Well, then, here is one florin for myself and another for his majesty; the other gentlemen, whom I did not invite, will pay for themselves.' 'That is clever,' cried the king; 'I thought to take in the general, and he has taken me in'—upon which he paid the whole bill.

"The king expected every body who spoke to him to look him full in the face, for he thought that he could read in every one's eyes whether the story he told was true or not. He was therefore very angry when persons who saw him coming endeavored to avoid him. A poor dancing-master one day tried to escape the usual compliments by scampering as fast as possible into a neighboring house. The king perceived him, and sent one of his pages to fetch him back; and, in order to be quite sure that he was what he represented himself to be, the king obliged him on the spot to dance a sarabande. A still harder sentence was pronounced on another French dancing-master, who met the king on horseback in the public road, and set off at a gallop without paying any attention to the king's desire that he should stop. The king despatched a page after him, who at length found him



secreted in a hay-loft. When brought before the king, he passed himself off as the travelling agent of a commercial house at Marseilles; but, this story having turned out to be false, the king sentenced him to cart rubbish for one month at the rebuilding of St. Peter's Church. A Jew boy, who, in order to avoid meeting him in a very narrow street, endeavored to get away as fast as possible, was overtaken by the king. 'Why do you run away?' said he to him. 'Because I am afraid,' replied the trembling Jew. 'You should not be afraid of me, you ought to love me,' rejoined the king, at the same time letting him feel the weight of his cane.

"Persons, however, who knew how to return an answer, often made their fortune. The king one day stopped in the street a young student in theology, and finding that he was a native of Berlin, said, 'Ah, the Berlin people are good for nothing!' 'That may be true in the main,' answered the student, 'but I know two natives of Berlin who are exceptions to this rule.' 'And who are they?' asked the king. 'Your majesty and myself,' replied the student. The king desired him to call at the palace the next day, and, having passed a very favorable examination, he was immediately appointed to a vacant living.

"When the king was prevented from riding either by the weather or by attacks of the gout, to which he had been subject since 1729, he generally drove out in an open chaise, attended by two or three officers. When, however, the weather was too unfavorable, or the attacks of the gout too painful, the king used to amuse himself after dinner with painting—an occupation which he considered as promoting digestion. Though there were several eminent painters belonging to the academy, the king generally employed one Master Hänchen Adelfing, who used to prepare his colors and paint portraits of tall grenadiers, servants and peasants. Hans was paid an annual salary of a hundred dollars, and a florin for every day on which he gave a lesson; but he received more blows than florins: for every touch of the brush in which the king did not succeed, he was sure of feeling the cane. A second assistant, the bombardier Fuhrmann, who understood something of painting, was now and then called in; but when the king wished to paint some portrait particularly well, he sent for the court-painter, Weidemann. As we may imagine, there was nothing extraordinary in any of these performances. A picture-dealer named Schütz, however, offered the king a louis-d'or for every picture. His majesty one day sent for him to ascertain how much he could earn by his profession, and, as it took him five days to paint a portrait, he was satisfied that he should at least be able to support himself by painting, as he calculated that he could live on a dollar a day. Some of the members of the Smoking Club having expressed their doubts as to whether his majesty could maintain himself by his painting, he sent for a well known picture-dealer, and offered to sell him some of his pictures. As the dealer could not refuse such an offer, he agreed to take them at 100 dollars each; and accordingly displayed them in a conspicuous part of the shop with this notice:—'Painted by His Majesty!' This public exhibition was not agreeable to the king, who returned the money, and begged to have the pictures back. To this the dealer would not consent, saying that it was impossible for him to part with such valuable paintings for the very low cost price; and the king was obliged to allow him a considerable profit. One of his castellans, a Dutchman, in giving his opinion of a hunting-piece which the king had just finished, assured him it was quite in the manner of a famous Dutch painter, Bas Claas, who used, however, to distinguish each figure by a letter, and to write at the bottom—'a is a dog, b a hare—Painted by Bas Claas.' Several of his majesty's pictures have been preserved. Under some, which appear to have been done while suffering from violent attacks of the gout, he has added, in his own hand—'In tormentis pinxit F. W.'"

According to the usual order for the business of the day, the king went, in summer at seven o'clock and in winter at five, into

the evening company, which, under the names of the "Tabaks-collegium" and "Tabagie," has become so celebrated, that it deserves a place in the Prussian history. Our author is so diffuse on this subject, that we must content ourselves with a few extracts. Such smoking clubs had been introduced by Frederick I., but court etiquette, was most scrupulously observed in them; whereas it was entirely banished from that of Frederick-William. Every evening, when he was well, and not otherwise engaged, he had a party of six or eight persons, mostly generals and staff officers; but captains who were men of information, foreign travellers, and men of learning eminent for their writings, were also invited. The old Prince of Dessau, who did not smoke, was obliged to hold an unlighted pipe in his mouth, and so was Count Seckendorf, the imperial ambassador, who, to conform to the king's regulation, puffed and blew so as to have the appearance of a capital smoker. The tobacco was not of the finest quality, and the king was displeased if any of the company brought better of his own. At seven o'clock, bread, butter and cheese were brought in, and sometimes a ham and roast veal. Now and then the king treated his guests with a dish of fish and a salad, which he dressed with his own royal hands. It is not to be imagined that the time was spent only in smoking; the king was very desirous of having some persons present who were versed in history, geography, politics, &c. French, Dutch, and German journals were on the table, which afforded subjects for discussion, and the king especially desired those articles to be pointed out to him which contained criticisms on his government, or personal attacks on himself, against which he often defended himself with much wit. The Dutch Courant, a paper much read at that time, having stated that "a serjeant of the tall grenadiers had died at Potsdam, on opening whose body there were found two capacious stomachs, but no heart," he desired the editor to be informed that the statement was correct as far as it went, but he should have added that the deceased was a Dutchman. Sometimes the king allowed chess or backgammon, but no cards. On these occasions he used to play a game with General von Flauss, a rough Pomeranian nobleman. The king once observing to him that it was not becoming that they should play for nothing, and that in future he would not play but for a penny a game, the general answered, "I shall take care to leave that alone; your majesty almost throws the dice at my head now that we play for nothing;



what would you do if we played for money?"

Among the king's most indispensable companions were those called the court fools, or, by a more proper name, the court literati and merry counsellors. The king, always desirous of acquiring information, and not to be idle in his hours of recreation, was not satisfied with the society of his old generals, who had had but a confined education; and as his privy councillors were often unable to answer his questions relative to history and statistics, he wished to have a companion who could answer such inquiries, and who, without pedantry and academic pride, would not mind a joke at the expense of his learned colleagues. Such a man was Jacob Paul Gundling, whom Frederick I. had appointed Professor to the Princely and Equestrian Academy, Member of the Herald's College, and Historiographer. He had accompanied two young noblemen on their travels through France, Holland, and England, and it is evident that much confidence was placed in his historical knowledge from the very terms of his appointment to the Herald's College. In fact, his historical and geographical works are very numerous, and far from being destitute of merit. The Academy and the Herald's College having been abolished by Frederick-William on his accession, Gundling was out of employment, and chiefly to be found in the wine and beer-cellars, where he made himself conspicuous as an expounder of the newspapers, so that one tavern-keeper allowed him to drink *gratis*, for the sake of attracting company. Here he was met with by General Grumbkow, who saw at once that he was the very man the king was in search of. He accordingly recommended him, and the king really found him to answer all his purposes. He was ready and able to give the king the information he required when he was in a reasonable humor; at the same time, that his excessive vanity made him a continual subject of ridicule, while he submitted to endure the tricks which were played upon him. Our author relates many of them, which are but little to the credit of any of the parties concerned.

Next to the court etiquette, nothing seemed to the king more ridiculous than an Academy of Sciences of which he heard nothing the whole year through, except that it compiled the almanac; and which, instead of answering the only question he ever put to it—"Why champagne wine sparkled?"—only requested his majesty to send a dozen to try experiments with; which we humbly consider to be a satisfactory

proof of the good sense and taste of that learned body. The king, however, to show his sentiments, appointed Gundling President of the Academy of Sciences, with a salary of 200 dollars out of the academy's funds.

The king seldom visited the theatre, which, in truth, was in a wretched state. At the beginning of his reign, he issued several severe prohibitions against players; but he indulged the citizens of Berlin, at their request. The Italian Opera and the Royal Chapel were abolished, as too expensive. Of the musicians of the chapel he retained only Gottfried Pepusch, whom he appointed leader of the band of oboe players of the grenadier regiment in Potsdam. He was fond of Handel's music, especially the operas—the airs and chorusses of which he had performed by the wind instruments, but not sung.

On occasion of some circumstance that occurred in the king's smoking club, Pepusch took it into his head to compose a piece in six parts for six bassoons, which were called *porco primo*, *porco secundo*, and the king was much surprised at this music, had it performed several times, and always laughed heartily at it. The crown-prince came just at this time to Potsdam; and, as he disliked bass instruments, (the flute being his favorite,) and as he and his companions had a more refined taste in music, there were many jokes at his court about this piece. One day, Pepusch crossing the parade while the crown-prince was exercising his regiment, the latter called him, and said, with feigned seriousness, he had heard that he had composed a fine piece of music in six parts, and begged him to have it performed that afternoon in his apartments. Pepusch would have excused himself, saying it was a trifle, but the prince would take no denial. In the afternoon a large company was assembled at the prince's, to hear the music and to laugh at the composer. Pepusch came with six oboe players. He with great gravity spread his music on the desks, and when all six were full, he looked about the room, holding a roll of music in his hand. The prince said, "Are you looking for any thing?" "There is a desk wanting." "I thought," said the prince, smiling, "there were only *six hogs* in your music." "Quite right," replied Pepusch, "but a *sucking-pig* has been added, *Flauto solo*." Frederick told this story to Quanz, and added, "The old fellow took me in, and I was obliged to give him fair words not to produce the sucking-pig before my father."

Our author's mode of dividing his sub-



ject into chapters, unconnected with each other, one treating of the theatre, another of the smoking club, another of the hunting parties, &c. makes it difficult to give extracts in any thing like a chronological order, which would throw the clearest light on the character of the king; the many indisputably good qualities of which, were so lamentably darkened by the spirit of unrelenting despotism, both domestic and public, which he seems to have almost conscientiously adopted as a principle of action. Thus, as Dr. Förster states in his preface, the king, in a rescript of the early date of 1717, writes in half German half French, "*Ich aber stabilire die souveraineté wie einen rocher von bronze*—But I establish the sovereignty like a rock of brass."

It is well known that Frederick-William was a determined sportsman, and went regularly every year, on the 28th of August, to his favorite hunting seat, Wusterhausen, of which the Margravine of Baireuth, his daughter, gives a very uninviting description:—"At Berlin," says she, "I had to endure only the pains of purgatory, but in Wusterhausen the torments of hell."

We have heard in England complaints of the damage done by the game to the corn-fields in the neighborhood of preserves, but can have no idea of the ravages committed by it in the Prussian dominions, in the time of Frederick-William I. This was especially the case in Pomerania and the Mark of Brandenburg, where the black game increased in such a manner, that in the year 1729 no fewer than 3600 wild boars were killed in these provinces; many of them were of enormous size, so that in the records of the hunting parties mention is often made of wild boars weighing five or six hundred pounds. Nearly four thousand of these animals being thus killed in a few weeks, it may be asked what became of them. Our author says,

"The king, who was a good manager, knew, when the pleasure was over, how to sell the produce of the chase to advantage, which was done indeed in a manner that accords but ill with our present notions of propriety and justice. 'It is the custom,' says Faszmann, 'to send the boars that have been killed to certain persons, with a note stating how much they are to pay for them; this is especially done at Berlin. First the king takes what is wanted for the use of his own domestic establishment, where a great quantity of hams and wild boars' heads, smoked, is consumed. Then his majesty makes presents of many to his cousins and other illustrious relations, also to his generals, ministers of state, &c. The remainder are sent to his majesty's privy councillors and secretaries in the several offices; also to many citizens, booksellers, merchants, inn-keepers, brewers, &c. who pay, according to the size, from three to six dollars for each. It is true, they are very useful in a

family. The Jews in Berlin are the worst off; for they too are compelled to take a certain number of wild boars, which they pay for immediately without making any objection, and send them to the workhouses and hospitals.'"

With respect to partridge shooting, the king killed on an average about four thousand birds every autumn, and often fired above six hundred shot in a day. As the queen had to furnish the powder for partridge shooting, the expense to her was considerable; but then she had, as has been above mentioned, the profits of the sale of all the birds not used at the royal table, and the king was so conscientious in fulfilling his contract with the queen, that, when he was confined by illness, he sent General Flass, who was reputed to be the best marksman, to shoot partridges for him.

The eighth chapter of the first volume is entitled "Frederick-William I. as Head of a Family." This chapter is of course almost entirely dedicated to the account of the plan laid down for the education of the crown-prince, and of the very unhappy results of the king's endeavors to model the mind of the prince according to his own notions. We are really glad that we are relieved from the very disagreeable task of discussing the topic of the differences between the king and the prince. They have been the subject of too many inquiries to leave any thing very new to be adduced. The king, no doubt, wished to make his son a model of perfection, but the means which he adopted were not suitable to the character of his son, and the mode in which he enforced his own notions and punished any opposition was wholly unjustifiable. The partial reconciliation that afterwards took place rendered the situation of the prince, during the remainder of his father's life, tolerable, and in many respects even agreeable; but the impression made on a mind like that of Frederick II. was too profound ever to be effaced. However, having married in June, 1733, the Princess Elizabeth of Brunswick Bevern, he appears to have lived happily at the newly-built palace of Rheinsberg, near Ruppın, where he remained till June, 1734, when the king, who was bound by treaty with Austria to send 10,000 men to the Rhine, thought it high time that he should see something of actual service, and sent him to serve as a volunteer under Prince Eugene. He was accompanied by Major-Generals Count Von Schulenburg and Von Kleist, and Lieutenant Colonel Bredow. The instructions given them by his majesty, for the conduct of the crown-prince, are detailed under twenty-seven heads, and are extremely judicious.



and affectionate. The king himself followed in July, but, being seized with a severe illness, returned to Potsdam in September. He was considered for a time to be in great danger, but recovered and lived for some years, on the whole, upon very good terms with his son. He never recovered his former strength after this attack, and frequently endured great corporeal suffering; but he was unremitting in his attention to the affairs of government till his death, which happened on the 31st of May, 1740.

In Dr. Förster's second volume, which relates to the public affairs of the reign of Frederick-William I., he seems to have had particularly in view to show the honorable manner in which the King of Prussia, as a prince of the empire, acted towards the emperor, and the duplicity and want of faith with which the imperial court treated him in return, of which he adduces irrefragable proofs from the papers of Count Seckendorf. The differences with the court of England form likewise a prominent feature, as well as the enmity between him and George II. Perhaps we cannot do better than quote some passages from the author's preface to this second volume.

"As soon as the electorate of Brandenburg took on itself the protectorate of the Protestant religion, and placed itself at the head of the reform in the church, state and learning in Germany, a violent collision between the Crown of Prussia and the Holy Roman empire and the imperial house, was unavoidable. It is therefore not without reason that the seven years' war has been called a continuation of the thirty years' war; for Frederick fought at Prague and Leuthen, as Gustavus Adolphus did at Leipzig and Lützen, for freedom and the Gospel. This is the honor and glory of the great king, and at the same time the legacy which he has bequeathed to us; and if his enemies now even accuse him, and say that he violated the respect due to the imperial house, that he put an end to the Holy Roman empire, that he carried his victorious arms into Silesia, he has long since recorded his justification in indelible characters, with his sword and his pen, in the field of battle and in the pages of history. But, if King Frederick has his justification in the results that followed his actions, we believe that we produce no less valid arguments in his favor by publishing the motives which preceded them, and in this view, the life of Frederick-William I., as we have been enabled to write it, may essentially contribute to justify Frederick the Second's unexpected and unexplained attack on Austria, and the war which was the business of his life.

"With the most honorable sentiments and the devotedness of a vassal, Frederick-William I. attached himself to Charles VI., in whom he honored the head of the German empire. No personal sacrifice, no kind of service, was too great for him, when he might hope thereby to gain the good-will of the emperor; and he sought no higher honor than that of proving himself worthy of the name of a prince and elector of the German empire. He secures to the House of Austria the succession of the female line, to the emperor's son-in-law the imperial crown, saves Charles VI. from the ruin which England prepares for him, and appears in arms for him as soon as the French, ever ready for war, show themselves on the Rhine. And how does the emperor reward such fidelity and attachment? He separates him by empty promises from his allies; makes him assurances respecting the acquisition of

Juliers and Berg, and at the same time concludes treaties by which he betrays the king, who is so truly devoted to him. But, to keep him in constant delusion and dependence, a complete system of bribery is introduced at the court of Berlin; from the prime minister and influential favorite down to the valet de chambre, a great number of persons were taken into the pay of Austria. Even Gundling was thought sufficiently important to be attached by favors. The most detestable circumstance was, the extension of this system of bribery to the crown-prince himself. First he is surrounded with spies; every word that he speaks or writes becomes known to the court of Vienna; and, as soon as they are satisfied that *this young gentleman*, as Prince Eugene writes to Count Seckendorf, *may in time become a dangerous neighbor*, every means is employed to gain him. They even go so far as to expect the crown-prince of Prussia, for an imperial pension of 3000 ducats per annum, to intrigue against the king his father in the conferences of the cabinet ministry. The marriage of Frederick with a niece of the empress is resolved on, negotiated, and concluded in Vienna, as a ransom from his imprisonment at Cüstrin; his bleeding heart is demanded, and he must give it. The base intrigues practised on this occasion necessarily came to his knowledge, and this alone would have been ground sufficient for a seven years' war.

"The documents affording this important information are almost entirely from the archives of Count Seckendorf, the use of which the present proprietor has most liberally allowed me."

We shall show how Dr. Förster has supported these charges against the court of Austria, by the production of the original documents, premising that Count Seckendorf was on intimate terms with the king as early at least as 1715, when he was with the combined army of Prussians, Saxons and Danes, at the siege of Stralsund, as lieutenant-general in the Saxon army, and highly distinguished himself. From that time the king frequently corresponded with him, and thus we have a clue to his influence at the court of Berlin, which he visited several times before he was appointed ambassador from Vienna. Both Pollnitz and the Margravine of Baireuth are very inaccurate in their accounts, and it is remarkable that the former, who as chamberlain should have been better informed, says that Seckendorf came to Berlin for the first time in 1726, being commissioned by the emperor to detach the king from the Hanoverian alliance.

With respect to the close connection between Frederick-William and the court of Vienna, it is matter of history, and has no need of proof. The celebrated treaty between Austria and Spain, concluded at Vienna on the 30th of April, 1725, could not be kept so secret but that sufficient transpired to excite apprehensions in France and England, who soon agreed to form a new alliance to counteract that of Vienna.—George I. came to Hanover, where the negotiations were opened; and Frederick-William, paying a visit to his father-in-law, was prevailed upon to join in this treaty,



which was signed at Herrenhausen, September 3, 1725.

"Before the alliance was concluded, the cabinet of Vienna had notice of what was going on at Hanover. Prince Eugene states this to Count Seckendorf, in a letter of August 8, 1725, and informs him, on the 29th of September, that the King of Prussia had joined the alliance. He commissions Seckendorf to go to Hanover, to endeavor to find out what the nature of this alliance might be. Under the pretext of making interest to obtain the post of Master-General of the Ordnance of the Empire, he accordingly goes to Hanover, and contrives to fish out what had been done. On his report, he receives orders from the emperor to go to Berlin, 'to work on the king, to lead him to entertain better thoughts, which of course must be done in a natural and unaffected manner.' On this visit Seckendorf so far attained his object, that the king told him plainly that he had been deceived at Hanover by false insinuations. 'He had been made to believe that 20,000 Imperial and 40,000 Russian troops were on their march, and therefore that he ought immediately to take possession of Silesia.' Seckendorf accompanied the king on his tour in Pomerania, who repeated to him, 'that he had been hurried into the alliance at Herrenhausen; but, when he saw that his allies meant to use him as a cat's-paw to get the chestnuts out of the fire, he had declared to Count Rothenburg, the French ambassador, that he would never suffer himself to be employed to attack and overthrow the emperor. Once for all, he declared that, if the emperor did not attack him, did not support the Pretender, nor disturb the King of England's German territories, he would never allow a French soldier to cross the Rhine.' He told Seckendorf that his ministers, Ilgen and Knyphausen, were good friends to England; but they both excused themselves to Seckendorf, and Ilgen said—'A servant must always bear the blame when his master has acted unadvisedly and repented of it;' and Knyphausen observed, that 'family projects respecting the alliance had caused some precipitation in the conclusion of the treaties.' On learning that the king was so well disposed, the emperor gives to Count Seckendorf, through Prince Eugene, very positive directions with respect to a closer connection between the House of Austria and the Crown of Prussia. 'If,' says Prince Eugene, (15th June, 1726,) 'the king is really serious in desiring to conclude a treaty for the common interest of the two houses, your excellency may assure him that full power will be given to you.' But the great difficulty was, that the king had positively declared that the reversion of the Duchies of Juliers and Berg must be guaranteed to him by the emperor; and Ilgen observed, that as England and France had offered to guarantee this reversion to his majesty, this would be the first condition of a treaty with the emperor. In order to obtain some further insight into the family affairs of the royal house, especially the proposed marriages of Frederick Prince of Wales with a daughter of the King of Prussia, and of Frederick Crown Prince of Prussia with the Princess Amelia, daughter of George II., Count Seckendorf applied to Grumbkow, with whom he had been intimate during the wars in Flanders, and who from this time acted the base part of a traitor to his king and country, in the pay of the Austrian court, who appears the more infamous in proportion as he was high in the confidence of his sovereign."

The correspondence of Count Seckendorf with the Prince Eugene, and the other documents relative to this negotiation, are very curious. The king insists, on all occasions, on the reversion of Juliers and Berg, as the *sine qua non*, and the Austrian court is very unwilling positively to undertake to guarantee the reversion to Prussia; but as the king persists, Seckendorf is directed to assure him of the sincere desire of

the emperor to do every thing to satisfy him. But while this was going on, the cabinet of Vienna induced the Elector Palatine to accede to the treaty concluded with Spain, 30th April, 1725; and the emperor went so far, in a treaty concluded with the Elector Palatine on the 16th August, 1726, as solemnly to pledge himself to guarantee to the house of Sulzbach the reversion of Juliers and Berg. The correspondence and negotiations with Prussia, however, continued, and ended in the treaty of Wusterhausen, 12th October, 1726. By this treaty, now for the first time published in an authentic shape, the emperor engages, from affection and love for the King of Prussia, to do his utmost to insure to him the succession to Juliers and Berg, and to induce the house of Sulzbach to assent to this convention.

"In order to account for this duplicity of the Austrian cabinet, and to explain the principles on which it acted in this affair, it will be necessary to go back a hundred years. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, on the failure of the male line of the ducal house of Juliers and Cleves, the Elector of Brandenburg, John Sigismund, claimed those territories according to the legal succession recognised by the emperor and empire; but Austria exerted itself to the utmost to exclude Brandenburg from the succession. In the secret archives at Vienna are deposited the opinions given on this subject, in 1609, by the imperial vice-chancellor, Lipold van Strahlendorf, and the vice-chancellor of the empire, Lewin von Ulm; and we may give the privy councillors and confessors of Charles VI. credit for sufficient judgment and memory to take a convenient opportunity to remind the emperor of those ancient observations, now that Brandenburg was again making such a serious effort to obtain its right. The imperial vice-chancellor, in his written opinion, says—'We, unhappily, know how, by the heresy of Luther, a great rent has been made in the holy Roman empire of the German nation, and not only some states, but all the three temporal electors, and a very great number of others, are infected by it; and matters have come to such a pass, that it has not been possible, without causing extreme confusion, to avoid making to them many dangerous concessions; and doubtless it would have been worse still, had it not pleased the Almighty to give to the illustrious house of Austria strength and power to keep in awe its greatest enemies. Yet some of the electoral and princely houses alluded to have become very considerable, but have never been able to attain to such a degree of power that the Catholic states, and especially the house of Austria, had any reason to be alarmed, or to feel any apprehension on that account.

"The heretics themselves have been fully aware of this, and have always wished and endeavored to put forward some one of their own body, who should be able to keep the Catholics in awe, and oppose the house of Austria; but they have hitherto seen that this was rather to be wished than hoped for. At first, indeed, they had great reliance on Henry IV. King of France, but soon found how easily foreigners may be deceived by foreigners. The heretics then turned their eyes to the House of Saxony, but were soon obliged to give up the no-



tion of raising that house, because Saxony and Meissen, though very fine countries, are not able to furnish a strong cavalry force, have no coasts to enable them to do any thing by sea, and must always be in fear of Austria and Bohemia. Nevertheless, the apostates, having once got these notions into their heads, have never given them up; and it almost seems, now that so unexpected and sudden a change has taken place in the Electoral House of Brandenburg, as if the Lutherans were likely to gain more than they could before hope. To see this more clearly, we have only to look into past events.' Here the chancellor gives a view of the small beginnings and progressive aggrandizement of the Mark of Brandenburg and the Princes of the House of Hohenzollern, observes that 'Prussia can bring into the field 6000 cavalry and 11,000 infantry, might fit out a fleet at Königsburg, and that the Electors of Brandenburg had contrived with much cunning to combine the Elbe, the Oder, the Spree, and the Havel, so that the Baltic and the North Sea were connected together. As they had joined Prussia with the Mark, they now wanted to lay hold of the rich and well-fortified countries on the Rhine, the Maese and the Rhur. Now,' he continues, as 'Juliers and its dependencies, without the Mark and Prussia, have each of itself the power of a kingdom, 'it is well to be considered that these countries are very powerful, and if they should remain together, the *Elector of Brandenburg might become the chief whom the Lutheran and Calvinist vermin have so long wished for and expected.*'"

After some further observations on the dangerous increase of the power and influence of the Electors of Brandenburg, the writer continues,

"It cannot therefore be doubted that, by the increase of the power of Brandenburg, the heretics are encouraged to form a closer union with it, in order thereby to kindle a greater fire. But it is especially in the west that the danger is beyond measure great; because Juliers, Berg, and Cleves border on the Netherlands. If the Dutch rebels should have access to those countries, and be able to make use of their navigable rivers, it may come to pass that the Rhine, the Maese, and the Rhur may be closed, the House of Austria thereby alarmed, *Belgium, already restless*, be induced, nay, compelled to revolt, while France might become a hired servant, and England and Switzerland find their advantage. But England and Denmark are firm friends to the Electoral House of Brandenburg, the Swiss are at its command, the Hanse towns are especially attached to it, and cannot do without it. *Thus all the heretical vermin, in and out of the empire, are devoted to that house, upon which all the hope and consolation of the apostates now rest.* Nevertheless, it does not appear how the matter is to be remedied, for the right of Brandenburg to the succession to Juliers is so strong that no title can exist or be devised, no pretext discovered or invented, nay, hardly any means be proposed, by which Brandenburg can be excluded. However, there are, God be praised, still means to check the fire in some degree, if not wholly to extinguish it."

The learned vice-chancellor then proposes various Macchiavelistic stratagems, by which the prosperity of the Electoral House may be nipped in the bud, and, in the first

place, the Duchy of Juliers be prevented from falling into its hands.

"To this end," says the chancellor, "it might not be amiss if Austria supported the old claims of the House of Saxony to the reversion of Juliers. That house, indeed, is fully informed, and is itself conscious that its claims are unfounded; but all good fortune has its enviers, and many a one would lose an eye that his neighbor might lose both. Thus the increasing power of Brandenburg is not only suspicious to Saxony, on account of its proximity, but an eye-sore to it; for, whereas no house in Germany has stood higher, next to Austria, then Saxony, it would under such circumstances decline, and see another enjoy the honor that was possessed by its ancestors. Saxony might, therefore, not be so much in earnest to obtain Juliers as to prevent Brandenburg from getting it. Only it may be necessary not merely to cherish this ill will, but to urge Saxony on; if they once come to discussion, disputations, arrangements, and the like, very great advantage might accrue to the Catholic Church and the House of Austria, if due diligence were used to turn this state of things to account.' He then advises to send a special imperial commissioner, under the pretext of instituting an impartial inquiry. 'Now it might be conjectured that, if both parties would be persuaded, Saxony could not possibly hesitate; but Brandenburg might not immediately perceive the snare spread for it, and, trusting to its just rights, run into the net. His imperial majesty must not omit at the beginning to try amicable means, earnestly to exhort both parties to peace, but in the meantime secretly to undermine them both, so that the imperial court may get possession of the country by an exchange, and make an amicable arrangement with all parties.' He proposes to give to Brandenburg Lower Lusatia, to Saxony Upper Lusatia, and to Pfalz-Neuburg some portions of Silesia. 'If, contrary to expectation, one party should not approve of this mode of settling the matter, it would be quite free to have recourse to legal measures; the two parties might then quarrel and go to law with each other as long as they liked, provided only that his imperial majesty held the sequestration in his hands. While this was doing, there would be no reason to fear any of their intrigues, and the day of judgment would come before the affair would be settled. But, if they insisted on having the matter determined at once, the attorney to the Treasury must act against them both, and by his proceedings come to the conclusion, which has already been hinted at, namely, that Brandenburg, having been under the ban of the empire (for getting possession of the domains of the Teutonic Order,) is disqualified, and that Saxony has not certified its right, and has forfeited its claim by prescription; so that the countries in dispute have reverted to the empire. With this sentence they might go about their business, and joy go with them. But if the claimants would not go to law, but chose to fall together by the ears, we should only have to let them alone. Then the Catholics, sitting still, might avert all danger from themselves, and laugh to see Lutheranism, after soaring on ambitious wings into the air, wilfully cast itself down. This would also serve to keep France, England, Switzerland, the Hanse towns, and Denmark neutral; for all these are, on the one hand, equally in need of both parties, equally bound to both, and in many ways allied to both; on the other hand, the intrigues and instigations to rebellion would cease, as the Catholic princes, sitting still, would incur no suspicion."



and the heretics would be excited against each other. Some assistance must, however, be given now and then, secretly, to Saxony, that it may be able to counterbalance the other party, and so one wolf gradually devour the other, and that they may exhaust themselves and their adherents, so that they may afterwards be easily subdued and got rid of, and at the least no more to be feared. Meantime the territory of Juliers might be quietly secured, and the heretics put down to all eternity.'

"Such was the light in which Austria viewed the first steps of the House of Brandenburg to obtain the duchies on the Rhine, and it is very evident that it remained faithful to the same principles in the time of Frederick-William I., when the danger was so much greater."

We have gone rather more at length into this subject than we intended, because the author lays much stress upon it, and the documents which he has brought to light prove the duplicity with which the cabinet of Vienna treated the King of Prussia, and which could not fail to inspire his successor, who must have been aware of it, with feelings of contempt and distrust towards the House of Austria.

Faithfully devoted to the House of Austria, Count Seckendorf was not content with keeping the reigning king of Prussia steadfast in his attachment to that power; extending his views to the future, he endeavored, by all the means at his disposal, to serve the crown-prince. After the failure of the prince's attempt at flight, he contrived, by a show of the extraordinary interest felt by the imperial court, not only to acquire an ascendancy over the king, but to make himself indispensable to the prince as a friend and protector. He found means, through Grumbkow, to obtain information of every thing that the prince did, thought, or wished, while in confinement; and copies of all the reports made to the king respecting the prince, (all these reports are here published,) and even the confidential letters of the prince to Grumbkow and his answers, are found among the Seckendorf papers. It was, therefore, easy for Seckendorf to play his cards so as to gain his end. The allowance made to the prince by the king being really too small, and the prince himself not a good manager, he was always in want of money; and, as the king had strictly prohibited all persons from lending him any, under severe penalties, nothing could be more welcome than Count Seckendorf's sending him, unasked, considerable sums as soon as he was liberated from his arrest in Cüstrin, and in the sequel constantly supplying him with money when he wanted it. The correspondence between the crown-prince and the count, (so far as it has been found,) turns almost entirely on money matters. In this very delicate business, the great-

est caution was used. The first mention of it is in a letter from Prince Eugene to Count Seckendorf, dated 29 January, 1732, in which he says that the emperor has allotted a sum of 2000 or 2500 ducats, which he is to employ at his discretion, either to pay for tall recruits (by producing such, the prince pleased the king,) or to assist the prince in some other way, taking care, however, to manage so that the king might conceive no suspicion of the prince's receiving money from Vienna, or any other quarter, which would enrage the king against his son, and against the emperor himself. It appears from Seckendorf's correspondence with Prince Eugene and with the crown-prince, that he conducted the affair with the greatest discretion, so that no suspicion was entertained. We really regret to see so great a man as Prince Eugene engaged in these base intrigues, one grand object of which was to prevent England and Prussia from being too closely connected by the proposed marriage of Frederick, Prince of Wales, to a Prussian princess, (the Margravine of Baireuth,) and of the Crown-Prince of Prussia to the Princess Amelia. The various recommendations of Count Seckendorf as to the persons whom it would be proper to bribe are not a little curious. At the beginning of 1734, he writes,—

"For the Crown-Prince Frederick, 3210 ducats was paid me by Messrs. Palm, in April, 1733. The prince has represented to me personally, as well as through Grumbkow, his pecuniary difficulties, and desired some assistance, but, as he has for some time past conducted himself in a manner by no means worthy of the emperor's favor, I have suffered him to want, and get into the greatest distress before I assisted him. It depends on his imperial majesty whether he will continue the pension of 3000 ducats for this year. I have given no positive promise; but, as the *pecuniary embarrassments* of the crown-prince are very urgent, and he is henceforth to be present at all the *conferences*, I would humbly advise that it should be tried another year. The Princess of Baireuth has received 1000 ducats for 1733, and as the crown-prince, her brother, pays more deference to her than to any other person in the world, if there is a possibility of inspiring him with other principles, it must be through her. His imperial majesty will decide whether she shall have 1000 ducats for the year 1734. He more especially recommends the continuation of the pension of 1000 ducats to Grumbkow. If any body in the world deserves to be favored it is this man. Count Manteuffel, the Saxon minister, received 6000 florins per annum, which, says the count, he amply deserves for his diligence, zeal, and valuable private correspondence. The following is

An Extract of the Account of Secret Expenses partly remaining to be paid for 1733, partly to be provided for 1734.

To the Crown-Prince . . . . .	3000 ducats.
To the Hereditary Princess of Ba-	
reuth, . . . . .	1000
To Grumbkow . . . . .	1000



To Eversman (the king's Castellan at Potsdam) . . . . .	100
To Count Manteuffel . . . . .	6000 florins.
To Reichenbach (Prussian Minister in London) . . . . .	900
To the Irishman Murnay in Potsdam . . . . .	60
To Duhan (for two years) . . . . .	1200

Duhan, formerly preceptor to the crown-prince, was disgraced and banished to Memel, on occasion of the prince's intended flight; he was a great favorite with him, as appears from a letter to Seckendorf, in which he expresses his obligations to the emperor for having done something for him. The pension was given him in the hope that, when the crown-prince became king, Duhan would show his gratitude as in duty bound.

Among the remarkable documents brought to light by Dr. Förster, there is one of vast importance and extent, and so honorable to Frederick-William I. that it deserves especial mention. On his accession, he found the finances in particular, and the administration of the domains, in the most wretched condition, which, as has been observed, he partly remedied by a great reduction of the expenditure of his court and by a general system of economy. The evil was, however, too deeply rooted to be at once cured, and the king required time to make himself acquainted with every thing bearing on the subject. It was, therefore, not till he had been ten years on the throne that he ventured to introduce the projected reform. Instead of two distinct boards, one called the Commissariat of the War Department, the other, the Board of Domains, he established in 1722 a general supreme board of finance, war, and domains, for whose guidance he drew up the instructions which have been often alluded to by the Prussian historians, but which were unknown to them, and are here published for the first time. These instructions, to which the king himself gives the title of *Constitution* (Verfassungs-Urkunde,) are drawn up in thirty-five articles or chapters, most of which are subdivided into several sections, the whole occupying nearly one hundred pages of the volume. This remarkable fundamental law, the greater part of which is in the king's own handwriting, entitles him to the gratitude of his countrymen, as laying the foundation for a new and consistent system of administration. Having made so good a beginning, the king introduced in the sequel still further improvements in the internal administration of the kingdom. Thus, notwithstanding his despotic character, he relaxed in this respect towards the end of his reign, when the people had improved in civilization and knowledge. In 1738, he

issued the ordinance called *Prügelmandat*, in which it is stated that "His majesty has heard with great displeasure, and has himself seen, that the farmers and their clerks use whips and sticks to compel the peasants to work when they have to perform feudal services; but as his majesty is absolutely resolved that such a barbarous mode of scandalously driving the subjects with whips and sticks, like brute beasts, shall no longer be tolerated, it is hereby ordered," &c. &c. Very severe penalties are denounced against the farmers (of the domains) who transgress. A kind of proclamation was ordered to be posted up in the public houses, and read to the peasants, in which they were to be reminded and exhorted to perform all due services willingly, faithfully, and diligently, otherwise to expect due punishment; but it is added, "that they shall not suffer themselves to be treated like slaves with whips and blows, but immediately complain to the magistrate when any such treatment is inflicted on them."

We have already exceeded the intended limits of our article; and must conclude as briefly as possible. As the work occupies nearly 1600 very closely printed pages, it may be readily believed that we have been obliged to leave many interesting matters wholly untouched; but we hope that we have sufficiently shown the value of Dr. Förster's researches, for the additional light they throw on the characters both of Frederick-William I. and his son Frederick II. With respect to the former, it must be regretted, that, with so many good moral qualities and great capacity for government, his violent passions, and the deeply rooted principles of despotism, should have rendered him a terror to his subjects, and exposed him to the severe, but just, animadversions of posterity. With respect to his conduct to his son, harsh and even cruel as it was, it seems to have been, on the whole, sincerely designed to effect a change in the prince's character and conduct, which, from the extensive correspondence now for the first time published, appears to have been much needed. Whether the means were well chosen is another question. We rather think not; they were perhaps calculated to produce hypocritical submission rather than real reformation. That they had some good effect is evident. Mr. Wolden, who was one of those appointed to form his household, when he was released from his strict imprisonment at Cüstrin, and allowed to lodge in the town, says in a letter to Grumbkow of 2d October, 1731, "I can say that the abode in Cüstrin has done him no harm; for, besides that adversity has formed



his heart and his mind, he begins to have just notions of many things, of which he was before wholly ignorant. Heaven grant that his majesty may live a few years, that the prince may become mature, and then *I predict that he will be one of the greatest princes that the House of Brandenburg has ever produced.*" The king himself seems to have had a similar presentiment, when, on the 2d of May, 1736, his conversation turning on the conduct of the imperial court to him, he spoke, pointing to the crown-prince, these memorable words "*Here is one that will revenge me.*"

ART. III.—*A Dictionary in Sanscrit and English, translated, amended and enlarged from an Original Compilation prepared by Learned Natives for the College of Fort William.* By H. H. Wilson. The Second Edition, greatly extended, and published under the sanction of the General Committee of Public Instruction in Bengal, Calcutta. 1832. 4to. pp. 982.

If, when Johnson was projecting his celebrated Dictionary of the English Language, it had been prophesied to him that in 1819 posterity were to possess a Lexicon of the learned language of India, a language of which, it may almost be doubted, whether he knew much more than the name, and that this work should be little inferior in magnitude and completeness to his own, he would, in all probability, have treated the prediction as the dream of an idle visionary, to be ranked only with the projector of the art of flying, in Rasselas; yet is this undertaking accomplished, and it is of this that we propose to give as ample a sketch as the narrow limits of a Review will admit of.

However just may be our admiration of the vast progress which civilized man has lately made in the physical sciences, and of the astonishing extent of the empire which we have thereby obtained over nature, we certainly think that an almost equal portion of admiration is due to the vast accessions that have been made to our knowledge of literature, and of the productions of the human mind, in various ages and nations. So lately as the time of Johnson, the whole extent of philological learning seems to have been comprised in Greek and Latin, a few of the modern dialects of Europe, Hebrew and Arabic, and some of the ancient northern tongues. Since then, what a vast store has been opened to us! Even in Europe we have discovered innumerable varieties

of the Celtic, Gothic, Teutonic, and Slavonic—all highly interesting, but whose existence before had been scarcely suspected. But, if we extend our views beyond Europe, the prospect appears almost interminable. The endless list of the dialects of India proper, with Sanscrit at their head, those of Ceylon, of Burma, of Nepaul, of the Eastern Archipelago, and beyond these, the hitherto inaccessible languages of China and Japan, are all laid open to our view; nay, those of Australia, and the wandering tribes of Africa and America, begin to form objects of interest and inquiry. In a few years more there probably will not be a single dialect in use among mankind, however obscure and apparently insignificant, that will not have had its grammarian and lexicographer.

The object of grammatical science is to determine the means by which mankind are able to carry on trains of thought in their own minds, and to communicate them to others—an object certainly as interesting and worthy of research as any that can be propounded for human consideration. In this point of view, Grammar may be regarded strictly as a science of induction. In order to determine how mankind may carry on or communicate their thoughts, we must inquire how they have been able actually to do so; and this immediately leads to the study, not of a few favored languages, whose literature may be particularly rich, but of every language, and of every variation of every language, that is or ever has been.

As all animals agree in the possession of vitality, so, if any organ essential to one class be not found in another, we may safely conclude that its non-existence is made up by something else, to be pointed out by the physiologist; and, in the same manner, as all languages agree in being capable of communicating human ideas, while yet the structure of all is different, it follows that, if any part of one be wanting in another, the want must be compensated somehow or other. It is the business of the grammarian to determine how this compensation is actually effected. In some cases this is easy, in others, so difficult as to require the profoundest sagacity. To explain by a few examples—the complicated inflexions of Latin nouns and verbs are well known to be compensated, in modern languages, by the use of prepositions and auxiliaries. Again, Sanscrit, Greek, Latin, and German, have three genders: Arabic, Hebrew, Hindostanee, French, Italian, &c. only two; Persian, English, (generally,) and Bengalee, only one. Yet these last languages, with their single gender are as intelligible as the first class with



their three, or the second with their two. Now, unless it can be shown that the double or triple gender is superfluous, (which we doubt if any grammarian would undertake to do,) it follows, that the want of it must be compensated by some equivalent contrivance; and the question for the grammarian is, to determine what that contrivance actually is. Again, Sanscrit, the Classical languages, German, and even English, abound in compound words; Hebrew, Arabic, and the rest of the Shemitic languages, French, Italian, &c. have none at all. How is the want compensated? Again, those adjectives which express the qualities of natural and sensitive beings are, in the European languages, applied metaphorically to those that are not so. We can say, for example, a clever man, and a clever book. In the Asiatic languages this is totally forbidden; the literal translation of clever book into Persian would be absolute nonsense. How then are the ideas expressed? All these are the problems which the science of universal grammar proposes, and all of which must be solved to render it perfect. In fact, grammatical science may be considered as still in its infancy. Before our knowledge of the Oriental languages, and while all our learning was confined to those of European structure, our ideas were necessarily narrow, crude, imperfect, and cramped by those prejudices which led us to consider the principles of the classical languages as the natural principles of speech. Our acquaintance with the Eastern tongues has given a new impulse to the science, and tended wonderfully to correct and enlarge our ideas respecting it; but the prospect which it has opened is so immense, that we have as yet been able to do little more than to cast a hasty glance at some of the more prominent parts. It will require indefinite periods of literary labor to comprehend the whole.

The two great instruments for obtaining a knowledge of an unknown tongue are a dictionary and a grammar; the first to explain the meaning of each word singly, the second to unfold the laws by which they are combined, so as to form intelligible sentences. And there are few parts of the history of literature that would be more interesting than a history of grammars and dictionaries, beginning with the remains which have descended to us from the ancient world; comparing these with the works of the Eastern nations, the Arabs, the Hindoos, and the Chinese, and with the early attempts at lexicography in Europe; and from these imperfect attempts coming down to the more finished productions of modern times. Were such an undertaking as this accomplished,

it would form a most valuable index to the state of general knowledge among those nations to which it referred through the successive periods of their literary history, but really to accomplish it would require research, judgment, and genius, of no ordinary kind.

There are, indeed, few literary undertakings which have been so unjustly appreciated as that of a Lexicographer. The compilers of dictionaries were long considered as standing in the very lowest ranks of learning, and the name was a sort of by-word to express a mere drudge of literature, destitute himself of taste or talents, and appointed to no higher employment than that of ministering by his dull industry to the wants of genius of a superior order. We believe, however, that of late years the difficulties of this task have been better understood. The person who appears to have chiefly contributed to this change of opinion, at least in our country, was Horne Tooke, who, by the industry of his researches, the sagacity of his inferences, and the novelty and ingenuity of his speculations, together with the very entertaining forms in which he contrived to present them to the public, succeeded in investing etymology, and even the abstruser parts of grammatical science, with a degree of popularity which they had never enjoyed before; and who, by pointing out many of the principles on which scientific dictionaries must be compiled, taught the public to estimate more justly the merits of the author.

To ascertain and accurately to define the precise meaning of words has been admitted, by all who have tried it, to be a task demanding the utmost stretch of sagacity; yet this is what the lexicographer is called upon to do, not only in his own but in a foreign language, and, after he has accurately so ascertained the meaning, he has then to find for the words of one language in all their various significations, as they alter by construction, by metaphor, or by allusion, equivalent words in the other; and, in those cases, by far the most numerous, in which this is impossible, he has to discover such metaphors and periphrases as will approach most nearly to the meaning required, and this not in a few insulated instances, but throughout the whole extent of the language. All this, even in the languages with which we are most familiar, constitutes a task requiring such extent of knowledge and sagacity, that the utmost that can be said of the greatest geniuses who have attempted it, is, that they have not failed. What shall we say then of a dictionary of the Sanscrit language, a language of the most unbounded extent, belonging to a people whose manners and notions



are totally at variance with ours; a language which may be said to have been discovered within the last century only, and into the portal of whose literature we have scarcely yet entered! Such is the task which Mr. Wilson has undertaken, and of which we are endeavoring to lay some account before our readers. To judge of the mode in which he has executed it, we must consider, first, the nature of dictionaries in general; next, the sources from which they are to be compiled; and lastly, notice some peculiarities in the structure of the Sanskrit language, which necessarily affect the arrangement of its vocables.

As a preliminary step, however, it is requisite to pay some attention to the nature of Sanskrit learning. Respecting this, two very different opinions have divided the literary world, and in all probability will long continue to do so. The first discoverers of Sanskrit, struck, as it would appear, by the new and unexpected pictures which it presented of civilized manners, opinions, and human nature, were led to exaggerate its importance beyond all reasonable bounds, and to exalt the merits of its literature to the level of those of the literature of the West. While the study was yet a novelty, and before European scholars had had time to examine its pretensions, they were advanced so confidently by its cultivators as to bear down all opposition, and to render it questionable whether the whole of European history, poetry, and science, was not about to be sacrificed to make way for that of India, and whether Calidasa was not to be elevated to that pedestal in the temple of fame, which had hitherto been occupied by the everlasting image of Homer. After a certain time, however, western scholars began to become jealous of the high encomiums which the cultivators of Sanskrit had so liberally bestowed on the object of their studies, and to scrutinize the foundation on which they were built; and, remarking the glaring deficiencies of Sanskrit history, the imperfections of its science, and the unnatural tone of its poetry, they have of late years been inclined to degrade its whole literature below the rank to which it is justly entitled, and even in many cases to represent it as almost unworthy of cultivation. We do not pretend to reconcile these contradictory opinions, both of which are to a certain degree founded on just and incontrovertible principles; it being true that Sanskrit literature has opened a vast field to the antiquarian, the historian, the grammarian, and the speculator in the history of the human mind: but at the same time it is impossible to deny its imperfections in all those branches of

knowledge which are most interesting in the present state of the world. Still, after this concession, we must observe that, without pretending to determine the precise value of Sanskrit literature, there are some reasons which render its cultivation an object of importance.

It must be considered that Sanskrit is the language in which are contained the records of one hundred and twenty millions of the human race; it is that by which their whole system of opinion is guided, their whole system of manners influenced, and from which all their living languages appear to be derived. Altogether to neglect or despise it, then, is to refuse to sympathize with the feelings of an immense proportion of our fellow men, and to imitate the Hindoos, Mahomedans, and Chinese, in one of their most disgusting characteristics, that of a contempt for all nations and all manners but their own—a principle which has tended more than almost any other to alienate mankind from each other, and to perpetuate bloodshed and war.

But, if this consideration renders Sanskrit literature a rational object of curiosity to all civilized nations, it must make it peculiarly interesting to us, on whom Providence has conferred the rule over these people, placing them in a manner under our guardianship, so as to render the right government of the Hindoos a most important object in British policy. For us to neglect a study of their manners and institutions, and of the literature on which they are founded, is evidently as contrary to political wisdom as to justice. It can serve only to keep us ignorant of the dispositions of our subjects, and to inspire them with dislike and contempt for their rulers. Again, in a religious point of view, the study of Sanskrit is indispensable to those who undertake the important office of converting Hindoos to Christianity. For any one to undertake this who is not well versed in the Sanskrit language and literature, is like a physician undertaking to practice his profession without a knowledge of the *Materia Medica*, or a surgeon without the elements of anatomy. The lamentable want of success, which has hitherto attended the labors of our missionaries, is, no doubt, in a great measure, imputable to their ignorance of, or at least deficient acquaintance with, the language and literature of those whom they undertake to convert. Independently of the evident fact that ignorance of the standard literature of a country must miserably cramp a foreigner in his intercourse with its natives, it is to be considered that in India there is no prevailing language which can, with any propriety, be



called that of the country. Almost every one of the different districts into which that extensive region is divided has its peculiar dialect, and this is generally unintelligible to those who speak another. A few of the principal and most cultivated, such as the Hindostanee (which is a dialect invented and employed by the upper classes of Mahomedans, in the north-western provinces of India,) the Bengalee, Ooriya, Mahrattée, Guzaratee, Tamool, &c. are known to Europeans, and attempts have been made to compile grammars and dictionaries of them; but besides these there are innumerable others, of which we are almost totally ignorant, such as the Assamese, that of Arracan, the language of the Coles, that of the mountainous districts about Bhaugulpore and Behar, of the district of Chunar, &c.; all of which tracts contain a wide extent of population, but with whose inhabitants scarcely any European is able to communicate. It is unnecessary to add, that nothing in the shape of guides to these dialects has yet been compiled, nor (so great is the labor) can it be expected that any thing satisfactory in this way will be done, except by length of time and much labor. No method of attaining these dialects therefore exists, excepting the very limited and uncertain one of oral communication; and yet it is plain that, without a fluency in them, the labors of a missionary are utterly futile. Now, although it is true that a mere knowledge of Sanscrit will not of itself render these dialects intelligible, yet they are all so intimately connected with or derived from that parent language, that a knowledge of it will render the attainment of them infinitely easier, and serves as an index or key for tracing their syntax and etymology, with a facility which nothing else whatever can give; so that a Sanscrit grammar and dictionary may, in some respects, be regarded as a grammar and dictionary of all the Indian languages whatever.

And lastly, to every one who desires to study grammar as a science, and to cultivate philology in the spirit of a philosopher, there is no doubt that Sanscrit, a language of so great, though unknown, antiquity and duration, whose structure is in itself so refined and complicated, and which is so unaccountably connected with the languages of Europe, must ever be an object of the liveliest interest.

Dictionaries may be considered as divided into two classes; the first, those which are intended to explain the language of the country in which they are compiled, by means of that language itself; the second, those which profess to explain the language

of one nation by that of another. The objects of these are totally different. That of the first is to give a precise definition or illustration of each word in the same language as itself. The second class professes to give no definitions, but, supposing the meaning of the words of one language to be perfectly understood, undertakes to point out the words to which they are equivalent in another. Obvious as is this distinction, it has yet in many cases been overlooked, more particularly with respect to the Oriental tongues; and dictionaries have been composed on the one plan, when it was plainly the other that should have been adopted. And this mistake has greatly increased the difficulty of the acquisition of the Oriental tongues.

The Dictionary, which we are about to consider, belongs to the second class, that is to say, it professes to explain the words of Sanscrit by those of English. The sources whence such a work is to be compiled are chiefly three: First, the native Dictionaries of the Sanscrit language now in use among the Hindoos; secondly, the books in that language; thirdly, the words or phrases used in conversation. We must consider the nature of each.

At first view it might be supposed that the native dictionaries would give the state of a language in its most complete form, and that, could their contents be collated and systematized for the European student, nothing more could be desired. It must be remembered, however, that native dictionaries are necessarily of the first class, and their object is therefore different from that of Mr. Wilson. However accurately they may give the definition of a word, both the word itself and its definition still require to be translated, and this, instead of diminishing, rather increases the Lexicographer's difficulty; since he has to find a word that will not only in his opinion express the true sense of the original, but will also agree with the definition so given. And though this at first sight might appear not to be difficult, it will be found on trial that the genius and idioms of different languages are so different, that it is hardly possible to find vocables that will fulfil both these conditions. Native dictionaries do not give translations, but definitions, of words. Now there are but few words that admit of precise definitions, and these are chiefly the names of sensible things and actions. The vast class of metaphysical terms which have reference to the operations of mind, which, as Locke would have said, express ideas of reflection, can seldom be defined, and are with very great difficulty illustrated. It



follows, therefore, that there are but few words in native dictionaries which can be considered so distinctly explained as to be intelligible to a foreigner, unless he have previously some idea of the meaning of the word, that is, in fact, unless he be in possession of the very thing which we are supposing him to be seeking. Independent of this, there are a vast number of evanescent shades of meaning in words, which habit and familiarity cause a native to overlook, but which the attempt to translate them into another language immediately causes to appear; like two spheroids, which may seem perfectly similar and equal till you attempt to place both in the same concavity. And these minute differences accordingly are seldom or never registered by the Lexicographer of his own language, though to foreigners they may be perplexing in the extreme. To illustrate by one example. If any word in the whole compass of the English language could be supposed well explained by Johnson, it surely should be the simple word "man;" and, on looking at his explanation, we should be apt to think that he had collected and illustrated every variety of sense of which it was susceptible; yet, if we compare his list with that of Böyer, what a number of additional varieties do we find unnoticed by the English Lexicographer, but which appear immediately when it is attempted to translate them into French. Such as "to show one's self a man;" "to live like a man;" "a merchant-man;" "a man of war;" "so much a man;" "the good man of the house;" "a chess-man." If such omissions would render a mere translation of Johnson insufficient for a Frenchman, how much more so must they render the mere translation of a native Sanscrit Lexicon insufficient for a European! And what an infinite number of phrases are there which it is absolutely necessary for a foreigner to understand, but which the native lexicographer would never think of noticing!

The next source for the compilation of a dictionary is the study of books existing in the language, from which are to be extracted all their vocables, in all the different senses in which they are found. This, no doubt, is a most satisfactory mode of proceeding, but it implies a degree of labor to which no individual can possibly be adequate. All that the most industrious can hope to execute is to collect a certain quantity of such materials, and, supposing such a work to be actually begun it must be the labor of centuries before it could be made even to approximate to a conclusion.

The last source of compilation is the con-

versation of the people. In every country, there are an infinite number of phrases, which, though in every one's mouth, scarcely ever find their way into books. Yet it almost constantly happens that these very phrases are the most expressive and idiomatic of all; and hence, in a dictionary that professes to exhibit the whole strength of the language, their insertion is absolutely indispensable. It is for want of these that, in spite of all the exertions of the learned, the dictionaries of the classical languages must forever remain to a certain degree unsatisfactory. Now, for the collection of these, are required talents and opportunities which seldom fall to the lot of a laborious scholar. The collector of colloquial phraseology must be capable of mixing with all classes of society, and taking part in all kinds of conversation; he must be a man of quick observation and most retentive memory. As these qualities are to be united in one individual, with the solitary habits and secluded diligence of a student of languages, it is no wonder that the combination should seldom be found, and if found, that the rare and valuable compound should find far more profitable employment than the irksome compilation of dictionaries. To this it is to be added that colloquial language is of a much more fluctuating nature than written. The language of books, indeed, varies, but the variation is gradual. To use the phraseology of astronomy, their inequalities are secular, and some rules may be applied for their calculation; but the changes in colloquial language are totally beyond rule, and altogether indefinite as to date or duration. A set of phrases may be in vogue one year and perfectly familiar and intelligible; in the next they may have completely disappeared, and their places be supplied by a vocabulary entirely new, but destined to be as short-lived as its predecessor. Yet it is such changes as these that best exhibit the genius and capabilities of a language; and to pass them over without notice, though it may render the task of the lexicographer much easier, will yet render it much less interesting and useful.

All these observations show why the colloquial part of the dictionaries of all languages is that which is most defective and in all probability will ever remain so.

The sources from which a dictionary is to be compiled being thus disposed of, its arrangement remains to be considered. This may be made on two principles, one of which may be called the popular, the other the scientific. The popular is that which every one knows, wherein the words of a language are all, without regard to their ety-



mology or mutual relations, ranked in mere alphabetical order, and each explained in a separate article. The scientific arrangement is that employed in Stephens' Greek and Golius's Arabic Lexicon, in which the radicles are arranged alphabetically, so that each occupies a distinct section of the dictionary, accompanied by all its derivatives; thus exhibiting, at one view, the relations which exist between them, and the changes produced in their meaning by the various signs of derivation—all which, it is plain, must be absolutely wanting in a dictionary of the former kind, wherein the vocables are arranged in alphabetical order merely, without any regard to their grammatical or etymological relations. Now there is no doubt that the latter of these methods is much the most philosophical; and, were the system of derivation and inflexion in any language quite analogical and regular, the student would have little to do but to learn the meaning of its primitives, after which he would find all its derivatives occupying a determinate and easily ascertained place. But, unfortunately, there is no language so perfect as to admit of this; and the infinite diversity of ideas renders it difficult to conceive that there ever should be. There are a number of words in all languages, of which it is hard to say whether they are primitive or derivative, and, if the latter, from what root they are derived. Even when this is ascertained, it may be difficult or impossible to point out the link between the meaning of the primitive and that which the derivative has in progress of time acquired. In many cases the same relation of meaning is produced by different methods of derivation. In others, the same mode of derivation, applied to different radicles, produces totally different relations of meaning. In many compound words it is impossible to determine which of the parts is to be considered the radicle. These, and a variety of other circumstances which might be enumerated, render it very difficult to carry this scientific arrangement into practice, however excellent it may seem in theory; to which is to be added that, even were it done, the dictionary can be of no use but to advanced students, who are well acquainted with the primitives of the language and its rules of derivation, which a beginner cannot be; to such then, dictionaries thus arranged are nearly useless.

It is true that these disadvantages may be corrected in a great degree by the method adopted in Scapula's Greek Lexicon—that of adding an alphabetical index to the whole, directing to the place where each vocable is to be found. This, no doubt, reme-

dies the disadvantage, but it is a tacit confession of the defective nature of the arrangement that renders such an appendix necessary. It may be added, that it necessarily doubles the labor of the student, by compelling him to seek each word, first in the index and then in the body of the work itself.

Notwithstanding all this, however, there are certain languages, such as Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Sanscrit, and German, that are so plainly composed of a few radicles, branching out into innumerable derivatives, by rules approaching so nearly to complete regularity, that the scientific arrangement seems in them the preferable of the two; and their native lexicographers accordingly appear, almost uniformly, to have adopted it. In this case it becomes necessary to inquire what really are the radicles of a language. Now, excepting particles, into whose mysterious nature we do not propose to inquire, it is plain that the great body of the words of every language are derivatives from its nouns and verbs. A dictionary, then, arranged on the scientific plan, should have its roots arranged in two classes, the nominal and the verbal. But it so happens that oriental grammarians, both Mahomedan and Hindoo, have endeavored to carry simplification further than the nature of things admits of, and to reduce these two classes of radicles to one; and, as they seem to have considered it easier to derive things from events than events from things, they have agreed to view all nouns as derivatives, and to allow no words to be radicles but verbs only; and upon this plan they have accordingly arranged their dictionaries.

This point being settled, the next question to be decided is, what particular part of a verb is to be considered its radicle, from which all its inflections may be derived. Now in most languages there are two parts which may be viewed in this light, the simplest in their form and the first made use of by infants in their attempts to speak. Of these one is almost invariably the second person of the imperative mood. The other is sometimes, as in the case of the classical languages and our own, the first person present of the indicative, and sometimes, as in the case of the Shemitic languages, the third person of the past. To follow the order of nature, then, either one or the other of these two should be considered the root, according to its simplicity and the nature of the verb. But here, again, grammarians have carried their attempts at simplification farther than is warranted by the nature of things, and have endeavored, in their sys-



tematic arrangements, to employ only one as the root, to the exclusion of the other. Europeans, as it is well known, have, in the classical languages, fixed on the first person present, and arrange their Dictionaries according to the alphabetical order of these. In the modern tongues they have chosen to be governed by the infinitives, though many words in all languages will readily occur to the reader, in which the second person of the imperative is equally or more simple than either of these. Again, the grammarians of the Shemitic languages, Hebrew, Arabic, and their relatives, take as the root the third person of the past tense; so that, in those cases in which the imperative is the true root, it becomes a matter of difficulty or uncertainty where to find the verb required.

But the Sanscrit verbs are so complicated in their inflections, that no part whatever can with propriety be fixed on as the root. Even that which, in other languages, is the simplest and most invariable of all, the second person of the imperative, is in this language liable to most capricious variations. Thus of the verb *Da*, to give, the second person imperative, active is *Daehee*, and the middle is *Dutswa*. It is impossible, then, to consider this as the root; and, as the other inflections are less suited to the purpose, Sanscrit grammarians have been compelled to adopt a system altogether artificial, and, instead of fixing on any one determinate inflection, have invented for each verb a word otherwise meaning, which is understood to be the abstract representative of all the inflections together; just as an algebraical character may represent all quantities whatever of a particular class. And to this unmeaning word they give the name of *Dhatoo*, or elementary principle; the only condition of its formation being that it shall contain the letters which appear most prominently in the inflections, which letters, if consonants, are to be connected by such vowels as will render the combination easy of pronunciation. For example, in the English verb *to come*, it is evident that the most apparent letters are *c* and *m*. We might, therefore, take these two, and, connecting them by a vowel, call *cum* or *cam* the *Dhatoo*, or element of the verb—a sound which, in itself, would have no meaning, but from which all the significant inflections of the verb might be supposed to be derived, according to the rules of etymology. In the same manner in the verb *to bring*, the chief letters being *b*, *r*, and *g*, the word *brig* might be considered as the *Dhatoo*, and then, in the manner of the Sanscrit grammarians, a distinctive mark called an *Anu-*

*bundha* is added to the *Dhatoo*, to show that *n*, the nasal, is inserted in certain inflections. In the present case this *Anubundha* would be an *i* at the beginning, and hence *ibrig* would be the representation, or root, of all the inflections of the verb *to bring*, with this information that an *n* is to be inserted in certain of them.

Mr. Wilson's plan has been to endeavor to unite these two methods. He gives all the *Dhatoo*s alphabetically arranged, followed by their various meanings, and points out the most remarkable circumstances in their inflection. He then gives a list of the inseparable prepositions with which they are compounded, and the variations in the significations produced by these. This concludes the account of each *Dhatoo* taken separately, after which the most remarkable and irregular participles, substantives or adjectives, thence derived, are arranged in their proper alphabetical places in the general course of the Dictionary. It is true that this method necessarily produces a good deal of repetition, but it is upon the whole the most convenient to the student.

The foregoing observations will not be deemed too long, if it be considered how little is yet known in Europe of the Sanscrit language, and in what a deep cloud of mystery it is still supposed to be enveloped. It is now high time to turn to Mr. Wilson himself, and to give a more particular account of his book.

Of this Dictionary two editions have already been published, one so long ago as 1819, the other in 1832. The first difference between them that strikes the reader is, that the former has a preface of considerable length, giving an account of the sources from which the work is compiled, and which preface is omitted in the latter. This omission we confess to be to us a subject of regret; for though it might, in a small degree, increase the size of the book, yet the information which it contains is so valuable as to be a full compensation.

The edition of 1819 is dedicated to the Honorable Court of Directors, and we cannot omit quoting from it the following paragraph:—

"It is an assertion that scarcely requires proof, that the Hindoo population of these extensive realms can be understood only through the medium of the Sanscrit language; it alone furnishes us with the master-spring of all their actions and passions, their prejudices and errors, and enables us to appreciate their vices or their worth: without this knowledge, therefore, the kindest intentions and wisest designs for their happiness and amelioration will often prove, as they have often proved, abortive; and even where successful, will attain success only by a prodigal waste of time and exertion, occasioned by the wrong direction of laudable zeal, and the idle opposition of unnecessary doubt and absurd misapprehension."



To the same purpose we find in the short preface to the edition of 1832:—

"Notwithstanding these considerations, however, I might still have hesitated to engage in a reprint of the Dictionary upon the original plan, had it not been thought desirable by the Committee of Public Instruction in Bengal to provide, with as little delay as possible, the assistance it was calculated to afford to the conjoint acquirement of English and Sanscrit in the native colleges under their superintendence; such a combination being in their opinion of the first importance in those seminaries where Hindoo youth are reared, not only for the diffusion of the English language, but for the communication of an elementary knowledge of Sanscrit to numbers now precluded from an attainment, which is essentially necessary to the natives themselves, for a critical knowledge of the languages which they speak, and for the correct application of them to written compositions. This latter circumstance determined me to publish at once a second edition of the Sanscrit and English Dictionary, with no other alterations than such as were requisite to render it more comprehensive, and less bulky and better suited to general use."

After this decided opinion from this distinguished scholar and excellent judge, the reader will be justly surprised to learn that at present the whole force of public opinion in India, and as it is generally understood with the occurrence of government, is directed to the suppression of the study of Sanscrit. The language is denounced as useless, immoral, and pernicious; and its votaries as ignorant, self-interested bigots; and on all hands the cry resounds to prohibit the study, we may in fact say to persecute the students. To such a length has this been carried, that strong measures are now in operation to abolish the whole of the Sanscrit colleges throughout the British dominions in India, and to disperse their students. We may go the length of asserting that nothing is now understood to be so effectual a bar to the advancement of an individual in that country as his being known to be addicted to this proscribed language. The consequence is, that its cultivation among Europeans has almost entirely ceased, and there is every reason to believe that in a very short time there will not be one of our countrymen in the East acquainted with it. This extraordinary infatuation has existed only for two or three years past. To point out its cause, though easy, would be highly invidious; we shall therefore be content with saying, that its effects are already beginning to be sadly apparent. Independently of the extraordinary consideration that a British government, in the nineteenth century, should re-act the part of the Gothic and Saracenic destroyers of ancient literature, we are by such conduct voluntarily putting a bandage over our own eyes with respect to every thing connected with the real views and sentiments of our Indian fellow subjects. We are alienating in the strongest manner the most respectable and

best-informed Hindoos. We are divesting ourselves of all sympathy with their feelings, and are cramping and abridging our means of intercourse in the most lamentable degree. All this may be considered the more extraordinary, as every other nation in Europe is daily becoming more sensible of the importance of the study and more zealous in its prosecution; so that, in all probability, British India will soon be the only part of the civilized world in which the study of Indian literature is discouraged and crushed.

We are far from wishing to undervalue the labors of the Calcutta Committee of Public Instruction, of which mention is made in the extract we have given above. We are well aware that in general their exertions have been highly useful and meritorious; but truth compels us to say that, on the present occasion, they have allowed themselves to be carried away by this popular delusion, and are now exerting their whole influence to discourage the study of Sanscrit and Oriental literature in general. Public education in India has accordingly taken a retrograde direction, and instead of going on to communicate to the natives knowledge of a higher and higher kind, we have turned back to confine our efforts to the lowest steps of literature and science. Of this, did our space admit, it would be easy to give abundance of proofs. In the mean time we may mention as one, our almost total inattention to translations of respectable books *into* the Oriental languages—a want which cripples our attempts to communicate instruction to the natives in a degree appreciable only by those who have been engaged in the attempt. To such a degree does this want exist that, were our dominion in India now to cease, though we have held it so long, not a single monument of our literature would remain in its languages; nor should we have communicated to the Oriental world a single work of real value.

The foundation of the present work of Mr. Wilson's, appears to have been a Dictionary compiled for the use of Fort William College by its pundits, and published in 1809. Its plan is thus stated by its author:—

"To collect these different authorities (the native Coshas or Dictionaries) into one compilation, and arrange their united contents into an accessible shape, were the objects of the work undertaken for the use of the College; and to these were added the citation of the authority, and the synonyms there given, the specification of the genders of nouns and the etymological analysis. It was written in the Bengali characters, and occupied four large volumes. A copy of the Dictionary thus described came into my possession shortly after my Sanscrit studies, and I anticipated the most valuable assistance to them from such a source. I found, however, that it comprehended in



its etymological details and lengthened quotations of synonymes, much more than I required, and that from its unwieldy size it was inconvenient and embarrassing in use. I therefore effected its conversion into a more commodious form, and prepared a translation of its abbreviated contents for my private reference.

"Upon the completion of my task, circumstances led to the communication of its results to Mr. Colebrook, a name which in Hindoo literature and science carries with it a weight and authority that all must bow to, and by his advice I was induced to revise my labors, and to hope that they might be rendered serviceable to the study of Sanscrit lore. I had therefore to recommence my labors, and carefully to collate the compilation of Raghunani with the authorities on which it rested, and it soon appeared that accuracy was no part of the compiler's merits: the mistakes were innumerable and of every kind; words incorrectly written and erroneously interpreted, fanciful etymologies, covering and sanctioning those errors, passages wrongly cited, and the names of the original vocabularies constantly confounded, met me in every page; and the adjustment of these inaccuracies, added to the difficulty inseparable from a reference to such unmethodical guides as the Sanscrit Coshas, has rendered the business of collation the most laborious and harassing portion of my task; fortunately, it was a duty on which my native assistants were best employed, and they have been especially so occupied. To those who are acquainted with the character of these assistants, it is needless to expatiate upon the necessity of vigilantly superintending and revising whatever they do, and it would be difficult to convey to a person not acquainted with them, any conception of their carelessness and indolence, and of the limited dependence to be placed upon native research, when not sedulously and unremittingly controlled. I have had in the course of my labors, the aid of many pundits of high credit and respectable acquirements, and regret much that I cannot associate the name of any of them with my own as a partner in the little credit I may hope to derive from the present publication."

Mr. Wilson then goes on to state the imperfections which must necessarily exist in a Dictionary compiled from native authorities alone: we quote what he says in confirmation of our own observations on this subject.

"The plan of the original compilation, including the contents of the vocabularies alone, left the work exceedingly defective: the roots of the language are all excluded from those collections, as are most technical terms and words of common occurrence, and none of these accordingly were comprised in Raghunani's Dictionary. I am disposed, indeed, to question the expedience of the primary plan, and to conceive that a more useful Lexicon might have been drawn up from the classical compositions of the best Hindoo writers, instead of deriving it from the Coshas only. At the same time, as these last are the received authorities of all India, and as the interpretations resting on general writings may be contested; as they are also perpetually cited in the ablest commentaries, and their omission might have given undue importance to their supposed contents, it was absolutely necessary to comprehend as many of them as were procurable within the scope of the work: to have added to those authorities the general body of Hindoo compositions, would have involved an amount of labor, cost, and time, and a voluminous extent of preparation, which the state of Sanscrit study does not yet require, and perhaps does not permit."

He then goes on to give an account of the native Dictionaries now used in India. Of these the most celebrated is the Amer Cosha, or vocabulary of Amera Sinha, which was published with a translation by Mr. Colebrook, at Serampore, in 1808. Mr. Wilson

enters into an elaborate inquiry as to the date of this celebrated Lexicographer, through which our limits will not permit us to follow him. Unfortunately, the complete darkness which hitherto involves every thing connected with ancient Indian history and chronology is such, that even Mr. Wilson's efforts are unable to attain any satisfactory conclusions. All known on the matter is, that Amera Sinha *probably* flourished in the court of king Vicramaditya; but who, we may ask, was he?

"The real date of Vicramaditya's reign is, however, still a desideratum in Indian History; and, in spite of the learned labors of that profound investigator, Major Wilford, we have yet to ascertain whether the voice of tradition be that of truth; the circumstance of Amera's being contemporary with him depends upon no more positive proof, and there is some inconsistency in making the Buddha philologist the favorite and minister of a monarch, who is always described in the legends recorded of him as a pious worshipper of the orthodox divinities, and the liberal patron of the regular priesthood. The age of the Amera Cosha can scarcely be fixed within any very narrow limits, and we can only feel satisfied of its composition at some period long anterior to the tenth century; an opinion farther warranted by the grammarian Vopadeva, who is generally assigned to the twelfth century, and who enumerates Amera among the eight *old* grammarians, an epithet he would no more have attached to a writer but two or three centuries anterior to himself, than any grammarian of the present day would think of giving to Bhattoji Dicshta, who compiled the Caumudi about two hundred years ago. Amera Sinha may therefore be left, agreeably to tradition, to the beginning of the Christian era, or, as connected with other traditional notices of names and events, which I shall proceed to describe, he may be brought down to a later date, and placed about the middle or end of the fifth century after Christ.

"The persecution," continues Mr. Wilson, "of the followers of Buddha by the Brahminical order, is a subject on which both sects are agreed. One of the earliest and most harmless effects of it, it is generally believed, was the anathematizing of the Buddha works, and amongst them of the compositions of Amera, all which consequently perished with the exception of his vocabulary. As the persecution is thus restricted to Amera's literary existence, we may infer his personal exemption from its fury by his existence prior to that event, and, by ascertaining therefore the time of its commencement, we may be able to add another conjecture to those we have formed of our author's age.

Celebrated as is the persecution and temporary suppression of the Buddha heresy, it is an occurrence of which the date is as uncertain as any other event in Hindoo history; its institution is generally attributed to Sancara Acharya, and with his age therefore must originate our inquiry."

After a long investigation of this also, Mr. Wilson proceeds to give the result of the whole inquiry, and this we shall quote at length, both as settling this point, as far as it admits, and also as exhibiting a specimen of those gross mistakes into which Europeans will always be led, who pretend to in-



vestigate the history or manners of the Hindoos without a knowledge of Sanscrit.

"The examination I have thus instituted into the age of Amera Sinha has extended itself to limits no doubt disproportioned to the importance of the inquiry. I had, however, to correct errors, and to controvert prejudices, as well as to contend with the natural difficulties of the subject, and to support my averments by the best authorities within my reach. As to the result of the research, I shall willingly, if convinced by worthy testimony of having erred in my conclusions, submit to correction; those conclusions, indeed, are only positive within certain limits, and, as the sum of the investigation, I have only satisfied myself with the choice of one or two alternatives: either assent to the tradition which places Amera Sinha in the time of the primitive Vicramaditya, fifty-six years before the Christian era; or the inference deduced from the contiguous position of a number of persons and things connected more or less directly with our author's supposed history, which designates the early part of the fifth century as the time at which Amera flourished.

"Those notions which attribute an extravagant antiquity to the Hindoos are fully as absurd as those which deny them any antiquity at all. As I have combated one set of opinions, therefore, it would have been but just to expose the other, as epitomised in Fra Bartolomeo's account of Amera Sinha. To do this, however, it will be sufficient to cite his expressions, pausing only to observe that these absurdities are the composition of a man who lavished every term of abuse upon the *Angli Calcuttenses*, then engaged under the auspices of Warren Hastings and Sir William Jones in instituting the legitimate inquiries, which alone have displayed to European knowledge the true extent and character of *Indian* learning, and which he arrogantly and abruptly denounced as vain speculations and idle dreams. After most gratuitously and ridiculously converting Amera Sinha into Amera Ch'hina, and explaining that to signify '*librum cali signa continentem*,' he proceeds, '*ita certe hujus vocabuli etymologiam et analysim mihi tradidit linguae Sanserdamica peritissimus vir, Ciangra Anshan, atque halucinatos fuisse puto Calcuttenses Anglos qui Amarasinha philosophum et Vikramaditya regis Indici a consiliis virum fuisse adstruunt, ipsique hunc librum nullo prorsus fundamento innixi adscribunt, cum tamen evidens esse videatur, librum istum una cum Idolatria Indica compositum fuisse, ac non solum totius mythologiae et liturgiae basim, sed primum librum precatorum esse, quo Brahmanes in ipso sua idolatria exordio uti cuni*'—elevating in this extraordinary manner a common vocabulary to the distinction of a *Ritual and Liturgy*, co-existent with the origin of the Hindoo idolatry and the basis of the Brahminical superstitions. A blunder of another character, although of an equally absurd description, connected with the Amera Cosha, has been committed by Anquetil du Perron, and has been adduced by Mr. Mills as 'a remarkable instance of the disposition of Brahmans to accommodate by falsification even their sacred records to the ideas of Europeans.' Du Perron says—'*Si je n'avois pas su que le commencement de lickmarkesh contenoit la description du Lingam, peut-être m'eut il été impossible de decouvrir, que mes Brahmes, qui ne vouloient pas dévoiler le fond de leurs mystères, paraphrasoient et pallioient plutôt qu'ils ne traduisoient.*'—A description of the Lingam in the introduction to the Amera Cosha! Du Perron's Brahmans must have been much astonished at the discovery, and at the perverse spirit and gross ignorance which converted Amera's account of the contents of his vocabulary, comprising the genders (*linga*) of nouns, into the mystical mention of an object with which his preamble has no kind of connection, except the indispensable employment of a grammatical term that happens also to have the same meaning, but which, occurring where and how it does, the merest novice in Sanscrit literature could not possibly misunderstand. We have had too much of mere pretenders to knowledge in oriental literature, and it is high time to weigh ac-

curately the real merit of all authorities on matters of Asiatic learning and history, if we wish to gain any real acquaintance with such subjects, or if we retain the slightest veneration for truth."

Mr. Wilson then goes on to give an account of the other native works which he had consulted. These are, first, eight Commentaries on the Amera Cosha, and twenty independent Vocabularies. All of these he has employed in his compilation. The most celebrated of them is the Medini Cosha, which is thus characterised:—

"An excellent Dictionary of homonymous words, arranged according to their final letters and their syllabic lengths, and then further disposed with alphabetical precision; it is a compilation of great accuracy and high authority, and constitutes, after the Amera Cosha, the basis and bulk of my labors.

"The closing section of the Medini recapitulates the authorities employed in its composition, and comprises, amongst others, the fullest list of Coshas to be met with. On this account, and as they appear to be enumerated according to their supposed comparative antiquity, I shall here transcribe the catalogue, accompanying it with such information as to their present existence as I am able to offer from my own knowledge, or from the oral accounts of the Pundits."

The list here alluded to comprised twenty-four distinct works,

"forming, with the Medini, twenty-five vocabularies, all prior to the fifteenth century, and of which my original and myself, aided as we were by Mr. Colebrook's valuable collection of Manuscripts, have been able to procure no more than nine or ten. They are not, however, the whole number of works extant in the times of Medini Caro and his predecessors, which were either vocabularies themselves, or treated of the forms, inflexions, genders, and meaning of words, in a manner that sanctioned their being included in the same class."

The preceding may serve to give the reader some idea of the extent of the labor expended in the compilation of Wilson's Dictionary. As a specimen of the result, we shall here present our readers with the explanation of a root in common use throughout the Classical and Teutonic languages. The root *Shi'thā*,\* to stand, &c. We have inserted a few explanations in italics, and those passages which are within brackets

\* For the convenience both of the printer and reader, we have endeavored to express the Sanscrit words in this quotation by Roman letters, according to the system of Sir William Jones, as it is given and followed by Mr. Wilson in the *first* edition of the Dictionary. We find, however, that in the *second* edition this system is abandoned, and such Sanscrit words as require expression in Roman characters are spelt in a manner totally different. Being ourselves fully persuaded of the impossibility of establishing any satisfactory system of Roman orthography for oriental languages, we are neither disappointed nor surprised at Mr. Wilson's change of system, and shall only remark upon it, that such a vacillation in a scholar so eminent, and so well qualified to establish, were it possible, a correct oriental Roman orthography, is one of the strongest proofs of the hopelessness of such attempts in general.



are the additions which the second edition makes to the first.

"SHT'THA", r. 1st. cl. *root of the first conjugation (third person sing. pres. tense, active, TISHTHATI.)*  
<sup>1</sup> To stand, to stop, to be still, to refrain from moving.  
<sup>2</sup> To abide, to stay, to be (third pers. sing. pres. tense, middle, TISHTHATÉ.) <sup>1</sup> To apply or refer to, as an umpire or judge. <sup>2</sup> To indicate or reveal one's thoughts to another. With the inseparable preposition ADHI prefixed, it becomes ADHITISHTHATI. <sup>1</sup> To excel, to surpass, to overcome. <sup>2</sup> To sit or stand upon or over.  
<sup>3</sup> To be placed or preside over. With the prep. ANU, (ANUTISHTHATI.) <sup>1</sup> To practise as a duty, to obey or follow as a law. <sup>2</sup> To apply or adhere to. With the prep. AVA (third pers. pr. act. AVATISHTHATI do. mid. AVATISHTHATÉ.) <sup>1</sup> To stay or stand. <sup>2</sup> To attend upon. With the prep. A'N, which here loses its final n, (A'TISHTHATI, middle.) <sup>1</sup> To affirm or assert. <sup>2</sup> To apply. (ATISHTHATI, active.) <sup>1</sup> To ascend, to mount. <sup>2</sup> To promise or engage. With the prep. UT (UTTISHTHATÉ, mid.): To seek for, to endeavor to obtain, (UTTISHTHATI, act.) To get up, to rise as from a seat, &c. With the prep. UPA (UPATISHTHATI, act. —ré, mid.) <sup>1</sup> To propitiate (as a deity). <sup>2</sup> To praise or hymn, to worship, to adore. <sup>3</sup> To embrace. <sup>4</sup> To treat in a friendly manner, to form a friendship or connection with. <sup>5</sup> To pass or lie along or near to, that is, as a path or road. <sup>6</sup> To arrive at or near. (UPATISHTHATÉ, mid. only.) To hope to gain or acquire. [With the prep. NI (NITISHTHATÉ.) To be established. With the two preps. PARI and AVA united, which then become PARYYAVA (PARYYAVATISHTHATI.) To be stationary or immovable.] With the prep. PRA (PRATISHTHATÉ.) <sup>1</sup> To set off, to go forth, to depart. <sup>2</sup> To go to:—with the preps. PRA and UT united, which then become PROT (PROTISHTHATI.) To get up, to rise. With the prep. PRATI (PRATISHTHATI.) To be erected for holy purposes, to be sacred or consecrated. With the prep. VI (VITISHTHATÉ.) <sup>1</sup> To stand apart, to be separated. <sup>2</sup> To stay or be:—with VI and AVA united, which become VYAVA (VYAVATISHTHATÉ.) To decree, to pronounce. With the prep. SAM, which, in composition, becomes SAN, (SANTISHTHATÉ. <sup>1</sup> To be well. <sup>2</sup> To be close to, or together. <sup>3</sup> To be of the same inclinations or opinions, to conform, to agree. <sup>4</sup> To be completed or finished. With SAM and A'N united (SAMATISHTHATÉ.) To perform, to be engaged in. With SAM and UT united (SAMUTTISHTHATI.) To rise or get up. With SAM and PRA united. To go forth, or on a journey. With the prep. PRA prefixed to the root in the casual form] of conjugation, which is a form appropriated to this purpose (PRASTHAPATYATI.) To send, i. e. to cause to go forth.

We shall add another: the root Kri, to do or make, that is, the Latin Creo.

"KRI, r. 5th cl. *root of the 5th conj.* To this root is subjoined an Anubundha or indicatory letter N', which implies that the active and middle voices of this verb are used according to their real nature, the former to denote an action passing from an agent to an object, the latter, an action operating on the agent himself. The root thus becomes KRIN (third pers. sing. act. KRINOTI, mid. KRINATÉ. To hurt, to injure, to kill. With the two Anubundhas (DU and N'), the former of which indicates that a particular form of adjective may be derived from the root, it becomes DUKRIN, r. 8th cl., and is then reckoned a root of the 8th conj., and very irregularly inflected (KAROTI, KURUTÉ.) To do, to make, to perform any kind of action: this root admits most of the prepositions and a variety of significations; it is also active or deponent, according to its prefix and import; as, <sup>1</sup> With ATI (ATIKURUTÉ.) To exceed, to do more. <sup>2</sup> With ADHI (ADHIKURUTÉ.) <sup>a</sup> To [surpass or] overcome. <sup>b</sup> To superintend, to govern. <sup>c</sup> To hold of right. <sup>d</sup> To bear patiently. <sup>e</sup> To refrain from. <sup>f</sup> With ANU (ANUKAROTI.) [To copy,] to imitate, to act like or after. <sup>4</sup> With APA (APAKURUTÉ.) <sup>a</sup> [To wrong, to injure.] <sup>b</sup> To do evil. <sup>5</sup> With A'N (A'NKURUTÉ.) <sup>a</sup> To call. <sup>b</sup> To take shape or form. <sup>6</sup> With UT (UTKURUTÉ.) <sup>a</sup> To kill or hurt dangerously.

<sup>c</sup> To collect, to assemble.] <sup>7</sup> With UD and A'N (UDAKURUTÉ.) To reproach. <sup>8</sup> With UPA (UPAKURUTÉ.) [To befriend,] to serve [or assist.] <sup>9</sup> With UPA and S—inserted (UPASKURUTÉ, or UPASKUROTI.) To alter. (UPASKUROTI only.) <sup>a</sup> [To polish,] to adorn. <sup>b</sup> To assemble. <sup>c</sup> To reply. <sup>10</sup> With TIRAS (TIRASKAROTI.) To abuse, to revile. <sup>11</sup> With DUR, in which the final r is—by orthographical rules changed into sh, and is the Greek ΔΥΣ (DUSHKAROTI.) To do evil. <sup>12</sup> With NIR and A'N (NIRAKURUTÉ.) <sup>a</sup> To make light of, to contemn. <sup>b</sup> To expel. <sup>c</sup> To annihilate. <sup>13</sup> With PARI [and S inserted] (PARISKAROTI.) To polish, [to refine,] to [make elegant or] perfect. <sup>14</sup> With PARA and A'N (PARAKAROTI.) To act well. <sup>15</sup> With PRA (PRAKURUTÉ.) <sup>a</sup> To begin. <sup>b</sup> To do any thing quickly. <sup>c</sup> To serve. <sup>d</sup> To allot, to portion. <sup>e</sup> To violate. <sup>f</sup> To chant, to recite. <sup>16</sup> With PRATI (PRATIKURUTÉ.) <sup>a</sup> To counteract. <sup>b</sup> To retaliate. <sup>c</sup> To remedy. With PRATI and UPA (PRATYUPAKURUTÉ.) To requite, to return a kindness. With VI (VIKURUTÉ.) <sup>a</sup> To utter, to sound. <sup>b</sup> To seek, to strive for. (VIKAROTI.) <sup>a</sup> To alter, to change in form. <sup>b</sup> To disturb or agitate. <sup>17</sup> With VI and A'N (VYAKURUTÉ.) <sup>a</sup> To explain, to expound. <sup>b</sup> To make manifest or public. <sup>18</sup> With SAM, which in composition becomes SANG (SANGAKAROTI.) <sup>a</sup> To polish, to perfect, <sup>b</sup> To assemble, to bring together. <sup>19</sup> With SU (SUKAROTI.) To do well.]

The length to which these remarks have already extended, warns us that it is time to conclude. We shall therefore sum up the whole by observing, that the present is one of those fortunate works whose value cannot be overlooked. It is evident that no student of Sanscrit can be without it, and even to those who are not professedly such, but who are interested in the study of general and rational philology, history, and antiquities, and in the present manners, politics, or statistics of India, it is indispensable. To every one of these, in his several departments, it presents in itself an inexhaustible treasure of information already collected, and points out the surest way of obtaining more. Had the work been of the most imperfect kind, it would still, from the total want of any thing else, have been an invaluable present to the literary world; but when we consider its high absolute excellence merely as a Dictionary, without any reference to the wants of Sanscrit scholars, it is impossible not to admire the talents which could not only project the plan of a Sanscrit Dictionary, but bring its execution so near to perfection.

But it is justly observed by Mr. Wilson, that Sanscrit is a language "which may be said to have no limit." However much then may be contained in this Dictionary, and however much the author may have done, much still remains to do; and the best wish we can express for those who have leisure and inclination for such studies is, that Mr. Wilson, as in the Preface to his second edition he gives us some reason to hope, would favor the world with a third edition, with such addenda as his experience must by this time have enabled him to make, among which we would venture to suggest that of



a reverse part, or Index, so as to form a Dictionary English and Sanscrit.

ART. IV.—*Storia del Reame di Napoli, dal 1734, sino dal 1825.* Del Generale Pietro Colletta. (*History of the Kingdom of Naples, from 1734 to 1825.* By General Peter Colletta. Capolago, Cantone Ticino, 1834. 4 vol. 8vo.

THIS is a most important historical work, written with ability and eloquence of no common kind, and in a spirit of truth and sincerity, by a man who acted a not insignificant, though always honorable part, in many of the vicissitudes and events which he has here narrated. Colletta was born at Naples in 1775. He early applied himself to the study of mathematics, while his classical education was not neglected. In 1796 he entered the military service as an officer in the artillery, and was present during the disastrous campaign against the French in 1798. He served afterwards under the turbulent and short-lived republic, without being either a demagogue or a fanatic. His friends succeeded in saving him from the proscriptions that followed. Being, however, dismissed from the service, he found employment as a civil engineer in draining the marshes near the mouth of the Ofanto. When the French took possession of Naples, for the second time, in 1806, Colletta was reinstated in his rank, and employed at the siege of Gaeta, and at the taking of Capri. He was afterwards sent by Murat, as Intendant, to Calabria, where he remained two years. In 1812 he was made a general, and director of the roads and bridges. Two of the finest roads in the neighborhood of Naples were planned by him, and executed under his directions. In 1813 he was appointed chief of the engineer department. He accompanied Murat in his two campaigns of 1814—15, and after the reverses of the last, he was sent by him to the Austrian headquarters, where he signed the capitulation of Casalanza, by which Ferdinand was restored to the kingdom of Naples. He was continued in his employments by the restored government, which he served with loyalty. He kept entirely aloof from the plots and machinations that brought about the revolution of 1820. During the short period of the constitutional government he was sent as captain-general to Sicily, to restore order in that island, and was subsequently appointed minister of war: but the entrance of the Austrians, and the overthrow of the constitution, again and finally threw

him out of employment, and drove him into exile along with many others, on account of their liberal opinions. After spending two years in the Austrian dominions, where he was treated with respect and attention by that government, he was allowed, on account of his health, to return to Italy in 1823. He took up his residence in Tuscany, and beguiled the tedium of exile, in his latter years (he died in November, 1831,) by composing the work before us, which forms a most valuable addition to the stock of Italian histories, and may be considered as a worthy continuation of Giannone's History of Naples. It embraces the period from the establishment of the Spanish Bourbon dynasty on the throne of Naples, in 1734, to the death of Ferdinand I., in 1825. It is divided into ten books, the first of which contains an account of the reign of Charles III., and the useful reforms and improvements introduced by that well-intentioned monarch. The second book treats of the early part of the reign of Ferdinand I., who, by means of his ministers, followed for a time the steps of his father and predecessor. Then came the French revolution, which, by the fears it inspired and the passions it excited, changed the whole system of Neapolitan policy, and plunged the whole country into an abyss of calamities. The ill-advised and worse-directed war against the French, the invasion that followed, the madness of the republic, and the atrocities of the counter revolution—these form the subject of the third and fourth books, and are all portrayed in vivid but true colors. Those who are acquainted with Cuoco's and Botta's histories of the same period, will yet find in Colletta's narrative much that is new. The six years that elapsed between Ferdinand's first restoration and the French invasion under Joseph Bonaparte fill up the fifth book. The sixth is occupied with Joseph's short but troubled reign. The seventh comprises a very interesting account of the administration of Joachim Murat, during the seven years of his reign, followed by his melancholy catastrophe and tragical end. The eighth book contains the account of Ferdinand's administration from his restoration to the revolution of 1820. The ninth gives a narrative of the establishment of the constitution and its fall in 1821. The tenth book relates the events which followed Ferdinand's third restoration, till his death in 1825.

The information which Colletta gives us of the circumstances of the feud between Murat and his imperious brother-in-law is not a little curious. Soon after Murat's precipitate return to his capital, after the disasters of the Russian campaign, negotia-



tions were entered into between him and Lord William Bentinck, who commanded in Sicily. Full of the apprehension that Napoleon's headlong ambition and reckless obstinacy were about to bring down ruin upon himself and all those connected with him, Murat became exceedingly anxious to save his kingdom of Naples from the general wreck. He had been grievously offended by Napoleon on several occasions, and especially by the sneering manner in which his departure from the army was announced in the French *Moniteur*, and the preference therein exhibited towards Eugene Beauharnois, who succeeded him in the command of the French army. Napoleon, maddened by his reverses, wrote to his sister, Murat's wife, bitterly reproaching her husband, in his usual violent style, as a traitor, an imbecile in politics, unworthy of his alliance, and threatening him with condign punishment. Murat replied to this epistle by another, which he sent to Napoleon, without communicating it to his wife. Colletta, who enjoyed Murat's confidence at the time, gives us some extracts of the contents of this very characteristic letter:

"The wound you have inflicted upon my character is deep, and it is beyond your Majesty's power to heal it. You have insulted an old companion in arms, who was faithful to you in all your dangers, who contributed not a little to your victories, and who seasonably revived your downcast spirits on the 18th Brumaire. . . . You are pleased to say, that one who has the honor of belonging to 'your illustrious family' ought to avoid every thing that may prejudice its interests, or tarnish its splendor. But I, sir, tell you in reply, that your family has received from me as much honor as it has imparted to me with the hand of your sister Caroline. Although I am called a king, many is the time that I have recalled, with a sigh of regret, the days when I was a simple officer, when I acknowledged superiors—but no master. Since I became a king, I have been tyrannized over by your Majesty, and domineered in the bosom of my own family; and at such times, I have felt more strongly than ever the want of independence, and a thirst for liberty. It is ever thus that you afflict—that you sacrifice to your suspicious temper—the men most faithful to you, those who have been your firmest supporters in the portentous career of your fortunes. Thus you sacrificed Fouché to Savary, Talleyrand to Champagny, and afterwards Champagny to Maret, and now you have sacrificed Murat to Beauharnois;—to that Beauharnois, whose great merit, in your eyes, is his mute obedience, besides the other merit, yet more acceptable to you, of having announced to the French senate the divorce of his mother. . . . I cannot refuse to my people some alleviation of the intolerable evils which your maritime war inflicts upon the country. From all that has passed between us, it is clear that our old mutual confidence exists no longer. You will act as you think proper; but whatever be your wrongs towards me, I call myself still your affectionate brother-in-law,  
JOACHIM."

Murat had about him persons who encouraged him in thus casting off his dependence on Napoleon. Ever since 1810, says Colletta, several Neapolitans, and a native of another part of Italy, men placed in confidential stations, perceiving that the headlong career of Napoleon must lead to a precipice, conceived that the only chance of safety for Naples was the union of all Italy under one sceptre. In their eyes, Murat's ambition and bravery marked him out as the man who could achieve this great object. The suggestion was whispered to Murat's ear, and he listened to it without displeasure, but kept it a profound secret from his ministers and his wife. On his return from Russia, the same counsellors represented to him that the opportune moment was now arrived, that all the armies of Europe were concentrated in Germany, that Italy was free from both French and Austrian troops, that Buonaparte could never recover his former supremacy over the world, and that, by making peace with England, he (Murat) might occupy all Italy, unite it under his sceptre, and make it independent for ever. Acting upon these suggestions, Murat sent messengers to meet Lord William Bentinck in the island of Ponza, and, after some negotiation, it was agreed between them that Murat should march to the north of Italy, and wrest the whole Peninsula from the power of Napoleon, and that an auxiliary English army should co-operate with him. This took place in the spring of 1813. Murat was only waiting for the ratification of the treaty by the English ministry. But, in the mean time, his wife had been using all her exertions to effect a reconciliation between her husband and her brother; Napoleon again wrote in a friendly strain, and commissioned Ney and Fouché to write to Murat, that the French army was on the eve of a fresh campaign and calling loudly for the king of Naples; that the cavalry was waiting impatiently to place itself under its old commander, that the destinies of France and of Europe were to be tried once more on the banks of the Elbe, and that he, even for the interest of his own kingdom in the event of a peace, ought to be present on the spot. Murat, wholly at a loss what course to pursue, and being urged by his wife, at last revealed to her the secret of the negotiations which he had been carrying on with Lord William Bentinck. Caroline persuaded him to join the French army, while she, as Regent, would continue to carry on the affair with England. Murat, with his natural credulity, at last yielded, and proceeded to



Dresden; and the negotiation with England fell to the ground.

After the defeat of Leipzig, Murat, having sustained his high military reputation during the campaign, took his last leave of Napoleon at Erfurt, and returned to Naples towards the close of 1813. In January, 1814, he made a treaty of peace and alliance with Austria, and soon after a convention with England, which put an end to the hostilities by sea, and opened the intercourse between Naples and Sicily. Murat then marched with 22,000 men, occupied the Roman States, besieged the French garrisons of Ancona and Civita Vecchia, and, having taken those places, joined at Bologna and Ferrara the Austrian division under General Nugent, with which he was to act on the southern bank of the Po against the Italian and French army under Eugene. Murat had now taken his part openly and after mature deliberation, and it was his policy, as well as his duty, to have co-operated sincerely and frankly with the Allies. Colletta, who had urged him to the step, because he thought it the only chance which Naples had of escaping further calamities and of retaining its independence, was for a straight-forward active co-operation. But Murat wavered between his old attachment to his brother-in-law and the interests and the wishes of his own subjects.

The real sentiments of Murat, during his singular campaign of 1814, have been a matter of dispute; Colletta clears up the question. There was mistrust on both sides—of the Allies towards Murat, and of Murat towards the Allies. Lord William Bentinck remembered the fate of the negotiations of the preceding year. Bellegarde, the Austrian general, feared that Murat was acting a double part, and that, at the first opportunity, he might join the viceroy against him. Thus Murat, on the southern bank of the Po, was rather a check than a support to the operations of the Allies. The only thing he had effected in the common cause was to clear the Roman States and Tuscany of the few French troops stationed there, which he sent back to France. Bellegarde requested Murat to attack Piacenza and threaten Eugene on that side, while he should force the line of the Mincio, but Murat refused. The cabinet of Vienna meanwhile delayed the ratification of the treaty agreed upon between Count Neipperg and the Marquis del Gallo in January, 1814, by which the possession of his kingdom was guaranteed to Murat. The Neapolitan generals in Murat's army, who were attached to him personally, and were anxious for the safety of their country, seeing

that his vacillation and ambiguity threatened the ruin of both, remonstrated with him, and urged him to act frankly and decidedly in concert with the Austrians. The soldiers seem to have been actuated by the same spirit; and we have heard, from persons who were at Modena at the time, that the Neapolitans would cry out, on seeing their king pass, "Viva Gioacchino! and death to the French!" And this they said to Murat, a Frenchman, having still many French officers and generals in his service.

Another incident added to the perplexities of that most confused epoch. The Pope, Pius VII., being released from his French confinement, arrived at Parma; on his way towards Rome. General Nugent, who commanded at Parma, received him with the utmost respect, and gave him an escort as far as the Neapolitan advanced posts, half-way between Parma and Reggio. Murat, who had occupied the Roman States, and who wished to keep them either all or in part, commissioned General Carascosa, who commanded the advanced guard, to go and meet the Pope, and endeavor, by all means of persuasion, to prevail on him to turn back, or at least to stop at Reggio. The scene that took place is characteristic:

"Hardly had Carascosa arrived at one end of the bridge on the Enza, where the outposts were placed, when the Pope appeared at the other extremity, coming from Parma, and escorted by an Austrian guard of honor, and followed by an innumerable crowd of people, which increased at every step. At the foot of the bridge, the Pope dismissed the Austrian escort with his blessing and thanks, and proceeded in his carriage without stopping. The Neapolitan officers and soldiers now confusedly joined the crowd, which was propelling the wheels in sign of reverence. Carascosa himself, turning his horse's head, followed, or rather was impelled along with the multitude; any attempt to stop the Pope being out of the question."

In this triumphal manner Pius VII. entered the town of Reggio. The Pope went to the Episcopal Palace, and Carascosa immediately solicited an audience, and was admitted. The general, after kissing the Pope's hand, asked him what were his holiness's intentions?—"To continue my way to Bologna."—"But his majesty, the King of Naples, is ignorant of your holiness's arrival; nothing has been prepared for your reception."—"I do not require any thing of his majesty, on whom I invoke the divine favor."—"The post-horses on the road are engaged for the service of the army, and your holiness might be liable to be detained."—"I shall trust to the charity of these devout people who accompany me."—"But private horses have also been taken for the military service."—"Well, I shall



proceed on foot, as long as God will give me strength." Carascosa was now silent a moment, and then asked Pius when he would receive the visit of the officers of the army. "To-morrow at nine o'clock, before I set off on my journey." Carascosa then kissed again the Pope's hand, took his leave, and hurried to the king at Bologna, to report to him the conversation word for word, advising him to yield to the power of opinion. Two of Murat's ministers entreated him to favor openly the Pope's cause, which appeared identified with that of the people; but Murat had not decision enough for this. The Pope, having arrived at Bologna, after some rest, went to visit the king, who returned the visit, and remained long closeted with Pius. The principal subject of conversation was the restitution of the Papal States, which were then occupied by the Neapolitan troops. After much debating, it was agreed that Rome and the provinces south of the Appennines should be delivered over to the Pope's authorities, and that Murat should retain, *pro tempore*, the northern provinces. In his treaty with Austria he had insisted upon having the Marches added definitively to his kingdom of Naples. Another question was raised concerning the road which Pius was to follow. He was desirous of proceeding by the Romagna road; but Murat, fearing the influence of his presence on the minds of the people, whom he wished to consider as his subjects, endeavored to induce him to take the route of Florence. But Pius was resolute, and Murat could not think of preventing him by force. Next day the Pope proceeded to Cesena, his birth-place, where he remained some time, and it was only on the 24th May following that he made his triumphal entry into Rome.

The Pope's passage being thus settled, Murat thought of the military operations. A corps of Eugene's troops, 14,000 strong, under General Grenier, attacked General Nugent near Parma, drove him away, and pushed its success as far as Reggio, close upon the line of the Neapolitan outposts. It was high time for Murat to decide on which side he was to fight. Colletta confirms what we had before heard, that just before that event Murat had made overtures to Eugene, and would have joined him; but Eugene, mistrusting him, or from old aversion to him, not only spurned his messengers, but found means to reveal Murat's double-dealing to the commissioners of the Allied Powers, who were in Joachim's camp. Murat then decided upon attacking Reggio; the Neapolitans fought heartily on the occasion, and Eugene's general, Severoli, was

severely wounded in the action. Murat next forced the passage of the river Taro, and pursued the Italians and French as far as Piacenza. In these various affairs, the Neapolitan troops fought with spirit and success. While he was preparing to attack Piacenza, a messenger arrived with the news of the abdication of Napoleon. Murat, who was then conversing with Colletta in a field not far from the walls of the town, on reading the letters, turned pale, gave orders to suspend the operations, and soon after returned to Bologna.

The Allied Sovereigns charged Murat with faithlessness during the late campaign in Lombardy, and Talleyrand, the French minister at the Congress of Vienna, was hostile to him, and favorable to the claims of Ferdinand of Sicily. Meanwhile Murat entertained a secret correspondence with Bonaparte at Elba; he received and took into his service several political emigrants from the north of Italy; he would not restore the Marches to the Pope; and his consul at Rome was intriguing against the papal government. Thus began the year 1815. On the 4th of March, Murat received the news of Bonaparte's escape from Elba, at which he could not conceal his joy; yet the next day he wrote to the courts of Austria and England, promising to remain faithful to his alliance with them, whatever might be the fate of Napoleon. Colletta observes that there was deception in this, for he had already made up his mind to march again into northern Italy. His idea was to conquer the whole peninsula, and then to treat with both France and Austria in order to retain possession of it. In vain some of his counsellors remonstrated against the hazardous experiment; he exaggerated his own resources, and trusted to the promises of a few partisans in the rest of Italy, who wrote that they had regiments ready to join him, of which regiments, however, not one ever made its appearance. On the 22d of March he rushed on to war and his own destruction.

"He had 35,000 men; ten of his twenty-five generals, and thirteen out of twenty-seven colonels, were Frenchmen, between whom and the Neapolitans there was but little harmony; the discipline was relaxed, and not uniform; arms and ammunition were scarce; the commissariat far from trustworthy; the military chests almost empty: he calculated, like Napoleon, on maintaining his army at the expense of the countries he was going to occupy."

He issued a turgid proclamation to the Italians, in which he boasted of 80,000 Neapolitans, who were marching to assist in establishing the independence of Italy, and delivering it from foreigners; "but this



proclamation," observes Colletta, "was signed by Murat and countersigned by his adjutant, Millet de Villeneuve, both Frenchmen." The appeal had no effect, except at Bologna, where some students volunteered in Murat's cause: at Milan, where the proclamation was allowed to circulate freely, together with Bellegarde's reply, it was read with great indifference; and we remember an Austrian officer in the theatre of La Scala, who was going next day to join the army against Murat, saying to some friends that it would be merely a "*promenade militaire*." There was, however, some sharp fighting of divisions; the Neapolitans forced the passage of the Panaro, and pushed on as far as the Po, but were soon afterwards attacked and defeated by the Austrians at Carpi; and Murat, alarmed at the same time by the news of the hostile preparations in Sicily against his kingdom, and the advance of an Austrian division through Tuscany, resolved to fall back upon his own states. The battle of Tolentino, on the 2d and 3d of May, proved on the first day successful to the Neapolitans, who afterwards, through the mismanagement of some of their officers, sustained considerable loss. Murat continued his retreat, but, as soon as the troops reached their own frontiers, all discipline was at an end: the generals disobeyed their orders, and the soldiers dispersed and went home. On the 18th of May, Murat had no longer an army. He returned almost alone to Naples, and, on meeting his wife, exclaimed that "all was lost." His wife had meanwhile signed a convention with Admiral Campbell, and she secured her passage on board an English ship for Trieste. She displayed great fortitude in this sudden emergency. Murat sent Carascosa and Colletta to the Austrian head-quarters, to make the best terms they could for their country; he stipulated nothing for himself. The convention of Casalanza was signed on the 20th of May, and Naples again acknowledged its old King Ferdinand. On the following day, Murat sailed with a few friends for France. Driven thence, after the battle of Waterloo, he repaired to Corsica; persecuted by the authorities there, and disdaining a life of quiet obscurity, instead of joining his wife and children in Austria, he made a desperate attempt, in October, 1815, on the coast of Calabria, which led to his tragical end, of which Colletta gives some interesting particulars. Murat intended to have landed at Salerno, where the remains of his old army were stationed.

"It was a fortunate thing for us," says Colletta, "that the weather prevented him, as the insurrec-

tion he would have excited, although it could not be successful, would have spread to some extent, and would have again plunged our country into civil war, followed by cruel reactions and proscriptions."

Murat landed at Pizzo, with only twenty-eight men, shouting "King Joachim for ever!" He was answered by a discharge of musketry from the assembled natives. It is a remarkable circumstance that a steward of the Duke of Infantado's, a Spanish grandee, well known in the war of Spain against Napoleon, and who is possessed of considerable estates in the neighborhood of Pizzo, together with an old officer of King Ferdinand's, were the two persons who collected their friends and arrested Murat and his followers. Murat attempted to regain his vessel; but the master, a Maltese, whom he had in the time of his prosperity raised to the rank of captain in the navy, stood out to sea, leaving him to his fate. Murat was then seized, and, after being ill used by some of the mob, was shut up in a cell in the castle of Pizzo. General Nunziante, who commanded in Calabria for King Ferdinand, hastened to the spot, and, having recognised Murat, treated him with proper attention. "Nunziante was an old loyalist officer of Ferdinand's, and in this delicate circumstance he knew how to reconcile fidelity to his king with a feeling regard for his unfortunate and fallen enemy." An order was transmitted from Naples to try Murat by a court-martial. When Nunziante brought him the news, on the morning of the 13th of October—"I am a lost man," exclaimed Murat, "trial is in this case synonymous with death." He wrote to his wife and children, giving them his blessing, and entreating them to think no longer of what they had been, but to accommodate themselves to their altered condition. He refused the counsel that had been assigned to him, saying that the court was incompetent to try him. "He was either a King or a Marshal of France, and could not be tried by subalterns." To Captain Stratti, who was on guard upon him, he observed that he had done much for the Neapolitans; that he had for them forgotten his own country, and had been ungrateful to the French and to his brother-in-law. And he added: "King Ferdinand now avenges by my death the tragedy of the Duke of Enghien, in which, however, I took no part; this I swear before God, in whose presence I am soon to appear." He then thanked the captain for the kindness he had shown him in his misfortunes. A priest, named Masdea, next entered.

"Sire," said he, "this is the second time that I



address you. Five years ago, when your majesty came to Pizzo, I asked you for pecuniary assistance, in order to complete the building of our church, and you granted me more than I requested. My application having once found favor with you, I trust that I shall be as successful now in my anxious care for the eternal safety of your soul."

Murat acquiesced in the good priest's entreaty, and, after performing the rites of religion, he wrote, at Masdea's request, "*Je déclare que je meurs en bon Chrétien.*—G. N." Meanwhile the court was proceeding with the trial in another room of the castle. Murat had landed in arms as a public enemy—had excited the people to revolt—had brought with him proclamations and a flag for the same object; he had upon him printed copies of a decree by which he ordered that all the ministers, officers, and other agents of Ferdinand, who should oppose his progress, were to be considered as rebels and traitors, and treated accordingly: which crimes are by the articles of the criminal code punished with death. The sentence being read to him, he heard it without remark. He was led to a small court of the castle, where a platoon of soldiers was formed; he refused to be blindfolded, and when the men made ready their arms—"Spare the face," he cried to them, "and aim at the heart;"—and immediately afterwards he fell, without a struggle, still holding in his hand the miniatures of his wife and children. They were buried with him, in that very church to the erection of which he had contributed, and the priest Masdea performed the funeral service. Murat was in his forty-eighth year. He was born at Cahors, in France, of humble parents—entered the army at the beginning of the revolution—soon became a colonel—served with Bonaparte in Italy—was made successively General, Marshal, Grand Duke of Berg, and lastly King of Naples. He fought in hundreds of battles, and was never wounded. "He had the aspirations of a king, the head of a soldier, the heart of a friend. Ambitious and obstinate, he lost his kingdom through his ignorance of the art of government, which he confounded with the art of war. The mode of his death excited universal compassion."

Previous to commencing the history of the restoration, which fills up the three last books of his work, our author gives a summary of the good and the evil effects which the ten years of French occupation had produced upon the social state of the kingdom of Naples. The *civil* laws, which in 1805 were scattered through hundreds of volumes, were now compressed into one coherent and wise civil code. The *criminal* code, which, before that, did not exist except in detached

edicts and forensic customs, was likewise reduced to a fixed form and series of laws, however objectionable the latter might be, in some instances, on account of their too great severity, and the inequality between offences and punishments.

"It was not unbecoming to us to adopt the civil laws of France, founded, as they are, upon principles recognised by European civilization, and collected from the wisdom of both the ancients and moderns. But the *reason* of the penal laws must be looked for in the physical and moral nature of each country; the feelings and the sufferings of the various races of men differ greatly in their nature and intensity; the proportion of guilt attached to the same crime is not the same every where, any more than the degree of suffering inflicted by the same punishment; and, therefore, punishments which are requisite in one state of society are often either too harsh or too slight in another. The prodigality of the penalty of death in the French code was a consequence of twenty years of revolutions and wars, during which the life of man had been held of little value; the unjust award of confiscation was likewise derived from the habits of the French revolution, or rather from the avarice and cupidity of the revolutionists, and from the immense subversion of private and public fortunes. To the same causes may be traced the practice of placing individuals acquitted by the Courts under the *surveillance* of the police. The use of the pillory was likewise unfit for us; it was death to some, while to others it was only matter of indecent mirth."—vol. iii. pp. 76, 77.

The *code de procédure*, or form of legal proceedings in criminal matters, on the contrary, ought not to be subservient, like the penal laws, to times and countries; it ought to be derived from universal reason and judgment, and applicable alike to all times and places. The code of *procédure* which the Neapolitans received from France was, however, defective. There was no jury, and there were exceptional courts and magistrates, special and military tribunals, and police courts. Of these great abuse was made under the French, especially during Joseph's reign. But, on the other hand, one great improvement introduced by this code was the system of public and *viva voce* trials, instead of the former inquisitorial process and written depositions. This was the innovation which best pleased the Italians, for they felt that it was a security for their persons against the influence of wealth and power, and against the indolence, ignorance, or corruption of the magistrates and judges.

"Among our Neapolitans, especially, a race naturally suspicious and restless, but deficient in political virtue, there ought to be one security of civil liberty, instead of the thousand securities which our modern innovators have devised, and that is *publicity*: every act of the government, whether civil, judicial, or political, ought to be public, and open to public investigation."—vol. iii. p. 79.



Another advantage of the new code consisted in the so-called correctional laws, which repressed and punished petty transgressions against persons and honor, such as assaults, defamation, offences against decency, all which were formerly overlooked, because the Spanish vice-regal government, the principle of feudality, and the divisions of *ceti* (castes) kept the lower classes in a state of complete personal degradation.

The code of proceedings in civil matters was too much encumbered with forms, which entailed considerable expense and delay on suitors; but the establishment of local courts, the regular succession of judgments and appeals, the independence of the judicial power recognised in principle, although by a law of Murat's, of 1812, the magistrates were not yet made permanent; the security given to property by a public registry of deeds and mortgages, and lastly, the institution of the Supreme Court of Cassation, the guardian and protector of the laws; all these were the advantages of the new code.

The civil and financial administration had also its courts; a *Council of Intendance* in each province, the *Royal Court of Accounts*, which revised the decisions of the provisional councils, and lastly, the *Council of State*, which was a court of appeal. The proceedings of these courts were different from those of the civil tribunals; the principle of Napoleon's administration being essentially despotic and unbending, and tending always to favor the interests of the treasury and crown-domains, or, in other words, of the fisc.

The commercial code was liberally conceived. Courts were instituted consisting of commercial men, chosen by the body of merchants; frauds in trade, so common before at Naples, were strictly defined and punished; and suits speedily decided. The external or international part of the code, owing to the long maritime war, was never digested.

Such was the judicial system instituted during the ten years of French occupation, and, considering the confused and arbitrary state of things which it re-placed, it must be regarded, notwithstanding all its defects, as a great and essential benefit conferred by the conquerors on the country—magistrates in every *commune*, superior magistrates in every province, trials begun and terminated on the spot, an end put to secret practices, to tortures or threats, and to inquisitorial methods or suggestive examinations.

"And thus the immense mass of errors and vices of the old jurisprudence, the accumulation of eighteen centuries of national calamities, wars, in-

vasions, and revolutions," disappeared forever, and the law, which had formerly appeared to us merely an act of power, now assumed a character of benevolent protection; it no longer enjoined a blind obedience, but appealed to the reason and persuasion of the people."—vol. iii. p. 81.

The system of finances likewise underwent a thorough reform. The many old unequal taxes were abolished, and property and consumption became the bases of taxation. But this taxation was ruinous to the proprietors. A *catasto*, or inventory, of all the real property in the kingdom was begun, but never completed. The *fondiarìa*, or land and house tax, was laid indiscriminately upon all property; it averaged 20 per cent. of the net income, and produced seven millions of ducats. The burden was heavy, and, through intrigue, or from the want of accurate information, was often unequally laid. The old tax on salt was converted into a government monopoly, and every individual was obliged to buy a certain quantity of it (5 *rotoli*) per year. This salt tax was the most obnoxious of all others to the Neapolitans, who, seeing Nature lavishing this valuable article around their coasts, and in many of their mountain streams, cursed the financial oppression which thus deprived them of her bounty. The public debt was acknowledged; the interest amounted to 800,000 ducats at the time of Murat's fall. A sinking fund had been established. All feudal rights and possessions were abolished, although not without many acts of injustice towards the old possessors. The *fidei-commissi* were suppressed, and property made free and divisible between the children, male and female. Of the convents, those which were possessed of property were closed, but the mendicant orders, from which nothing could be taken, were allowed to remain. And the once wealthy monks and nuns, who had a life-interest in the property of their order, who had given up their prospects in the world, and had devoted themselves to monastic life, when the laws and customs of society not only protected but encouraged, and in some cases compelled their choice, were now turned adrift upon a friendless and contemptuous world, with a scanty and ill-paid pittance, (in most cases about one shilling a day.) Colletta himself acknowledges that "this suppression of the monasteries was effected, not in a spirit of philosophy or sound policy, but under the direction of financial rapacity."—vol. iii. p. 47.

His picture of the state of society, in all classes, is drawn with a masterly hand.

"Many of the magistrates were better informed, more just, more honest, than the former ones. The



clergy had become worse in character and reputation; the conquest of Naples, in 1806, had introduced the principles and the licentiousness of French liberty, and the clergy, as the church became poor, looked for wealth far from the altar; they were less hypocritical, less artful, but more scandalous in their lives; the monks, when converted into secular priests, threw discredit upon the clergy in general. The old nobles were poor, and decayed; the new ones unaccustomed to the patrician tone and manners, were more jealous of their power and wealth than of their rank; both classes were an ornament to, but not a support of, the monarchy: all privileges being abolished, the nobility became a class of landholders; their interests were no longer those of an order, but common to other proprietors. Of Murat's army, the soldiers remaining were few, as most of them had deserted, the officers many, the generals too many; and the spirit of all was restless, their language presumptuous, their craving for war and for honors had increased, while discipline and morality were relaxed. Ambitious men were accustomed to be rewarded for any services, and unscrupulous in seeking employment under any rulers. The lower orders had grown up among the dishonest profits of civil wars, and afterwards among the plunder of the feudal estates; they were now used to the enjoyment of equality, and were become covetous, restless, and ungovernable, unless by physical force. The old *prestige* which once surrounded the kingly person had vanished, since new men, like Joseph and Murat, had risen to that dignity before the eyes of the people; the blind veneration of our fathers was changed into a feeling of dread of the kingly power, while the former reverence for the king's acts had become mixed up with calculation; a moral change, fruitful of other results. The nation, tossed, as it had been for twenty years, in a sea of strange vicissitudes, bore in mind the unjust persecutions of 1793, the proscriptions of 1799, the despotism of the following years, the deceptions of modern liberty, the rapacity and insolence of foreign armies, the impotence of its own troops. It remembered the broken promises, the perjured oaths, the arts practised, either to extract money, or to favor the views of power. It perceived that kings, both old and new, were equally careless of the sentiments of the people; that the old relied on legitimacy, and the new on military force. But now both were alike broken; the real Bourbonists or Muratists were few; and the greater part of thinking men were *Carbonari*, or liberals, not displeased at Murat's fall, but watchful and suspicious of the conduct of his successor."—vol. iv. pp. 4, 5.

Ferdinand, in his addresses to the Neapolitans, dated from Sicily in May, 1815, promised peace and oblivion of the past. He promised to maintain the civil institutions established during his absence; he recognized the political equality of all his subjects; he confirmed the rank, honors, and pensions, of those who had served the late government; the sales of national property; and the amount of the national debt. And he kept his word. No one was molested for his past political conduct. The impartiality shown towards the officers who had returned from Sicily, as well as towards those who had served with Murat,

was carried to an extreme which appeared ingratitude to the former; and we remember hearing bitter complaints from some of them at the time. The French codes were maintained, with few modifications. Ferdinand confirmed the system of administration established by Murat; and yet, with all this, he did not succeed in giving general satisfaction. His conduct was the very reverse of that of his nephew, Ferdinand of Spain; and yet, a few years after, revolutions broke out alike against both.

What was the condition of Naples in 1819? Ferdinand had, up to that time, retained, with slight alterations, all the institutions adopted during the ten years of French domination, the codes, the equal administration of justice: the taxes were equally distributed; the civil administration was orderly, strict, and judicious; the police was not arbitrary, as in the old times of the monarchy; the bands in the provinces had been put down; the country enjoyed peace; the judicial power was independent; the ministers of the king, and the officers of the revenue, were subject to a public inspection; and, lastly, there was communal and municipal councils, provincial councils, and a chancellery; all assemblies of citizens and magistrates, for the purpose of promoting the common weal. These institutions, observes Colletta, acting together under the form of a mild, though nominally absolute, monarchy, constituted, in fact, a practical constitution which might be called one of freedom. The treasury was full, public credit good, works of improvement and embellishment were carrying on, the state was prosperous, the rulers benevolent, the present was happy, and there was a prospect of a happier futurity. Naples was among the best-governed kingdoms in Europe; it had adopted most of the new liberal ideas; it seemed to have gained the largest share of the benefit accruing from all the changes that had distracted Europe for a quarter of a century.

"Whence, then, the sudden discontent of the subjects? whence the tumults of the subsequent rebellion? What was wanting to the public satisfaction? It wanted persuasion, the confidence of the people in the good intentions of their rulers. Where that confidence exists, even injustice is easily tolerated; where it is wanting, justice itself becomes an object of suspicion. That confidence had been destroyed by the atrocities of 1799, by the simulations and uncertainties of the restoration, by the personal history of the king, by the intrigues of his ministers, by a commonly received opinion of their weakness and incapacity. The social body was flourishing, and yet, strange to say, the head was withering. The liberals were tormented by the fear that the good laws might fall into desuetude, that the moderate monarchy might return to



absolutism; they trembled for their persons, and the purchasers of national domains trembled for their property. It was not any real ground of complaint, but it was suspicion that brought about the revolution of 1820."—p. 98.

With slight alteration these remarks might apply equally well to the state of France under Charles X. It is a consequence of all revolutions effected by bloodshed and violence, and attended by a disruption of the social bond, that they destroy for a long time afterwards all confidence between the people and their governors, whoever these may be: and this moral consequence, though generally less noticed, is more fatal to the tranquillity of a nation than even the material mischief attending the convulsion.

There was in the king and his ministers a feeling of half-smothered aversion for what had been done, whether of good or evil, under the French occupation; their words spoke one thing, but their hearts meant another, and their measures, under the influence of these two opposite impulses, gave a jarring discordant motion to the social machine. Several imprudent acts of the government, though in minor matters, which Colletta notices at length, had brought that feeling to light, and the disaffected of course exaggerated their own suspicions, and excited those of others. The two sections of the army, Sicilian and Muratist, were jealous of each other; mutual taunts passed between them, and not all the benignity of the king could reconcile them. The king had individually shown favor to some of his old Sicilian officers, which was natural enough; but the jealous eye of partisanship overlooks nothing, and forgives no preference shown to an adversary. But the great, the principal, engine at work during the five years that passed between the restoration and the revolution of 1820, was the political sect of the Carbonari. Colletta gives a full account of this famed society. The origin of the Carbonari is attributed by some to the old associations of the *Charbonniers* (charrers or charcoal-burners) and *Fendeurs*, or hewers, which were formed at different times in the Jura mountains, in the Vosges, in the Netherlands, and in Germany. A vast tract in the Ardennes was called the Carbonarian forest. Men employed in cutting wood and making charcoal, in the vast forests and wild mountain tracts of those regions, joined in common bonds for mutual assistance and protection against robbers and other enemies, as well as against the oppression of the forest laws and their officers or foresters, which in Germany especially gave rise to frequent revolts of the

peasantry. The Charbonniers adopted conventional signs known only to themselves. Important services rendered to the association procured at times for persons of other professions, and of higher rank in society, admission into the order; and it is even asserted that several members of the French parliament, when dissatisfied with the court, were enrolled in it between the years 1770 and 1790.\* In a curious book published at Paris in 1815, on the Secret Societies formed against Napoleon's Government, there is an account, apparently authentic, of the origin and the objects of the society of the Charbonniers, or Bucherons, which had long existed in the French department of the Jura, and was called by the members *Le bon Cousinage* (good cousinship,) and which was actively employed for political objects during Bonaparte's reign. In Italy, in the Apennines of Genoa, the Charrers had also a sort of confederacy, though not of a political nature, for their mutual protection. A lively description of the existence and habits of these people is given in the Italian novel *La Fidanziata Ligure*.

Having premised thus much concerning the remote origin of the association, we now proceed to its introduction into the kingdom of Naples. Colletta attributes it to some Neapolitan emigrants, who left their country from political motives towards the beginning of the French revolution, and in their travels through France and Germany became initiated in the mysteries of the sect, which, like all other secret societies, had at that time assumed a political character; and who, on their return to Naples, formed a branch society in that kingdom, where, however, it remained for years unnoticed and powerless. Others have attributed its importation to a Neapolitan officer whose name is unknown, and who had served some time in Spain. It is well known that ever since the first French invasion of Italy under General Bonaparte, and his shameful betrayal of the republic of Venice, great dissatisfaction against the French prevailed among some of the Italian patriots, who had at first with credulous enthusiasm embraced the cause of the revolution, and had zealously assisted the invaders, conceiving that they were thus promoting the independence of their country. When they saw that they were mere tools in the hands of the conquerors, that their country was plundered without mercy, that the people, and not the old sovereigns or nobles, were the greatest sufferers by the change, these Italian patriots,

\*See *Memoirs of the Secret Societies of the South of Italy*. London, Murray, 1821.



more sincere than the crowd of blind or servile partizans of Napoleon, looked forward to some favorable opportunity of getting rid of the French, as they had already thrown off their own old absolute governments. This feeling gave rise to various secret associations in different parts of Italy. The Carbonari were one of these societies. In 1811, some of the sect applied to Maghella, who was then Director-General of the Police of Naples, representing to him that the Carbonari might be made a useful instrument in gaining over the lower classes, especially in the provinces, to the new institutions of the kingdom, and weaning them altogether from their old sympathy for Ferdinand of Sicily, and in creating a spirit of nationality favorable to Murat's dynasty. Maghella, a man of obscure origin, had been a revolutionist in his native country, Genoa: he afterwards became the friend of Saliceti, and accompanied him to Naples under Joseph Bonaparte. He was Saliceti's confidential agent in the police of Naples, some say his secret enemy. After Saliceti's sudden death, he became his successor as Director of the Police. He was well versed in all the intrigues of the various parties, and was himself a person of daring and unscrupulous character. Knowing that Murat had become really attached to the country which he governed, and that he bore impatiently the yoke of his imperious brother-in-law, he conceived that Murat might be made the instrument of restoring the national independence, and that every thing which strengthened Murat's government in the opinion of the people would tend ultimately to favor the emancipation of Italy from the French or any other foreign yoke. He therefore represented the sect to Murat in a favorable light, and, having obtained his consent, he allowed the Carbonari to organize their society, and hold their meetings under the protection of the police, by whom many of its members were soon afterwards employed. The sect spread rapidly, and in a short time there was hardly a public office in any branch of the administration that had not some Carbonari in it. The government of Eugene, in the north of Italy, being more dependent on, and more subservient to, Napoleon than that of Naples, was informed of the progress which the Carbonari were making in the kingdom of Naples. Maghella was already an object of suspicion to Napoleon's police. Under the pretence that he was a native of Genoa, and therefore a French subject, he was claimed by Napoleon, and Murat was obliged to send him to Paris, where he remained under *surveillance* until 1813, when he contrived

to escape, and returned to Naples. About the time that Maghella was sent away from Naples, Murat received a letter from Dandolo, Councillor of State of the kingdom of Italy, (the same who had acted a conspicuous part in the revolution of his native country, Venice,) in which he was warned against the Carbonari, who were fast spreading throughout Italy, and who, Dandolo said, "were enemies of every throne." This warning, however, produced no immediate change in Murat's policy. He at that epoch entertained secret views of raising the standard of independence over all Italy, a scheme which his wife contrived to avert for the moment, by persuading him to join once more Napoleon's army in Germany. The Carbonari, who had been favorable to those views, now became objects of suspicion and hostility to the Napoleon party at Naples. It seems to have been about this time, 1813, that the Carbonari turned their attention towards Sicily, and its new constitution, established by the influence of the English.\*

"The Sicilian government and the English agents in Sicily entered into correspondence with the Carbonari of Naples; they forwarded to them copies of the Sicilian constitution, and of the laws promulgated under it, dwelling on the altered politics of King Ferdinand, and promising similar institutions to the continental kingdom, when once restored to the Bourbons. Murat's police, having discovered these secret intelligences, proscribed the Carbonari, arrested many of them, and instituted courts-martial to try them."—vol. iii. p. 197.

The great strength of the Carbonari lay in the province of Calabria. General Manhes, known for his former extermination of the insurgents in 1810, was entrusted with the task of extirpating the Carbonari. The sect was persecuted without mercy, in the true spirit of Napoleon's system. Numerous adepts were put to death. One of the leaders, Capobianco by name, a bold young man, one of the principal citizens of his native town, and as such captain in the local militia, being too powerful to be safely arrested in his stronghold, was led into a snare. Under the appearance of his being totally unsuspected by the government, he was invited by a friendly letter from the

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\* Botta states, and we believe not without reason, that the Carbonari had been already implicated in the former insurrection of Calabria, in the years 1808—1810, against the French, though not exactly in favor of Ferdinand; that they had proclaimed a republic at Catanzaro, and that Prince Moliterno and Capobianco were then at their head. See Botta, *Storia d'Italia dal 1789 al 1814*, books xxiii xxiv.



commandant of the province to a public dinner, which was to be given at Cosenza on the occasion of some festival, and to which other officers of the militia, and the principal authorities, were likewise invited. Capobianco went, dined with the general and the other numerous guests, but on retiring after dinner, he was arrested by the *gens-d'armes*, brought before a military court, sentenced, and beheaded the next day in the square of Cosenza. Many of the Carbonari fled to Sicily to escape the tyranny of Murat's government, and to breathe, strange as it may sound, the air of liberty under the old dynasty; and certainly the characters of the two dynasties seemed now reversed. Ferdinand appeared the more just and merciful of the two rival kings. The violence and vigor which Murat's government had formerly displayed against the insurgents and brigands were now enforced against the sect of the Carbonari, but with this difference, that the old insurgents committed crimes, while the sect demanded good laws. The sect has since degenerated, but at that time it was immaculate; it had come into the kingdom at the request of Murat's own government; its rites and its objects were then benevolent and liberal. Many of Murat's friends, who did not belong to the sect, strongly disapproved of its cruel persecution.—pp. 198, 199.

In the following year, 1814, while Murat was with his army at Bologna, the Carbonari of Abruzzo broke into open insurrection, and proclaimed Ferdinand as Constitutional King. The whole province of Teramo revolted; the magistrates were removed and new ones substituted, but without any violence or disorder. Murat, however, sent troops and issued decrees; the revolt was easily put down, and the French general, Montigny, had the charge of prosecuting the leaders. Many deaths, many sufferings, tears, and sorrows of families, saddened the Abruzzi as well as Calabria.

The fall of Murat, in 1815, was, as might be expected, a subject of rejoicing to the Carbonari, who, having met with encouragement and support in Sicily from Ferdinand's government, anticipated equal favor from it at Naples. But Ferdinand, after his restoration, mistrusted them; the Sicilian constitution itself was suppressed, and the Prince of Canosa, well known for his furious absolutism, being made minister of police in 1816, encouraged an opposite sect, called *Calderari*, or "braziers," which he recruited from the ranks of the old insurgents and brigands of 1799 and following years. His idea was to put down the Carbonari by means of the *Calderari*, and he

was thus very near involving the whole kingdom in a dreadful social war; when the king, being informed of the illegal conduct of his minister, and the ambassadors of Austria and Russia having remonstrated against such dangerous practices, Canosa was dismissed, and he left the country. The Carbonari, however, were now openly denounced by the government, and their meetings prohibited. Pope Pius VII., also, after his return to Rome, excommunicated them, and having, in 1817, discovered an extensive plan of revolt at Macerata, Ancona, and other parts of the Papal states, which had been arranged by the Carbonari of Romagna and the Marches, a trial was instituted at Macerata, and sentence of death pronounced, in October, 1818, against five of the leaders, which sentence the Pope commuted into one of perpetual imprisonment.\* The Carbonari of Naples now shrank from public notice, and ceased to hold their assemblies. There were thousands of these sectarians in the kingdom, but there was no organized sect. Frequent personal quarrels occurred in the provinces between men who stigmatized each other with the names of *Calderari* and *Carbonari*; accusations and imprisonments, murders, and other acts of violence, ensued; the seed sown by Canosa's imprudence had found a proper soil in the fiery temperament and tenacious passions of those wild and secluded populations.

"The Carbonari became irritated, revengeful, and sanguinary; the sect degenerated, and from being speculative it became active, and in the common danger of its members having discovered its own strength, it was no longer satisfied with remaining on the defensive, but turned assailant, and dark crimes were concerted at its meetings. As deeds of wickedness require wicked instruments, the most unprincipled characters, even from the opposite faction, were induced to join the ranks of the Carbonari. Crime became a title to initiation; the sect thus corrupted, not content with meddling in public affairs, fostered private passions, and through private hatred, jealousy, and revenge, much blood was spilt both of the guilty and the innocent."—vol. iv. p. 93.

The provinces of Puglia, and that of Lecce in particular, were, during the year 1817, desolated by the outrages of the sects which, under the various names of *Carbonari*, *Calderari*, *Decisi*, *European Patriots*, and *Philadelphians*, exercised club-law over those unfortunate districts. The famous banditti chiefs Vardarelli called themselves Carbonari. The priest, *Ciro Annichiarico*, at the head of several hundred *Decisi*, the

\*The report of the proceedings of this celebrated trial was printed at Rome, and an extract from them is given in the Appendix to the above-mentioned *Memoirs of the Secret Societies of the South of Italy*, p. 172—193. The plan of these Roman Carbonari appears to have been sanguinary and atrocious.



most sanguinary and determined sect of all, was the terror of the province of Lecce. General Church was sent with 1200 men, in July, 1817, to put down these bands. It was a regular campaign: Ciro defended himself in the village of San Marsano, and afterwards shut himself up in a large Apulian farm at Scaserba, where he sustained a regular siege against several companies of soldiers. He was taken at last, and executed on the 8th of February, 1818. Of his band 227 were brought to trial, and about half of them executed. It was not till September, 1818, that the province of Lecce was again pacified. The trial of Ciro Annichiarico brought to light a number of atrocities committed by the sect of the *Decisi*. Ciro's career of guilt began in 1803, by a murder from jealousy, and on his last examination he acknowledged that he had killed between sixty and seventy persons with his own hand, and three of his companions confessed to about forty more. The *Decisi* had for their symbols a thunderbolt darting from a cloud, and striking the crowns and the tiara; the fasces and the cap of liberty upon a death's head between two axes, &c. Their tricolor was yellow, red, and blue. They passed sentence of death upon any persons obnoxious to them, and the mandate was fearlessly executed by some of the brethren. They levied forced contributions of money or provisions, which few dared refuse. They called the province of Lecce "the Salentine republic, a link of the great European republic." In its ranks were included priests, canons, and monks, who, although they themselves laughed at religion, yet performed mass before their more credulous followers. It has been an old remark in France, Italy, and Spain, that apostate priests have proved the worst of revolutionists, and the most remorseless instruments of faction, whether for the king or for liberty, for the old or the new governments.

The severity of the government, though successful in Puglia against one outrageous band, was powerless against the other numerous sects, or divisions of sects, which were spread all over the kingdom. The Carbonari, who may be considered the parent stock of all, had grown too strong; they frightened the prosecutors; witnesses prevaricated; the judges were intimidated, or seduced; and impunity was insured to the adepts. This being once ascertained, every man who was afraid of judicial pursuits, no matter for what offence, or who meditated some future act of violence, hastened to enrol himself among the sectarians; the prisons became *vendite*, or lodges, and

the Calderari themselves, perceiving greater security in the opposite faction, joined it; all those who were haunted by an evil conscience became Carbonari.

"Such," observes Colletta, "were the Carbonari in the year 1818, at which time the army, divided in opinions and feeling between Bourbonists and Muratists, being moreover badly organized, ill paid, and worse disciplined, appeared to the sect a proper element for propagandism. The sectarians labored sedulously to seduce the subalterns; none of the generals, or at most but one, became adepts, and few of the field-officers. The provincial militia, officers, and privates, were all sectarians. Nor were the clergy free from the contagion. Religion was fallen: modern philosophy had weakened the belief in some of its doctrines, and a licentious morality had swept away the rest; nothing remained but mere rites and ceremonies. Confession was looked upon as the means of settling an old score of sins in order to begin anew; it had become an act of penitence, and not of repentance, as it ought to have been; prayers were repeated with the lips, but not with the heart; alms were given mechanically, and through habit or vanity, not from real charity: religion, in short, was reduced to mere superstition, or what is worse, to hypocrisy and deceit."—p. 94.

At the beginning of 1819, the society of Carbonari was composed of daring and active men, much fitter to overthrow existing institutions than to found new ones; but towards the end of the same year, it received an important accession of strength of a different kind. Men of influence and intelligence, who had hitherto kept aloof from a disorderly association, being now convinced of the power of the sect, and aware of the weakness of the government, hastened to join the former, regarding it as a means either of protecting their property in the convulsion which they saw was at hand, or of acquiring power in the new order of things which might ensue. The Carbonari, having thus added the influence of wealth and of talent to that of numbers, became stronger than the government.

"I often wondered," says Colletta, "within myself, during the five years that elapsed from the restoration to the revolution of 1820, at the supineness of those who were then at the helm of the state, and who must have known what was going on. Was this supineness the result of indolence, of fear, or of political necessity? I afterwards discovered it to have been the result of the old system of politics, which was once looked upon as consummate wisdom, and which consisted in not grappling with opinions, but sometimes reprobating, sometimes tolerating, now yielding and now resisting, until the opinions and sects became contemptible and worn out. Such was the wisdom of our ministers, old in age and in doctrines. But times were changed. The Carbonari, in the eighteenth century, were a mere theoretical sect, because it was kept in check by the remains of feudalism and of Catholicism; but now, in the nineteenth, being assisted by the passions and aspirations of the times, it was more than a sect, it became a power in the state. . . . I shall say nothing here of its rites, its vows, its emblems, and degrees, because the spirit and substance of political associations consist not in their external forms and pageants, but in the interests of the men who compose them. We shall, therefore, sufficiently understand the meaning of this sect, if we consider the Carbonari as the lower class of society, who, having rallied round the principle of civil equality, move



forward *en masse*, pressing against the higher ranks; an impulse which, in a virtuous and moral community, tends to establish popular and democratic institutions, but, in the corrupt and profligate societies of our days, serves no other purpose than as an instrument for seizing upon power and wealth, under the formularies and the language of democracy."—vol. iv. p. 96.

The news of the revolution of Cadiz, at the beginning of 1820, produced a great sensation at Naples, as the example of Spain was of great weight with the Neapolitans, from the old connections and sympathy existing between the two countries. The revolution of Spain was effected at first without bloodshed, and this was another argument in its favor with the Neapolitans, anxious for political improvement, but still more anxious, from the sad experience of past convulsions, about the security of their persons and property.

"Had the revolution appeared with its usual train of evils and dangers, I really believe that our sectarians and liberals would have rejected it at once. . . . The Carbonari were now busier than ever; their numbers increased rapidly, especially among the military. The boasted heroism of Riego and Quiroga had weakened in the consciences of military men the sentiment of the sacredness of their oaths; perjury was represented as a virtue."—p. 100.

The almost open machinations of the Carbonari, their avowed design of obtaining a constitutional government, their extensive correspondence throughout the kingdom, their vast accession of numbers, all these things were known to the police and to the Neapolitan ministers, who, strange to say, wasted several months without doing anything for the purpose of averting the storm. They were averse to soliciting the return of the Austrian troops, which had two years before been withdrawn at their own request; they durst not grant a constitution, on account of a secret article of the treaty with Austria; they were unwilling to take strong measures against the Carbonari, because the minister Medici had always assured the king that the sect was contemptible and by no means to be feared. Meanwhile nothing was done, and the conspiracy advanced apace, almost in broad day-light. In the first number of a journal published at Naples soon after the revolution, and called *L'Amico della Costituzione*, it was stated, that in the preceding month of March alone the number of Carbonari enrolled on the registers amounted to 642,000. "The society of the Carbonari was the focus of discontent, not because it propagated sentiments inimical to the government, but because all those whose opinions were hostile to the government had become Carbonari." They applied themselves especially to make proselytes among the lower orders, among

menials, Lazzaroni, and fishermen, by representing to them the sect as a religious one;—for it had a double character,—and of course the lower degrees were kept in ignorance of the ulterior objects of the masters. The boldness of the Carbonari having become too barefaced, the police towards the end of May, 1820, was in a manner obliged to arrest some individuals. The organization of the conspiracy however proceeded at Salerno, Nocera, Nola, Avellino, Aversa, and in all the provinces nearer to the capital. Several regiments were won over. Still the leaders hesitated to give the signal. At last two subalterns of cavalry took the task upon themselves. On the morning of the 2d of July, 1820, Morelli and Silvati, second lieutenants of the regiment Reale Borbone, with 127 soldiers and serjeants, left their quarters at Nola, together with the priest Menichini, and about twenty Carbonari civilians, and took the road to Avellino, where the sect was strong, and whither other Carbonari from Salerno had repaired on the preceding day. As this band moved along the road and through the villages, meeting the country-people who were proceeding to market or to their labors in the fields, they shouted—"God, the King, and the Constitution forever!" The meaning of the word constitution was not well understood by the hearers, and not much better by the promulgators themselves, but every one interpreted it according to his own wishes; the farmers expected a reduction of the land-tax, the liberals liberty, the good expected good results, the ambitious looked for power, and the unmeaning cry of the deserters was answered by the *erriva* of the bewildered multitude. Revolutions require a word, however false, which flatters the general interests: for if the furies of civil strife were to show themselves in their nakedness, they would find but few admirers or followers.—p. 105.

Morelli encamped at Mercogliano, whence he wrote to Colonel De Concilj, who commanded at Avellino, a wealthy and influential man in that his native town, inviting him to join the constitutional cause, and to assume the command. De Concilj hesitated. The news reached Naples the same morning; the minister at war ordered General William Pepe to proceed to Avellino and put down the insurrection; but the king's council disapproving the choice, Pepe was countermanded, and this appearance of mistrust served to awaken his own suspicions. General Carascosa was ordered next, but a whole valuable day was thus lost. De Concilj, seeing the weakness of the government, then declared himself, and on the



3d of July proclaimed the constitutional king at Avellino, collected partisans from every quarter, and formed a camp on the heights of Monteforte, on the road towards Naples. Carascosa on arriving at Nola found that he could proceed no farther, having only 600 men under him; while General Nunziante was at Nocera with a larger force, and General Campana at Salerno. Neither of the three columns was of sufficient strength to force the insurgent position at Monteforte, but the three together would have been more than adequate. The government, however, was afraid to unite them, and thus, each of the generals acting separately and without support from the others, all of them failed. Desertion spread among their troops. On the 5th, a whole regiment of cavalry stationed at Nocera set off with colors flying, in the middle of the day, and went over to the insurgents. Other regiments declared that they would not fight against the Constitutionalists. Mutiny became infectious, as it always happens when it is not immediately repressed. General Nunziante himself, an old tried royalist, wrote to the king that it was in vain to oppose the cry for the constitution which was spreading everywhere, and advised his majesty to grant it. Carascosa had still some hopes of succeeding by negotiation, on the failure of which he had fixed the morning of the 6th to attack the insurgents. On the night, however, between the 5th and the 6th, General Pepe, who had remained at Naples, being told by some Carbonari that an order had been issued for his arrest, left the capital in company with another general, and they induced a regiment of cavalry and several companies of infantry to follow them and join the insurgents. The report of this new defection soon spread through Naples. Five Carbonari went in the middle of the night to the king's palace, saying to the guards that they were public envoys sent to speak to the king on matters of state. At any other time such a piece of presumption would have cost the intruders dear, but in the moment of general alarm a domestic took in the message, and the Duke of Ascoli, the king's confidential chamberlain, came out. "We are delegates sent to the king to say that the peace of the capital cannot be maintained unless his majesty grants the wished-for constitution. The Carbonari and the citizens are in arms and waiting for an answer." The duke went into the king, and returned with the answer that his majesty had already resolved upon granting a constitution, and that he was now consulting with his ministers upon the subject. One of the five then said, "When will it be pro-

mulgated?" "Immediately." "That is to say?" "Within two hours," answered Ascoli, thus taken by surprise. Then another of the delegates, stepping up to the duke, without saying a word, unceremoniously seized the chain of the duke's watch, pulled it out, and pointing to the hand which marked one o'clock, "At three," said he, "the constitution shall be proclaimed." He then returned the watch to the astonished duke, and went away with his companions. This man was Piccoletti, Ascoli's son-in-law.—p. 114.

Three of the ministers were closeted with the king and his son the Duke of Calabria. Those ministers, presumptuous in security, now disheartened in adversity, urged the king to yield to necessity; and, while Ferdinand, more firm, and perhaps more clear-sighted, resisted, they insisted and intimidated him. The old Marquis Circello was the most pressing. Ferdinand yielded at last, and issued an edict, dated the 6th of July, promising a constitutional government, the basis of which should be promulgated within eight days. At the same time he ordered all the troops to return to their quarters. The edict reached Carascosa while he was preparing to attack the insurgents. The troops that had remained faithful returned to Naples shouting like the rest—"The constitution forever!" but the insurgents kept their position at Monteforte.

The Carbonari, however, did not trust the delay of eight days; they said that eight days were too few to frame a new constitution, and too many to adopt one of those already existing in Europe: and that as the king, in his quality of Infante of Spain, had acknowledged the constitution of that kingdom framed by the Cortes in 1812, it was better to promulgate at once the same for Naples. The cry was now for the Constitution of Spain, and the capital was again in an uproar. The duke of Calabria, whom his father had entrusted with the direction of affairs, assembled a council in haste on the evening of the 6th. One of the councillors, whom we suspect to have been Colletta himself, being asked by the prince for his opinion, advised, as all means of resistance had been neglected or abandoned, to grant at once the Constitution of the Cortes. "But," observed the prince, "is this Spanish Constitution after all suited to the Neapolitan people?" "It were vain to discuss that point here," replied the speaker, "the question is how to stop the revolution, and not to inquire about the motives of it. Those who cry loudest for the Constitution of Spain do not themselves understand the political meaning of it; it is a dogma for



them; any other constitution, were it better suited, were it even more democratic, would not satisfy them now." The same evening the Constitution of the Cortes was promulgated. The elections of the deputies to the parliament, a thing totally new in Naples, fell mostly upon men of respectable character, and, strange as it may appear, few Carbonari were among the number.

On the first of October, the parliament was opened by the king in person. The eyes of all were fixed upon the assembly, in order to scrutinize the sentiments of its members; it was soon reviled by men of both extremes, the absolutists calling it an assembly of demagogues, and the liberals accusing it of servility. The ministers thought it too restive; the demagogues charged it with being too ministerial. These censures taken together constituted an eulogium. The style of speaking was often turgid and declamatory, like that of men unused to the practice of liberty. Many of the deputies fancied that mistrust of and opposition to ministers was the first duty of a representative. The public, new to all this, often mistook the crude or exaggerated sentences of one deputy for the opinion of the whole house. One of the first acts of the parliament was to change the names of the provinces, as the republicans had done in 1799, and there appeared again the classic names of the Marsi, Samnites, Hirpini, Lucanians, &c.

"Other innovations were daily proposed, all agreeable to the multitude, because new things please new men, and it is for this reason that the most difficult, as well as the wisest, task in revolutions is to do little and gradually. They wanted to change not only the political, but the whole social edifice. . . . The communal and provincial administration was dissolved; the directors of the forests, of the roads and bridges, of the crown or national lands, of the custom-houses, all were threatened with the same fate; every thing was to be remodelled; new systems of judicature and finances were broached at one and the same time. The hurry of innovation was destroying the work of many years of reflection, labor, and mature counsel. The rage for novelty was encouraged by the noisy applause of the galleries."—pp. 156, 157.

Are we reading the history of the first French or of the Cisalpine legislative assemblies, or that of the Spanish Cortes of 1820–3, or of those of Portugal of the same period? It is the history of all popular assemblies new to the practice of liberty. It is this hurry of doing every thing at once, this love of abstractions, this eagerness for popular applause, that has proved the bane and the ruin of all democratic assemblies in Europe. The idea of trusting to such an assembly, single and uncontrolled, the whole

destinies of a nation, seems little short of insanity,

Meanwhile the Carbonari were not idle:—

"They extended their proselytism wider and wider; all who felt ambition or fear applied to become adepts, and the sect received all. Every public office or judicial administration, every regiment, every ship of war, had its *vendita*. In the regiments two opposite gradations of rank were formed—a colonel first in the field was often lowest in the *vendita*, and a non-commissioned officer was above him in sectarian dignity. Their respective duties and engagements clashed, and the destruction of all discipline was the result. The partisans of the Carbonari, totally ignorant of the art of war, extolled the enthusiasm of the sectarian soldiers, forgetting that impetuous passions seldom give birth to any prodigy, but in most cases lead to ruin, and that military ardor without discipline degenerates into confusion. In their nightly meetings the acts and the opinions of the generals were scrutinized, and according to the custom of vulgar societies, some were stigmatized as traitors, or as enemies to liberty; the generals felt offended and became suspicious. The police, however, contrived to introduce itself among the sect, so as to control or influence its movements."

We have not space to enter into an account of the revolt of Palermo, which forms an important episode in the history of the Neapolitan revolution. The people of Palermo wanted a "Repeal of the Union" and a "Domestic Parliament." Messina and other towns of Sicily were in favor of the union with Naples. The insurgents of Palermo, after committing many excesses, were put down by force of arms.

The foreign relations of Naples presented the greatest difficulties to the new government. Colletta treats this part of his subject with sobriety and impartiality, and as a man of experience in the affairs of the world. He does not lay much stress on the absolute principle of non-interference, considering it, in its abstract sense, as inapplicable to the present state of European society, and as having been repeatedly infringed even by those who first proclaimed it. But interference can only be excused on the plea of self-preservation, and even then, it ought to assume the character of impartial mediation, and not to be all in favor of one side. Colletta acknowledges that the old monarchies of Europe, and Austria in particular, had some reason for alarm at the turn affairs were taking at Naples, yet they were anxious to avoid open war.

"The liberals of Europe, while applauding the Neapolitan revolution, and defending its maxims, threatened the security of other thrones; many Italians, several Frenchmen, some Prussians, one Russian, two Englishmen of some name, stepped forth as the champions of Neapolitan liberty, and offered to form regiments of foreign volunteers; banking houses in London and Paris contracted



loans for us; foreign generals gave their advice on the defence of the country and the mode of organizing a resistance of the whole population, &c. This, which may be styled a political crusade, gave uneasiness to the monarchs, especially when the nature of the Neapolitan revolution, free from bloodshed or violence, was considered. The military stain of the 127 deserters from Nola had, through success and the public applause, been turned into a meritorious and glorious act; other armies might follow the example, other governments felt tottering, the change might spread to all Europe. The sovereigns, therefore, wished, if possible, to save their monarchies without resorting to hostilities, by rendering the constitution of Naples more conformable to those already existing in other parts of Europe, thus avoiding scandal and the danger of imitation. France, which was most interested in the preservation of peace, was willing to interpose its mediation, provided the Neapolitan government, by introducing certain reforms in the constitution, should calm the reasonable apprehensions of foreign powers. This proffered mediation was well-timed, and might have maintained peace; the means were also practicable, as our parliament was then discussing the subject of reforms in the constitution. But the Carbonari vociferated and threatened, and General Pepe, trusting to the muster-rolls and to the boastings of the sect, was favorable to war, and looked upon peace by mediation as humiliating and mischievous. The parliament was divided into three parties: one of the violent liberals, strong in number, and stronger still through the vociferations of the popular galleries, but destitute of talent or eloquence; another party consisted of men who looked anxiously to the future, who were well disposed, but timid and silent, powerless in debate, but very powerful by their votes, being the most numerous of the three; the last party was that of the moderate liberals, but foremost in eloquence and talent. Poerio, Borelli, Galdi, Nicolai, Dragonetti, belonged to this last class. But, in the debates, the terror of the Carbonari prevailed, as no deputy dared to encounter the passions, however intemperate, of the sect. Therefore, the speeches of the deputies on abstract matters sounded lofty, independent, and generous, but, on practical subjects, they were low and servile towards the people. Hence it followed, that the mediation of France was rejected, that the reforms introduced into the constitution, borrowed from Spain, instead of rendering it more congenial to the spirit of monarchy, removed it still further from it, and that other and more serious errors were committed, which rendered all negotiation impossible, and war unavoidable. The reforms proposed by the parliament to the king were three; i. e. the number of deputies to be increased by two-fifths, that of the council of state to be reduced by two-fifths, and the councillors to be selected in proportion from every province. The king only sanctioned the second, and took time to consider the others. But the principle of a single chamber, the permanent deputation, the obligatory sanction in certain cases of the laws proposed by parliament, these and other articles injurious or disagreeable to the monarch were confirmed.—pp. 169–172.

Meanwhile the treasury was nearly empty, the expenses of a large army were increasing, the revenue was reduced; Sicily, owing to its own distracted state and its disaffection, contributed but little; public credit had

fallen in consequence of the prospect of war; the public works, the charitable institutions, were struck with decay, and in the midst of this, the popular discontent, and the cabals of the police increased, as well as the fears of the king, who had no confidence in his ministers, was haunted by the dread of the Carbonari, had no party in the parliament or among the people, suspected his own guards, mistrusted every body. He secretly informed the Allied Sovereigns, then assembled at Troppau, of his situation, and the three famous letters from the Emperors of Austria and Russia, and the King of Prussia, requesting an interview with him at Laybach, were the result. The king sent a message to parliament expressing his wish to go in order to preserve peace, by obtaining the acknowledgment of the Allies either to the present constitution, or at all events, "to another charter, which should ensure a national representation, individual liberty, the liberty of the press, the independence of the judicial power, and the responsibility of ministers," and, in all cases, a total oblivion of the past. On the 7th of December, the message was read in parliament, as well as the letters of the sovereigns, after which the minister withdrew. Then loud vociferations broke out from the galleries of "The Constitution of Spain or death!" The next day was appointed for taking the message into consideration.

The Carbonari had been busy writing to their friends in the provinces; they knew that their influence and power were essentially linked with the existence of a democratic constitution, and they determined to run into the most dangerous extremes rather than allow any alteration to be made in their favorite statute. The general assembly of the sect at Naples proclaimed itself permanent; the other *vendite* followed its example. They tore the king's message from the walls; they ran in the night about the city with torches, vociferating "The Constitution of Spain, or death!" they alarmed the whole peaceful population. On the morning of the 8th, the capital was full of armed provincials, who had hurried thither at the call. Some of the deputies made their wills and took the sacrament, before they went to the hall of their sittings, and, as they passed through the vestibule, they were accosted, one by one, by the Carbonari, who, by displaying their daggers, significantly manifested their determination of maintaining the constitution of Spain at all risks, but at the same time to let the old king set off if he chose. This last resolve had been artfully brought about by means of the secret agents of the police, who had intro-



duced themselves among the Carbonari, and who, by magnifying their suspicions of the king's sincerity, and extolling at the same time the liberality and good faith of the prince-vicar, had persuaded many that it would be an advantage if the latter were to remain the sole head of the government in the absence of his father.

"The parliament chose the very worst of several expedients that it might have adopted. It might have approved the entire message of the king, and, by accepting the sovereign's spontaneous offer of a new constitution, have strengthened the rights of the people, and made it more difficult for the king to violate his promise; or it might have rejected the message altogether, have confirmed the Spanish constitution, and refused its assent to the king's departure. Or if the parliament had agreed to the king's offer of a statute as a reform of the Spanish constitution, and at the same time rejected the king's proposed departure as being thereby rendered unnecessary, the objections of the Allies would have been removed by the fact of the reform being accepted; every desirable object would have been attained, the king would have been re-assured and glad to concur in averting war and fresh troubles. On the contrary, by insisting, as it did, on the whole Spanish constitution, and allowing at the same time the king to set off, every vantage ground was lost. The deputies did not wish for the worst, but they were terrified by the threats of the Carbonari, and, having no experience in revolutionary affairs, they looked to the nearest danger, without heeding future ones, and their views of durability were founded upon the least durable of all things, the present moment."—p. 178.

But, before this decision of parliament was made known, there came another message from the king, evidently dictated by mere fright, in which he promised to maintain, at all risks, the constitution of Spain, and to defend it even by arms, if necessary, against the Allied Sovereigns. The king then hurried on board, glad to escape from his present irksome situation. This seems to have been his predominant feeling at the moment.

"My age (he wrote to his son) requires rest, and my mind, weary of so many vicissitudes and changes, recoils at the idea of civil discord and foreign war. Let us preserve to my subjects the blessings of peace, and after thirty years of storms, make ourselves sure of a harbor."

These words express very clearly Ferdinand's impressions at the moment. On arriving at Laybach, however, he was easily persuaded to return to his former sentiments and habits of thought, and to the conviction that Naples was a country unfit for a popular government.

On the 28th of January, 1821, letters came to Naples from the king, dated from Laybach, in which he stated that he found the Allied Sovereigns determined not to recog-

nize the present state of things at Naples, as being tumultuary and incompatible with the safety of the neighboring countries; that they had advised him to consult the wisest men in his dominions about new institutions to be given to his subjects, but in the mean time they demanded, as a guarantee, that an Austrian force, which was already in march for that purpose, should be placed in the kingdom for a time. This letter being communicated to parliament, that assembly unanimously decided on resistance and war.

"This decision, and the public joy manifested on the occasion, were the effects, not of prudence, not of hope, not even of the courage of despair, but of that passion for applause which is so strong in the minds of the people of the Two Sicilies. But calm succeeded, and men began to think seriously of the consequences."

Colletta was recalled from Sicily, and appointed minister at war. The army was divided into two bodies; General Pepe, with 10,000 regulars, besides the provincial militia, had the command of the Abruzzi; and General Carascosa, with 18,000 men, and a large number of militia, was posted on a line of the Garigliano. The Austrians remained for a time on the borders of the Roman territory, as if unwilling to strike the first blow. They even expressed, in several instances, a scrupulous respect for the Neapolitan frontiers. This looked inviting for the purpose of negotiation; the prince-vicar intended to propose the subject to parliament, not daring to take the matter upon himself, but Colletta overruled the scruples of the council, and it was agreed to send envoys to the Austrian head-quarters.

"There were still hopes of averting many calamities, when, all at once, we read in a Neapolitan newspaper, of the 7th of March, that General Pepe had promised, many days before, that he would on that very day attack and defeat the Austrians, who were posted at Rieti, in the Roman state. Whether this was his original determination, or he was urged to it by letters from the more zealous sectarians and deputies, who said that liberty was endangered by the proposed negotiations for peace, he could not be dissuaded from his purpose by the advice and entreaties of several officers under him, nor by the resolutions of the parliament and the instructions of the Regent, which were entirely for keeping on the defensive. He did not consider the heavy responsibility incurred by striking the first blow."\*—p. 207.

He did march against Rieti on the 7th, with only part of his troops; the Austrians came out in three columns, which attacked the Neapolitans in front and in flank. The ranks of the Neapolitans were thrown into confusion, and a fine regiment of Hungarian cavalry, charging at the moment, decided

\* General Pepe in his "Relation of Events," which he published in 1822, stated his reasons for the attack, which he intended only for the purpose of reconnoitring. He says that the disorder manifested itself, not in the attack, but in the retreat.



the rout. Cries of treason, and *salva chi può*, were heard in the ranks. General Russo, with a small body of men, kept the Austrians awhile in check, but the great majority of the troops fled in disorder. The news spreading in the night and next day through the other camps, the example became contagious; the soldiers, no longer obeying their officers, took the way to their respective homes; the army of Abruzzo was disbanded, without, for the most part, having seen the enemy. No doubt the King's proclamation, which ordered his subjects not to oppose the Austrians under pain of rebellion, contributed mainly to this extraordinary panic. Colletta observes justly, that, all the foreign invasions of Naples being mixed up with, and supported by, political factions within the country itself, the native troops have appeared in the double character of soldiers and partisans, and as such exposed, in case of reverse, to prison or the scaffold, things more dreaded than the dangers of the field. This, and the geographical position of the kingdom, situated in a *cul de sac*, may serve to explain how the Neapolitans, courageous in single combat, determined as insurgents, brave in foreign countries when united to other armies, have ever made a bad defence on their own frontiers.

The sequel is briefly told. The army of Carascosa mutinied, killed several of its officers, and the general himself was in danger of his life. The guards declared that they would not fight against the king. On the 21st of March, the Austrians occupied Capua by a convention, and on the 23d they entered Naples. The parliament, after protesting, adjourned itself *sine die*.

Colletta reckons among other causes of the Neapolitan failure, that the Muratists, who, whether officers or civilians, were certainly the most able men in the country, did not feel much enthusiasm for the constitution of the Cortes, which was too democratic for them. The Muratists did not effect the revolution of 1820, as it has been supposed.

"The tumultuous and blind choice of the constitution of the Cortes, intrinsically faulty for Spain itself, was impracticable in a double kingdom like Naples and Sicily, in the presence of an hostile king, and amidst a fickle and disorderly people, not yet ripe for so much liberty. The hot-headed sectarians talk of the heroic defences of ancient times, and of Greece in our own days; but they do not reflect that the virtues of barbarism are impossible in civilized times, and that our armies and our people were not in the condition of these of Saguntum or Misolonghi; they were not reduced to the last extremity of despair."—pp. 222, 223.

The 10th and last book of Colletta's history treats of the administration of Ferdinand from the suppression of the constitution to his death in January, 1825. It had been agreed at Laybach, that things should be

replaced as they were in 1820; that only the leaders of the military revolt at Monteforte should be punished, though not by death; and that all others should be overlooked, or induced, and even assisted, to emigrate. But the advice of Canosa, who saw Ferdinand at Florence, was for measures of rigor, and the revolt of General Rossarol, at Messina, subsequent to the entrance of the Austrians into Naples, furnished an argument in favor of Canosa's policy. That revolt, however, was soon put down, but several persons suffered death in consequence. In the provinces remote from the seat of government, and amidst local animosities and party feuds, the re-action, as usual, assumed a more fatal character.

"Numerous bands of liberals and Carbonari officers and others wandered about in arms. They had friends in the towns, where they often made their appearance in defiance of the authorities. A Captain Venuti attacked the town of Laurenzana, in Basilicata, defeated the guard, and liberated a Carbonaro, who was in prison. He next entered the town of Calvello in the night, and rescued a Franciscan monk, who belonged to the sect. The monk, in coming out of the prison, and in order to afford a proof of his undiminished energies, threw himself upon an unfortunate stranger, who, having fallen in with the insurgents, had been stopped and pinioned by them, and, without inquiring who or what he was, stabbed him to the heart. Sixty of this band, and the murderous friar with them, were afterwards taken and put to death."—p. 245.

The Bishop of Aversa was shot in broad day-light, by a man whose uncle, a priest, had been put in prison by the bishop. The murderers of Gianpietro, the ex-minister of police, were tried and executed. Private revenge had instigated the crime.

Canosa, being made minister of police, caused many persons to be arrested at Naples, for having served the constitutional government, among others Colletta himself. The Austrians, however, took Colletta and six other officers and deputies, put them on board a ship for Trieste, whence they were sent to Brunn, and other towns of Austria, where they were treated with considerate attention, and had the town for their place of confinement.

Canosa did not remain minister long. Medici obtained his dismissal, and the government assumed a more moderate system. There had been as yet, however, no executions in the capital for past political offences. The persons implicated in the military revolt of Monteforte had been repeatedly urged to emigrate, but they disregarded the hint, and were at last arrested and brought to trial in 1822. The trial lasted long, it was public; the defence was bold; three of the seven judges were for an acquittal. Sentence of death was passed upon thirty individuals, but two only, Morelli and Silvati, the first leaders, were executed. The king



commuted the penalty of the others into imprisonment in the Presidj. Many more received their passports for various countries.

In this year, 1822, a statute was proclaimed by the king, with the advice of his council, separating the administration of Sicily from that of Naples, each to have its respective finance, judiciary, and taxation, the two countries however remaining united as one political kingdom. A consulta of thirty councillors at Naples, and another of eighteen at Palermo, were appointed to examine the laws, decrees, and ordinances proposed by the government, and report their opinion thereupon. In each province a council was established to assess its quota of the taxes imposed by the government, and to superintend their collection. These councillors, however, were to be appointed by the king during pleasure. A greater freedom of attributions was given to the municipal or communal councils for administering their local affairs. A council of state, of at least twelve members, among whom six ministers, was to discuss all government matters with the king.

On the morning of the 4th of January, 1825, King Ferdinand was found dead in his bed. He had been carried off by an apoplectic stroke, having not had time to ring for his attendants. He was seventy-six years of age, of which he had reigned sixty-five. He was at first styled Ferdinand IV. of Naples and III. of Sicily, but he afterwards assumed the title of Ferdinand I. of the United Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. He was succeeded by his son Francis I., who died in November, 1830. Ferdinand was one of the last kings of the old Bourbon school.

"He sincerely believed," says Colletta, "that kings were a different race from other men, that the people belonged to him, and that his right over their persons and properties was sacred; yet, towards the end of his life, he seems to have had some qualms of conscience, and he redoubled his devotional practices."—p. 271.

These few words reveal the construction of a mind which few people in our times, and especially in England, will understand, but which was however a reality, and this serves to explain many enigmas, and partly to disarm our judgment of some of its severity towards the departed. Ferdinand's education, it is well known, had been sadly neglected, yet his long experience must have partly supplied the deficiency: he was by no means dull, and many passages in Colletta's book show that he was not so ignorant as it has been supposed. But he was much fonder of hunting and riding than of business, and his dislike of application and cabinet labor was the cause of many errors and many misfortunes.

ART. V.—1. *Li Romans de Garin le Loherain, publié pour la première fois et précédé de l'Examen du Système de M. Faurel sur les Romans Carolingiens.* Par M. P. Paris. Paris: Techener. Tome I., 1833; Tome II., 1835.

2. *Li Romans de Horn.* MS. Bibl. Publ. Cambridge, Ff. 6, 17. (*Unpublished.*)

COME listen to an old and true song, a famous history of marvellous value, how the Vandals invaded our land. Miserably had they reduced our holy faith, slain our people, and wasted our country. Rheims had they destroyed, and Paris they besieged; they slew Saint Nicaise of Rheims, and Saint Maurice of Cambrai, with 7000 knights of his company, who were true martyrs for the sake of their Lord.

"Vielle chanson voire volez oïr  
De grant istoire et de mervillous pris,  
Si com li Wandre vinrent en cest pais.  
Crestienté ont malement bailli,  
Les homes morts et art tout le pais;  
Destruirent Rains et assisrent Paris,  
Et sains Nicaïses de Rains i fuit ocis,  
Et sains Morises de Cambrai la fort cit,  
Uns grans seigneurs, si com la chanson dit,  
En sa compaignie de chevaliers sept mil  
Qui por Jesu furent vrai martir."—p. 1.

Charles Martel could no longer oppose the progress of these invaders, for the strength of his kingdom was reduced by internal as well as by external causes. On the approach of death, his subjects had been persuaded to neglect their own relatives; and they gave to the black monks of the order of Saint Benet all their lands and their rents and their mills, leaving nothing to their sons and daughters. The nation was thus impoverished, and its riches thrown into the hands of the clergy.

A council was held at Lyons, where Charles conferred with the pope and 3000 of the clergy. He had with him more than 20,000 knights, but they were unarmed and without horses, and few were men of years and experience. "Sire Apostle," said the emperor, "for the sake of him who died on the cross, have pity upon me, and upon these my knights in our extremity. My land is burnt and destroyed, my castles broken down, the monasteries profaned, and my clergy, with their bishops and archbishops, slain without mercy. I have here about 20,000 knights, who possess neither arms nor steeds. Take good counsel, that they may be enabled to defend themselves, or I will give up the nation to you to guard it as you can." The pope proposed that the church should give some small part of its riches to support the war against the pagans, but the proud archbishop of Rheims swore, "by the faith which he owed to St.



Martin," that he would not consent to subscribe a penny to any such secular purposes, and it was not without much opposition that Charles at last obtained the loan of the tithes of the church, with which he speedily armed and furnished 40,000 men.

Meanwhile Troyes was besieged by 100,000 infidels, and another army, equally numerous, lay before Paris, to which latter place Charles Martel advanced with his host, attended by his trusty liege, Hervi of Lorraine. Hervi pushed forward with his Lorrains; encountered and defeated the enemies before the arrival of the emperor, having slain in the engagement one of their kings, "Charboncle, a king of the Saracens," who had formerly killed his cousin, a knight of Metz; and the infidels fled towards Sens and Soissons, losing by the way at Pont-Girbert, where Hervi again lay in wait for them, more than 3000 men.

Soon after this battle, while Hervi was at Paris with the emperor and his queen and young Pepin, tidings arrived that the pagans were in host at Troyes and before Sens, and that they had ravaged the vale of Soissons, and had slain the archbishop of Rheims. The consultation on this message was short:—"What shall we do?" said the king to Hervi. "With God's aid, we will go," was the answer,\* and the army was in motion at the break of the following morn, when suddenly a second messenger appeared from Sens, whose inhabitants prayed for immediate aid against another army of pagans, who cruelly ravaged their district. The emperor, accordingly, divided his host, sending duke Hervi with his Lorrains to the valley of Soissons, while he hastened with the French to Sens. The duke defeated the Saracens and drove them from Soissons, but the emperor was less fortunate. In the night he attacked and defeated the infidels before Sens, and had pursued them to their grand host which lay before Troyes, where, overcome by numbers, his army was only saved from discomfiture by the sudden arrival of Hervi, who had hastened forwards to join him after the flight of the enemy from Soissons. The duke immediately made a new attack upon the Saracens, slew three of their kings and 20,000 of their men, and pursued them three leagues and a half from the city. After the battle, he carried Charles, who was mortally wounded, to Paris, where he died, and was

buried in the monastery of St. Denys: and, calling together the turbulent barons who held their fiefs of the Frankish monarch, in spite of the opposition of many of them, he caused the young prince Pepin to be crowned and acknowledged as king. After having recommended the new monarch to the guardianship of Hardré, he returned to his own territory, where he married Aélis, the sister of the noble knight Gaudin, who in the course of two years bore him as many sons, the first of whom was called Garin, and was duke after the death of his father; and the second, who was called Begues or Begon, had the castle and territory of Belin. He had also seven daughters, who were all married to noble and worthy knights.

In the mean time the Hungarians (Hongres), "*que Diex puist maléir*," entered the territory of the Duke Hervi, which they ravaged with fire and sword, and laid siege to his town of Metz. Unable singly to make head against such powerful invaders, the duke sought aid at the court of Pepin, whom he found with Hardré and Amauri,—

"N'ot plus felons, jusqu'à l'esve del Rin,  
Cis les destruite qui confondit Cain!—  
N'ot si felons en soisante pais."—pp. 52, 53.

They persuaded the king to refuse the aid which the Lorrain sought, and to advise him to seek assistance amongst his own kinsmen. Disappointed and mortified at the emperor's ingratitude, he withdrew his fief from the Frankish monarch, went to Cologne, and there offered to hold it of king Anséis, on condition that the latter should give him immediate and sufficient aid. The offer was accepted; Anséis in person accompanied duke Hervi to the war, and the infidels were entirely defeated, but in the pursuit the duke was slain by an arrow. Anséis was at first embarrassed by this accident, but, fearing to lose the advantage which his situation had given him, he suddenly seized upon the city of Metz, though not before Berengier, the tutor of Garin and Begues, Hervi's sons, had mounted them both, and escaped with them towards Châlons in Champagne, where he placed them under the care of the bishop, who was their uncle.

One Pentecost, when Pepin held a court at Mont-Loon, the bishop Henry presented his two wards, who had now been under his care seven years and a half, to the emperor, who received them graciously, and put them under the guardianship of Hardré. The latter placed them as the companions

\* "Un mes en vint droitement à Charlon;  
'En non Dieu, sire, cis del val de Sissons  
Ont desconfit Paien et Esclavon;  
Ta terre metent en feu et en charbon,  
Et dit li rois: 'Hervis, que la feroins?'  
Respont li dux: 'Se Diex plaist, nos irons.'"  
p. 17.

\* "There are no greater rascals on this side the river Rhine, may he destroy them who confounded Cain!" \* \* \* "There are no such rascals in sixty lands."



(compairs) of his two sons—Begues, the younger, being the companion of William, and Garin, of his brother Fromont. The king loved much the two young Lorrains, particularly Begues, to whom he gave the whole of Gascony, a gift which displeased much the jealous Hardré; and, at a court held at Langres, he knighted them both, and, at the same time, their two companions. Shortly afterwards, the two brothers signalized themselves in an expedition against the Normans, who had invaded France, and caused duke Richard to make reparation to the king. In reward for this service, the latter obtained for them the restoration of their patrimony, which had been so long usurped by the King of Cologne.

While the brothers were still young, and were at Paris with the court, tidings were brought how four Saracen kings had entered Provence, Auvergne, and Savoy, and how they were at Valprofonde, where they had besieged King Thierry in his capital. Thierry sent a messenger in haste to demand aid of the emperor, but Hardré had counselled him to consult rather his own ease, and to leave Thierry to his fate until the following spring; and the messenger was about to return with this sinister response, when Pepin's resolution was changed by the pressing supplications of Garin and Begues and their companions. The army was accordingly assembled, and was far advanced on the road towards Valprofonde, when the heat, for it was summer, threw the king into a serious illness. He was again on the point of listening to Hardré's advice to desert Thierry, and would have disbanded his army, but Garin with Begues, Fromont, William and Bernard of Naisil, entered the royal chamber, and expostulated with him, the former offering to lead the expedition himself, whilst the king returned to Paris for the recovery of his health. The king accepted Garin's offer, gave him the chief command of the army, and they advanced speedily to the relief of King Thierry, when, as they approached the enemy, a new difficulty arose:—Fromont, fearful of the superior numbers of the infidels, refused to advance to the combat. In vain Garin urged the oath which they had all taken to obey his superior command; Fromont departed with his friends and retainers, and Garin, with Begues and the remainder of the army, approached Valprofonde, having first despatched a messenger to King Thierry, urging him to fall suddenly upon the Saracens' rear, whilst he attacked them in front. The Lorrains fought gallantly; the Saracens were entirely defeated, and, after the battle, Fromont and his companions,

who stood aloof to see the result, came forward and laid claim to their share of the spoils, a claim which was naturally refused. Hence began the hatred and dissensions which lasted so long between the families of Fromont and Garin. The rich King Thierry was mortally wounded in the battle; on his death at Valprofonde, he betrothed Blancheflor, his only child, to Garin, leaving for her dower all his possessions and treasures, and the Lorrain received in her father's presence the fealty of his subjects.

The war was now ended, and all the barons and knights returned to their own castles, except Fromont and Garin, who went together to the court, where the latter was received by Pepin with every mark of respect. Garin told the king the result of the war, and how the King Thierry was dead, and had given him his daughter and his territory, and how he had accepted both only on the condition of their being agreeable to his superior sovereign. Pepin immediately ratified the gift, but Fromont, swelling with ire and envy, forbade the alliance, declaring that when the king had given the duchy of Gascony to Begues, he had promised him the first fief that should become vacant, in fulfilment of which promise he now demanded the lands of King Thierry. Pepin represented to him that this was a gift from father to child, and Garin himself expostulated mildly; but Fromont made use of rude threats against his person, which so irritated the Lorrain that he would have struck him with his fist had not Pepin held him back by the hem of his mantle. Both parties now uttered bitter recriminations, till Fromont, rushing upon Garin, was received by a blow on the head which laid him prostrate on the ground. The Bordelais, who were much more numerous in the court than the Lorrains, came to the assistance of their chieftain: the king was young and weak, and his orders were not heeded; and Hardré himself, who was in the chamber at the time seized his sword, and hastened to encourage his own men. Fourteen of the Lorrains were killed, and the rest were driven out of the palace, which was strongly barricaded; and Hardré would have put to death Garin, who defended himself as well as he could against his numerous adversaries, had not timely aid arrived.

It chanced that the nephew of Garin, Hernais of Orlens, with his brother, the bishop Huedon, and a company of 7000 knights, was on his way to the court to claim the inheritance of his father, who was recently dead. As he approached the palace he met an esquire, who was wounded, and who informed him of the perilous situation



of his uncle. Hernaïs hastened forwards with his company, forced his way into the palace, sword in hand, struck down the men of Fromont on every side, and gave Hardré, Fromont's father, a blow on the head, which scattered his brains over the pavement. Garin sprang forward, thanked Hernaïs for his assistance, and joined in the destruction of his enemies; while Fromont, dismayed at this sudden reverse of fortune, escaped from the palace by a window, and fled to St. Quentin, attended by only fourteen knights. Henry of Montague, Garin's cousin German, also came to the assistance of his kinsmen, and joined in the slaughter of the Bordelais, after which they cleared the palace of the slain, and threw the body of Hardré into a ditch.

Pepin, at the suggestion of Henry of Montague, assembled an army, with the determination to reduce and punish the rebellious barons who had taken part with Fromont. After having taken Soissons, the patrimony of Fromont, the emperor returned to Mont Loon. Meanwhile Fromont had arrived at St. Quentin, had there consulted with his cousin Huedes, and they spent the night in writing letters to their friends whose aid they demanded to avert the danger which threatened his family. To strengthen his alliance, Fromont married Heliseus, the dame of Pontis, and sister of the Flemish count Bauduin, and committed a new act of rebellion in contracting a marriage without the ratification of his sovereign. As soon as the marriage ceremonies had been completed, his allies assembled their troops at St. Quentin, and proceeded thence to plunder and lay waste the lands and possessions of the barons who were opposed to them, till at last they laid seige to the city of Cambrai, which was gallantly defended by Hues de Cambresis. No sooner did these tidings reach Loon, where were still the emperor and Garin, than letters were immediately despatched to every part of the kingdom that all who were loyal and friendly to the emperor should speedily join his standard. The tidings were also carried by a messenger of Fromont to his turbulent uncle, Bernard of Naisil, with a pressing demand that he should hasten with his men to join the partizans. Bernard rejoiced exceedingly at the intelligence—

"Said Bernard, 'My heart is joyous to-day:  
We will go and hear what our neighbors say;  
Full well shall the churls and their masters know,  
Who have quietly fattened both ox and cow:  
That Bernard's sword, at its owner's will,  
Can quickly his folds and larders fill.  
Speed messenger, my nephew tell  
That I counsel he look to his warring well,  
Nor waste his time in idle sleep;

While I my quarters here will keep.  
Say, Bernard will never desert his kin.'"

He assembled his retainers and dependents, entered Lorraine, spreading devastation on every side, and had laid seige to Dijon, when his progress was arrested by Garin's brother, Begues of Belin.

One of Pepin's messengers had found Begues at Bordelle, with William, Fromont's brother, quite unsuspecting of the troubles which had arisen out of the expedition against the Saracens at Valprofonde. The intelligence was communicated privately to Begues; he escaped to Gironville, where he assembled an army, and, by the counsel of his allies, instead of joining immediately the host of the emperor, he hastened forward against Bernard of Naisil, taking by the way Lyons and other places of importance which belonged to his enemies. He soon drove Bernard to his own castle of Naisil, where he besieged him, took the castle, and imprisoned its owner in his own dungeon. In the mean time, Pepin, whose messenger had been insulted by Fromont, drove him and his friends from Cambrai, and obliged them to take shelter in St. Quentin, to which town he laid seige. Here Fromont was joined by his brother William with the Bordelais.

Begues, after having reduced and imprisoned Bernard of Naisil, proceeded to destroy Monclin, Verdun, and the other strongholds of the barons who had joined Fromont, when a message from the emperor caused him to hasten towards St. Quentin, where the latter was much embarrassed by the attacks of his enemies from the town. The king went out to meet him, and rejoiced much when he beheld his host spreading itself over the valley.

"The king approached a messenger,  
And said, 'What men are these I see?'  
'That is the good Duke Aubery,  
A better ne'er held land or fee,  
Burgundia's arms, I wot, are his;  
And after rides Duke Hernaïs;  
Next comes the Mancel, and Angevine,  
Avallois, and those from beyond the Rhine,  
And there, behind, see Bauduin ride,  
Auvergne is his; and there, beside,  
The Gascons by Duke Begon led,  
His banners o'er the meadows spread.'

"Et dit Bernars: 'Or enforce mes pris  
Et ma grant joie et mes tres grant delis.  
Or sauront bien entor moi mi voisin  
Qui ont les vaches et les grans bues norris,  
Coment je sais del roit espieu ferir.  
Vas en arriere, messagiers, biaux amins,  
Dis mon nevou, gardes ne li mentir,  
Qu'il pense bien de sa guerre fournir:  
Qui bien guerroeie, ne l'estuet pas dormir.  
Que par decà voudrai mon lieu tenir;  
Ne li faudra tant com je soie vis.'—p. 183.



'Thank God!' said the king, 'I have my desire,  
There is none under heaven can brave *his* ire.'\*\*

After the arrival of Begues, there were many conflicts between the besieged and the besiegers, in one of which he was himself dangerously wounded, but the men of Fromont were always defeated. Begues was cured by a skilful physician who had been educated at Salerno, and soon after he surrounded the town with entrenchments, cutting off all communication with the surrounding country. Fromont and his party were now much dispirited, and when Bernard of Naisil, who was still in prison, made proposals for a reconciliation, they readily acquiesced, and after some previous consultation, pledges of restitution and reparation were given on both sides. The king held a court at Paris, where all the barons attended, and where also came the maiden Blancheflor, the betrothed to Garin, with a splendid convoy.

"The palfrey on which the maiden rode  
Was whiter than is the fleur-de-lis;  
Its bridle was worth a hundred marks,  
And its trappings shone full daintily.  
A fairer face, or gentler form,  
Or sweeter mouth, or teeth more white,  
Or body of nobler make than hers,  
Ne'er met the gaze of mortal sight.  
Bright eyes, from under well-arched brows,  
Smil'd joyously on all around;  
And flaxen locks hung gracefully  
From head with gorgeous chaplet crowned.  
Well fill'd were the streets of Paris that day,  
And joyously shouted the crowd, I ween,  
'God grant that our noble emperor  
Should make this gentle maiden his queen!'"†

\* "Un mes demande: 'Quel gent sunt ores ci?'  
Et cis respont: 'Jà le pourcez oïr:  
C'est de Borgoine li bons dux Aubers,  
Li miedres dux qui terre puist tenir;  
Cil sunt Bourgoing qui vienent avec lui.  
Après chevauche li bons dux Hernais  
Et après li Mancel et Angevin,  
Et Avallois et cil d'outre Rin.  
Vez cels derrieres, c'est li quens Bauduins  
Qui a Auvergne toute quite à tenir.  
Vez ces banieres parmi ces prés venir,  
C'est li quens Begues dou chastel de Belin.'  
'Diex!' dist li rois, 'or ai toui mon devis,  
Sor ciel n'a homme qui le poïst sofrir.'"—p. 250.

† "Li paleffois sor quoi la dame sist  
Estoit plus blans que n'est la flor de lis;  
Li lorains vaut cent mars de parisis,  
Et la sambue nuns plus riche ne vit.  
La dame ert gente et de cor et de vis,  
Bouche espessete, et les dens ot petis,  
Il sunt plus blans qu'ivoire planés;  
Hanches bassetes, blans et vermeil li vis,  
Les ieus rians et bien fais les sorcis;  
C'est la plus belle qui onques mais naquit.  
Sor ses espauls li gisent si blon crin:  
En son chief ot un chapelet petit  
D'or et de pieres qui mout bien li avint.  
Toutes les rues emplissent de Paris;  
Dist l'uns à l'autre; 'Com belle dame a ci!'

The wish of the good people of Paris was much nearer being fulfilled than might have been expected. When Pepin declared his will that the marriage of Garin should be celebrated the following morning, the Archbishop Henry of Rheims represented to him strongly, that if this marriage took place, the party of Fromont would never be satisfied, but that it would be a cause of perpetual dissensions in the kingdom. "What shall I do then?" said the emperor. "Marry the maiden yourself, sire," was the ready reply. "But my promise," was the natural answer of the king, a scruple which was easily overcome by the archbishop, who informed him that he had procured two monks to swear that she was too near in relationship to Garin to become lawfully his wife. "Well," said the king, "I will go and see her; and if she suit me, she shall have me for her husband." Accordingly the king went, was charmed with her beauty and manners, fell deeply in love, and consented to the archbishop's proposal.

On the morn fixed for the nuptials, the Count Fromont, with Bernard of Naisil, and thirty-six knights of his party, entered the palace. When he saw Blancheflor, Bernard would have persuaded Fromont to join him in seizing her person, with the design of marrying her to one of their own friends, Isoré or William of Monclin—he even offered to leave his own wife to take her to himself. Fromont retorted somewhat bitterly—"I come not here," said he, "to make war, but to establish peace, if God will permit"—and provoked the anger of the haughty Bernard.

"'Wretch!' Bernard said, 'no kin of mine  
Could harbor coward soul like thine.'\*\*

The ill designs of the Lord of Naisil were rendered vain by the entrance of Garin, Begues, the German Ouri, Gerard of Liege, and Aubery of Bourgoigne, with full sixty chosen knights in their train.

When the Archbishop Henry rose and proclaimed the bans of marriage between Garin and Blancheflor, a monk, as had been agreed upon, came forward and declared the union to be unlawful, on the ground of consanguinity. Garin was angry, but there seems to have been some truth in the plea, though it was one which, under other circumstances, might easily

Elle devoit un roiaume tenir.  
Pléust à Dieu l'empereres Pepins  
L'eüst à fame, si serions tuit garis.'"—p. 297.

\* "'Voir,' dist Bernars, 'aïnc ne m'apartenis,  
Mauvais couars! com estes assouplis!'"—vol. ii. p. 7.



have been passed over: the monk persisted in his assertion, the king was well inclined to listen to it, and the marriage ceremonies ceased. Fromont seized the opportunity, went to Garin and expressed deep sorrow for the quarrel which had taken place between them, and an ardent desire that there should ever after be friendship between their families. To this end he proposed that Garin and Begues should marry his two sisters, and that Garin should endeavor to promote the union of Blanchefflor with his brother William. Garin at once consented to the project, but it was suddenly overthrown by the declaration of Pepin that it was his intention to make her his queen. The nuptials accordingly took place, but the feast on the occasion gave rise to another quarrel between the family of Fromont and the Lorrains.

Garin served the wine in the hall, an office which Fromont seems to have considered as appertaining to himself; and Bernard, who was sitting at table with him and Isoré le Gris, urged his nephew to snatch the cup from Garin's hand. Fromont refused, and Bernard himself sprang forward, and in his attempt to seize the cup, spilt its contents over Garin's robe.

"Would Bernard drink?" Duke Garin said,  
With eye unmoved; 'a draught, perdy!  
Of better wine I'll give to thee.'  
Bernard in angry tone replied,  
'Hold! caitif wretch! May ill betide  
The fool who gave that cup to thee!  
And shame the traitor's portion be  
Who touches Fromont's heritage.' \*"

Bernard then made a second attempt to seize the cup, but Garin struck him with it on the forehead, tearing off by the blow the skin and the eyebrows, and covering his face with blood. The knights on both sides rose from table, a general engagement commenced in the royal hall, and the Lorrains were nearly overcome by numbers. Meanwhile Begues, who it appears had the care of the cooking, was in the kitchen. When tidings came to him of the confusion in the hall, he called the cook, and ordered him with his men, to the number of sixty, to hasten thither, armed with pestles, ladles, spits, or any weapon on which they could lay their hands. At the same time the king, at the urgent expostulation of his queen, ordered the French to arm quickly

to punish the offending Bordelais. Begues himself came armed with a large spit, full of hot roasting plovers, which he broke over the neck of Isoré, and with the stump knocked down the Count Harduin. The Bordelais fled from the hall, but, as they hurried down the steps, a lad who carried rabbits slew Joscelin, the bastard son of Fromont, with a stone which he threw at his head. The king's men took sixty prisoners, and among the rest Fromont, Bauduin, Lanceline of Verdun, William, and Isoré.

In the hopes of procuring their release from prison, they agreed, at the instigation of Bernard of Naisil, to accuse Garin of treason. Isoré supported the charge, and Garin accepted the challenge by battle; but Begues, when he heard of it, pleaded his privilege of defending his brother, and caused the challenge to be transferred to himself. The battle ended in the death of Isoré, whose head Begues clove to the teeth. Bernard fled in all haste to his castle of Naisil, whence he again invaded and ravaged Lorraine, and Fromont and his companions returned to prison; but by the good will of Begues they were released, and they all swore lasting fealty to Pepin, and friendship to the family of the Lorrains. Suddenly arrived tidings of the insurrection of Bernard; but Fromont and his friends renounced all co-operation with him, and joined the king, who assembled his army, and quickly drove Bernard to his own castle. There he was besieged, and, after a desperate defence, reduced to extremities; but, at the intercession of Fromont, he was allowed to make terms for the preservation of his castle.

After peace had been again established, Garin and Begues, at the particular desire of Pepin and his queen Blanchefflor, married the two daughters of the king's uncle, the Duke Miles, the "well-made" Aelis and the "fair" Beatrix, who received as their dower each an equal share of the territory of their father, who became himself a monk of St. Surin. The dukes, with their consorts, went to their own castles—Garin to Metz, where he begat a son called Gilbert—Begues to Gascony, to his castle of Belin.

Thiebaud, a baron of Fromont's party, who, it appears, had sought in vain the hand and dower of Beatrix, was playing at chess at Bordelle, when tidings arrived that she had been married to Begues, and that the latter was on his way to the castle of Belin, with his wife and a company of eighty knights. Thiebaud suddenly conceived the project of waylaying the duke, slaying him,

\* "Garins le voit, si l'a à raison mis:  
'Voulez-vous boire, sire Bernars?' dist'il,  
'Je vous donrai encore de millor vin.'  
Et dist Bernars: 'Malerroux, chaïs!  
A toi que tient de la nef d'or tenir?  
Tu deshérîtes Fromont et ses amins;  
Il t'en puet bien mal et honte avenir.'—vol.  
ii. p. 17.



and carrying away his wife, and with this intent he lay in ambush, with about 280 men. With difficulty a party from Belin, who had received intelligence of the peril which threatened their lord, rescued the lady and her wounded husband from their hands; they were carried to the castle, where the wounds of Begues and his friends were soon healed by the care of skilful physicians of Salerno. Thiebaud, who, having himself commenced hostilities, was determined to proceed in them, by great exertion raised an army of 30,000 men, with which he invaded the lands of Begues, and laid siege to his castle. The Duke Begues was closely pressed; with difficulty he found a messenger who would venture out in search of his friends; the messenger came before the king, who was enraged at the tidings; but Bernard of Naisil, who was present, denied the truth of the messenger's story, and insulted the queen, who had spoken in favor of the Lorrains. She complained to Garin, who entered with seven-score knights in his train. He immediately went to Bernard, struck him a blow with his fist, which broke four of his teeth and laid him prostrate on the ground, where the burgesses, who came to the place, would instantly have put him to death but for the intercession of the king. The king and Garin again placed themselves at the head of their army, and compelled Thiebaud to take shelter in the city of Bordelle.

The king now besieged Bordelle. But Bernard, meanwhile, enraged at his misadventure, had repaired to Sens, where he persuaded William of Monclin, and, though not without much difficulty, Fromont, to join him in assisting the Bordelais, and with their friends and retainers they entered the besieged city. After a long siege, during which were performed many chivalrous deeds, and in which many men were slain, and the city itself taken and burnt, the besieged barons being confined to the castle, the latter were again glad to obtain any terms of reconciliation.

The peace seems now to have lasted for some time. One day Begues was with Beatrix at his castle at Belin; he was sad and pensive, and told his wife that he must pay a visit to his brother Garin, whom he had not seen for a long space of time. He had heard also that the Bois de Puelle was the haunt of a great boar, which he would take the opportunity of hunting, as the wood lay near his way. The wood, however, was in the territory of his old enemies, and Beatrix prayed him not to put himself into their power. The duke left Belin with his cousin Rigaut, taking with him thirty-six

knights, with skilful hunters, to assist in the chase; and at Valenciennes his host, who knew well the haunts of the boar, offered to lead him to the wood. The boar was hunted; Begues in the ardor of the chase was separated from his men, overtook the animal and slew it, and being alone and ignorant of the way, at the approach of night he took shelter under a tree. There he made a fire, and sounded his horn to assemble his dogs. The foresters, who had heard the horn and saw the duke with his dogs, carried the tidings in haste to Fromont's friends. Thiebaud and others hastened to the spot; they knew the knight, rejoiced at the chance which had thrown into their power their old enemy, set upon him suddenly, and he was slain with an arrow by one of the archers. The body was carried to Sens. Fromont was angry and sorrowful, for he saw how much his officious friends had again drawn him into rebellion against the emperor, by a new quarrel with the party of the Lorrains. He showed all possible respect to the body of the duke; the latter was carried in great honor to Valenciennes, and he was buried in the presence of Pepin and Garin, amid the lamentations of his relations, friends, and followers. On his tomb was inscribed—

"HE WAS THE BEST WHO EVER RODE UPON STEED."\*

Here concludes that part of the poem of the Lorrains which had been printed by M. Paris. The remainder of the third chanson—for he has printed the first two, and part of the third—contains the account of the war which was again stirred up between the Lorrains and the Bordelais—of the flight of the elder Fromont, and of his return to France at the head of the Saracens—his death—and, finally, the death of Garin, and the proscription of his son Girbert, with Hernaut and Garin, the sons of Begues of Belin.

Such is the plot of one of the best of what have been termed "*chansons de geste*." It is probable that at least some of the romances which are included under this title, are reflections of the earlier national cycles with the Franks, like all their neighbors, must have once possessed. Through what medium they reached their present form, it is not easy to imagine—whether they were really imitations, or modernizations of the other poems—whether they were founded on popular traditions, to which those poems had given rise—or whether, which is by no means improbable, they are metrical ver-

\* "Ce fu li mieuldres qui sor destrier seüst.—vol. ii. p. 272.



sions of Latin histories, which had themselves been formed upon older ballads and songs. The romance of Garin le Loherain is stated in the manuscripts to be the work of Jehan de Flagy: but it is a poem too full of historical details, too little encumbered with romantic incidents, to be the invention of a French romancer of the age at which, in all probability, that person must have lived. It is in fact a poem full of vigor and spirit—the circumstances are told vividly and naturally, without any of that labored attempt at description, which characterizes what have been generally understood by the title of early French romances. These latter have a distinct character—they generally consist of an ill-arranged heap of incredible combats, of great means to produce little things, of perilous enterprises without any object—the same action, the same stratagem, the same circumstances, repeated till they raise a nausea. Even the romances which belong to the fabulous history of Charlemagne merit in part the same censure. The romance of Garin, on the contrary, is a magnificent and true picture of the evils which every day must have witnessed, when a numerous body of turbulent barons, always jealous of each other, and ever more ready to command than to seek as a boon the royal favor, were ruled by a young and weak monarch.

We turn an incredulous ear to the assertions of M. Paris, of the great antiquity of these "chansons" in their present form: and we cast an equally incredulous eye on his fac-similes of the manuscripts, when he informs us that those of the "oldest" of these romances, that of Garin le Loherain, are nearly all of the twelfth century. The romance of Berte aux Grans Piès, the first of these chansons which he has published, is evidently a production of no very remote antiquity—its author, named Adenès, flourished towards the end of the thirteenth century, and it has all the appearance of a tale which has been briefly told in some older chronicle, extended and worked up with the common-place descriptions, repeated over and over, of which the French poets of that age made such abundant use.

It is in the notes, however, that M. Paris develops his ideas of the age of the romance of Garin, and his reasons for adopting them. At p. 140 (vol. i.) it is observ-

"Our histories," he says, "speak first of warriors furnished by the commons at the time of the battle of Bouvines, that is, in 1214; here we have a *text*, older by *at least half a century*, in which they are as distinctly mentioned." The text of Garin, then, was formed at the latest by the middle of the eleventh century. Again, the poem speaks of the monastery of Grandmont, (p. 188, vol. i.)—

"Par Grand Mont va, iluec ont messe oi,  
Dont ert li lieus et povres et petis."\*

"This," says he, "may serve to bound (if not to fix) the date of our poem. Grandmont, before the eleventh century, was a wild place, in the Marche, on the road from Gascony to Berry, five leagues distant from Limoges. But towards 1060, it acquired great importance, by being chosen by St. Stephen of Theirs for the chief place of his order." Here then we have a proof, in contradiction of M. Paris, that the poem could not have been written before the end of the eleventh century, and, since the place can hardly have changed its character at once, a probability that it was written much later. The only conclusion which it authorizes is, that the poet knew that Grandmont was not a place of importance, at the date of the events he describes. In another place, (vol. i. p. 253,) mention is made of the armorial bearings of William of Monclin. Here the editor is angry with those antiquarians, who have supposed armorial bearings to be no older than the middle of the twelfth century, because they find no earlier allusion to them. He opposes their arguments by the *text* of Garin, but, if the antiquarians be right, the text of Garin cannot have been composed before the end of the twelfth century. In the second volume, M. Paris seems to have adopted a still more extravagant theory of the antiquity of this romance. He compares the character of Henry, archbishop of Rheims in the time of Pepin, with that of Heriveus or Hervé, who became archbishop of the same see in the year 900. "De tout cela," he says, "ne concluons pas que les récits du *Garin* sont fondés sur l'histoire du x siècle, mais seulement que les allusions nombreuses aux événements de cette époque accusent assez bien la date du poème." We do not entirely understand the aim of this argument—the character of a turbulent archbishop could hardly have been so rare, that the poet must have lived in the tenth century, to have been able to

"Nostre empereres a fait sa gent mander.  
Lá véissiez communes assenbler,  
Et les villains venir et aüner," &c.\*

\* "Our emperor has caused his people to be summoned. There you might see the commons assem-

ble, and the villains come to the gathering," &c.

\* "He went by Grandmont, where he heard mass; the place was then poor and small."



conceive his character. The rest of M. Paris's observations are in the same style as the foregoing—the utmost which any of them proves, is the probability that the story was not invented by Jehan de Flagy, but that it existed in an older form. But they have little weight in contradicting the manuscripts, as far as we can judge of them by the fac-similes and the language, which have every appearance of being those of the middle and latter half of the thirteenth century, probably the time when Jehan de Flagy lived.

We are inclined to believe, that these "chansons de geste" were never popular among the Normans: they were certainly not popular amongst them in England, and we are not aware that at an early period any of them received an English dress. The simple improbability of the thing to all but those who, as most of our French critics have been in the habit of doing, confound Normans with Frenchmen, would lead us to adopt the idea that the former, at the battle of Hastings, if they sung at all, chanted not a "chanson" of Roland and of Oliver, and of the disaster at Roncevaux, but of Rollo their own great leader, who had procured them a settlement in the land of the Franks, and that it was the popularity of the former story in Wace's time, which led him erroneously to amplify the brief observation of the chronicles (*tunc cantilena Rollandi inchoata*, or, as another has it, *cantu . . . inchoato*) into the celebrated passage—

"Taillefer, ki mult bien cantout,  
Sor un cheval ki tost aloit  
Devant le duc aloit cantant  
De Karlemaïne o de Rollant,  
Et d'Oliver o des vassals  
Ki morurent en Renchevals.\*"

A passage of the chronicle of the canon of Oseney, printed in the collection of Gale, might seem to favor this supposition—its compiler speaks of "Guillelmus Longespæ, filius Rollandi, primi ducis Normannorum." It is by no means unlikely, however, that the circumstance of Taillefer singing in the battle was an invention of the chroniclers, after the battle of Roncevaux had become itself a popular subject of song—and that the ground of the story was his fame as a poet. The purpose of the anecdote is to show the bold recklessness of the warrior, who could amuse himself with his songcraft in the very face of the enemy.

\* "Taillefer, who sang full well, rode on a swift horse before the duke, singing of Charlemagne and of Roland and of Oliver, and of the vassals who died in Renchevals."

Many wild theories have been started by those who have sought the *origin* of romance, and who would fain discover among one particular people only, that which must have been common to all. The French writers on this subject have generally commenced with a previously imbibed prejudice, that their own country alone must have the glory of the invention, and that unless they establish this position they will have labored in vain. The author of the preface to the last edition of Legrand d'Aussy's *Fabliaux, ou Contes*, asserts, that we owe the origin of romance to the expeditions of Charlemagne against the Saracens: and, after assuring us that all nations borrowed their romances from those of the French, proceeds to observe:—

"The invention of romance was received throughout England with the same ardor as among our other neighbors. But this people, jealous, and from that period envious of France, was unwilling to give to its paladins a French chief, such as had been Charlemagne: they formed the design of selecting another from among their own kings, and of transforming him into a famous hero, who by his exploits should eclipse our own. The personage destined for this high character was Arthur, a prince unknown, and the less fitted for it, because in history he has no place. But what will, I think, appear still more awkward is, that among his conquests this hero of heroes places a portion of France, and that he assumes for his vassals several of the small kings who are supposed to have reigned there. If, however, we recollect, that at the time when these lying fictions were written, England, itself conquered, was subject to a dynasty of French princes, it will be agreed that, to the eyes of attentive readers, it is with nations in their writings as with individuals: their character always peeps out in some place or other."!!

This ingenious theory, while it shows the ability of its author in laying foundations upon nothing, shows also his entire ignorance both of the history of his subject, and of that of the people of whom he talks. Where, we wonder, did he learn that Arthur, as a hero of romance, was more modern than Charlemagne?—and, above all, we would willingly know by what series of investigations he came to the conclusion, that the romances of the Round Table originated in England. He ought to have known, that there never existed any originals of these romances in the English language—that the hero was not one of our kings, and was not likely to be claimed as one: he ought further to have known that in England they were first popular, not among the *conquered* people, but among those who had succeeded in intruding themselves into our island; and, above all, he ought to have been aware, that that people was much nearer allied to Saxon than to



Frankish blood; that, instead of being Frenchmen, they were among the greatest and most powerful enemies of the French nation; and that both the conquered and the conquerors were of all others the least likely to have thus created the romantic character of Arthur.

We possess remains of our own national romance, more purely mythic and of much greater antiquity than any nation which flourished during the middle ages. We can excuse M. Paris's assertion, that we have in England "*chansons de geste*" whose date mounts *even* as high as the thirteenth century, because he was evidently not aware that we had one, that of Beowulf, which is probably at least six or seven centuries older. There are still many traces of the older mythic romances of the Germans, and of the Northern nations—and it is not improbable, from the mention of some of their personages in the French romances (as of Weland, for instance), that the northern cycles were known at an early period in France, perhaps through the medium of the Normans, the influence of whose language and traditions seems to have lasted after they had themselves adopted the *romanz* tongue. Perhaps there existed also an old mythic cycle among the people of Bretagne, of whom so much has been said, and so often—some hero named Arthur may have figured in it. The name and history of the Saxon hero Beowulf were alike forgotten among the English of a later period—the name of Arthur, on the contrary, whose history perhaps was misunderstood, and his character misapplied, may have been regenerated in forming that cycle of middle age romance, the origin of which it seems so difficult even to conjecture.

There seems to have been another class of Anglo-Saxon romances, more peculiarly native to England, because much more modern than that class of which Beowulf is now the representative, whose subjects belonged to the wars between the Saxons and the Danes. The original Saxon poems are now entirely lost. A class of romances which told of the struggles against the Danish invaders—whose ravages were so long remembered, and at the period of the breaking up of the Saxon language so recent—could hardly have failed to give rise to traditions among the people. We know that these traditions were long preserved, and that they often fixed the scene of the story to particular places. Similar traditions, if we trust the details of Pausanias, had originated in the East from the early popularity of the Grecian mythic cycles.

Many of the Saxon romances, of which we are speaking, appeared in Middle-English, where they were either transformations of the original Saxon poems, or else poems built upon the traditions to which they had given rise. The popularity of these romances caused them to be translated into Norman-French, at a period as early, if not earlier, than that of the translations from French into English. Their existence has entirely exploded the old notion that England never possessed any native romances. Even had the originals of these romances been in Norman, they would still have been, strictly speaking, English romances—the stories were English, and the Norman versions were in all probability written in England—and we should truly be surprised to find a copy of Horn or of Havelok in an early French manuscript along with a "*chanson de geste*."

In addition to the internal evidence of the fact which these romances afford us, we have in one instance a direct assertion of the French poem having been a translation from the English. One of the romances, which is connected with the story of the struggles of the Saxons with the Danes, is preserved in French metre, under the title of King Atla. Among the manuscripts of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, we find a Latin prose version of this romance, under the name of King Waldeus, made by John Bromis, or Bramis, a monk of Thetford, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, according to the saying—

"De Thetford Monachus Bramis edidit ista Johannes."

This manuscript belonged to the monastery of Thetford, and is probably the original copy of Bramis's translation, which was there in the days of Leland. The translator, in his preface, states that it was originally written in English verse; and that, at the desire of a lady who could not read the English, it was translated into French verse, from which he had translated it into Latin, having also consulted, as it would seem, a mutilated copy of the original English.\* This latter, he tells us, was divided

\* "*Incipit prologus super hystoriam Waldei quondam Norffolchie Suffolchieque regis eximii de Gallicis et Anglicis verbis in Latinum translatus.*"

"Primitus subsequens regis Waldei filiorumque hystoria suorum in lingua Anglica metricè composita est. Deinde ad instanciam ejusdam femine, que ipsam penitus linguam nesciret, quam non alio quam amico nomine voluit indagare, a quodam in linguam Gallicam est translata. At vero novissime eandem historiam non solum seniorum preceptis et ut verecundans dico rogatibus scilicet ipsi ecclesie



into cantoes, a mode of division which was omitted in the French version. The names in this romance are mostly Saxon and Danish—the plot is laid chiefly in East Anglia—Colchester is held by the Saracens (Danes), and is besieged by Waldeus—and more than one battle takes place in the neighborhood of Thetford: one, for instance, between that place and Rowdham, and another towards Elveden. John Bramis assures us that the French translator took many liberties with his story: the narrative, as he has given it to us, for we have not had an opportunity of examining the French romance, would naturally lead us to this conclusion; and, as an instance, we may quote that error into which all the French translators fell. The later Saxons, after the crusade, used the word *saracen* in the sense of *pagan*, and commonly applied it to the pagans of the north. The French poets, whose thoughts ran more upon the *saracens* of Spain and Africa, misunderstood the application of the word: and Waldeus, who in the original fought so valiantly against the *saracens* in East Anglia, is by the French translators sent into Valencia to fight the *saracen* king of Spain.\*

The romance of Havelok is in the French called a "lai," and the writer confesses that it is a translation, though he calls his original a lay of the Bretons:—

"Haveloc fut cil roi nomé,  
Et Cuaran est appellé.  
Pur ceo vus voil de lui conter  
Et s'aventure remembrer;  
Q'un lai en firent li Breton,  
Si l'appellèrent de son nom,  
Et Haveloc et Cuaran."

(*Lai d'Hav.* v. 17.)†

And, at the end, he tells us that it was the

a quoque intuitu difficilia queque et ardua celeritate mustescunt muneribus compulsus sum hac de causa in Latinum transferre sermonem. Ejusdem historie pars quedam usque ad quartam hujus operis partem continuata in ipsa lingua qua primo fuerat conscripta reperta est. que in tm legencium sensus in suum protraxit afficium (*officium*), ut reliquam ejusdem historie porcionem, que nusquam in ipsa Anglica lingua, quamvis in Gallica reperiri poterat, gravi penetencia deflerent."—*MS. Bibl. C. C. C. Cambr.* No. 329.

\* Even the monks, in their chronicles, fell sometimes into the same error—the name of the African king, mentioned in the following paragraph, is essentially northern.—Anno d.xc.iii<sup>o</sup>. Germundus rex Affricorum et Ysembertus nepos regis Francorum Britanniam vastaverunt, Cristianitatem adnichilaverunt."—*Chronicon Winton. MS. Cotton.* Domit. A. xiii.

† "Haveloc was that king named, and he was also called Cuaran. For this reason will I tell you of him, and recall to memory his story; because the Bretons made a lay of him, which they called after his name, both Haveloc and Cuaran."

strong traditional remembrance of his deeds among the people, which caused the lay of his history to be made—

"Haveloc tint en sa baillie  
Nicole et tote Lindesie,  
.Xx. anz regna, si en fut rois;  
Assez conquist par ses Danois;  
Mult fu de li grant parlane:  
Li auncien par remembrance  
Firent un lai de sa victoire."—(v. 1097).\*

That, however, the history of Havelok could ever have been a Breton story, or that the names which occur in it could have had a place there, is much more than improbable. If the term "Breton lay" were not from the first a name without substance, it seems clear that, at the time of the writer of the French Havelok, the signification of the term was by no means distinctly understood: he, misled perhaps by the equivocal meaning of the word "Bretagne," seems to have considered his English original as one of them; for that an original English Havelok existed we think no one who has attentively read the French poem can doubt. The writer of the latter seems to have been equally well acquainted with the English poem, and with the numerous popular traditions concerning its hero, which certainly at that time existed in England.

Of the three stories of English growth, which are spoken of collectively in the passage quoted by Warton, from a manuscript at Oxford, (three of what M. Paris would term our "chansons de geste,")—

"Of [H]aveloke, Horne, and of Wade,  
In romances that of them be made,"

two still exist both in English and in French verse. The romance of Horn seems to have been popular in every form, and we have, in French and in English, no fewer than six manuscripts of it. The manuscript of the French version of Horn, which is preserved at Cambridge, and which we have indicated at the head of our article, is by much the best, but it is unfortunately defective at the beginning and end by the loss of two or three leaves. It is of the thirteenth century. The other two, one in the Harleian MS. No. 627, the other in a manuscript which belonged to the late Mr. Douce, and which is now at Oxford, are but fragments, and supply very little of what is wanting in the other, though they afford

\* "Haveloc held in his dominion Lincoln and all Lindesey; twenty years he reigned and was king of it; he conquered enough by means of his Danes. There was full great talk of him: the ancients in his memory made a lay of his victory."



some valuable readings, and one of them acquaints us with the name of the Norman poet who wrote it, who is there called Thomas.\*

The Cambridge MS. of the French Horn, as it now begins, introduces to us Horn and his companions wandering on the waves. God, it says, gave them a north-west wind—

"He gave them there a wind. from the northwest blowing.

Which drove them to Bretagne. where Hunlaf then was king.

A powerful king, I ween. right brave and rich was he.

A pious man he was. and loved well loyalty."†

They land in Bretagne, and are found by Herlant, the seneschal of King Hunlaf, who inquires their business there; and after having learnt from Horn their history, takes them with him to the court, and presents them to the king. Hunlaf again questions Horn as to his parentage, and the latter tells him—

"Mis peres fud uns bers. vaillant hom durement.

Aaluf ad a num. si ma geste ne ment.

En Suddene fu nez. si la teint longement.

Reis Silauf le trova. sil norrit bonement.

Apres fu konev. par Deu comandement.

Quil iert de geste real. descendu veirement.

Newu fu Baderouf. de sa fille al cors gent.

Goldebure out e num. a sun baptismement.

Nu sai si unc oistes. de reis tel parlement.

Pruz e hardi furent. de bon contement.

Des anmes ait merci. li reis omnipotent.

Quant coe fud konev. ke Aalof fud bien ne.

Qu'il fu nefz Baderof. le bon e lalose.

Ki iert sur Alemauns. enperere clame.

Dunc li ad reis Silaus. par grant amur done.

Une fille qu'il out. le vis out colure.

E ouoc li dona. apres sei sun regne.

Di cest dunt ioe vus di. sui ioe iouis e led."

Fol. 4. r<sup>o</sup>.

He then tells him how the Saracens, under their King Rodmond, had invaded Suddene, put to death his father and all his relations, and how Rodmond, finding him and his companions concealed in the garden, and unwilling to stain his own hands with the blood of children so fair, had exposed them on the sea.

\* We have printed our extracts from this romance exactly as they stand in the manuscript of Cambridge. As we cannot suppose all our readers to be conversant in this antiquated language, wherever we have thought it absolutely necessary, in order to preserve the thread of the story, we have given in the text a loose rhyming version, in which we have endeavored to imitate the style and manner of the original, even to the marking of the pauses at the middle and end of the lines by a period.

† "Ki un vent lor dona. del norwest ventant.  
Ki en Bretaine les mist. á Hunlaf fu manant.

Un rei mut poestif. riches hom e vaillant.  
De grant religiun. leaute mut amant."

"And thus Rodmund saved us, the king of Africans."

The king, satisfied of the good parentage of Horn, caused him to be treated as his own son, and as he grew up he was respected and renowned for his skill, his humility, his valor, and his generosity. King Hunlaf had an only daughter, the beautiful Rigmel. Her hand had been sought by many princes and noble barons; but she had heard of Horn, of his prowess and his beauty, and her heart selected him as the only one worthy of her love.

One Pentecost, the king held a full court, an annual festival, attended by many barons and ladies of different lands. It was the custom for all the barons to take this opportunity of presenting, for the first time, their sons who were just arrived at manhood. Horn was presented, and was appointed to bear the cup in the hall. The Princess Rigmel had hitherto been sage and discreet, and had concealed her passion, but she was now determined to seek an interview with Horn, and for that purpose despatched her confidential maid, Herselot, to summon her father's seneschal to her presence. The maiden found Herlant in the hall, standing beside a rich and powerful baron of the neighborhood, called Godfrei—she delivered her message, and the seneschal soon after attended upon Rigmel. She gave him wine and clarey, for which purpose Rabel, the butler, had brought the royal cup; and she presented him with several gifts, among which was a ring,—

"And first there the maiden. to Herlant gave a ring.

Large and rich, which was forged. in the time of Daniel.

For well I wot 'twas made by. the goldsmith Marcel."†

and a horse, which she sent her Squire Bertin to order of Blanchard. Herlant, overcome by her persuasions and her promises, engaged to bring Horn into her presence the following day, but, after leaving her, he began to feel some presentiments that the result might be ill, and he determined to take, in place of Horn, Haderof, one of his companions, who bore some resemblance to him. Rigmel spent the night anxiously and restlessly, and told Herselot how she desired Horn for her husband.

"Dame, dist Herselot. vus l'averez iol devin.

Un avisun vi. par qei sai k'ert issin.

\* "Ainz nuns livera Rodmund. cel rei Affricanz."—fol. 5. r<sup>o</sup>.

† "Al premier ad done. á Herlant un anel.  
Gros, dorquit Melekin. des le tems Daniel.  
Fud forgie, s'il forga. li orfievre Marcel."



Qu'il vus fist un gent dun. d'un faukun muntarsin.

El sein le metiez. de desuz l'osterin.

Si nel donisiez pas. pur le regne Pepin.

Bien sai ke c'iert un fiz. ke avezel del meschin.

E la loi fausera. Tervagan e Apollin.

Et par lui, si il vit. murra meint barbarin."

Fol. 14. r<sup>o</sup>.

Rigmel was a little comforted by Herselot's dream. In the morning her impatience returned; she sent Herselot to the seneschal, who was at dinner, to remind him of his promise. After dinner he brought to her Haderof, who, when she began to speak of Horn, joined in his praise, asserting that there

"Was none better than he. between Norway and Frise."\*

Rigmel discovered quickly the deceit which had been practised upon her, called directly her nurse and minstrel, "Godswip," who knew Horn, and was so furious, that the seneschal, to appease her, promised to bring Horn himself the next day. The impatience of the princess, as the time of meeting approached, is well described—twice she sent Herselot to hasten the seneschal. At length Horn came; his beauty was such that she thought him an angel, and she at once declared to him her love, giving to him for a token of it a ring, and telling him to be discreet, as she feared to be beaten if their intercourse should be known. Horn was modest, represented himself as a poor orphan, and unworthy of her, but before taking his leave he promised to be her lover after he had proved by his deeds that he was worthy of her favor.

In the mean time came the Saracens into the land of Hunlaf—

"D'Aufrike sunt eissu. dui rei de grant puissance.

Ki onc Deu ne amerent. coe fad doel e mltance.

Freres erent Rodmund. un rei de surquidance.

Ki ocist Aalof. le rei de grant vaillance.

Le pere a icest Horn. qu'avom ci en balaunce.

\* \* \*

E vus porrez oir. si ne faites noisaunce.

Ke cist vendrent od ost. d'orguil e de bobaunce.

En la terre Hunlaf. ki iert en seguraunce.

A un port ariverent. k'om apele Constaunce.

Reis Gudolf e Egolf. furent icest nomez.

Ki en la terre Hunlaf. sunt ore arivez.

E od aus sunt venu. d'Aufrike granz barnez.

Feluns e surquidez. de bataille adure."

Fol. 26. r<sup>o</sup>.

The Saracens ravaged the land miserably, and sent a messenger to Hunlaf, commanding that he should do their will and worship "Mahun," on penalty of losing his head and all his riches. The king held a "parle-

ment," to consider the message, and Horn offered to go against the infidels, as soon as he should be knighted. "Dan Moroan," one of the king's men, brought the "adubs," and Horn was scarcely armed after the ceremony, when one of the Saracens, Marmorin, a great and hideous giant, born in Canaan, who had been in Suddene with Rodmund, and had been accessory to the death of Aalof, brought a challenge to the court. Horn accepted the challenge himself, and, after a terrible combat, told entirely in the style of French romances, avenged his father by cutting off the giant's head. The Christians were comforted by the success of their hero—the army was put in order, the guards were all on the walls, and Horn, with a pennon "d'un cendal de Russie," which Rigmel had sent him, issued forth, mounted on a horse of Hungary. Horn ordered his men to advance silently, that they might surprise "icele gent faée"—they passed a vale "d'une selve ramée," and came to the port where the fleet was anchored, and where their enemies had landed, and were lying securely in the meadows. A terrible combat followed—many a head did Horn separate from its body—he slew "Eghulf," and the infidels were defeated, but "Godelof" escaped to his ship, and fled with what remained of the pagan army. The poem gives us the names of some of the infidels who were slain. Among those killed by Horn was Turlin of Tabarine, a relation of King Godelof—Haderof slew Gibelin, constable and cousin-german to the king—another of the infidels who fell in the battle was named Malbruart. At length the pagans throughout the whole land were reduced to subjection.

Horn had now shown himself worthy of Rigmel, and they exchanged vows of fidelity; but Wikele, one of Horn's companions, was a traitor: he had asked a gift of Horn, which the latter had already given to Haderof—he refused that which Horn proffered him instead—and in revenge he betrayed to the king the intercourse between Horn and his daughter. The king was at first incredulous, but he was convinced by being made a secret spectator of an interview between the two lovers—was enraged beyond measure—reproached Horn with his conduct while he was out hunting—and banished him from his kingdom. The whole court lamented the loss of Horn. The last interview between the latter and Rigmel was very distressing: before parting they exchanged rings, that of the princess possessing many virtues.

\* "Ke n'ad meillur de lui. entre Norweie e Frise."

"Who bore this ring upon him. might all his foes defy;



For not in fire or water. 'twould be his fate to die.  
Not yet in battle stern. or lordly tournament.\*

Horn, after leaving the princess, went towards the sea, attended by his companions who had accompanied him from Suddene. On the shore he bade adieu to them all; and, having adopted the name of Gudmod to conceal his true name and station, he set sail for Westir.

"To Westir he would go. a kingdom of great fame.  
In ancient times, I wot. 'twas Ireland bore that name.

There dwelt King Godreche. a full rich king was he.  
Two courtly sons he had. of great nobilitie."†

They arrive safely in Ireland, when the poet again observes—

"Lordings, now is Ireland. what then was call'd Westir."‡

Horn mounted his steed, and met the two sons of Godreche, Egfer and Guffer, who were hawking. In answer to their inquiries, he said that he was a native of Suddene, the son of a poor vavasour—that he had come thither to seek service—and that his name was Gudmod. Egfer retained him in his service, and promised him rich gifts. The king soon observed Horn in the train of his son, and, when brought into his presence, Horn repeated the same story, adding; that he had escaped from the pagans who had ravaged his country, and that he had been in Bretagne. "Gudreche" would not believe that a poor man had ever begotten such a son; he had been in Suddene—knew Aalof and his son—and declared that he had never seen any one so like Horn as was Gudmod. Gudmod replied that a poor man often resembled a rich one, and so the conversation ended. The queen, Gudbore, now entered the hall, with her two beautiful daughters, Lenburc and Sudburc. The wine was served in the hall by a valet, whose name was Guidhere. "Lenburc" herself sent the cup to Horn; at this first interview she fell deeply in love with him, and at night she sent her valet to call him to her chamber; but Horn would not listen to her proposals. Meanwhile he showed himself, in all manly exercises, superior to the rest of the court. At Pentecost there was a great feast and games. A person named Eglaf (in other passages called Eg-gulf and Eggeals) excelled the rest, and

was very proud and presumptuous, to the great annoyance of Horn's master, the prince Egfer. Gudmod accepted Eglaf's challenge, and beat him at throwing. After this, the harp being produced, Gudmod offers to play a lay, and sings the loves of Horn and Rigmel in Bretagne. "Guffer" said that he had heard of Horn's renown. Lenburc, who became more and more enamored of Gudmod, then took the harp, and sung a lay of a Breton called Balfot.

One day came the Africans to Westir—

"One day two cruel tyrants. came sailing o'er the sea.  
And they have enter'd Westir. with their fleet all vauntingly.

These kings came, as they tell us. from the land of Africa.

And brothers were of Rodmund. who Suddene held in sway.

Horn's father, king Aalof. these recreants had slain:  
And 'twas their brother, Eggulf. whom Horn slew in Bretagne.

\* The elder of these kings. his name was Hildebrant.  
And the younger, I wot well. was called Herebrant.  
A nephew they had with them. Rollac Fitz-Goldebrant."\*

They arrive at the port—

"When at the port arrived. the recreant Saracens.  
To the king they sent Don Rollac. with insolent demand.

This Rollac was the son. of rich Sultan Gudbrand.  
Nor better knight there liv'd, I ween. in Saracen domain.

Nephew he was of Rodlac. who Aalof had slain."†

Gudbrant, we are afterwards informed, was Sultan of Persia. Rollac arrived at the court with the demands of the Saracens, and was proud and insolent.

"Nor was there better vassal, in the land of Africa."‡

When he had delivered his message, Gudmod replied fiercely, and challenged him to battle; in the encounter Gudmod was almost overcome, when, casting his eye on Rigmel's ring, and learning, at the same time, that Rollac was the person who had killed his father, he recovered new strength, and slew the infidel. Then followed a terrible battle, which is described at great length,

\* "A un ior sunt venu. dui mut felun tirant.  
El regne de Westir. od lur flote siglant.  
Il erent fors eissuz. del regne Affricant.  
Freres erent Rodmund. ki Suddene iert tenant.  
Aaluf pere Horn. destrustrent le vaillant.  
E freres sunt a ces. dunt ot este vengant.  
En Bretaigne quant fu. od Hunlaf de puissant.

\* Li ainz nez di ces dous. si ot nun Hildebrant.  
E li autre pusonez. nomez iert Herebrant.  
Un neuov out od eus. Rollac fiz Goldebrant." fol. 59. rº.

† "Al port sunt arrive. li culvert Sarazin.  
Al rei ont enveie. dan Rollac un meschin.  
Fiz le riche soudan. dan Gudbrand le meschin.  
N'out si bon chevalier. en la lei Apollin.  
Nieff esteit Rodlac. ki Aalof mist a fin." fol. 60. rº.

‡ "Ni out meillor vassal. el regne Affricant." fol. 61. rº.

\* "Hom ki l'ad sure sei. ia ne purra perir.  
Ne en feu ne ewe. mar i cremdra murir.  
N'en bataille champel, no en turnei tenir." fol. 42. rº.

† "En Westir vent aler. ki est regne perisez.  
Yrlaunde out si a nun. al tens d'auntiquitez.  
La maint un riche rei. Godroche iert nomez.  
Dous fiz out frances e pruz. de grant nobilitez." fol. 43. rº.

‡ "Seignurs or est Yrlande. lors fu Westir només." fol. 44. rº.



and in which the pagans were entirely discomfited. Among the slain was Egfer, the master of Gudmod. Gudreche sent for a king of Orkenie, and would have given Gudmod his daughter Lenburc and his kingdom. Gudmod declined the offer, alleging that he was not worthy of so great honor, that he had formed an alliance with the daughter of a vavasour in Bretagne, and that he should be guilty of disloyalty in accepting the hand of another. While in the hall one day, a palmer arrived—

"En la sale est entre. li paumer pelerin.  
Escrepe ot e burdun. e un chapeau feutrin.  
Par mi coe ge ponere iert. bien sembolt de bon lin.  
La ü vit seoir Horn. la tint dreit sun chemin.  
Bien conut sa facun. e le vis qu'ot rosin.  
E tresqu'il vint a li. a ses piez chiet enclin.  
fol. 76. r<sup>o</sup>.

The palmer addressed Horn in his own name—said that he was himself the son of Herland—and informed him that Wikele had put to death his father for his partiality to Horn—and that he had sought the latter in different lands during three years. He now begged that he would speed to Bretagne, to assist the party of Herland, and to rescue the fair Rigmel, who was about to marry the King of Fenenie. Horn distrusted the pilgrim, telling him that palmers were always liars, and alleging that it was improbable that Rigmel would marry another while Horn lived. "No," said the pilgrim, "if she had her own will, but her father and Wikele force her to the match." Horn prepared to leave Ireland; the king was grieved, and again offered him his daughter and his kingdom, and his aid in rescuing Suddene from the pagans who had usurped it; but the attachment of the young prince to Rigmel was above all other feelings and motives; he set sail with a party of men, well armed; they soon arrived at a port in Bretagne, which was surrounded by wood, and there they concealed themselves, while Horn rode on in search of intelligence, armed only with his sword. He met a palmer, who told him that the court was at Lyons, where the marriage of Modin, the king of Fenenie, with the princess Rigmel, was on the eve of being celebrated. Horn exchanged garments with the palmer—advanced towards the city, and rested under a pine tree, whence he saw King Modin, who was newly arrived, enter Lyons in company with Wikele. It seemed these two were now intimate friends. When they swore, which it appears they did not unfrequently, their form of adjuration was "Wite God." They admired the good make of the pretended pilgrim, and invited him to the feast. Rigmel served the wine in hall—

"Costume iert aidonc. en iccle contrée.  
Ke quant avenit si. ke dame iert espusée.  
Si ele pucele fust. k'el ne fust essaïée.  
Ke del beivre servist. tut itaunt de fiée.  
Com li seneschal mangast. od cel autre mesnée.  
E quant oust coe fait. apres sa reposée.  
Armes deveit porter. cil a qui fust donnée.  
Par defors la cite. ü en champ u en préë."  
fol. 85. r<sup>o</sup>.

Rigmel accordingly, after having dressed herself for the occasion, filled the horn, and served round the wine. When she offered it to the palmer, he refused to drink. She, piqued by this piece of unpoliteness, demanded why he would not take the horn—

"Ne purquant, si li dit. or me dites bea chier.  
Quant beivre ne volez. ke deit le demander.  
Dous feiz l'ai aporte. n'en voustistes guster.  
Al semblant que ioe vei. le corage avez fier."

Horn then threw in the ring, and made himself known to her. During the conversation which follows between them, Horn perceived that he was noticed by Wikele, left the court, and joined his companions. Rigmel rode out, attended by Haderof, to carry the arms of her husband, according to the custom. Horn, who with his troop had been concealed by the trees, suddenly made his appearance, and struck Modin from his horse. Modin's men came to rescue him, but in vain, for Horn blew his horn, and his companions hastened to his aid. Modin and Horn were then suddenly reconciled, they entered the city together; Horn and Rigmel were married; Wikele was punished, as it was right he should be; and there was a great feast, in the middle of which the MS. ends abruptly.

A very slight comparison of the French Horn with the early English romance of the same hero will convince us that the latter is not a translation. The parts of the French story which are not found in or differ from the English are exactly such as would be added by a French translator from the English, but such as are quite as likely as the rest to be retained by an English translator from the French. The names which are not in the English are generally such names as the French romancers were in the habit of introducing in their tales of the Wars with the Saracens; such, for example, as Herselot, Godfrei, Bertin, Blanchard, Moroan, Marmorin, Turlin, Gibelin, and Malbruart; in the English romance, on the contrary, the names are all good Saxon and Danish. The latter contains nothing about Africans, or sultans of Persia, or single combats with pagan giants, or assemblées at Pentecost, when all the French romance heroes held their courts. In one instance the French poet has retained the *p* which was used in spelling the Saxon name; and when he would refer to authority for his



story, he generally quotes "*the parchment*." For example, speaking of Rodlac, fol. 60. r<sup>o</sup>.—

"Cist ocis Aaloff. com dit le parchemin."

And again, when Horn had changed habits with the palmer,—fol. 82. r<sup>o</sup>.—

"E Horn ci est ad turne. com dit le parchemin."

The two exemplars of the English romance of Horn, which are preserved, are both perfect. The one (MS. Bibl. Publ. Camb. Gg. 4, 27) is of the thirteenth century, and the other, (MS. Harl. No. 2253,) like many of the articles in the manuscript where it is found, is in all probability the copy of one of the same period.

In the Cambridge copy, the father of Horn was Murry, his mother Godhild. In the Harleian MS. they are named Allof and Godylt. Horn himself was a very promising youth—"nas non his i-liche."—

"Twelf feren he hadde,  
That alle with him ladde;  
Alle riche mannes sones,  
And alle hi were faire gomes,  
With him for to pleie:  
And mest he luvede tweie;  
That on him het Hathulf child,  
And that other Fykenild.  
Athulf was the beste,  
And Fikenylde the werste."

One summer's day the king was riding along the sea-shore, where he saw fifteen ships of Saracens, (*i. e.* Danish pirates,) who landed, conquered the kingdom, put to death the King Murry, seized upon Horn and his companions, and slew all who would not forswear their faith and become Pagans. The Queen Godhild escaped, and concealing herself in a cave in a rock, she there continued to exercise the Christian faith. The Saracen "admiral," pitying Horn, yet fearing to let him grow to manhood, exposed him with his companions in a boat on the sea. Here begins the Cambridge manuscript of the French poem.

When they landed in Westernesne, (not, as the French has it, in Bretagne,) they met with King Almair, or, as he is afterwards called, Aylmor, who demanded of Horn whence they came, and on what errand. After hearing his story, how he was Horn of Suddene, and had been expelled his country by the infidels, the king took him to his palace, and gave him to the care of his steward, Athelbrus.

"Forth he clupede Athelbrus,  
That was stiward of his hus:  
'Stiward, tak nu here

My fundlyng for to lere  
Of thine mestere,  
Of wude and of rivere;  
And tech him to harpe  
With his nayles scharpe,  
Bivore me to kerve,  
And of the cupe serve.  
Thu tech him of alle the liste  
That thu evre of wiste;  
In his feiren thou wise  
Into othere servise;  
Horn thu undervonge,  
And tech him of harpe and songe."\*

Horn soon excelled in all manly accomplishments, and gained the love of Rimenhild, the king's only child. The story of their love is much the same as in the French, except that it has little of the details of the latter, and no maid "Herselot" is introduced.

The story of the battle between Horn and the Saracens also differs much in the two versions. In the English, when Horn, after having been knighted by the influence of Rimenhild, leaves her to seek an opportunity of proving his valor; he takes his horse and rides towards the shore, and there finds a ship of Saracens, who come to ravage the land. At his last visit Rimenhild had given him a ring, by looking on which, and at the same time thinking of her, he would always come off victorious. He looks on his ring, attacks the troop of Saracens who were landed, kills many, drives away the rest, and brings the head of their chieftain to the king. There is no giant "Marmorin," as we might suppose from his name. The treachery of Fykenild is foreboded to Rimenhild in a dream. The king, at the instigation of the traitor, returns from his hunting, finds Horn in Rimenhild's bosom—

"He fond Horn in arme  
On Rymenhilde barme."†

and drives him away. Horn takes leave of his "lemman"—

"Rymenhild, have wel godne day:  
No leng abiden I ne may;  
Into uncuthelonde  
Wel more for to fonde.  
I schal wune there  
Fulle seve zere:  
At seve zeres ende.  
Zef I ne come ne sende,  
Tak the husebonde:  
For me thu ne wonde"‡—

and sails to "Westene londe," where he meets the king's two sons, Harild (or as it is spelt in another place, perhaps more correctly, Alrid) and Berild. The MS. Harl. calls the first Athylld. Horn called himself

\* Gloss. *clupede*, called—*hus*, house—*nu*, now—*lere*, teach—*mestere*, craft—*bivore*, before—*kerve*, carve—*evre*, ever—*wiste*, know—*undervonge*, undertake.

† Gloss. *Rymenhilde*, Rymenhild's—*barme*, bosom.

‡ Gloss. *godne*, good (accusative)—*leng*, longer—*uncuthelonde*, strange—*wune*, dwell—*seve zere*, seven years—*zef*, if—*the*, thee—*wonde*, stay.

\* Gloss. *nas*, (*i. e.* *ne was*), was not—*i-liche*, equal—*feren*, companions—*gomes*, lads (Sax. *guma*)—*pleie*, play—*mest*, most—*luvede tweie*, loved two—*het*, called.



Cutberd, (in the Harl. MS. Godmod,) and said he came from the West :—

"Cutberd, he sede, ihe hote,  
I-comen ut of the bote  
Wel fer fram bi weste  
To seche mine beste."\*

Berild took him to his father's hall, where he was courteously received by the king, whose name was Thurston. The story of the love of the king's daughter for Horn is only in the French, and is, perhaps, but a repetition of that of Rimenhild. Horn slays the giant who had killed his father in the battle with the Saracens, in which both the princes fell. Then it is that Thurston offers Horn his only daughter, called in the Cambridge copy, Reynild; in the Harleian, Ermenild.

It is curious that the Harleian MS. also, in one instance, at v. 873, calls the father of Horn by the name of Murry, a circumstance which has led Warton into the error of supposing Murry to be the Saracen king who had invaded Suddene. It would seem, therefore, that the writer of that manuscript had the French story, or some older English one in his mind, that he had designedly changed the name of the king to Allof, but that he misunderstood this passage, and supposed Murry here to be some other person.

The king who was to have married Rimenhild was—

"King Modi of Reynes,  
On of Hornes enemies."

She sent a messenger to seek Horn in strange lands, who at length arrived in Thurston's kingdom, and there met Horn, who was riding, and told him his errand. Horn went to the king, and demanded assistance to rescue Rimenhild, which was immediately granted to him.

"He dude writes sende  
Into Yrlonde,  
After kniztes lizte,  
Irisse men to fizte.  
To Horn come i-noze,  
That to schupe droze.  
Horn dude him in the weie  
On a god galeie."†

The story of Horn's arrival in Westernesse, and of his bridal with Rimenhild, also differs very much from the same story as told by the French poet. After the marriage, and before its consummation, Horn with his Irishmen hastened to Suddene to rescue it from the hands of the infidels, leaving Rimenhild under the care of her father. The expedition to Suddene was successful,

and Horn was rejoiced to find his mother still alive in her cave in the rock. In the mean while, Fykenild had again proved treacherous, had built a strong castle, in which he confined Rimenhild, with the intention of forcing her to another marriage. Horn hastened to Westernesse: with a few of his companions in the disguise of harpers, he succeeded in entering the castle of Fykenild, slew Fykenild himself while at table, and rescued his bride.

Singularly enough, there is preserved a second English romance of Horn, certainly much more modern in its present form than the other, yet which would seem to have been formed on a still older model; and which, though it has no appearance of having been translated from the French poem, has several curious coincidences with it. All these circumstances, perhaps, only tend to show that there was a poem on the adventures of Horn much older than those which now exist.\* Though the "Horn Childe and Maiden Rimnild" of the Auchinlec MS., like all the other articles of that volume, bears no marks of northern dialect, yet that version of the story seems evidently to have been one formed on the traditional ideas of a person who lived in the north of England. The name of one of the kings of the invading army, Malkan, and the whole story as here told, seem to show that the tradition fixed its date to the period when the Irish Danes, in conjunction with the Scots, were wont to invade the northern parts of our land.

The name of Horn's father is, in this poem, Hatheolf, and he ruled over all England north of the Humber. Horn's companions were "eight knaue childer," whom the king entrusted to the care of his steward Arlaund, who was "to lern hem to ride." Meanwhile the Danes invaded the northern counties of England, and had collected their plunder ready to be borne to their ships in Cleveland :—

"Alle her pray to schip thai bere,  
In Clifland bi Tese side."

When these tidings were brought to King Hatheolf, he assembled his army on "Aler-ton more," and hastened to attack the invaders while they were still in Cleveland :—

"In a morning thai bigan,  
Of al that day thai no blan,  
That baleful werk to wirke :  
Sides thai made blo and wan,

\* We have an additional and decisive argument for the existence of this romance in a much earlier form, in the striking resemblance between it and the earlier part of the history of the Saxon Hereward, which can only be accounted for on the supposition that popular enthusiasm had applied the circumstances of a romance to the history of an individual.

\* Gloss. ihe, I—hote, am named—i-comen, come—ut, out—bote, boat—fer, far—seche, seek.

† Gloss. dude, did, caused—lizte, light—fizte, fight—schupe, ship—droze, drew.



That er were white so fether on swan,  
 Whiche gamen man aught irke.  
 When that even bicam,  
 The Danis men were al slan,  
 Itigan to mirke.  
 Whoso goth or rideth ther-bi,  
 Yete may men see ther bones ly  
 Bi Seynt Sibiles kirke."

After this victory, the king rode a-hunting on "Blakeowe more," and, after having given a feast at Pickering, he went to York, and there met Arlaund with Horn, and caused his subjects to swear fealty to the latter as his successor. Nine months afterwards came three kings out of Ireland:—

"Out of Yrlond com kinges thre;  
 Ther names can y telle the  
 Wele withouten les.  
 Ferwele and Winwald wern ther to,  
 Malkan king was on of tho,  
 Proude in ich a pres:  
 At Westmerland stroyed thay,  
 The word com on a Whissunday  
 To king Hatheolf at his des."

He assembled his host, and met the Irish army on "Staynes more." In the battle two of the Irish kings were slain, but Hatheolf himself fell by the hand of Malkan, after having been overpowered by the multitude of his assailants. The Irish withdrew to their own country, but "an erl of Northumberland," taking occasion of the death of the king, and of the minority of his son, seized upon his kingdom, and Arlaund fled with Horn to the court of Houlac, a king who reigned "fer southe in Ingland." Here his intercourse with the king's only daughter, Rinneld, was discovered by Wigard and Wikele, and he was obliged to fly the country. Horn now took the name of Godebounde, and rode west till he came to Wales. He there met a knight in the midst of a forest, who conducted him to king "Elydan," who held his court at "Snowedoune," where he obtained great favor.

While he resided at Snowdon, Elydan's son Finlak, who was a king in Ireland, sent messengers to request aid against the same Irish who had invaded Horn's own country. The messengers returned with a favorable answer, and were accompanied by Horn himself.

"Hem com an haven wele to hand,  
 That Yolkil is cleped in Irland,  
 The court was ther biside.  
 Finlawe king ther thai fande,  
 For to here tithande  
 Ozain hem gan ride."

The king of Wales with his men was detained by contrary winds; Horn and the two sons of the Irish king with their army were obliged to fight against superior numbers; the two princes were taken and put to death, and Horn wounded, though not till after he had slain Malkan, whose death was followed by the defeat of the invading army. Finlak's daughter, Acula, tended Horn's

wounds, and became deeply enamored of him. She declared to him her love, but he was faithful to Rinneld, and, the seven years of his absence being passed, with a hundred knights he set out to visit her, rescued her from king "Moging," who would have married her, slew Wigard, and compelled Wikele to confess his treason, and returned to Northumberland, to recover his hereditary possessions, which, it appears, had been usurped by Thorbrond. Here the poem ends abruptly by a defect of the MS.

The "*chansons de geste*," whether French or English, form a curious and valuable class of the literary productions of the middle ages. We are inclined to attribute their formation generally to the thirteenth century—but they were evidently made upon some older models. Perhaps some of them preserve much of the character and circumstance of those models, whilst others, again, are little better than modern imitations founded upon some circumstance or some character to which the others have contained allusions. Our own romances of this class are peculiarly interesting to us, as being, perhaps, the last form which the Saxon romances took; and, though the stories in their present shape belong all to the wars with the Danes in England, we are by no means sure that some of them are not modern versions of the older mythic legends, which, in the traditions that lived amongst the people, were applied to times with which that people was more familiar, and to places in the land where they then dwelt. Thus, the different versions of the romance of Horn, as well as the history of Hereward's younger days, may all be so many different appropriations of an early and purely Saxon legend. We should welcome the appearance of a complete collection of these romances in the English and French versions, which should include Horn, king Atla, with illustrations from the Latin *Waldens*, *Havelok*, *Guy of Warwick*, *Bevis of Hampton*, &c. The English Horn, from the Harleian manuscript, has been printed (with that of the Auchinlec manuscript) very badly by Ritson in his metrical romances. M. Francisque Michel has transcribed and collated the three manuscripts of the French Horn, and we believe it to be his intention to publish an edition in conjunction with one of his English friends, who will prepare for it the English romances on the same subject. The English and French romances of *Havelok* have been edited for the Roxburg Club by Sir Frederick Madden, and the French text republished separately at Paris by M. Michel.



The French "chansons de geste" are long and extremely numerous. It seems to have been the design of M. Paris to publish a selection of them, but he announces in the second volume of *Garin li Loherain* that he has now relinquished the project. We are sorry for this, because his *Garin* is a nice book. Others will, however, in the course of time, be published. M. Michel is preparing for publication the very ancient and curious romance of Roncevaux, from this celebrated MS. of Oxford.

ART. VI. — *Andeutungen über Landschaftsgärtnerei, verbunden mit ihren praktischen Anwendung in Muskau.* Vom Fürsten von Pückler-Muskau. (*Hints on Landscape Gardening, &c.* By Prince Pückler-Muskau.) Stuttgart, 1834.

OUR readers require not to be informed who Prince Pückler-Muskau is; the translation of his first work carried his name all over the kingdom, yet at that time it was conjectured to be an assumed one by some, who imagined that his princehood and estates existed only *in nubibus*. There is no longer room for any doubt, here being irrefragable evidence that Muskau is something better than a mere creation of the fancy, an arcadian territory embellished by the refined taste of the prince himself, who, after having amused the public by his "Tutti Frutti," here gives them the *fruits* of his own principles and taste in a pursuit which not every author is able to indulge in. This new work will add to his fame, without increasing his popularity, for it addresses itself neither to the lovers of piquant light reading,—nor to their antipodes the utilitarians,—but to that, we fear, decreasing class, who, instead of dividing their time between London and Brighton, or London and the Continent, make their own country demesnes their chief homes, and there contemplate with unsated delight the various beauties which art and nature have contributed to form.

It is not every one, indeed, who is capable of appreciating the charms of landscape scenery, to do which a man must in some degree possess

"A poet's feeling, and a painter's eye;"

and, although it savors strongly of paradox, we may venture to assert that a taste for the charms of landscape scenery is quite as much

an acquired as a natural one. No doubt all men have an instinctive fondness for the aspect of nature, inasmuch as it is cheering to the eye and gladdening to the spirits; yet that is altogether different from such delicate perception of all its beauties as is implied by the term taste. Attached as they may be to the scenes amidst which they dwell, the savage and half-civilized man are sensible of no other value in them, be they ever so fair, beyond that which they derive from local associations and impressions; neither are the uneducated, or those who, although "educated," have not cultivated minds, much more susceptible. It is not the peasant who enjoys with the most vivid emotion the loveliness of the rural scenery where his lot may have fixed him; and, as to his employer, he is, perhaps, not at all above him in the scale of sensibility. The farmer, *quoad* farmer, will generally be found to have his mind more blunted by professional habits of thinking, than excited by familiarity with nature, and the opportunities he has of studying it. He looks at fields and meadows through the most unimaginative medium possible, estimating them not according to their beauty as features in the scene, but according to their produce and its market value. In the first volume of her "Visits and Sketches," Mrs. Jameson has recorded a pleasant anecdote illustrative of this professional obtuseness; and it may be taken as characteristic not of an individual, but of an entire class. People, "whose talk is of bullocks," are not apt to have refined sensibility for intellectual pleasures. If, however, a certain degree of refinement be indispensable for fully relishing the beauties of nature, it does not follow that refinement invariably confers an aptitude for enjoying them.

Forming our notions of their taste in this respect by the scantiness of their allusions to it in their writings, we should say that neither the Greeks nor the Romans possessed any high degree of it, or had an eye for landscape composition. The individual features of it, we allow, are mentioned, and sometimes strung together or catalogued; yet nowhere do we meet with any graphic description, with any one complete and definite picture of natural scenery. Here and there a happy expressive epithet occurs, but all the rest is vague and indistinguishable; the objects are not made out; nor are any of them individualized by those touchings and markings which portray their minuter characteristics. Even the languages of both Greece and Rome appear to have been almost deficient in all those terms which are required for depicting inanimate nature, and many of which we moderns have bor-



rowed from the painter's vocabulary. They have few that indicate form and outline with tolerable precision; still fewer that supply all the variety of coloring which landscape description has occasion for. Words certainly cannot express visible objects with such fulness, clearness, and precision, as to convey exact images of them to the mind; nevertheless it is in the power of verbal description to depict impressively, if not accurately; and it is this graphic quality which we miss in the poets and other writers of antiquity. While they set events, and human actions and passions, before us in all their interest and energy, they disregarded, whether through inability to paint it or not, what relates to the local scene, or background, be it landscape or architecture; and herein they may be said to have adhered to the system of their dramatic representations, which, according to our modern notions, must have been nearly altogether destitute of the illusion produced by scenery. Graphic delineation of the kind here alluded to was not the *forte* of the ancients, nor would it be possible to collect from their writings any such specimens of verbal landscape painting and pictorial description as those which we have from the pen of Mrs. Radcliffe, or Gray the poet, in his account of the Lakes of Cumberland; certainly no parallel to any one of those brilliant graphic *tableaux* which abound in the novels of Sir Walter Scott, and which are in themselves, so many gems. Granting that the nature of their writings rarely admitted any display of decided graphic power, that does not account for the absence of it where the subject is professedly descriptive. Lucian's *Περὶ τῶν Ὁρίων*, and the younger Pliny's celebrated descriptions of his two villas, do not contradict us; for, valuable as they are, being almost the only pieces of the kind that have come down to us, they are so cold, insipid, and formal, so utterly destitute of pictorial quality, that they will not endure the slightest comparison with the landscape and still-life portraiture of the authors above referred to, to say nothing of the total omission of aught that can be deemed critical remark. An artist could make nothing whatever of the Roman consul's two residences and their accessories, whereas Scott's scenery, whether it be out-door or in-door, is so vividly represented to the mental vision, that he has little more to do than take up his pencil and translate into its language that which is so clearly explained in the verbal text. Possibly this apparent deficiency of faculty for the picturesque may have been both cause and effect of the indifference which the ancients seem to have entertained

for landscape-painting; and, among all the specimens of ancient painting which have as yet come to light, not one, we believe, furnishes even a decent example of that branch of the art. As far as we are acquainted with them, their pictures have no back-grounds of any kind, or else such miserable apologies for them, presenting such incongruous violations of both linear and aerial perspective, as to afford pretty strong evidence that even the works of their most celebrated artists must have been lamentably deficient in those particulars, unless, as it is most likely, they were dispensed with altogether; otherwise something like a general systematic acquaintance with those two indispensable elements of pictorial representation, as distinguished from sculpture, must have been traceable in very inferior performances of the pencil.

Ancient art seems to have been altogether more *sculpturesque* in its genius than *picturesque*; and not only does this appear to have been the case in regard to the arts of design, but in regard to their poetry likewise, which has far more of the quality of sculpture, relief, and outline, than of painting. Its groupes and figures are accurately defined, but they want the illusive charms of coloring, and the accompaniment of background accessories. Ancient art limited itself nearly exclusively to the representation of form, and employed itself upon the human figure. So far, then, the ancients appear to have been differently organized from the moderns; for, while gifted with an acute perception of the beauty of the animal form, they seemed to have possessed little sensibility for the ever-varying appearances of inanimate nature: since, although they might not have been able to bring them within the reach of art, they would, doubtless, have manifested a more complete recognition of them. Neither Theocritus nor Virgil can be considered a master in the art of depicting rural scenery; with them it consists only of bald, vague generalities, which do not allow us to distinguish any individual features, much less are any of the features themselves expressed with such verity of coloring as to be embodied forth to the imagination.

The Greeks knew nothing of gardening beyond a mere orchard or vegetable ground, with perhaps a formally set out grove of trees. Never do they seem to have at all refined upon the Homeric model of Alcinous's gardens, which, when described in plain prose, are found to have been as unpoetical, and probably far less interesting, than a modern nurseryman's; while those of the elegant Pliny must have been as ar-



tificial, as formal, and as quaint, in their disposition, as any Dutch *lusthof*. Unless greatly belied by their proprietor himself, of rural or natural beauty they could have possessed nothing, but were altogether too artificial to indicate the delicate skill of art.

Gardening, as an art, is one not only of modern but of very recent invention, for, previously to the early part of the last century, it could hardly be said to exist, unless the most ridiculous contradiction to nature constitutes art; in which case, some of the gardens of an earlier period must have been *chefs-d'œuvre*; since, had the philosophers of Laputa conceived the idea of regulating vegetation by geometry, and exhibiting Euclid's diagrams on a plot of ground, they could not have devised any thing more preposterous than trees clipped into cubes and other mathematical figures, or disposed in formal rank and file. Nevertheless, still do we hear of the genius of Le Nôtre, a man who was absolutely a barbarian or worse in taste, and whose genius seems to have achieved nothing beyond the wonderful discovery that trees may be planted in as regular lines as columns, and that when so planted they will so grow. Sir James's Park, which was laid out by him, manifests no genius of any kind;—in fact, it is almost ridiculous to talk of its being "laid out" at all, for we might as well talk of the genius displayed in erecting a line of paling, or in laying out the pavement of a street. But at that period art was altogether so debased and vitiated in France, that it is no wonder gardening did not escape the general corruption, a corruption which a besotted servility in favor of every thing Gallic extended all over Europe, nor are the ill effects of it entirely overcome even at this day. Another such mischievously influential Mæcenas of bad taste as Louis Quatorze might have plunged the world into that very worst and most degraded species of barbarism, which is the second childishness and paralysis of the faculties discriminative of beauty. Le Nôtre was worthy of such a Mæcenas. Happily it was reserved for England to emancipate itself and the rest of Europe from the preposterous folly which, under his guidance, waged equal enmity with nature and with art; and, let us be as deficient as we may in the cultivation of the other fine arts, we have, at least, led the way in one, or rather created it altogether. William Kent, who was the very antipode of Le Nôtre, may be considered as the originator of landscape gardening, and in that character his country has as much reason to be proud of him as of any artist it has ever produced. Let it be said that Kent did

nothing more than undo the system of his predecessors and return to nature; it was surely no ordinary mind that, in spite of the authority both of ancient and modern times, could discern and adopt what all who had gone before him had overlooked; nor does it detract from his claims upon our gratitude, that in all probability some other individual might in time have done the same, had he neglected it. The fame of Columbus is not the less, because what he accomplished might have been reserved for some other discoverer. Now that Kent has opened our eyes, any body may think that he could have opened his own and those of others, although the eyes of all the world had been almost hermetically sealed up for some scores of ages. Honor then be to William Kent, the father of the art of landscape gardening! of all the fine arts the most humanizing and the most innocuous. With the exception of architecture, all the other fine arts may be, and frequently have been, perverted to minister to grovelling sensuality and vice. Even poetry, so godlike in its energies, has, like an "archangel ruined," oft fallen from its native sphere, and uttered strains worthy of Belial himself. We need not, however, say more on this head, but proceed to inquire whether landscape gardening can legitimately be ranked among the fine arts.

Admirers as we are of this species of gardening, we apprehend that its claims to such rank cannot be substantiated without widening the idea and definition of art, so as to bring it within their scope. It is neither a mimetic or imitative art, nor one of imagination. It is not, like painting, a transcript of nature, but nature itself: not only do all the materials belong to her, but they are all in fact shaped by her, the office of man being limited to adjusting and disposing them, so as to put her in the way, as it were, of producing a more finished piece than she would do if totally unassisted. This degree of interference on the part of man with nature can hardly be designated art, any more than a cultivated field can be called an artificial object. In our opinion, it is rather selective and combining taste and good feeling that are employed in thus seconding nature, than that creative power which constitutes the artist, and which enables him to draw entirely from the stores of his own fancy, and embody at once his ideas. In gardening, we can do no more than sketch out the leading features of the design: the execution, both as regards the filling up and finishing the picture, must be left entirely to the operation of the earth, the seasons, and the elements. We may



raise or level ground, divert water into other channels than those originally assigned to it, plant or cut down; yet, as these operations are only those of manual labor, taste and judgment are concerned only in conceiving the first rough draught of the work. Now this, it appears to us, does not require any very extraordinary power of mind: it amounts to little more than suggesting a subject to an artist, and explaining to him how you conceive it ought to be treated,—the grouping of the figures, the various emotions which their countenances ought to express; nor would it be at all difficult for any one to suggest what, if executed, would produce a first rate work of art. But in art the happiest conceptions avail nothing, or will produce only palpable abortions, unless there be also the power of distinctly executing them; for it is execution which defines ideas and gives them positive existence. Many a one may perhaps be able loosely to figure to himself a combination of female charms, rivalling, if not eclipsing, the loveliness of the Medicean Venus, or countenances more expressive of refined devotional sentiment than the Madonnas of Raphael: is he therefore an artist?—we leave the reader to decide the question.

At any rate, then, landscape gardening is disengaged from one great test of strength in art, that of execution, which is necessarily consigned over to nature; hence it is so confined, that its office extends very little beyond that of critical skill in disposing the principal features and outline, preparing the canvass and subject, as it were, which nature must be left to fill up, and touch into the beauty of reality. This view of the matter, however, in no wise detracts from the talent requisite for such purpose, since, besides the painter's eye and sensibility, a master in landscape gardening must also possess a high degree of prescient vision, so as to be able to foresee results that will not develop and manifest themselves until long afterwards. The landscape painter can try an effect and, if dissatisfied with it, efface it, and proceed afresh: not so the landscape gardener; his process is far more slow and uncertain; nor can he alter at pleasure, unless in parts of mere detail. The talent, then, of the latter consists in a fine taste for the beauties of natural scenery, in the power of combining them so as to set off every part of his design to the greatest advantage, and in that of foreseeing what will be the appearance of the whole when matured by time; all which, it must be admitted, certainly differs very much in kind, if not in degree, from the mental energy and manual skill required in the followers of the fine arts.

After all, settle it as we may, it is of very little real moment, whether we call ornamental and landscape gardening a fine art, or assign to it a place by itself. Perhaps we need not be very scrupulous as to so terming it, when we consider how the word *art* is bandied about in common parlance, and to what trivial and unworthy matters it is applied. Whether recognized as one of the fine arts or not, it is undoubtedly a noble and worthy pursuit, and one that cannot be too earnestly encouraged as a source of the purest and most elegant recreation,—one whose indulgence is equally beneficial to the mind and to the body. The enjoyment which it affords is at once sensual and intellectual; and, if less stimulating than many other sensual gratifications, it has this superiority over them, that it is the least palliating of any, or rather one that is incapable of satiating. There is, moreover, this great advantage attending the pursuit, that it is one wherein decided failure is almost utterly impossible; for, although the most may not be made of a situation, or the combinations produced be even trivial and poor, there will still be the ineffable charm of the materials themselves, of verdure and vegetation in various hues and shapes; for even the smallest paddock, or shrubbery, which offer nothing answering the idea of landscape, being no more than "bits" of picture, delight the eye by nature's detail. Still, although this kind of effect cannot be missed, it is not sufficient. The landscape gardener aims at far more: his object is to fashion, as far as practicable, the materials at his command, so as to confer upon them an additional value, and display them in their fullest force, bestowing on them an expression and significancy when put together, which they do not possess when taken separately and individually. To accomplish this, he must, while in some measure directing nature, submit to be guided by her in turn, and not attempt to give his scenery a character inconsistent with the original constitution of the site. The first and golden rule of his practice must be

"Consult the genius of the place in all;"\*

for he is called upon not to put nature into a fantastic masquerade dress, but to attire her

\*The same precept is thus expressed by Delille, who probably borrowed it from Pope:

"Avant tout, connoissez votre site; et du lieu  
Adorez le génie, et consultez le dieu."

When he afterwards says,

"Je ne décide point entre Kent et Le Nôtre."

the poet sacrifices sincerity to national vanity; for his doctrine evidently decides in favor of the former.



becomingly, and to select that garb which shall sit most gracefully upon her form.

It is not every situation in which much can be effected in the way of actual landscape; therefore, in a level confined spot of limited extent, as will often be the case with the grounds attached to a small villa, it would be better not to aim at it, especially should there happen to be no prospect beyond their boundary, but rather to have recourse exclusively to ornamental gardening, by which term we would, for distinction's sake, denominate that species which admits more of the obviously artificial character, and more of studied, elaborate culture, than the other. The grounds immediately surrounding a residence ought always to partake more or less of this style, to serve as a connecting link between the building and the landscape scenery, properly so termed. Here a high degree of artificial beauty may be tolerated, provided the *artificial* be not suffered to degenerate into the *unnatural*; that is, the artificial must not show itself so as to shock common sense. We are aware that flowers disposed in parterres or planted in marble vases, trellises covered with trailing plants, level terraces, and uniform slopes, are not the spontaneous work of nature, but produced by the skill and industry of man; yet so are the roads of a country, the hedges which enclose lands, and tilled fields themselves. The very idea of a garden is that of a carefully-cultivated spot; consequently the artificial character may be permitted to manifest itself decidedly in the ornamental species, care being taken that violence is not done to nature herself. Trees clipped into formal figures, and hedges cut to resemble walls, show the artificial carried to an absurd and perverse extreme, not only destroying the forms of the plants themselves, but without having any thing whatever to excuse it on the score of utility, convenience, or other advantage; whereas the disposing of flowers in parterres, or leading creeping shrubs over trellises, exhibits them to advantage, and conformably with their natural properties. A trellis mantled over with the leaves and blossoms of various "climbers" is hardly a more artificial object than a wall clad with ivy, which has certainly never been deemed unpicturesque. Whatever be the degree of ornamental character bestowed upon a garden or pleasure-ground of this description, we must still avoid that strict architectural symmetry which, being here misplaced, tends not to give the charm of regularity that we properly look for in buildings, but merely to produce a monotonous formality. A parterre, for instance, should not exhibit in its plan an ex-

act pattern, hardly regular figures of any kind; neither should there be corresponding features reflecting each other: thus, should there happen to be a terrace, a flight of steps, or any thing else of the sort, it ought not to have its counterpart, but to be considered a distinct and complete feature in itself, as much as what is less evidently the work of human industry. When we once begin to affect *parallelism* and repetition in such matters, we exceed the allowable degree of the artificial, and act nearly as preposterously as we should do were we to cut two rivers or lead two roads running parallel beside each other. It is not the artificial, properly applied, which is contrary either to sound taste or the picturesque; but that reduplication of it, which not only occasions unbecoming formality, put utterly destroys variety. In ornamental gardening there may be the most studied display, and the study itself may be apparent; yet, however elaborately adorned, the whole scene may wear such an air of ease and gracefulness as not only to be most captivating in itself, but also eminently picturesque, and to furnish a delightful subject for the pencil. In expressing what many will consider a very extraordinary opinion, we do not speak unadvisedly; for we cannot help thinking that those who have written on the subject of the picturesque have taken a very imperfect and partial view of it, accounting for only one particular species, and rejecting from their theories all that is not either exclusively the work of nature, or the result of accident. According to them, the artificial and the picturesque are almost incompatible with each other; yet, if by the latter we are to understand that quality in objects which recommends them to the painter's eye as subjects for his pencil, they surely err egregiously, since their doctrine goes to prove that many of those things are unpicturesque which we nevertheless find treated *con amore* in pictures. This mistake—at least oversight—appears to us to have arisen from too exclusive consideration of the *pure and unmixed picturesque*, without regard to other qualities with which it may be combined. Because native landscape and wild scenery are picturesque, they have too hastily come to the conclusion that it must become the contrary in proportion as it aims at other beauties, and displays any effort or any effects of art. Perhaps we can best illustrate their doctrine and our own by instancing tolerably decisive cases that will serve to put both to the test. If they are correct, either a flower-piece is a very unfit subject for the pencil, or there must be a species of the picturesque reconcilable with a very strong



degree of the artificial. Flowers of various sorts do not grow together in china jars or embossed vases, while both jars and vases are such evident productions of art, so utterly destitute of any of those qualities wherein the picturesque is asserted to consist, that they at any rate ought not to find their way into the picture; nevertheless they do, and withal add no little to its beauty;—and why? Because they are treated *picturously*. As to the flowers themselves also, it would not be difficult to show that, according to all definitions of the picturesque, they have as little pretension to it, more especially as their grouping is studied and artificial. Perhaps it will be said that in pictures of this class it is the skill and fidelity of the representation, more than any thing else, which occasion our admiration, and cause us to overlook the unfitness of the things themselves to be so shown; yet that would be not very far from saying that they are at once pleasing in representation, and unsuitable for it; utterly unfit for painting, yet capable of forming most delightful pictures. Let us turn to what is altogether artificial, and see whether that excludes the picturesque—we mean dress. Of this, neither the fashion nor the materials seems to possess any of those qualities demanded by the theorists, or rather are attended with the disadvantage of having almost diametrically opposite ones; nevertheless, few will deny, and common language itself admits, that dress may be strikingly picturesque; nay, when it is not so in reality, a skilful artist will be able to render it such by his management of it. The same holds good with regard to that species of gardening which is professedly the ornamental style, and admits of the highest degree of *recherche* embellishment, care being taken not to lose sight of artistical effect and sentiment; and as this style depends more upon details and the finish of minutiae than that of “landscape” does, it is better adapted for a small than a large scale, and for the immediate environs of a residence.

For design, or the really artistical part of gardening, no positive rules of any kind can be laid down, either for the ornamental or the landscape style; there we must be governed by individual circumstances and situation. The only general rule which, as in all similar cases, is of least use to those who most need the assistance of any, is not to attempt more than the subject will bear, and to dispose of every thing with a view to effect. Be the grounds ever so decorated and ornate, there should ever be—we will not say simplicity, for the popular signification of that term would not very well convey our

meaning, perhaps seem altogether at variance with such degree of embellishment; we will therefore say breadth and repose—qualities exceedingly compatible with richness and gaiety of expression, with brilliancy and sparkling effects. Of course this is to be understood *cum grano salis*; for it is not to be supposed that in such cases repose can be made a predominant characteristic: no more of it, in fact, is desirable than will suffice to temper down and subdue glaringness, to bring the whole into harmonious keeping, and to prevent flutter and fritter. As in aiming at richness we must studiously avoid falling into glare and gaudiness, which are a debased and corrupt species of richness, so must we take heed that we do not mistake the merely fantastic for the fanciful. In the strictly ornamental style, the latter may legitimately be employed, on the condition annexed to every thing which partakes of art, namely, that the result be satisfactory, which it certainly will not prove, should the fanciful exhibit itself only in trivialities and trumpery. No where ought we to be more upon our guard against triviality than where we are obliged to work entirely in little, because we are there most likely of all to fall into it, if we have recourse to factitious embellishment. We do not say that artifices are altogether unallowable, that in garden ornaments only genuine materials are to be employed; pedestals, for instance, of wood, painted to resemble stone, may be tolerated, provided they are introduced in situations where they cannot be too closely approached; but, let the material be what it may, the form of all such objects ought to be most carefully studied, and calculated to please a critical eye. Unless that be done, they had much better be omitted altogether, because so far from being ornamental, they prove the reverse, are contemptible in themselves, and betray ignorance and vulgar taste. Happily, the wooden Gothic summer-houses, Chinese alcoves, and other Cockney conceits, together with “clumsy Cupids squirting in a pond,” have been long ago exploded by the deserved ridicule they incurred; still it is a question whether we have done well in suffering them to prejudice us against every thing of the kind. By a judicious application of ornamental building and arrangement, much may be effected within a small compass, and a striking degree of scenic character obtained. Of what may be thus accomplished we have a tolerable example in the gardens and conservatories of the Colosseum, and we might perhaps refer to the conservatory at the Pantheon, in Oxford street. It must be admitted that the former no less than the latter is entirely an



*in-door* garden; and likewise that there is somewhat more of the theatrical about it than would be desirable for any other place: at the same time, it shows what might be done within similarly contracted limits, and it likewise furnishes many hints and ideas that might be greatly improved upon. For our own part, we do not see wherefore a *houdoir garden*, if we may be allowed so to term this peculiar species, should not be perfectly reconcileable with good taste, since it certainly affords opportunities for introducing a variety of scenic and pictorial effects, although in proportion as it is capable of being treated in a masterly way, it is liable to be abused and rendered a mere assemblage of show-box puerilities.

Unliket he ornamental style, landscape gardening rejects, not only all artifice, but all indication of the artificial. It demands, not on that account less study; rather does it require more, and also the nicest delicacy of judgment and feeling, in order the better to conceal those very contrivances which bestow on the scene charms that nature had originally refused to it. It is not the factitious bloom upon the cheek of a beautiful woman, so much as the unskilfulness with which it is laid on, that offends the eye; the offence consists in the imposition being detected. The landscape gardener should bear this in mind; he must beware of painting too thick—of overdoing embellishment, till he pushes beauty to the verge of absurdity. Either he must make no attempt at concealing his machinery, or hide it most effectually, unless he is content to pass for a bungler.

We apprehend, however, that our readers will be better pleased to learn what Prince Pückler-Muskau says on the subject, than to have our opinions; and he does not speak from theory alone, having had the opportunity of enforcing precept by practice. The first requisite he demands in the embellishment of grounds is, that there should be unity of idea,—a *sine qua non* in every work of art. Such unity is not to be confounded with sameness; on the contrary, there must be both variety and contrast, yet of that species which nature exemplifies in her most propitious moods. Contrast must be so managed as to conduce to the harmony of the whole; there must be nothing forced or extravagant in it; and even the transitions from one scene to another, however sudden, should have nothing jarring, or that will disagreeably interrupt our preceding impressions.

"It is not indispensably necessary," observes the Prince, "that in order to produce a powerful effect, a park should be of considerable size. Owing to the

unskilfulness with which it is treated, a very extensive space of land is frequently so cut up into patches as to be greatly reduced; while, by a contrary system, a limited one may be made to appear larger than it really is. In my opinion, therefore, Michael Angelo was altogether mistaken when he said of the Pantheon:—'It is a wonder upon earth, but I will elevate it in the air,' hoping thereby to obtain still greater effect. By giving the dome of St. Peter's the same dimensions, he realized his boast; yet how unfavorable is the result! Erected upon an enormous mass of building, the dome looks comparatively diminutive and unimportant; while the Pantheon, placed in a suitable point of view, has for centuries been an object sublime as the vault of heaven. Were they put upon the summit of Mont Blanc, the pyramids would appear no larger than sentry-boxes; and Mont Blanc itself, viewed from a remote distance, appears of no greater size than a heap of snow. Great and small, therefore, are only relative terms. It is not according to what it actually is, but according to what it shows itself to the eye, that we form our estimate of any object; and it is precisely here that a wide field opens itself to the landscape gardener. The tree, for example, which, although a hundred feet high, does not shut out the horizon, when situated in the middle ground of the prospect, would, were it only ten feet in height, do that, if no more than a few paces from us. Consequently, by a skilful management of the foreground, we may most easily, and most speedily, produce important effects, and give a striking physiognomy to the landscape."

But what the reader will ask, is to be understood by 'foreground?' A real landscape is not like a picture, where the eye is confined to a single point of view; for what is foreground in one situation becomes middle ground, or distance, when beheld from another. Very true: the same foreground cannot possibly remain; yet, although we cannot retain the *same*, there should always be a *foreground*, that is, along the whole of the direct course through which the spectator passes. It is with reference to such course that the landscape gardener must work; this he must consider a *series of stations* from which so many pictures are to be viewed; casual ones there may be, to be obtained by desultory and random rambling in any direction,—and, indeed, in beautiful scenery they can hardly fail to occur; but, as concerns the actual laying out of the grounds, it is only certain definite points that can be subjects of study, and other results and combinations must be left more or less to accident.

In the foreground itself, as well as elsewhere, there must be variety; otherwise, whatever merit it may possess in itself, it would appear too *mannered*. Diversity of shape, of color, of light and shade, must all be secured; and every advantage must be taken of inequalities of surface in the ground: gentle undulations and swells, abrupt breaks and hollows, may all be turned to account for this purpose. The larger features of landscape are not equally under our control: should nature have been niggardly to the site in this respect, we can do little towards counteracting her parsimony, save in



the way of planting, imparting to the scene variety of verdure, and the richness of sylvan luxuriance. From the tangled thicket to the light open grove, between the interstices of whose foliage the sunbeams dart and flicker upon the rich grassy sward—from the plant and shrub, to the majestically spreading tree—all these may be formed; though, in regard to objects of the last-mentioned class, it must be confessed that they require more than the growth of a few summers for their development, nor, unless previously existing on the spot, can they very conspicuously adorn an entirely newly-formed place. On that very account are they all the more to be prized and cherished when we actually possess them, as ornaments of the scene not to be replaced by ourselves or our immediate successors when once destroyed. Independently of their nobleness as objects of sight, the aspect of venerable trees and woods exerts a powerful influence over the mind; there is a charm even in the very monotony of a dense and uninterrupted scene of wood, and, when viewed from an eminence, such an expanse of foliage and verdure partakes, like the ocean, of the sublime.

So greatly does water heighten the beauties of landscape, and contribute, by the manifold ways in which it displays itself, towards variety, that this alone will give to the scenery a spirit which it must otherwise lack; still if nature has denied a supply of it, we must either content ourselves with effects independent of it, or have recourse to the artificial introduction of it. But in such case, observes the Prince,

"I would rather advise that no attempt be made at imperfect imitation. Without having water, a landscape may be highly pleasing, while a stinking mass of water is in itself pestilential. The former is merely a negative defect, the other a positive and serious evil; nor will any person, but he who has paid for it, imagine that a stagnant pool can be mistaken for a natural lake."

We must own, however, that in our opinion there are many situations in which even standing water contributes to the picturesque,—such as a pond for cattle; at the same time it should be observed, that a small pool of that kind is altogether different from one which is rendered a conspicuous object and affects to be an important feature. But let us proceed with the author's remarks on the subject of water.

"A number of smaller and larger projections of land running into the water give an air of naturalness to its banks, as do likewise deep insertions extending into them, and diversity as to the height and shape of the banks themselves. Care must be taken that the margin be not so trim as to betray the operation of manual labor; unless it be in the pleasure-ground; and even there it is more advisable to observe a medium between unassisted nature and cultivation. Should

a large lake-like sheet of water be required, which is certainly very desirable in the prospect from the windows of the mansion, it ought, partly by means of islets, and partly by indenting creeks, the extremities of which should be concealed by plantation, be so disposed that the whole surface of water can never be taken in at a single view, but the water appear to extend itself beyond the screens so formed; otherwise, almost any piece of water will appear inconsiderable, although it may be two or three miles in circumference. Open spots along the banks, lofty trees planted singly, wood, and thicket, must all be employed, in order to diversify the effect as much as possible; and in the broadest part the light must be fully admitted, that the transparency and brilliancy of the water may not be at all diminished by its exclusion. Should there happen to be any considerable object just by the water—a building, hill, or particularly remarkable tree—there must be nothing between that and the bank which would prevent its reflection; and, neither by means of a path, or a bench placed for such purpose, the attention of the visitor must be drawn to the spot that will afford the most favorable view of the picture so produced."

Judicious as these instructions are in themselves, they seem calculated to lead to mannerism, at least they do not provide for many accidental circumstances which might be made to contribute to novelty of character. Neither do we exactly agree with the author in what he says as to guarding against predominancy of shadow. The silvery brilliancy of water is undoubtedly one of its chief recommendations, both on its own account, and for the heightening contrast which it affords to the rest; but, if there be less of sparkle and animation, there is certainly not less of picturesque and poetic charm in a scene, where a stream, or lake, is embosomed among overhanging banks and shaggy trees, that cast, if not absolutely a gloom, a dense mass of shadow, over its surface.

Buildings, of course, come in for some share of the Prince's didactic hints and cautions; and here he justly deprecates that false taste which has frequently led to absurd parade, filling many gardens with structures at once contemptible and expensive, crowding what they should adorn, and, although collectively betraying much ambitious aim, individually insignificant. He is for proscribing all buildings that have no ostensible purpose, and insists that those which are erected shall have an external character in accordance with their destination. This is undoubtedly very sound advice in the main, yet it admits of some exceptions; neither good taste nor good sense imperatively requires that a building erected for embellishment should have any particular use appropriated to it. The absurdity would not be in the thing itself, but in cavilling at that particular species of embellishment, where the object of all the rest is solely the gratification of the eye and mind, because, as for the matter of exercise, a person might obtain that by rambling among the



fields. It is quite sufficient that a building be an attractive object, one in accordance with the scene where it is introduced, and not only of value in the general view, but of positive merit as a piece of architecture, especially as it is intended to be frequently and leisurely viewed. Should a structure be introduced merely as a distant object to mark an eminence, or to break the line of the horizon, and so placed that near access to it cannot be obtained, then indeed positive architectural beauty, beyond that of pleasing outline and proportions, may be dispensed with; but in every other case it becomes essential. Should it, therefore, not be considered worth while to erect such a building as shall be a beautiful and finished work of art in itself, it cannot be worth while to erect any at all. How infinitely better would it be in every respect, if, instead of squandering money in putting up a number of petty and paltry buildings, by courtesy nicknamed temples, the proprietor of a place were to apply the sum bestowed upon such insignificancies to the erection of a single edifice of superior design. "How happens it," asks a recent tourist, "that none of our moneyed and travelled connoisseurs have ever erected as an ornamental building in their pleasure grounds, if not a precise model of the whole of a Pompeian house, something that should combine all the more striking and characteristic features of one?"\* The idea appears to us a good one, at least as far as interior decoration is concerned; and such a *restoration*, properly executed, would, perhaps, be far more satisfactory and instructive than the shattered and dismantled houses of Pompeii itself.

In all buildings of any pretension whatever, and more than a mere rustic construction, the trivial should solicitously be guarded against. Nothing can be more ridiculously offensive than diminutive, toyish imitations of castles and abbeys; neither are sham ruins particularly to be recommended, although we do not entertain that decided hostility towards them which our princely author does. Whenever any thing of the sort is attempted, it would be more advisable to show little more than a single feature in tolerable preservation, and of really beautiful design in itself, than an unintelligible heap of fragments, without any architectural character or effect to compensate for the interest they might possess if really belonging to some former edifice. A Gothic porch converted into a garden-seat, or a window of rich workmanship, partly mantled over with ivy, might possess the merit of being a taste-

ful as well as picturesque object. The site of a building ought also to be so selected as to set it off to the utmost advantage, so as to render it not only a useful accessory in the general prospect, but an effective and satisfactory feature where it necessarily becomes the principal one in the scene: in painters' phraseology, every thing of the kind ought to be made to *tell*.

As a precept to be generally followed, we are ready to admit that a building intended for some actual purpose should present an external character in accordance with it; at the same time we are of opinion that a little licence in this respect should be allowed. Occasionally a building may be so masked that its interior shall present the very reverse of what its exterior promises, without at all violating good taste. In such cases, however, the surprise should not be that of disappointment, but of unexpected delight. When, on entering what its external aspects denotes to be a temple, we discover that it is only a cow-house, dairy, or room for keeping garden-tools, we should have some reason to be out of humor with the deception; whereas, we were to pass through a vestibule externally fashioned to look like the cell of some recluse, or rustic dwelling, or grotto, and suddenly find ourselves within an elegant, boudoir-like, and fairy apartment, whose windows afforded a prospect till then concealed from sight, we might easily forgive the fraud practised upon us. Such a place would have something beyond the merit of exciting a first surprise by mere trickery; and deceptions of this kind admit of being shaped in an infinite variety of ways. We do not pretend to say that the result would uniformly be a happy one; frequently it might prove very childish and absurd. One piece of advice may in every case be safely followed, which is, that nothing should be too precipitately commenced, but be maturely studied and reconsidered, and the intended effects accurately represented in drawings, before actual operations are set on foot.

We pass over the technical portion of the Prince's work, and indeed have omitted to touch upon many topics in it which afford matter for discussion of a more general nature; but we have already devoted as much space to the subject as we can venture to do, and must now dismiss it, strongly recommending the work itself to all who take any interest in the matters of which it treats; that is, should they be acquainted with the language in which it is written, for we very much question whether it will ever appear in an English dress, it being by no means of the class of works that a translator is

\* Wilson's Records of a Route, &c. 1835.



likely to select for his purpose, or for which he would find a market among English publishers. In addition to the information and instruction it contains for the landscape gardener, we should add that it also furnishes many observations and hints which the painter, and indeed artists generally, might turn to account; and we trust that our lively and intelligent *Verstorbene* will, before he really deserves that appellation, live to compose many pieces of elegant didactic criticism worthy of the pen which have given us these *Andeutungen*.

ART. VII.—*Italien wie es ist. Bericht über eine merkwürdige Reise in den Hesperischen Gefilden, als Warnungsstimme für alle welche sich dahin sehnen.* Von Gustav Nicolai. (Italy as it is. Narrative of a remarkable Tour in Hesperia, as a Warning to all who wish themselves there.) 2 vols. 12mo. Leipzig, 1834.

It is the lot of reviewers, being indeed their imperative duty, to pore over many a queer volume, to wade through much that they would gladly cast aside;—at one time for the benevolent purpose of seeing whether a dull book may not afford some redeeming pages, some valuable information—at another in order to save the fairer portion of the reading public from being betrayed, by a seemingly innoxious title, into the perusal of that which may prove offensive to female delicacy. This last is an irksome, though surely a most important duty; but we are well aware that we have no great right to complain of its disagreeableness, inasmuch as none of our now numerous band were either pressed or kidnapped into the service, but all voluntarily made choice of reviewing as our profession. We mention the circumstance only to claim the gratitude of our respected countrywomen at this moment, when we are called upon to discharge this duty to them.

It has of late struck us as somewhat remarkable, that we have occasionally met with German travellers unfit for general perusal. An English traveller may now and then communicate to his readers rather more concerning his own bodily health or discomfort than they exactly wish to know; but he will scarcely run the hazard of seriously disordering their stomachs by his details, and still less, unless he avowedly write for medical students alone, will he relate what not only cannot be read aloud in a family circle, but must oblige the father of a family carefully to put the book out of his

children's way. Now we have recently met with more than one German traveller who seems to be utterly unsuspicious of the possibility of making people sick by words, and to think that whatever he has seen, that he must perforce tell, how disgusting soever the sight,—nay, though it were such as is vigilantly withheld from the eyes of women. Some of these travellers we have not deemed it necessary to introduce to our readers' acquaintance; but the volumes now before us, although belonging to the same class, we think sufficiently original to merit an exception.

They are entitled, "Italy as it is." And how is that, think you, courteous reader? Italy as it is, in the eyes of Gustav Nicolai, his wife, his brother, and his friend—the members of his travelling party—is totally unlike what it has hitherto been in the eyes of the great body of travellers of his own, as well as of all other nations. We do not assuredly mean to ascribe to this company of Prussians the discovery that Italy is, or rather that Italians are, superlatively dirty and tolerable extortionate: that we apprehend all who have visited the Hesperian peninsula know to their cost. The Prussian, or rather the Nicolai discovery is, that Italy possesses nothing, in climate, in scenery, in classical remains, and little in works of art, to repay the traveller for his sufferings in nose, skin, and purse. But we must enter somewhat into detail, carefully avoiding, of course, to translate what we would gladly have avoided reading.

On May-day of the year 1833, Gustav Nicolai and Co. set forth from Berlin, impatiently eager to revel in the anticipated beauties and pleasures of Italy. They journeyed by way of Vienna, through the southern provinces of the empire of Austria; and as far as Trieste their enthusiastic expectation of enjoyment seems to have grown by what it fed on. As this portion of their route led through a country less familiarly known to the general reader than Italy, we shall select an extract or two from this more pleasing part of the book.

"In many respects Illyria really prepares us for Italy. Hardly any other land is composed of such heterogeneous parts as Illyria." [We do not quite understand whether this be part of its resemblance to Italy.] "Even in older times the inhabitants were of mixed origin, consisting of Thracians, Phœnicians, Celts, and Sicilians. Cæsar, Augustus, Germanicus, and Tiberius, subjected the land to the Roman sceptre; and all the Roman provinces that lay eastward, were comprehended under the name of *Illyricum Magnum*.\* . . . The provin-

\* He cannot surely mean to include Greece, Macedonia, and the Asiatic provinces of Rome, in *Illyricum Magnum*?



ces had long been dissevered, and the name of Illyricum was nearly forgotten, when Napoleon, after the peace of Campo Formio, united the circles of Villach and Carniola, Austrian Istria, Fiume, Trieste, the Litorale, Dalmatia, and the islands thereunto belonging, into one government, to which he gave the name of the Illyrian provinces. Illyria now forms a separate kingdom, subject to the Austrian sceptre, but comprehends only the governments of Laybach and Trieste, (the western portion); Dalmatia, Croatia, and Slavonia, constituting separate (equally subject) kingdoms. It may be imagined that the confusion of tongues is heard in Illyria. To-day our postilions no more understood us than we them. One of them, who could just make himself intelligible in German, we questioned as to his mother tongue, which he said was '*Raitzian*.' This seemed to me a mixture of bad Italian with some Slavonic dialect."

At Adelsberg the party visited "the celebrated Magdalen grotto," said to be the largest stalactitic cavern in the world. This grotto is annually illuminated on a day called the "grotto festival." Twenty-four hours' stay would have enabled our travellers to witness this illumination, but they preferred visiting the grotto the preceding midnight, in the ordinary way, and, as we find nothing very remarkable in the account of it, we shall hurry on with them to Trieste.

"Where shall I find words to paint the infinite beauty I have this day seen? We are at Trieste. Maps may tell us that we are still in Germany; town, country, men and language, all convince us that we have reached the divine Hesperian fields!

"It is incredible how suddenly the character of the country alters near Sessana. You find yourself indisputably transplanted into Italy. The villages consist of stone houses, with low angular roofs, narrow stone staircases, on the outside, leading to the first floor; but the country is still waste; the heights around are stony and barren; only here and there do we see a vine. Gradually appears the undulating, reddish grey elevated plain, across which our way leads, and which bears neither tree nor grass, but is strewn over with white blocks of chalk and alabaster, every where seen standing up many feet above the surface.

"At length we reached the summit of the *Karst*, hill, 1486 feet high, French measure, below which lies Trieste. And here, as by the touch of a fairy wand, opens upon the traveller, who the moment before saw nothing but barren heights, an immeasurable world of beauty, such as the most glowing imagination is unable to conceive.

"Before us lay the deep blue Adriatic Sea, lighted up by the setting sun, and covered with white sails; beneath our feet, looking small from the distance, Trieste, with its white stone houses, its castle and harbor, its pier and light-house; to the left, along the coast of Istria, reddened by the evening sun, rose, in picturesque waving lines, like a hardened sea of lava, the naked mountains upon which we were; to the right, a lower range of hills declined to the flat coast of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. Close to the road we beheld an *osteria* (inn), with an Italian vine-covered gallery, under which sat happy people enjoying the charms of nature. The slope of the hills that inclose the little narrow valley, in which, upon the sea-shore, stands Trieste, was adorned with numberless country-houses amongst vineyards, whilst over the whole landscape were spread the azure vault of a clear cloudless sky, and the witchery of the lights of eve. We gazed with tears of rapture upon this un-

speakably beautiful picture. If Italy begins thus, what must be her internal charms.

"One thing is, alas! wanting in the splendid landscape—the verdure of luxuriant vegetation; for green meadows and leafy shady trees were not to be seen.

"Trieste is built in the Italian style; and beautifully; its pavement excellent. Before the lower story of almost all the houses, blue and white striped cloths are supported upon gaily-colored poles, so that one walks in shade before the well-furnished shops. Wherever one looks appears the active traffic of a busy sea-port town, remarkably populous in proportion to its size. Amidst the throng of Europeans, oriental garbs are here and there discerned.

"The corpse of a child, about nine years' old, has just been carried past our windows, in an open coffin, decorated with flowers. First went ecclesiastics in full canonicals, preceded by a crucifix, then the gaudy coffin, resting on the shoulders of the bearers; the mourners, consisting of women and children, followed. Yes, we are in Italy.

"The lemonade sellers are characteristic, running about with a large bottle and a glass in their hands, or pushing on before them a barrow with a cask, vehemently recommending their wretched liquid to the populace as a valuable refreshment, and for a *kreutzer* (something less than a halfpenny) pouring a whole quart of their beverage down the gasping throat of a steaming porter. What now?—The people throng together; every salesman leaves his wares; a confused cry rises to our windows; a detachment of soldiers bring in a criminal in chains; they halt before a house opposite to us; an officer of justice, clothed in black, appears in the balcony of the house; instantly the crowd is hushed; a death-like silence reigns; the official opens a paper and reads the sentence. The prisoner has murdered his mistress through jealousy; his doom is imprisonment for life. He is pale; his black shaggy hair hangs over his face; he listens with seeming indifference to the decision of his fate, and returns very quietly to his prison. The judge retires; a subdued murmur is heard from the crowd; each returns to his business; and again rings the ear-piercing cry of the costermonger.—All is forgotten!"

In this happy, admiring, and joy-anticipating frame of mind, our travellers entered Italy by its north-eastern extremity; and forthwith, the very first day that they stood upon the longed-for Hesperian fields, we find them beginning to grumble.

"We drove close along the shallow sea-shore; it was marshy, overgrown with reeds, and cut up by numerous canals. Gradually the sea disappeared, and we found ourselves in the flat country. Here, we every where saw black, knotty, leafless, and seemingly withered trees, by the road side, which made an unpleasant impression upon us. We learned that these were mulberry trees, stripped of their leaves many times in the year, to feed silk-worms. Some fig-trees and vines were discernible. It was impossible to yield one's self up fully to enjoyment, for the impudent importunity and screaming of the beggars, who every where assailed us, was unendurable. Moreover, we found the villages that we passed through, smoky and filthy. We crossed the Isonzo in the evening, and reached Palmanova, the first town of the province of Friuli, in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, where our passports were demanded. Every time this happens, we must open our purses. We alighted at the inn, called the best, but find it very indifferent. This afternoon has disappointed our expectations. We are somewhat out of humor: if Italy continues such as we have seen it to-day,—why then, it is not pretty.

"Here we were to leave our carriage, and embark in a post packet-boat, in order to cross the *Laguna* to Venice. A horrid-looking rabble watched the unloading of our baggage. Scarcely had I begun, when twenty hands were put forth. I might repel them or not; with animal-like wildness the things were snatch-



ed from me; every one was resolved to earn, to force the stranger to open his purse. We were disgusted at this persecuting effrontery. The most positive command to let the carriage alone was unheeded. Two porters had immediately appeared with trucks to convey our baggage. The canal upon which we were to embark is about ten minutes' walk distant from the inn, and one truck would have sufficed; but, without referring to us, our things were placed upon two trucks, to make us pay double; besides which two or three other chaps whipped up a package or two apiece, and ran off with them to the vessel. Nor let it be supposed possible to hinder such proceedings. The idle mob of lookers-on, who stare at a foreigner with savage insolence, and openly laugh at him if he lays himself open to their taunts, would instantly take part against him, should he resist the arbitrary will of any one of their number. On our way from the inn to the vessel we were attacked by a swarm of shameless, screaming, loathsome beggars. On board, we were awaited by four post-sailors, although two or three could have managed the boat. A fifth fellow, in the post livery, had the impudence to demand his *buona man'*, (*anglicè*, something to drink,) as post-hostler, although, proceeding by water, we had no need of horses or hostler; a sixth wished us *buon viaggio* (a good journey,) and demanded his *buona man'* for that. We gave something to drink to fifteen persons before the vessel would put off."

From this time forward, we hear of little else but filth, vermin, beggars, extortion, and ill-cooked, uneatable meals—in truth we suspect this last to have been the heaviest grievance, Germans being accused of caring, somewhat unintellectually, for the refection of the body,—and little indeed for compensatory beauties. At Venice, our traveller finds all in the wrong. The palaces are in ruins, the smaller canals smell offensively, the women are ugly, and wear no national costume; the opera orchestra plays out of time and tune, and the singers are detestable. The gondoliers have left off singing Tasso, and singing vilely what they do sing. Indeed, music there is none in Italy,—except, perhaps, at the Florentine and Neapolitan opera theatres. Similar complaints, *mutatis mutandis*, are incessantly repeated as the travellers proceed; and it is self-evident that such a journal affords much that cannot be extracted, and little of what it would be desirable to extract. The extortion our travellers seem to have made super-extortionate by a happy combination of timid submission with occasional impotent attempts at resistance. Of the last we select one instance, characteristic of both parties—the cheater and the cheated.

"At Aquapendente we alighted at the *Aquila Nera* (Black Eagle,) where the landlord immediately demanded our passports, that they might be *visè* by the police, for the third time to-day; they were afterwards returned with a charge of two *paoli*, (about a shilling,) for each passport, and a *buona man'* for the person who took them. In the course of this day we have thus paid five Prussian dollars for our passports.

"We were persecuted to order supper, although we had already positively said that we desired only four plates of soup, and roast meat for two. They

would fain have kept us up waiting till midnight, then to set before us the regular Italian repast of thirteen dishes. We repeated that we would have only roast meat for two, and soup for four; whereupon the waiter, a tall, disagreeable looking fellow, cast upon us a glance of taunting contempt.

"\* \* \* He laid the cloth, and set two clumsy bottles of wine upon the table. This mode of forcing travellers to spend their money, revolted us. We told him we had not ordered wine, and gave him back the second bottle, as at any rate one was enough for us. He immediately replaced it on the table, and answered, sneeringly, 'It's all one; you may drink it, or not.'"

A quarrel with the postilions who had brought them to Aquapendente, further stirred our traveller's bile; and he thus laments its effect.

"I could not eat two spoonfuls of soup, for I was choking with anger. \* \* \* Opposite to our windows I hear voluntaries played on a bad pianoforte. I mention it, because this is the first pianoforte that I have heard in Italy. I am told that it is a lady that plays. Oh! unknown Italian fair, how does your disharmony move my heart!"

The beds proved harder, the vermin more numerous and hungry, here than usual, and the lady played on, nearly all night. Indeed, the Italian practice of turning night into day is one of our traveller's constant subjects of complaint.

"There was no closing our eyes; therefore, at six o'clock we rose, and I called in all haste for breakfast and post-horses, to revive ourselves in the coolness of morning. An hour we waited for our coffee. Some lumps of baked leaven supplied the place of loaves and rolls. Luckily, as at Florence and Siena, soft boiled eggs were given us with our coffee, a custom introduced into Italy by English travellers.

"We called for our account, but could not trust our eyes when we saw nine *scudi*\* (nearly thirteen Prussian dollars) charged for four beds, four plates of soup, two plates of tough, newly-killed hen, one plate of spoiled cherries, coffee and bread for four, with eight eggs. The wine we had scarcely touched; and moreover it cost about as much as beer in Germany. We paid; for where should we seek redress."

We apprehend that they would have been charged no more had they allowed the customary supper to have been served, and not wrangled about a second bottle of cheap wine. But this is only the opening of the extortion drama.

"One of us, who acted as paymaster, gave the waiter four golden Napoleons, bidding him bring the change, and a dozen of oranges to quench our thirst upon the road. \* \* \* He brought the oranges, and paid the exact silver change into our cashier's hands. Our companion bade the man take the money for the oranges, which he did; when we, exasperated at our ill-treatment, and therefore determined to give the waiter no *buona man'*, bade the postilions drive on. Suddenly the waiter exclaimed, 'The oranges are not paid for!' We remonstrated, that he had just taken the money; he denied it; and to avoid delay, we paid a second time; again, and now angrily

\* Crown pieces.



bidding the postilions drive on. When the waiter saw the carriage in motion, without his having received a *buona man*, he exclaimed, trembling with rage, '*è niente per il cameriere*,' (and nothing for the waiter)? We flung him a couple of *paoli*. The paltriness of the sum increased the Italian's fury." [We suspect that English, French, and even German waiters, would have been angry in such circumstances.] "The carriage moved on; one moment he stood speechless: he saw that in another we should be beyond his reach—like lightning he devised the means of revenging himself and plundering us. 'Stop! stop!' shouted he; and the mob, who had witnessed the whole discussion, began to run with him. 'Stop! You have got a Napoleon too much!'—'A Napoleon too much!' roared out the mob. 'Stop the carriage! Our postilions stopped, for the whole nation is silently in league against foreigners. With fiery eyes, his voice half-choked with rage, the waiter demanded his Napoleon. Around us crowded *sans-culottes* vagabonds, with savagely threatening gestures! We were impatient to reach Rome; objections seemed fruitless; and a golden Napoleon slid into the pocket of the cheat. Off we now dashed at full speed, whilst triumphant roars of laughter rang behind us."

Of such subjects enough! And why should we extract eternally repeated complaints of disappointment at Rome, Naples, Pompeii, Vesuvius, in short every where,—except, perhaps, at Tivoli, at the illumination of St. Peter's, and at Genoa? We love not delineations sketched with an unfriendly hand, especially of what has been already abundantly portrayed, and we see little use in refuting calumnies which, after all, are very much questions of taste. If M. Nicolai really thinks the Brandenburg sands more beautiful and romantic than the Appennine scenery, and prefers its pine forests to the vine-clad trees of Italy, what can we answer but that we differ from him? We prefer taking a scene at a Capuan *trattoria*, (shall we translate it *restaurant*, or eating-house?) where our travellers dined, in the seemingly vain hope of their getting a better, which, perhaps, only means a more German meal, than at the inn. The scene is nationally characteristic, and well given. Sparing our readers the disgusting beginning, that is to say, the circumstantial description of the kitchen, of the family dormitory,—which in fact formed part of the dining room,—and of the viands, we proceed at once to the less sickening, although equally appropriate, accessories.

"Whilst we dined, or rather whilst we struggled against the nausea provoked by the sight and smell of our food, an old blind musician sang to his guitar. His song, the twanging of his instrument, and the clamorous conversation of the Italian company at the other table, (so placed as to obstruct the balcony,) where a staff-officer especially bellowed like a public crier, enhanced the tortures of this dinner. \* \* \* As our carriage necessarily remained in the street, we had, before entering the *trattoria*, committed it to the care of a man with a decently honest countenance. The Italian dinner party now took leave, and we entered the balcony. Our ragged watchman seemed to feel himself honored by our confidence. Shouldering an enormous cudgel, he stalked backwards and forwards before our carriage, dealing hear-

ty blows, to the right and left, amongst the congregated idlers, especially the vagabond boys who presumed to touch the wheels or the pole. In Italy, the only way to secure one's property is expressly to entrust it to an Italian. \* \* \* One is then cheated and robbed, but not pilfered.

"As we looked laughing from the balcony, a crowd of beggars assembled. \* \* \* We flung small coins amongst them. What raptures! A single *grano*\* set fifty human beings in motion. They fell upon each other like maniacs, and continued fighting, when the lucky finder, observed only by us, had long since made off with his prize. The screams, the roar of exultation, joy, and envy, rang far away through the streets. \* \* \* Like wildfire the tidings ran through the city, that Prussian princes had arrived, who were flinging money to the people. We saw men and women rushing to the spot, in order to profit by the fortunate event. Again we flung small coins, when a boy was thrown down, and perhaps a little trampled upon, for he yelled piteously. No sooner, however, did he perceive that we had noticed his accident with regret, than he stood in our room demanding compensation for his hurts. We gave him a trifle, and he ran off, not merely healed, but shouting with delight. \* \* \* Over against us was a green-grocer's stall, which had more than once been in danger of demolition. Suddenly a man trod upon a basket of potatoes. Instantly the green-grocer was in our room, the basket on his arm, showing us with vehement gesticulation, two or three crushed potatoes, and dilating upon the enormous loss he had sustained. A *carolin* (another small coin) superabundantly compensated him. \* \* \* Meanwhile the landlady, a young respectable-looking woman, had come into the room with her child. We noticed the child, and entered into conversation with her; when she, too, asked of us a pecuniary gift. We complied, and then paid four piastres (about a sovereign) for our uneaten dinner."

As we have said, at Pompeii, as elsewhere, our Prussian is disappointed: nevertheless, we think his description of the general effect of this resuscitating town effective, and insert it.

"He who has not visited Herculaneum and Pompeii can hardly form an idea of their appearance. One fancies them subterranean, like the amphitheatre at Herculaneum, but this is incorrect. Pompeii offers no image of a buried town. Houses and streets lie free and open as in other towns; because the earth, ashes, lava, rubbish, and stones that covered the whole, have been carefully removed to a distance. Pompeii looks as though, recently deserted by its inhabitants, it had been plundered and destroyed by barbarian hordes. The absence of all roofs, and the sun's consequently shining down between the yawning walls, gives this feeling of complete destruction. The stillness of death prevails. Beyond the cleared portion of the town, low lava hills, now covered with vegetation, lean against the walls of the still buried houses; whence the town seems to lie in a narrow valley."

The intrinsic interest inherent in these long-buried towns, these petrifications of ancient life, preserved, it might seem, for the express purpose of gratifying modern curiosity, is so great, that it can scarcely have been enhanced even by the graphic and dramatic powers displayed by Mr. Bulwer in his *Last Days of Pompeii*; although it is

\* The smallest of Italian coins.



true that some of Nicolai's minor, single, and circumstantial details acquire additional temporary importance, from their exemplifying the skill with which the novelist has so constructed his story as to agree with and account for the positions in which several skeletons were found; as, for instance, that of a priest in the temple of Isis. But all this is now far from new. The peculiar character of Pompeii, the narrow streets, worn pavement, small rooms, shop signs, even the continued actual, though not useable, existence of eatables and drinkables, have all been recorded by Italian tourists innumerable, who, unlike their Prussian successor, gazed with an eye of love upon what they saw, and whose accounts are therefore more agreeable reading. One or two of our traveller's remarks may, however, be worth noting.

"With the exception of one shop in the *Via Consularis*, of the temple of Isis, and of the public bakehouse, we found no trace of a chimney. \* \* \* Even in the poorest dwellings we found Mosaic pavements, though there of the simplest patterns. \* \* \* It is a pity that the best paintings have all been removed (to the Museum); in consequence, Pompeii itself impresses us very differently from its representation, which deceives us by the rich colors of the paintings on the walls. A deception the greater, inasmuch as the colors in the representations are brilliant, whilst the wall pictures, well as they are preserved, still betray their antiquity."

After having seen Pompeii, our travellers visited the Museum, in which all the moveables there found are stored up. But these strangely preserved memorials of the manners and customs of men who died nearly 1800 years ago, including the unknown models of some of the latest modern culinary and surgical inventions, have likewise been repeatedly described, all but the contents of one room, in which the proofs of the grossness of Roman vice and obscenity are concealed from modest eyes, and with which M. Gustav Nicolai has thought fit to sully his pages and disgust his readers.

The ascent of Vesuvius is well told; but who, now-a-days, has not looked into the crater of Vesuvius, when, as then, in a quiescent state? Wherefore, especially as in a very late number we gave the more arduous and less common ascent of Etna, we pass Vesuvius by, and prefer extracting a specimen of the pantomimic powers of the Neapolitan beggar-boys.

"A strange music, that resounded from the Chiaia, drew us to the balcony. Eight lads, from fourteen to sixteen years old, of the dregs of the people, came dancing forward, dressed in shirts, jackets, short breeches, and caps, in which were stuck cocks' feathers. Upon seeing us they halted; when four of them danced a genuinely national

and characteristic dance, to the music of the others. The instruments of the four musicians consisted of a reed-pipe, castanets, two long pieces of wood clapped together, and an indescribable sort of little drum, which the player held under his arm, and from which he produced a sound resembling that of a tambourine rubbed with a moist thumb. They played the air of the *Tarantella*. The dancers executed in the first place a warlike dance, with very rapid movements, in their springs flinging their naked legs out behind them, in perfect time, and raising and dropping their bent arms. Then they passed into pantomime. It seemed that one of them was to personate a wounded man. His gestures were most expressive; every feature spoke pain and grief. At last he sank to the ground, as though dying, and remained for some seconds motionless. The music was now slower and softer. Whilst he lay on the ground, the other dancers expressed, in vehement gestures, their sorrow for the loss of their comrade. Suddenly the supposed corpse sprang up, the quick warlike dance began anew, and the music rang merrily as at first. Herewith the representation ended. The eight caps were now humbly held up towards our balcony, whence *carlini* rained into them.

"We asked our *Cicerone* whether this were the true *Tarantella*. He said it was not, and undertook to procure for us a sight of this national dance on the following afternoon. So our Venetian *Cicerone* hired gondoliers to sing to us! Italian tourists pretend to have seen national peculiarities and customs among the common people in every corner of Italy. Funerals, the *Amorra* game, and this boys' dance, are the only things of the kind that we have seen, without first bespeaking and paying for the exhibition."

The game of *Amorra*, commonly written *Morra*, i. e. guessing at the number of fingers suddenly thrown out by the players, is too well known to extract Nicolai's account of it; but one thing that he states, being new to us, seems worth mentioning. It is, that the game is forbidden to be played within-doors, lest privacy, combining with the vehemence of the excited players, should lead to murder. Of the true *Tarantella* dance, as presented by a fisherman and his sister, a washerwoman, and the *Cicerone* himself, it is enough to say, that it proved but a dull affair, far inferior to the street ballet.

Our travellers had now had enough of Naples, and we ourselves are well disposed to close the book; but, in doing so, we will add one more extract, since the reasons that induced the party to shorten their proposed tour will make an appropriate conclusion, and are highly characteristic of these tourists' views and feelings with respect to the splendid ruins of classical Italy; which ruins Nicolai, by-the-by, somewhat unaccountably seems occasionally to suspect of being modern structures—why should he suspect the idle sons of the south of such laborious and superfluous frauds?—whilst he not very reasonably censures classical Italy for not being romantic.



"The question now was, whether we should, according to our original intention, cross over to Sicily or begin our homeward journey. What we had seen of Italy, and the assurance of well-informed persons, that Sicily is a yet more detestable country than Italy, that there are in the island no roads, no post-houses, no inns, but more filth and more vermin even than here; that there, too, no woods and meadows are to be seen upon the naked volcanic soil, although perhaps a few more palms, aloes, and cactuses than in the peninsula, and an orange plantation or two, which, being some miles in extent, may be called orange woods," [orange woods or groves are among Nicolai's chief *desiderata* throughout Italy,] "in which, however, swine are fattened;—all this determined us to commence at once our return from the Hesperian land. Even the proposal at least to visit Capri and Ischia first was unanimously rejected. A picture of the Azure Grotto at Capri, purchased this morning, might have allured us thither, but a German tells us that it is a barefaced imposition, and the grotto a mere stalactite grotto. We saw the finest of such grottoes at Adelsberg. \* \* \* Lastly, I proposed a trip to Paestum. It was objected, that nothing was to be seen there except the ruins of some temples and an amphitheatre; that we know these ruins sufficiently from the views we have of them, by merely considering one-half of every view as a lie; and that we have already seen more than enough of ruins. I cannot deny the truth of these objections, or the correctness of the inference, that it would be folly to spend a *kreutzer* for the sake of looking at these heaps of broken stones."

Assuredly, this is the *ne plus ultra* of anti-classicism, or at least of anti-classical-remains-hunting—should we not add, of anti-poetical—feelings? We lay down the pen, lest we should injure its effect.

Since writing these remarks, we have met with so fierce a German critique, or rather onslaught, upon poor Nicolai, that we, who own a sort of knight-errant disposition to do battle for the weak, feel tempted to strike out all our censures, and leave Italy and the *miso-Italy* tourist to the impartial judgment of the travelled reader. But no! We restrain our chivalrous propensities. The sheer truth which we have written shall stand; and we will content ourselves with adding, for the information of the reader, travelled or untravelled, that Dr. Wolfgang Menzel, after confessing that the late extravagant eulogies of Italy might naturally produce as extravagant a reaction, clearly convicts M. Gustav Nicolai of having thought more of petty discomforts than of Roman grandeur, classical remains, or Italian art, and of having suffered himself to be egregiously cheated, without enjoying the mental quiet usually consequent upon scattering money blindfold: that Dr. Menzel further proves that, had Nicolai liked Italian, *alias* oil, cookery, he would not have disliked Italian dinners; that, had his teeth been as good as his critic's, he could have eaten Lombard bread; with sundry other matters of equal moment. In conclusion,

we have only to regret that the Prussian traveller could not see this South-German critique of his travels before he undertook them, as he would then have known how to bargain with inn-keepers and *Ciceroni*, how to pay waiters, porters, and post-boys, and how and where to get good wine; the result of which knowledge would, we are convinced, have been his seeing Italy in a more agreeable light.

ART. VIII.—1. *Examen histórico de la Reforma constitucional que hicieron las Cortes generales y extraordinarias desde que se instalaron en la Isla de Leon, el día 24 de Setiembre de 1810, hasta que cerraron sus sesiones en 14 del propio mes de 1813.* (Historical Inquiry concerning the Constitutional Reform made by the General and Extraordinary Cortes, from its installation in 1810 till its dissolution in 1813.) Por D. Agustín de Argüelles, Diputado en ellas por el principado de Asturias. Londres. 1835.

2. *Un Chapitre de l'Histoire de Charles V.* Par le Baron de los Valles. 8vo. Paris. 1835.\*

THE nature of the political struggle in which Spain has been engaged for the last twenty-eight years cannot be well comprehended, nor its apparent effects fully appreciated, without an intimate acquaintance with the general history of the Spanish nation, and a careful examination of the events which have taken place in that country during the above-mentioned period. Few, very few of the foreign writers, who have undertaken the task of relating the events of the peninsular war, have performed it in such a manner as to convey to the reader a correct idea of the political character of the revolution which the invasion of Napoleon was the means of developing in Spain. The native historians, trammelled hitherto by a rigorous and tyrannical censorship, have not been able to present a record of that eventful period with such fidelity as would entitle it to the name of history. We have ample accounts of the battles, sieges, and other military transactions, but are left totally in the dark with regard to the politi-

\* An English translation of this book has been published by Mr. Bentley, with the title of "The Career of Don Carlos since the Death of Ferdinand VII., being a Chapter in the History of Charles V., by his Aid-de-camp, the Baron de los Valles."



cal, moral, and intellectual state of Spain at the commencement of the war. Hence the errors committed every day by the public press whenever it treats of Spanish affairs. Even some of the Spanish periodical writers evince great ignorance of the political history of their nation, when they hold forth the constitutions of France and Belgium as models fit for the reorganization of its government, as if Spain had not a constitution of its own, adapted to the manners and habits of its people, incomparably more liberal than any of those productions of novices in liberty; and when they strenuously advocate that Napoleonic system of centralization, as contrary to the spirit and letter of its laws as to the character and disposition of the people—a system in which that modern tyrant aimed at realizing in the political body the desire of Nero, in wishing that all mankind had but one head, that he might have the pleasure of cutting it off. Those constitutions may be excellent for the countries for which they are designed, but will never be suitable to a people as different from either the French or the Belgians as they are from the inhabitants of the coast of Patagonia.

The Hispano-Gothic monarchy, to which the present Spanish owes its origin, was elective. The kings were obeyed and respected as such only as long as they themselves obeyed the laws\* enacted in parliaments for the welfare of all.† This principle was preserved in the different governments established throughout the Peninsula, when the nation began to shake off the dominion of the Arabs. The disturbances produced by the pretensions of the different claimants to the royal dignity, obliged the nation to give a tacit consent to hereditary succession to the crown about the twelfth century, but it never renounced the right of calling to, or excluding from, the throne those princes whom it considered fit or unfit

to occupy it. Thus, even during the life of Alonzo el Sabio, the author of the law of Partidas, which prescribes the mode of succession, the Cortes excluded the heir called by law, and elected the younger branch of the royal family. In the same manner, the new governments adopted a uniform mode of administration. The power of enacting laws, levying taxes, and deciding upon all matters of great national interest, resided in the great council of the nation, known by the name of Cortes. They were at first composed of the nobles, the bishops, and the high officers of the state, to which was afterwards added the popular branch, consisting of the deputies of the cities and boroughs, the population and wealth of which enabled them to assist the government with money and arms, and to defend it against the haughty and ambitious pretensions of the powerful vassals of the crown.

It is a circumstance worthy of notice, that in none of the representative constitutions of the different states of the Peninsula the legislative body was divided into two chambers or houses. In all of them the nobility and clergy were indeed admitted, but they did not deliberate separately from the deputies of the cities and boroughs, and in Aragon the ecclesiastics were not admitted into the Cortes until 1301, according to Blancas the historian.

Contemporary with the admission into the Cortes of the representatives of the people was the establishment of municipal councils, the members of which were annually elected by the inhabitants of the respective cities or boroughs, every householder having a vote—that being the only qualification which, until the present time, the law of Spain required in the elector. The power of these municipal councils, called *Ayuntamientos* or *Concejos*, was very extensive. To them was confided the power of administering justice within their respective districts, levying taxes, raising troops, and the whole political administration of the commune.

These two innovations in the original constitution greatly diminished the power of the feudal lords, and gave to the body of the nation a spirit of freedom and independence which soon rendered it conspicuous among the states of Europe.

Unfortunately, the great power of the Moors prevented the nation from acting with union and concert. Having risen against them in divers points and at different periods, the nation began the work of its restoration by forming different independent states, the jealousies and rivalry of which retarded for a long period the total expulsion

\* “*Rectè igitur faciendo regis nomen benigne tenetur, peccando vero amittitur. Unde apud veteres tale erat proverbium: Rex ejus eris si rectè facis, si autem non facis non eris. Regis igitur virtutes præcipuæ duæ sunt, Justitia et Veritas.*” says the first law of the Forum Judicum, from which the Arragonese probably borrowed the form of their famous oath of allegiance to their king.

† “*Erit (Artifex legum) in adhibitione Deo sibi que tantummodo conscius, concilio probis et pravis admixtus, assensu civibus populisque communis; ut alienæ provisor salutis commodius ex universale consensu exerceat gubernaculum quam ingerat ex singulari potestate judicium.*” Such is the description which the fifth law of the same code gives of the legislative body and its duties. The acts of those parliaments, or *consilii*, as they were called, are still extant, and these laws of the Forum Judicum are now in force.



of the invaders. These governments sprang up in the midst of a cruel and devastating war. The unquenchable hatred of invaders and invaded scarcely permitted any repose; and if peace was concluded at different times, it was in fact nothing but a suspension of arms, or at most a truce of uncertain duration. The barons, being bound to follow the king to the field, and to arm themselves at their own expense, constantly kept up a numerous body of forces, which they frequently used rebelliously to exempt themselves from obedience to the government, whenever the king refused to accede to their ambitious demands.

Among their criminal pretensions, none was more injurious to the public order than their claims to be exempted from the jurisdiction of the national tribunals, the authority of which they disowned even in case of the most common and glaring crimes. Rendered proud and insolent by their immense wealth, the great number of vassals whom they had continually in their suit, and consciousness of the need which the kings had of their assistance, from subjects they frequently become petty independent sovereigns, with whom the monarch was forced to enter into negotiations and treaties in order to pacify them.

"Hence the want of security both for person and property; the violation of the most solemn contracts; the ruin of trade and industry; frequent interruptions in the administration of justice; and finally, the state of interior warfare in which Spain was involved for eight centuries, and which caused the government to degenerate into a kind of military rule, that surcircumscribed the influence of the free institutions upon which it was founded.

"In this continual struggle between the law and the sword the nation was engaged, when, about the end of the fifteenth century, the two kingdoms of Aragon and Castile were united under one sceptre. The conquest of Granada, which followed that event, consummated the restoration of Spain; and, with the union of the monarchy and the extinction of the Mahommedan power, the terrible principle of military violence, which had been so predominant in the government of both kingdoms, was happily annihilated. As it was not now found necessary to continue the system of internal warfare, which was promoted on the one hand by the rivalry of the neighboring states, and on the other by the presence of an enemy as bold as irreconcilable, the government was not constrained to allow the great lords, the masters of the different military orders, and other chiefs of the frontiers, to keep a threatening attitude, or to continue in the independent, lawless and turbulent state in which they lived under the protection of their castles and strong-holds.

"The firm and energetic character of Ferdinand the Catholic, and his great capacity for business, rendered him a prince the best qualified to give to the supreme power that system and unity which it so much needed at the commencement of a new era. But for two great errors—the persecution of the Jews and the establishment of the Inquisition—

his reign might be cited as a model of a wise and prudent administration. Knowledge spread throughout the nation, and Spain began to reap the benefits resulting from a free and enlightened government, by means of which it bade fair soon to attain the highest degree of prosperity and greatness. The prospect could not have been more flattering, but an event not foreseen by the laws of either kingdom blighted the hopes which the nation had conceived.

"The premature death which successively carried off the princes Juan and Miguel, one the son and the other the grandson of Ferdinand and Isabella, already acknowledged crown-princes of Aragon and Castile, called by the order of succession to the united kingdoms a princess married in a foreign country. This unfortunate event, which caused the crown to pass to a foreign race, without the nation having taken any precautions to secure its liberty against the influence of princes born and educated out of Spain, was the germ of the civil discord which plunged that country into an abyss of evils, and reduced it to an ignominious state of slavery, under which it has groined for the space of three centuries. The reins of the government having been placed in the hands of a foreign prince, young, without experience, and surrounded by evil councillors, dissensions and disturbances very soon spread over the nation, and ended by dividing it into two factions. The high clergy and the nobility, after rousing, by their complaints and threats, the popular fury against the ministers, separated their interest from those of the other classes, and openly espoused the cause of the court. Fortune declared itself in their favor, and against those who had hoisted the standard of liberty. Not content with their triumph in the field of battle, and with causing all the chiefs of their adversaries to be executed without trial, the nobility and the clergy surrendered every thing indiscreetly to the king, without considering that he was absent from the kingdom, and surrounded by the same courtiers who had provoked the civil war,—without reflecting that those courtiers, irritated against the nation because it had vigorously resisted their extortions and violence, would carry their vengeance to the extreme point to which their wrath and passions would assuredly prompt them. Their inconsiderate confidence went still further; they placed themselves in the hands of the government without any stipulation or guarantee.

"Although the king feigned to have forgotten their former conduct, he well knew that their jealousy and quarrels with his Flemish ministers had not contributed less to inflame the nation, than the complaints and protestations of the representatives of the people. The rights and privileges of the nation having been destroyed, time and circumstances could not fail to offer to the king an opportunity for depriving the privileged classes also of their political prerogatives, the possession of which alone confers influence and power in the state. This opportunity was very soon offered.

"Pressed by the exigencies in which his military expeditions continually involved him, he summoned a meeting of the three states of Leon and Castile at Toledo, in 1538, for the purpose of granting to the crown an extraordinary and general supply. The king proposed a tax upon the articles of food as the most expeditious. The grandees and knights vigorously resisted the proposed imposition on the plea of their privileges; and, in order to give greater effect to their opposition, they earnestly solicited a conference with the Commons to discuss the matter; but they did not recollect



that they had themselves destroyed their authority and influence, which they missed when the evil was irreparable.

"The conference having been rejected by the king, the nobility resolutely refused the supplies. Irritated at their conduct, he severely reproved them for their obstinate refusal; and, after signifying to them in a haughty and scornful message that 'their assembly was not the Cortes,' and that there were no states—that he wanted 'assistance for the time present, and not advice for the future,' he dismissed them with the firm resolution of never again summoning the privileged classes to the Cortes, though the clergy had voted the impost without claiming their ecclesiastical immunities.

"Thus ended in Castile the privileges which gave to the nobility and clergy a direct influence in the state, and this was the consequence of those two classes having conquered and humbled the nation by the inconsiderate and cruel war with which they opened the door to the usurpations and violence that consummated the ruin, perhaps, of the most liberal government at that time existing in Europe. Those two classes (the nobility and clergy) lost from that time the constitutional influence which hitherto they possessed in the state. The kings thenceforward addressed the deputies of the cities and boroughs for the imposition of taxes, the enactment of new laws, or other matters of general utility and interest. The nation from the same period looked up to its representatives, expecting from their efforts protection and defence, and the preservation of the scanty portion of liberty which it still retained. After this revolution the nation began to decline rapidly, although the evil was not perceptible for some time; the unconscious Spaniards being dazzled with the false splendor of their expeditions and conquests. The nobility, dragged into foreign countries in the train of him who had now dropped the title of King of Spain and was only called Emperor, and forgetting in the bustle of the camp and imperial festivals that their country remained in chains, merely sought a compensation for their lost rights in the gracious favors which that prince with so liberal a hand bestowed on them in and out of the peninsula."

It may be said that from this period the nobility ceased to exist as a part of the political body. Its members became mere servants of the royal household; they were not permitted to marry without the king's express consent; they were not allowed to leave the court without a special permission of their master; and, what seems incredible, they considered it a punishment to be sent to their own estates.

"The civil war having ended so unfortunately for the nation, the clergy employed all their energies in securing themselves in future against the danger of an extensive reform in their immunities. Not content with the expulsion and spoliation of the Jews and Moriscos, they made every effort in their power to strengthen and extend the Inquisition. The doctrines of Luther and other reformers, and the policy of Charles I. and his son Philip II., calculated to check the progress of reformation in Germany and Flanders, offered the clergy a most plausible pretext for persecuting every person in Spain without distinction of class, sex, or age. The secret proceedings in the suits instituted for crimes against the faith, the faculties which every day the inquisitors arrogated to themselves, the fa-

cility of concealing, under the cloak of extirpating heresy, every lawsuit instituted with a sinister purpose, placed in their hands an immense and terrible power, which the Cortes alone would have been able to wrest from them, had not their authority and influence terminated with the submission of the nation.

"At the end of the seventeenth century an incomprehensible transformation in all classes made it apparent that the nation was declining rapidly to its ruin. The nobility, representing the names of their ancestors only, submitted like the other classes to the arbitrary power of the government, and to the influence and direction of the clergy, having totally lost that independence which appeared inseparable from their pride and wealth. In the other classes public spirit was not less extinguished or misdirected. Part of the Spanish youth sought in foreign wars and expeditions the employment which they could not find in their own country, from the want of scientific and useful knowledge, and the general depression in which the industrious classes were held. Many crossed the seas to make a fortune in the new world, and returned afterwards to their native country to found convents, and to endow churches, religious confraternities, and other so-called pious institutions. At that period the only flourishing class in the nation was the Church. Immensely rich and influential, it eclipsed with its splendor and opulence the ecclesiastical establishments in all the states of Europe. Its dominion had subdued every thing. In vain did men of learning and patriotism endeavor to counteract its power by attempting to inspire in the minds of the laboring and industrious classes a love of application to letters, the arts, and other pursuits beneficial to the state. All was useless; the causes of the evil remained unalterable."

Such was the state of the Spanish nation when Charles II., the last of the Austrian dynasty, approached his end, leaving no issue behind him.

"Foreign ambition was in the mean time agitating a variety of plans directed to the partition of Spain, with a view of intimidating and preparing it to throw itself into the arms of those who coveted the spoil. The court, at the same time, amused, like the vulgar, with the exorcisms and ridiculous ceremonies with which the priests pretended to expel the evil spirit out of the supposed bewitched prince, allowed a bishop, (Cardinal Portocarrero,) as ignorant as he was bold, to prepare the most scandalous usurpation recorded in the annals of the nation, leaving him to consummate it by means of the last will of the prince, suspected, at least, of fraud and violence—a disposition ignominious to the nation, since it converted it into an estate transmissible at the will and caprice of the master of a neighboring state.

"Philip of Anjou took possession of his new kingdom without any other check, restriction, or rule, than his will. Absolute power was *de facto* established, and even the oligarchical faction of the nobility, who for some time had exercised a power in the name of the Austrian monarchs, was for ever excluded from any share in the cabinet of the new court. Cardinal Protocarrero, not content with having disposed of the monarchy as if it had been a benefice of his archbishopric, actually formed a secret junta of government, in which he introduced the ambassador of France with a voice and vote.

This is one of the greatest evils which have afflicted that unfortunate country to this day. The saying of Louis XIV. when his grandson became King of Spain, "*Il n'y a plus des Pyrénées*," has proved but too true; and it is painful to observe that Spain has ever since been little more than a province of France, whether governed by the Bourbons, Napoleon, or Louis Philip.



The founder of the Bourbon dynasty in Spain, not content with abolishing all the privileges of the Spaniards, *in virtue of his royal authority, and by the right of conquest*, altered the law of Partidas, which regulated the succession to the throne, and established a sort of salic law, by which the crown should descend to the most distant male of the family, in preference to the nearest female. As the writers who have espoused the cause of Don Carlos in this country seem to found all the pretended rights of this prince on that law, and on the constitutional manner in which it was enacted, it may be proper to quote here what the Marquis of San Felipe, the historian of that period, says on this subject:—

"The king, having consulted with the royal council, found such variety of opinions (for the most part equivocal and obscure), that, indignant at the obscurity of their report, and the opposition of the counsellors of Castile, he ordered the original consultation of the royal council to be burned, in order that at no future time there might be a motive of doubt and a cause for a war; and that every councillor should give his vote in writing, and forward it, sealed, to him."\*

But to return to our subject.

"The death of Louis XIV. changed the foreign policy of Spain. Personal resentments, and consequent disagreements, between Philip V. and the regent, Duke of Orleans, interrupting the harmony of the two governments, diminished the ascendancy which the cabinet of Versailles had exercised over that of Madrid. Although the principle of the family compact, in which that influence was founded, was not—nor is even at this day—destroyed, new interests were, however, created, and the Spanish ministers began to act for themselves, and with a certain degree of independence.

"The peaceable maxims which distinguished the reign of Ferdinand VI. favored the sensible views and patriotic designs of his ministers. All exerted themselves in zealously promoting public education, and in extending the influence of the scientific and literary institutions which owed their foundation to the government of his predecessor. Agriculture, arts, manufactures, interior and foreign commerce, soon began to recover from the depression occasioned by the war of succession. A new vigor and a new life announced every where that the regeneration of the nation had begun; that a moral revolution was brooding in its bosom, which could not fail, before many years elapsed, to raise it to the prosperity, lustre, and power, which it had lost.

"Charles III. ascended the throne when Europe was in the highest state of learning and civilization, and many of its princes were, with noble emulation, occupied in legislative reforms, and in promoting every measure which could conduce to the happiness and opulence of their states. In Spain the high nobility continued every day to separate themselves from public affairs, and the inferior nobility followed their example in the provinces. Destitute of any political stimulus which might inspire them with sentiments of noble political ambition, both looked with an indifferent eye on the new direction which the popular mind began to take. Satisfied, apparently, with their wealth and courtly honors, they did not perceive the rapidity of the change which was altering the relations between the different classes of society, or that, unless they hastened to recover their lost influence in time,

the new interests created every day, and the diffusion of knowledge would necessarily produce in the end a moral revolution in the state, which would transfer the political preponderance to those classes which only lost it by a rare combination of misfortunes, usurpations, and violence.

"The clergy, although still retaining their riches and immunities, could not but perceive that their inspirations were not listened to with the same docility and respect as before. The evil had penetrated so deeply as to reach their own bosom. The learned monk, Feijoo, in a plain and familiar style, had made a bold and decided attack on the popular errors with which the superstitious credulity of the vulgar was fed, while the variety of his critical and interesting essays inspired persons not devoted to literary pursuits with a taste for reading and for scientific and philosophical investigations."

Charles III. was, perhaps, the fittest prince to occupy the throne of a monarchy, in which the ancient traditions of liberty, glory, and power, began to revive with the progress of learning, but where their progress, being slow and gradual, did not provoke such bold reforms as to intimidate the government. He was a man exempt from violent passions, irreproachable in his private conduct, accustomed, by habit, to strict order and system in the management of public affairs, and a scrupulous observer of every thing which decorum prescribes in the public conduct of the chief of a great and powerful state. He listened to advice with docility and sincerity, adhered firmly to what he had once resolved upon, and waited with prudence for the result of his measures. Men of penetration and energy, profiting by this favorable circumstance, united in mutually communicating their ideas, and in joining their efforts towards the attainment of the great object recommended by the spirit of the age. During this king's reign, several great reforms took place, the most important of which were the abolition of the order of the Jesuits, the remodelling of the universities, the establishment of public schools, the formation of economical and literary societies in almost every province, the addition of the commune deputies, annually elected by the householders, to the municipal bodies, the officers of which had by abuse become hereditary, and the check placed against the ambitious pretensions of the court of Rome, by the reform of the tribunal of the Pope's nuncio.

Unfortunately, Charles III. died when the symptoms of a great political revolution began to appear in France. The greatest circumspection, the most consummate prudence, in the government of his son would scarcely have been sufficient to devise measures to counteract the effects of the example which the conduct of France necessarily produced in Spain, which, for the space of a century, had been powerfully influenced by the former country. The administration of

\* See the account which is given of the introduction of the Salic law, in the *Comentarios* of Marques de San Felipe, tom. ii. pp. 36, 37.



France, its policy, its language, its literature, the taste and elegance of the manners of its inhabitants, and even the frivolity of their fashions and caprices, had all been, during that long period, the object of imitation at court, and of admiration and study for all classes of persons of any education.

The era of reform on which France was entering offered to the eyes of the Spaniards a spectacle at once extraordinary and worthy of their contemplation and study. The historical monuments of their own country, the most venerated records, the most popular traditions, all contributed to produce this result. The Spaniards, who had possessed equal rights for ages, could not but know that the causes which produced their establishment in France prevailed with equal force and urgency in Spain; and they felt an ardent desire to imitate the noble example which they had before their eyes. The crimes which afterwards disgraced the French revolution undoubtedly alienated the minds of many who had enthusiastically praised the just and moderate liberty which was at first proclaimed; but, while they condemned the excesses that were committed, they never confounded them with the principle in which the reform originated, or with the noble and generous end to which it was directed.

A wise and prudent government ought likewise to have separated those two important considerations. But what was the conduct of the Spanish government? It persecuted indiscreetly and indiscriminately all such as showed themselves to be friends of reform. The gravity and decorum of the court of Charles III. was succeeded, not by a delicate and elegant gallantry, which at least covers its excesses with a decent veil, but by the grossest dissoluteness and profligacy. The revenues and resources of the state, the patrimony of the crown, the property mortgaged as a security for the public debt, the funds belonging to charitable institutions, to establishments for education, and institutions for the encouragement of arts, sciences, and industry, even private capitals and deposits—all fell a prey to the rapacity of the new government, to satisfy the caprices of paramours, to enrich despicable favorites, and to appease their insatiable thirst of gold. Public offices in every branch of the administration served as a reward for prevarication and perjury, for the most scandalous prostitution, for the vile flattery of obscure and unknown parasites, for informers and Simonists. The integrity of judges, the independence of the tribunals, the firmness and uprightness of the first magistrates and public functionaries, were considered as

acts of resistance and disrespect to the supreme authority, and were punished with arbitrary imprisonment and exile.

Upon the death of Louis XVI. the Spanish government had the imprudence to join the other European powers against France, without perceiving the danger of bringing into contact the troops of the two nations, and thus affording an opportunity to the Spanish army to imbibe the revolutionary doctrines of their enemies. If the declaration of war had been an act of inconsiderate rashness, the peace of Basle was not less imprudent. Scarcely a year had elapsed, when the nation was involved in war with England.

The Spanish government, reckoning more and more every day on the bad policy of the French Directory, began to entertain expectations of re-establishing the former French influence in Spain, in the hope of favoring the restoration of the dispossessed family, or the monarchical government in France. The perpetual consulship inspired it with more confidence, and the elevation of Bonaparte to the imperial throne effectually removed its apprehensions. From the moment of his elevation, that monarch endeavored to form in Spain a party devoted to his interests, believing that the nation, being sunk into that state of ignorance and degradation which ill-informed travellers represented it to be, still continued as indifferent to its fate as in the time of the Succession War.

The Peninsula was soon inundated with imperial agents, commissioned to promote the interests of their master by every means in their power. Among others, the most remarkable was the diligence and activity with which periodical and other publications were disseminated, in which France was represented as the arbitrator of the destinies of Europe, in order that Spain might be persuaded that it could not preserve its political existence, or maintain its true interests, unless it formed the most close and unreserved alliance with France. These doctrines unfortunately not only found followers among some persons of influence, who had allowed themselves to be dazzled by the brilliant fortune of Napoleon, but even the government entertained them, and the court bestowed on them the most unbounded applause. Thus the ties of union with France became every day more close, until at last the nation saw with astonishment a French army occupy the principal military points of the Peninsula. Aroused from its slumber, and supposing the Queen's favorite to be the cause of all the evils which had befallen the nation, the people rose and effectually



ally destroyed his power. In consequence of this event, Charles IV. abdicated in favor of his son, Ferdinand VII. The new king, as blind as his councillors, earnestly solicited a matrimonial alliance with his supposed friend, and the whole royal family even made Napoleon the arbitrator of their private quarrels. They went so far as to place themselves in his hands, and, with indignant astonishment, the Spaniards saw themselves transferred from one master to another, with as little ceremony as a drove of cattle. They saw more. They beheld the high nobility, the clergy, the principal functionaries of the state, submit to these disgraceful transactions, and do homage to the new master to whom they had been transferred.

The Spanish people, then abandoned to their own resources, proclaimed *de facto* "that they were not the patrimony of any family or person." Legitimacy was then destroyed by its own votaries. The kings had broken the social compact: it was for the people to reunite it. Provincial governments were formed by popular election, composed not of the mob, but of the persons most influential in the province for their riches, learning, and patriotism. For two years had the people been exercising the sovereign power, when the General Cortes of the kingdom were called together to sanction *de jure* that power, and to adopt such measures as their prudence and wisdom might suggest, to prevent in future the repetition of the evils under which the nation was suffering.

The revolution was purely popular. The nobility, far from taking any part in it as a body, had openly declared against the nation. Where were then the elements for the Cortes to form an Upper House, the want of which is the original sin of the constitution of Cadiz or of 1812? That constitution bears, indeed, decided marks of the times and circumstances under which it was framed; but, because it may be thought by foreigners imperfect or too democratical, are the Spaniards to be for ever subjected to arbitrary misrule, or is the so-called Holy Alliance, or even Louis Philip, or any other foreign government, to prescribe the manner in which it is to be perfected? Spain will answer these questions with an indignant NO!

When Ferdinand returned from his voluntary captivity to the throne which his people had conquered for him, the first thing he did was to overthrow the institutions formed in his absence, and then send into exile, bury in dungeons, or doom to the scaffold, those very men who had been most

conspicuous for their patriotism and loyalty. He put forth the declaration that the Spanish government had never been despotic, while he exercised the most atrocious despotism; he promised to restore the institutions he had destroyed, but never fulfilled his word. The clergy not only abandoned the people with whom they had made common cause during the war, but invented the grossest calumnies against the friends of legal reforms, representing them as enemies to the altar and the throne.

After six years of misrule, eight thousand men in a corner of the Peninsula pronounced the words *Constitution and Liberty*, and their voice was re-echoed through the whole Spanish nation. To pretend that that insignificant force compelled the nation to adopt a system of government which it abhorred, is to make the persons who composed it more than men. The king pretended to accede to the clamors of his subjects, and told them that he had been deceived, but that now he would be their leader in the constitutional path. The ambitious pretender, who is now desolating the northern provinces of Spain, thus addressed the Spanish army, after having received from them the oath to the constitution in 1820: "Soldiers, the act by which, in sight of those banners, you have solemnly declared the most firm adherence to the political constitution of the monarchy, has imposed on you great obligations, and at the same time has opened for you a brilliant career, in which you may gain immortal glory. . . . To support the constitutional system; this is our sacred duty—this is what your king expects from you, and in this, I, your companion in arms, will give you an example."

While they were making these solemn promises, both he and his brother were plotting underhand to destroy the cause which they pretended to have sincerely advocated; and, after failing in the attempt to accomplish their purpose with the national forces, they applied for support to their Holy Allies; and, with the money which the poor deluded Spaniards paid to their priests for the good of their souls, an army of one hundred thousand mercenaries was sent from France to destroy a system of government so much abhorred by the nation, and to replace the Spanish king in the plenitude of his power.

Ferdinand, released from his third captivity, restored to the clergy all their influence and authority, sent into exile or caused to be publicly executed thousands of his subjects, instituted a political inquisition under the name of police, never before known in Spain; and, while he ordered all the



universities to be closed, he established schools of Tauromachia, or bull-fighting.\*

His subjects with unexampled patience endured all their miseries, until Providence afforded a prospect of a termination to their woes by the death of their tyrant. The queen-regent granted an amnesty for political offences, but at the same time her ministers solemnly declared that her intention was to continue to exercise the same arbitrary rule as her husband. The patience of the Spaniards was at last exhausted, and all the authorities of the province addressed the queen, demanding a reform in the system of her government. Her ministers were changed, and the new government, desirous of gaining supporters against the ambition of the king's brother, issued an ordinance which it decorated with the name of royal statute, to regulate the form of assembling the Cortes for the purpose of granting the supplies of money which it needed, approving such measures as might be proposed to them by the ministers, and making to the crown such petitions as they might think requisite for the good of the nation. The ministers made also some administrative reforms, but in every other respect arbitrary power continued unimpaired; the same oppressive system of police, almost the same trammels for the press, the same power in the governors, judges, and magistrates, to punish, even without a trial, any one who might become obnoxious to them, to violate the houses of the citizens, to seize and examine their private papers upon the simple deposition of one witness.† In vain did the Cortes solicit the grant of a bill of rights: the ministers deigned not even to answer their petition. At last the nation, tired of waiting, and exasperated with so many disappointments, is rising, one province after another, and, without withdrawing their allegiance from the queen, begin-

ning to exercise those rights of which they have been so long deprived.

Having given this brief sketch of the political history of Spain, abstracted in a great measure from the introduction to the *Exámen histórico*, and added some account of the period from the invasion of Napoleon to the present time, we shall now proceed to make a few remarks upon the work itself, previously to which, it may not be amiss to vindicate its author from the malicious attacks of pseudo-liberalism, which has endeavored to represent him as the champion of a party that has never existed in Spain, viz., the advocates of mob-government.

Don Agustín Argüelles belongs to one of the most distinguished families of Asturias. Elected by his native province a deputy to the extraordinary Cortes in 1810, he there supported the rights of both the throne and the people against the usurper Napoleon, with an eloquence to which his countrymen gave the epithet of *divine*. He had the principal share in the framing of the constitution of 1812; and, on the return of Ferdinand from France, he was immured in a dungeon with the rest of his liberal colleagues. The revolution of 1820 released our author from his long imprisonment, and the king appointed him Home Minister. His administration was distinguished not less by the liberality than by the moderation of its principles. In 1822 he was a second time returned by the province of Asturias to the Cortes. On the dissolution of the constitutional government by the French in 1823, he fled into England, where he remained an exile until last year, when he was recalled by his constituents to be their representative in the new Cortes, where he has energetically maintained the same moderate and liberal principles that he ever advocated. But some of his colleagues, who, in their younger days, belonged to the Spanish liberal school, having become strenuous supporters of the French doctrinarian liberalism, have endeavored to represent him as an anarchist and a revolutionary demagogue.

During his stay in England he employed his leisure in the composition of the work under consideration, which is, in fact, a memoir on the constitutional reform made by the extraordinary Cortes, with a view to defend that illustrious body against the calumnies with which ignorance, malice, and party spirit have endeavored to obscure their patriotic efforts. He gives in his work, with the vigorous eloquence which ever distinguished him, and with the impartiality of a faithful eye-witness, an accurate account of those important transactions in which he had performed so prominent a part, and

\* On the 28th of May, 1830, a school of Tauromachia was established at Seville, near the slaughterhouse, by a royal decree, and endowed with sixty thousand reals, about £1200, per annum.

† In June, 1834, some individual, supposed to be implicated in a liberal conspiracy against the queen's government, accused the Duke of Zaragoza, General Palafox, of having among his papers a list of the names of certain individuals of well-known liberal principles, as fit to occupy the ministerial chairs. Upon that simple deposition an officer took possession of all the general's papers by order of the government; the venerable patriot was put under arrest; but after more than a twelvemonth's proceedings the court declared that the proof of the supposed crime had not been found among the papers of the general, and consequently acquitted him of the charge. A fine specimen this of the liberty of the *Estatuto Real*!



proves that the constitutional reform achieved by the extraordinary Cortes was not, as it has been erroneously or maliciously represented, a superfluous and arbitrary act on their part, and also shows that its character and extent did not proceed from their wantonness and caprice, but from the irresistible force of circumstances.

The central junta announced in May, 1809, the convocation of general and extraordinary Cortes of the kingdom, for the express purpose of "*laying the foundation of the government which in future ought to rule the nation.*" After the unfortunate defeat which the Spanish army suffered at Ocaña, the central junta determined to remove to Isla de Leon. The *consejo reunido*, which was formed by the junta with the ministers of the different councils dissolved by Napoleon in December, 1808, desirous of assuming the supreme power, united themselves with other individuals, who, dreading reform in any shape whatever, entered into a conspiracy against the junta, and, availing themselves of the disorder and confusion of the retreat, contrived to dissolve it after it had appointed a regency, which they hoped would be a tool in their hands to obtain their selfish ends. Having attained their purpose, they then endeavored to persuade the regency of the danger of assembling the Cortes. The junta had appointed commissioners to prepare the questions to be submitted to the deliberation of that assembly, and also to determine the form most accordant with the Spanish constitution to be given to it. The regency ordered the dissolution of those commissions, and their incomplete reports to be deposited in the archives. It gave, moreover, clear signs of being opposed to the assembling of the Cortes; but being pressed by the universal cry for Cortes, it resolved at last upon their convocation. The regency consulted the *consejo* as to the form to be given to the assembly. The councillors were of opinion, that the three estates ought to meet together, forming one house. After many disputes and long debates, the government adopted the popular form of one house, according to which the Cortes met on the 24th of September, 1810.

The length to which this article has already extended warns us against entering more largely into the merits of Signor Argüelles's book; which we shall dismiss after we have presented another extract of general interest, inasmuch as it gives a vivid and eloquent description of the first and ever-memorable sitting of the constitutional Cortes. This body met on the 24th of September.

to describe the state of the national mind on that memorable occasion. Until that day, the extensive line from Cadiz to Santi-Petri, not only presented an immense and formidable camp, in which the greatest vigilance was observed, but a fire had been constantly kept up from the batteries, the advanced posts, the light divisions, the gun-boats, and the squadrons of both nations. On the day in question, a general and profound silence was observed from both sides of the line, as if a mutual suspension of hostilities had been agreed upon, which, however, was not the case. At Cadiz the public interest and attention were exclusively directed to the august ceremony which was in preparation. Every one was desirous to witness an act which was to be the harbinger of happier days—days the reverse of those which for the preceding three years had passed in tears and desolation.

"The enemy, who could not be ignorant of what was going on in the Spanish camp, nor fail to perceive from their positions, with their own eyes, the course of people, the general bustle, the universal joy, which reigned at Isla, contemplated, with astonishment, that grand and sublime spectacle, which announced to them new difficulties and dangers in the enterprise in which they were engaged. Many months had not then elapsed since, proud and arrogant with their triumphs, they had summoned Cadiz to surrender. The act which was about to be celebrated in so public and solemn a manner, confirming irrevocably the resolution of the Spaniards, would put an end to all their hopes, if any had remained to them, of being able, either with threats or flattering promises, to subdue so bold and resolute a people.

"At half after nine in the morning, the regency, accompanied by the deputies on foot, proceeded in state to the principal church, amidst universal acclamations and cries of 'God save the nation! God save the Cortes!' After divine service had been performed, and the deputies had taken the oath, they went in the same order to the hall prepared for opening the sessions, which was no other than the public theatre, it being alleged by the regency that this place was the most spacious and convenient. The regency having occupied the throne, the Bishop of Orense, as the president, pronounced a discourse, in which he did not make, as was customary, any specific proposition, but confined himself merely to a general exposition of the state of the nation at the time the regency took into their hands the direction of affairs; the difficulties they had to overcome to assemble the Cortes; the high expectations which the nation had conceived of the prudence and wisdom of its representatives; and concluded by exhorting the deputies duly and faithfully to fulfil the important duty confided to them. When he had finished, the regents withdrew, and, with them, the ministers, who had been present at the ceremony apparently to witness, officially, the installation of the Cortes. Thus the deputies of the nation were left alone, abandoned to their own discretion, without any rule, direction, or guide, in the presence of an immense crowd of spectators of all ranks, who filled the boxes, the galleries, and the avenues of the theatre. A simple writing desk, and a few sheets of paper upon a table, at the head of which an arm-chair had been placed, with several common ones around it, constituted all the preparation which the government had made for the solemn re-opening of the general Cortes of a nation so celebrated for its ancient liberty, and for the firmness and bravery with which it had endeavored, during so many centuries, to maintain it.

"In spite of these difficulties the Cortes, however, without hesitating, entered upon deliberation, and, declaring themselves legitimately constituted into a general, extraordinary and representative congress of the Spanish monarchy, carried by unanimity the two famous decrees which obtained and secured the triumph of the national cause, but which served afterwards as a pretext for the most flagrant act of ingratitude and perfidy, and for the most cruel and scandalous persecution that ever disgraced the history of any civilized country."

Our author here alludes to the effect of the declaration of that principle of eternal



truth in the constitution of Cadiz—namely, the absolute sovereignty of the nation, in virtue of which the Cortes asserted their right, as its representatives, to declare null and void the renunciation made by the king and princes at Bayonne, as being unjust and violent, and chiefly as having been made without the consent of the nation. In virtue of that prerogative, the Cortes acknowledged, proclaimed, and swore fealty to Ferdinand VII. Bonaparte had in his treaties hitherto dealt only with kings, who, according to the sound principles of legitimacy and divine right, had the power of transferring their subjects with as little ceremony as they would so many flocks of sheep; but here he found that he had to deal with the people (meaning by people the collective body of all the individuals who compose the nation,) and the bold and frank declaration of that great principle which the Spaniards then made, however the continental sovereigns, after having through it obtained the victory, might denounce it as anarchical and revolutionary, did not fail to produce a prodigious effect, not only with regard to Spain, but to the whole of the continental nations. It is a remarkable circumstance, that some of the organs of the despotic and semi-despotic governments of Europe should now hold the same language which Bonaparte used in his letter to Ferdinand at Valencay:—"England," said he, fomented anarchy and Jacobinism in Spain, with a view of establishing a republic upon the ruins of the Spanish throne and nobility; and I cannot look with indifference on the destruction of a neighboring nation, whose maritime interests are intimately connected with my own.\* It is still more astonishing to see even some of the liberal Spaniards, nay, the very framers of the constitution of 1812, to which they owe their existence as a nation, denounce it as republican and anarchical, and endeavor to bring back the nation to a state of arbitrary misrule. Their imprudent efforts, however, have only served to plunge the country into all the horrors of the most frightful anarchy, from which, it is much to be feared, that it may not be able to extricate itself without passing through a long series of revolutions. And what are, we ask, the signs of republicanism in that constitution? It declares the government of the nation to be a moderate monarchy. According to it, the person of the king is sacred and inviolable; he possesses the power of giving or refusing his sanction to the laws, of causing the same to be executed, of providing for the preservation of order at

home, and for the defence and security of the state against foreign enemies. He can declare war and make peace, giving afterwards an official account to the Cortes. He appoints all criminal and civil judges, and magistrates, all civil and military officers, all ecclesiastical dignitaries. He possesses the power of granting titles and honors, of commanding the army and navy, and distributing those forces as he may judge most convenient. He is also empowered to direct the diplomatic and commercial relations with other states; to appoint ambassadors and consuls; to direct the coining of money; to employ the funds decreed by the Cortes; to pardon criminals; to propose to the Cortes such laws and reforms as he may deem conducive to the welfare of the nation; to approve or reject the bulls of the Pope, according to the laws; and finally, to choose or dismiss his ministers with absolute freedom. The check put upon his authority by no means degrades his dignity. He cannot prevent the assemblage of the Cortes at the periods prescribed by the constitution; nor suspend, dissolve, or in any other way embarrass their proceedings. He is forbidden to absent himself from the kingdom without the express permission of the Cortes; to abdicate the throne, or renounce any of the royal prerogatives; to give away, exchange, or otherwise dispose of, any part, however small, of the Spanish territory; to make any offensive alliance or commercial treaty with any power, or to assist it with troops or money, without the consent of the Cortes; to impose taxes; to grant exclusive privileges; and, finally, to deprive any of his subjects of his property or liberty. The *veto* of the king is not absolute. To any law, approved of for two years in succession, and by two different Cortes, without the most trifling alteration being made in the original project, the king was bound to give his sanction.

That constitution did not deprive the nobility of their honors, possessions, and titles; neither did it place them upon a level with the mob, or raise the latter to power. Every free-born Spaniard, whether noble or plebeian, lay or ecclesiastic, who possessed some property, trade, or handicraft business, was declared a citizen, and had the right of voting both in the elections of members for the Cortes, and for the municipal councils of boroughs, towns and provinces. Domestic servants, or those who were in prison, or under sentence of the law, could not claim the rights of citizenship; and it was provided that, from the year 1830, any person who could not read and write should not be allowed to exercise those rights.

\* See Escoiquiz's account of the transactions which took place at Bayonne in 1808.



Every borough or town had a municipal council, elected every year by the citizens, and likewise every province a junta or provincial council, also elected every two years, and composed of the wealthy citizens, whose duty it was to superintend the finances of the province, to establish municipal councils, to promote education, agriculture, commerce and industry, to give an account to the government of any abuses in the administration of the public funds, of the statistics by their respective districts, or infractions of the constitution which might be committed by the public functionaries; and finally, to watch over all the charitable and beneficent institutions, proposing to the government the measures which they might deem necessary for the reform of such abuses as they should have observed.

Every Spaniard was declared to possess the right of freely expressing his thoughts either by word or in writing, under his own personal responsibility to the law;—none could be put in prison arbitrarily by any one, except criminals taken in the act; or be tried, unless by the courts established by law. No civil proceedings could be instituted before any tribunal, unless the parties presented a certificate of the *alcalde*, or mayor, of their town that they had not been able to settle their dispute in a friendly manner.

These are the principal features of that constitution, which, like all the works of man, may have many imperfections. The article on religion, the system of election, and the want of an aristocratic chamber, are the principal defects alleged against it. The authors of that code had not the presumption to think that they had framed a perfect system of legislation; but, to guard against the danger of yearly constitution-making, they prescribed, in the tenth article, that no alteration, addition, or reform, could be made in it, till eight years after its establishment; that any such alterations must be proposed by twenty deputies; and after having been discussed and approved of by two-thirds of the deputies, a summons should be issued to all the provinces to send new deputies provided with special powers to alter the constitutional law. The allied powers, to say the least, evinced the grossest ignorance of Spanish legislation, when they required of the Cortes, in 1832, to reform the constitution, and the advisers of Queen Christina have acted most imprudently in not having adopted the only legal and constitutional means which the government possessed of putting an end to civil discord. That constitutional charter, reformed by the Cortes, would have established on a firm basis the rule of Isabella

according to it the only legitimate successor to the throne; it would have guaranteed to every province the enjoyment of all the local privileges which could reasonably be desired, and united in one common bond the great family of the Spaniards. It is to be hoped, for the tranquillity of Spain and Europe, that the men now at the head of the nation will see the error committed by their predecessors; and, submitting to public opinion, call around them the representatives of the nation, and, listening to their advice, will restore tranquillity and peace to that unfortunate country; and that foreign powers will abstain from interfering in the internal concerns of a nation which never has pretended to prescribe to them the manner in which they ought to govern their own states.

The History of Spain by Count Toreno, which we did hope to be able to notice in this article, has not yet arrived in this country; at least it has not reached us. The Spanish *Revista* of the 15th of July, after adverting to all the histories of the Peninsular War which have been written, both by native and foreign historians, gives the decided preference to that of Count Toreno. It is remarked, however, that the work is defective in one point, in which, as we have observed, all the rest are defective too, namely, in not entering into an examination of the political state of the nation at the time when his narratives begins—a circumstance which would have given unity to his history, and accounted for the popular direction which the insurrection assumed.

Count Toreno, it seems, belongs to the school of historians who write *ad narrandum*, not *ad probandum*; but he has not strictly followed either of the two schools, as on the one hand he mixes reflections, and even short dissertations, with his narrative; and on the other, he has not given copies of the different proclamations issued by the juntas of that epoch, and extracts from the periodical publications, so as to afford the reader the means of forming an opinion for himself, unprejudiced by that of the historian. With the exception of these defects the work is, in the opinion of the writer in the *Revista*, an honorable monument both to the literary talents of its author, and to the nation, the glories of which it records.

Before we proceed to the work of the Baron de los Valles, we shall offer a few observations on the privileges still enjoyed by the provinces which have espoused the cause of the Pretender, with a view to rectify the errors entertained in general in this country on that subject.

The three Basque provinces of Biscay, Alava, Guipuzcoa, and Navarre—have



from time immemorial possessed certain privileges, the chief of which consist in electing their own local governments, being judged by their own laws, having a right to redeem themselves with money from personal service in the army, being exempt from the general system of taxes in the Peninsula, and contributing instead to the state a certain sum, approved by their own deputies, which they call a voluntarily donation; and, finally, having no custom-houses on the frontier. At the time of the establishment of the constitution of 1812, the Cortes took not only the opinion of the regular deputies of the provinces in the Congress, but that of other Basque commissioners, expressly summoned, to ascertain the real sentiments of the provinces as to the exchange of their old privileges for those granted to them in common with all the Spaniards under the constitution. As the municipal system of that charter differed but little from their own, and the government had no longer the power to impose arbitrary taxes, they had no difficulty in giving up such of their privileges as were not consonant with that political charter. In 1820 they again gladly received that law, and it is worthy of observation, that, in the junta held at San Sebastian in that year for the purpose of taking the oath of allegiance to the constitution, an old deputy rose and remarked to his colleagues, that, if the constitution should again be abolished, the oath they were going to take should in no manner invalidate their ancient privileges. All the assembly agreed to the proposal, and the oath was taken with that protest. The intrigues of the French emissaries and the Basque priests caused some of the peasantry afterwards to rise in small bands against the constitutional government, proclaiming their privileges. On the restoration of Ferdinand to despotic power, several attempts were made to destroy the only remains of liberty in the Peninsula, and the government succeeded so far as to establish the royalist militia, not without a strong opposition from the local authorities. About 1829 or 1830, the Navarrese were induced by the government to give up some of their privileges, for which they were to receive in exchange a port in Biscay. As that had always been a great desideratum with the people of Navarre, they gladly acceded to the proposal, and to a man would have assisted the government in destroying the privileges of their brothers to obtain their end. Basque commissioners were called to Madrid, where they arrived precisely on the same day on which the news of the French revolution reached that capital; and the ministers, not thinking the time most fit for

discussing the question of privileges, dismissed them without adverting to the subject. Some time after the death of Ferdinand, the monks of St. Francis, at Bilboa, excited the mob to proclaim Don Carlos, and one of the deputies joining the rebels, they imprisoned the other deputy, who afterwards made his escape over the roof of the house, and proceeded to France in an English vessel. Similar riots took place at Vittoria and other towns, upon which General Castaion, then commanding in the provinces, issued a proclamation against the rebels, in which he imprudently touched upon the subject of privileges. We pretend not to know what are the real intentions of the queen's government upon the subject, but it is false that the privileges of the Basques have been formally abolished by it.

After these preliminary observations we proceed to examine the work of the Baron. Although bearing a Spanish title, this Baron is, we learn from the preface, a French adventurer, of the name of Mons. Augé de Saint Silvain, belonging to a family whose religious and monarchical principles exposed them to the fury of democratic hatred. On the first return of the Bourbons to France, he pledged himself to devote his life to their defence, and embraced the military career; he followed the king to Ghent in 1815, and returned to France in his train. So signal a proof of attachment procured him a place in the *garde noble*, from which he removed with a view to promotion to a regiment of the line, where, says the translator, he distinguished himself, and seven years afterwards he was attached to the staff of Paris. Some reverses of fortune compelled him afterwards to quit the military profession and embrace a more lucrative one. It seems that he then travelled to England, the United States, Canada, and Mexico, where he often found opportunities to promote the interest of his country, and to propagate his monarchical opinions. The revolution of July found him at his post, and he ran imminent risk of his life during the three days. He then took shelter at Lulworth, whence he afterwards returned to France: but, being persecuted by Louis Philip's police, he escaped into Spain. There he had the most flattering reception from Queen Christina, from her sister, and from the Infante Don Francisco. A superior rank was offered to him in the Spanish army, which he would not accept, in order to keep his sword free from every engagement, and to tender his services to legitimacy, (*credat Judæus!*) which he saw was about to be threatened. Having refused this offer, he was exiled by the queen; and



he next went to tender his services to the legitimate Don Miguel, who, however, declined them, in spite of the strong recommendations which the baron brought from the prince's sister, the Infanta Doña Maria Francisca. For this refusal we really feel a respect for Don Miguel. He then espoused the cause of the Spanish Pretender, notwithstanding his having been so particularly favored by Queen Christina; he became Don Carlos's agent and spy in Spain and Portugal; came over to England with his master; took him through France into Spain, for which he received the title that he now honors himself with; but, having returned to France last December, he was taken by the police, and after long and tedious legal proceedings, he was sentenced last January to three months' imprisonment in St. Pelagie, for having crossed France under a false name. During his imprisonment he employed his time in writing his adventures in the character of Sancho to the new Spanish knight errant, which form the subject—not so amusing, indeed, as the adventures of the far-famed Knight of La Mancha, yet no less romantic, perhaps no less true—of the volume under consideration.

After occupying two long chapters with the tedious account of the disgraceful intrigues of the *Camarillas* at Madrid, entered into by the partisans both of Carlos and Christina, to secure the sovereignty of Spain on the death of their master, in which account our adventurer shows his partiality for the party of Carlos, and even throws out a hint, which, in our opinion, savors of malice, when he says, contrary to the statement of the bulletin, that the king was found dead when his attendants went to awake him; he informs us that the Spanish government, having discovered that he was plotting with the worthy Bishop of Leon against the king and in favor of Carlos, ordered him to quit Madrid in twenty-four hours, when he took refuge in Portugal. Here he was soon joined by Don Carlos, whom he wished to engage in plots against his dying brother. We transcribe the whole passage, which gives to the life the character of the prince and his adviser.

"I represented to the Infante how important it was that I should return to Spain, make the Royalists acquainted with his intentions, and establish a correspondence with Madrid by Coria, Valencia, and Toledo; and with France by Salamanca, Valladolid, and Burgos. I then made fresh attempts to overcome the prince's scruples," (he had previously made the same proposal to him, and Carlos answered, that his conscience was opposed to a step which might expose him to suspicion of a guilty design to usurp the government of the kingdom in

the lifetime of the king, his brother,) "and induce him to write the letters of service, of which I had furnished him the plan, offering to be the bearer of them to their destination; but all was in vain: I found in Don Carlos a firm determination not to interfere, directly or indirectly, in the affairs of Spain. His delicacy and rectitude of principle made him consider as high treason every political measure he might have adopted, even on behalf of his rights, against his brother's government. The princess joined me in deploring this determination; and, with the view of repairing the injury which the prince's scruples might inflict upon his cause, the Infanta Dona Maria Francisca gave me written powers, which authorised me to make known to the Royalists their intentions, and which announced to them that I was possessed of their full confidence. *Don Carlos merely consented to give a tacit approval to this letter.*"

The emissary then crossed the frontier, performed his commission, and returned to Portugal. Again he passed over into Spain, and back to Portugal, whence he embarked for England. Here he announced as apocryphal the proclamations which had been attributed to Carlos, and which were, he says, fabricated in the offices of the Christina police, and then proceeded to Paris, whence he forwarded Carlos's despatches to several Spanish generals, and to the president of the junta of Biscay. He also sent autograph letters to various sovereigns of Europe, together with diplomatic notes relative to the important communication made to the agents accredited at the several courts by Carlos.

After having accomplished the object of his mission, he sailed for Portugal from Plymouth, in a vessel which was captured by a Spanish brig of war, and carried into Vigo. Our baron, however, contrived to make his escape by land, and again rejoined his royal master, whom shortly afterwards he accompanied to England. His account of the stratagem which marked the departure of Don Carlos from this country, and above all his boasts of having cheated the famous Prince Talleyrand, deserve to be transcribed.

"When Charles V. left Evora to proceed to England, in consequence of the disgraceful treaty of the quadruple alliance, he perceived, in the cautious protection granted to him by the English government, a means of returning to his dominions, where he was anxiously expected, in the heart of the mountains of Navarre, by a small army of his faithful subjects. This impression, which he never ceased to cherish, could alone induce him to quit Portugal, and remove for a short time from the frontiers of his kingdom. Accordingly, the king no sooner arrived at Portsmouth, than he bent his whole attention towards his return to Spain.

"The prince had been pleased to number me amongst the very few of his devoted adherents, to whom he might confide his lofty projects: and he had selected me to accompany him. During his



sojourn at Portsmouth, he commissioned me to make preparations for his departure; in obedience to his orders, I performed several journeys to London in furtherance of that object. The most important and arduous arrangement was the procuring of passports: I concerted my measures with Mr. B——, a banker in London, whose zeal for the royal cause, and capacity for business, proved of the utmost advantage to my views.

"After having long and carefully considered what species of passports would prove most suitable to us, we determined that the king and the individual who was to accompany him, should represent themselves as colonists from the island of Trinidad, and that passports should be procured for them in that character. We gave a preference to Trinidad, because it had formerly belonged to Spain; the greater part of the inhabitants still spoke the Spanish language, and consequently any Spanish words which might drop from the king, during the journey we were about to undertake, would not create any suspicion.

"Our passports were delivered to us under the names of Alphonse Saez and Thomas Saubot; the first a merchant, the second a planter in Trinidad, and both Mr. B's correspondents. Mr. Thomas Saubot, then in London, gave me his passport, containing a description, which, by a singular coincidence, perfectly corresponded with my person; the other was procured by a friend of mine; but they were both ignorant of the use to which I intended to apply them.

"Having thus procured the passports, I collected as many pamphlets and newspapers as I could find respecting the island of Trinidad, and carefully inquired the names of the principal inhabitants of the colony, and of the last arrivals in English harbors, in order not to be taken by surprise, in the event of any unforeseen questions being put to me. With the view of averting the suspicious vigilance of M. de Talleyrand, I next sent, for examination at the embassy, a passport which had been given to me in France, under my real name, six months before; and, in order to allow proper notice to be taken of it, I did not call for its return until two days afterwards. This passport was examined for Hamburg, my departure for which town I had openly announced to every person of the household of Charles V., having also adopted that precaution towards all my friends.

"I did not fail to tell every one that I was entrusted with a mission of some importance for the north of Germany; that seemed a probable story, as it was known that two vessels were expected at Hamburg, having two hundred Spanish officers on board, who had been unable to embark with us. It was quite natural that I should proceed to meet with them; many persons accordingly confided to me their letters and commissions, in perfect good faith. M. de Talleyrand was completely the dupe of my contrivance; he notified my arrival to his agents at Hamburg, and even did me the honor to despatch a special emissary for the purpose of keeping watch over my proceedings; on this occasion, the old diplomatic cunning of Louis Philippe's ambassador was at fault, and I had the honor of deceiving M. de Talleyrand.

"It was agreed that the royal family should remove to London. They left Portsmouth on the 22d of June, and alighted at Gloucester-lodge, the former residence of Mr. Canning. This delightful house is at the distance of two miles from Hyde-park, on the road from Piccadilly. Those who are aware of the influence which Mr. Canning's principles exercised over the destinies of

Spain will think it a singular coincidence, that Charles V. should have proceeded to the conquest of his dominions from the very spot which had been inhabited by the English minister, who chiefly contributed to the revolutions which have desolated the Spanish territory.

"I supplied the instructions to be observed by the persons of his household, at the moment of our departure, as well as during our journey. They were as follows:—His majesty was to sally forth, on the 1st of July, at six in the evening, the hour at which he took his usual walk, in company with M. Aznares, formerly attached to the legation at the court of Sardinia, to take a coach at the first stand, which was at the distance of a mile from his residence, and proceed in it to Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square. I was waiting for him at one of the houses in that street, where he was to cut off his mustachios and get his hair dyed. It was to be said at Gloucester-lodge, as soon as night set in, that the king had returned from his walk with a violent head-ache, which had compelled him to retire to bed. The physician of Don Carlos, who would never have consented to be kept away from him, was to be made acquainted with the secret, as well as the king's valet, an old servant on whose discretion perfect reliance might be placed. The physician, after paying a visit to his patient, would write an order which was to be taken for preparation to an apothecary in the neighborhood, and in which he was to prescribe mustard baths and sinapisms. The queen, the princess of Beira, and the bishop of Leon, were to pass several hours of each day at the bed-side of the angust patient; the bishop was even to come on purpose from London, where he resided, in order to be the better enabled to give his attendance to the king; the king's apartment was to be closed against every one else, even the infants, his children; they were to be told that their angust father could not see them owing to the violence of his headache; nevertheless, the secret of the voyage was communicated, two days after our departure, to the Prince of Asturias, who expressed the deepest mortification at not having been allowed to accompany his father. The gentleman of the bed-chamber himself, the duties of whose office require his remaining at the door of the king's apartment to receive his orders, was for several days unaware of the king's absence. In the event of the king's departure from London becoming known, two of the gentlemen in attendance upon his majesty were to start for Lulworth in a post-chaise and four; and it was to be stated in the newspapers, that Don Carlos had gone to visit the late residence of Charles X., with the view of fixing himself there, with his family, at a later period. I placed all these instructions, in writing, in the queen's hands, and she condescended to express to me her satisfaction at my conduct.

"At last the king came to an understanding with me, at ten in the morning of the 1st of July, respecting the final arrangement to be adopted for our departure. Previously to my taking leave he allowed me to kiss his hand. 'Sire,' said I, 'this is the last homage I am to pay to your majesty; this very night we are to exchange parts; it will be yours to obey me until you return to your dominions, when each of us shall resume his station. The king replied with his usual condescension, that he cheerfully consented to the exchange. I then took leave of every person about the court, and left them under the impression that I was proceeding to Hamburg.

"I was at our rendezvous in Welbeck-street at six in the evening, expecting the king half an hour



afterwards; he had not arrived at that hour, and I began to feel uneasy. Nevertheless, this delay was very natural; had not the king, previously to his departure, to leave a crown behind him, a father's crown, which it costs so many tears and sorrows to surrender? He was about to tear himself away from the embraces of a family he had never left, of a cherished wife, of his children, whom it was doubtful he should ever again behold! The heart of a father and of a husband must have bled, when, fulfilling his painful duties of a sovereign, he took leave of his children; his separation from the queen was to be for ever!

"His majesty, accompanied by M. Aznares, arrived at half-past seven. I went to receive him, but at the sight of the king I was so much affected that he perceived my emotion, and said to me—'You appear alarmed.' 'No, Sir,' 'You are frightened, I tell you,' quickly rejoined the king, 'you are agitated.' 'No doubt, I am Sir, but it is the agitation of enthusiasm. I admire your energy in adopting a resolution which must be attended with such important results.' I presented to the king M. and Madame B——, so well worthy of the confidence he deigned to repose in them.

"The first object attended to was that of disguising the king: he began, with remarkable cheerfulness, by cutting away his mustachios, a sacrifice at all times painful to a Castilian. [The reader might be led by this passage to think that all the Castilians have mustachios, and that it is a very painful thing to part with that ornament, which however is not the case.] The amiable Madame B—— had taken upon herself the task of dying his hair, for her devoted zeal would not allow her to trust to strange hands so important a secret. She was discharging this function with a timid gracefulness, and, when laying her hands, for the first time, on the king's head, she said to him with visible emotion: 'We must indeed, Sir, be living in times of revolution, that I should thus venture to lay my hand upon a royal head.' 'Courage, Madame,' affably replied the king, and in order to calm her agitation, he good-humoredly asked her if one might not likewise procure powder to whiten the hair. 'But the times we live in are such,' added the king, 'that they would often render it a useless secret.'

"Pending those preparations, I had retired to make our final arrangement. I took care to apprise the landlord of the house I occupied, that, having to start by the Hamburg packet at an early hour the next morning, I had determined to sleep on board, in order to be in readiness; this is a very common precaution, and would not raise any doubts; but I adopted it because a Frenchman had called upon me the day before, and offered to accompany me on the voyage; this appeared a suspicious circumstance; and, although I went under a feigned name whilst in that house, I felt apprehensive that this person might have been a spy in the service of M. de Talleyrand.

"On returning to the king, I found him with the Bishop of Leon, M. Aznares, and the bishop's secretary. The latter had just arrived from Gloucester-lodge, where he had sent him in search of the royal seal, which the king had forgotten to bring away. The bishop's secretary informed us that sinapisms were preparing for the patient; this piece of news greatly amused the king, who was cheerfully preparing to step into a carriage, in the full enjoyment of health.

"I learnt that, during my absence, the Bishop of Leon, beset with those advisers who opposed the king's determination, and who exaggerated to him the dangers that his majesty was about to encounter in his adventurous journey, was for a moment in doubt of its success; he felt it his duty to make a last attempt, in order to ascertain whether the king's intention was irrevocably fixed, and had beseeched him to postpone his departure.

"'No!' replied the king, 'I feel something here (pointing to his heart) which tells me that the undertaking will be prosperous; and in order that God may

protect it,' added his majesty, 'I request your blessing.' The king then bent his knee to the ground, and the worthy bishop implored the blessing of Heaven upon his royal head.

"The time of parting had arrived. The king's farewell to the Bishop of Leon, and to the persons who were about him, was most affecting. The clock struck twelve as we stepped into the carriage; we were in Brighton at half-past seven in the morning, and on our passage to Dieppe an hour afterwards."

These specimens will, we think, be sufficient to show the character and tendency of the book before us. We cannot but sincerely lament the fate of a country, under no other rule than the caprice, ambition and selfishness of weak and deluded princes, led away by sycophants and adventurers; and sincerely do we hope that the nation will, ere long, emancipate itself from its protracted minority, and constitute a government upon so solid a foundation, as to secure it from a repetition of the dire calamities under which it is now laboring.

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ART. IX.—*Sur l'Homme et le Développement de ses Facultés, ou Essai de Physique Sociale*, par M. Quetelet, Secrétaire de l'Académie Royale de Bruxelles, &c. &c. 2 tomes. Paris, Bachelier, 1835.

IN the middle of the last century, a Professor in the University of Göttingen invented the term statistics, to express a summary view of the physical, moral, and political condition of states; he justly remarked that a numerical statement of the extent, density of population, imports and exports, revenue, &c. of a country, more perfectly explained its social condition than general descriptions, however graphic, or however accurate. When such statements began to be collected and exhibited in a tabular form, it was soon discovered that the political and economic sciences were beginning to acquire similar advantages to those which astronomy and general physics had gained by the cultivation of the Baconian philosophy, namely, records of observations that tested the accuracy of established principles, and guided to the discovery of new laws of action. The knowledge thus acquired soon assumed a definite form, and statistics, from being a mere assemblage of facts, gradually rose to the dignity of a science, inasmuch as it connected its facts together by a chain of causation. But the science of statistics existed before its name; Captain John Graunt, of London, merits the high honor of being its founder. His "Natural and Political Observations of the Bills of Mortality," pub-



lished A. D. 1661, first directed public attention to the important inferences that might be deduced from correct registers of births, deaths, and marriages. The inferences were admired, but the collection of facts to support them has been in England all but wholly neglected up to the present hour.

It is sometimes said that statistics bears the same relation to economic science as mathematics to pure physics; it would be far more correct to compare their connexion to that between experimental and abstract science, or between astronomical observations and astronomical science. Like every other branch of human knowledge, the political and economic sciences should be based on an induction from facts, and these facts should be accurately observed and copiously supplied. For many centuries, the sages of Europe and Asia gazed upon the heavens, watched the motions of the stars and planets in their courses, guessed at the laws that regulated their motions, and, content with these guesses, never saw that their theories were refuted by what was passing before their own eyes. The example of the pains-taking Saracens at length produced a due influence on the philosophers of Europe; observations were made in greater number, and with greater care; from these collected observations, which were, for all scientific purposes, so many experiments, the true system of the universe, and the laws that govern the motions of the heavenly bodies, were inferred by legitimate induction: and at this hour the accuracy of the induction is strikingly displayed by the predicted return of Halley's comet, whose period of wandering through the unknown regions of space exceeds the ordinary duration of human life. Have we the same certainty, have we anything like it, in the laws that regulate the social system? The answer at once is in the negative. Is such certainty attainable? We trust in the course of this article to show that it is. Why then has the most important of all branches of human knowledge been left in such a lamentably defective state? Precisely for the same reason that ancient astronomy was defective; our observations of the facts on which the social sciences must rest are miserably scanty; they have been made with imperfect instruments, and they are scandalously inaccurate. And in no civilized state are all these evils more glaringly exemplified than in the British empire.

Among modern statesmen there is no one that has been more honorably distinguished by his exertions to base the legislation of this great empire on the only true foundation of all sound legislation, statistical facts,

than the Marquis of Lansdowne. When first he entered public life, not only did the figures of speech reign triumphant over the figures of arithmetic, but a numerical statement was regarded as a kind of conjurer's juggle, to be admired, applauded, and forgotten, to be any thing but examined. And one of his earliest speeches announced the astounding consequence that the unaccounted-for arrears in our public expenditure amounted to more than four hundred and fifty millions sterling! \* Men of every party combined to remedy such a glaring evil; and our finance reports of the present day, though far from perfect, prevent the recurrence of any similar error. But here we have an example of the neglect of such a statistical fact as the public expenditure of the country, spreading over a period of twenty years, while that expenditure was the subject of debate in every session, in a House of Commons never before or since paralleled for brilliancy of talent.

The state of our commerce and manufactures, the results of machinery, the effects of free trade, are mere arithmetical problems, more or less involved, that may be worked out if correct data are obtained. Their solutions thus deduced should be as certain and as little open to cavil as a proposition in Euclid, or the determination of an algebraic equation. Do we possess any such certainty? Have we even approached to it? On the contrary, is it not notorious that on all and each of these subjects fierce controversies rage, and every disputant is prepared to support his own views with a formida-

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\* Lord Henry Petty, in the debate on the West India Accounts Bill, May 21st, 1806, said that "up to the year 1785, the office of examining and auditing the public accounts of the receipt and the expenditure of the nation was vested in two officers of the Crown. But those officers, like many others, were charged with duties so far beyond the reach of their exertions and vested with powers so inadequate, that, although their services were not to be deemed entirely useless, they were certainly very inefficient. The noble persons who had then for some time held those official situations, (Lords Bute and Sondes,) although they remembered tolerably well that there were salaries to be received, yet, in process of time, forgot that there were duties to be performed, and though they never omitted regularly to receive the salaries attached to their situations, their official lassitude sunk, at least, into a total neglect of those duties." In a subsequent part of the same speech, he stated the astounding fact, that "there appeared to be an aggregate sum of not less than FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLIONS STERLING unaccounted for within the preceding twenty years!" He added with equal force and truth, "It is a fact, too notorious, that this enormous accumulation of unaudited accounts has long served as a shroud and a veil, behind which the most flagitious malversations have been screened from detection and punishment, while it hung, like a gloomy cloud, over the heads of honest and conscientious men, who were rendered unable, in the lapse of half their lives, to obtain a settlement of their accounts and a final exculpation of their conduct."



ble array of figures? It is unfortunately too evident, in every debate on these subjects, that pre-conceived opinions usurp the place of facts, and speculations as unsubstantial as "the baseless fabric of a vision" are substituted for correct observation.

But these questions, perhaps, may be regarded as very complicated; the statistical returns, for their elucidation, difficult to be obtained; and the relations between the different classes of facts open to doubt and dispute. Assuredly no such objections can be urged against population returns; registers of births and burials require no extraordinary intellectual endowments to be kept with tolerable accuracy; what then is the state of our registration? There is not an insurance office in London, in which the actuaries will not testify that no confidence can be placed in our bills of mortality, and that all calculations based upon them have proved erroneous.

Inveterate customs have, perhaps, perpetuated a vicious system of registration; it is part of a fixed system that baptisms only should be recorded, and that accuracy in the number of deaths should be left to the care of the parish officers; and it would now be difficult, if not impossible, to adopt a more rational course of proceeding, without carrying innovation to parts of the system which have worked well, or which it would be inconvenient to change. Well, there are certain facts which Parliament, in its wisdom, sometimes deems it expedient to ascertain, and it chooses, of course, the best instruments for the purpose; let us see how far implicit confidence is due to Parliamentary returns. In the year 1819, Mr. (now Lord) Brougham moved for returns on the state of education in England; printed queries were sent to the clergymen of the different parishes, and a large proportion of the replies omitted all notice of schools kept by dissenters. Two precious mis-statements have been founded on this error; one, injurious to the clergy themselves, the other, flattering to the rising generation. When the proportion of the uneducated to the whole population was calculated by this false return, an indignant cry was raised through the empire against the church, for leaving so large a body of the people without instruction; and more correct returns since that time have led us to flatter ourselves on an improvement in education, a national progress in intellectual and moral strength, which really has no existence. Very recently the Earl of Kerry, a young nobleman to whom statistical science is already greatly indebted, moved for returns on the present state of education in England.

We are fortunately enabled, by the exertions of the Manchester Statistical Society, to test the accuracy of this important document. The committee of that society, in a report read at a recent meeting of the British Association in Dublin, state that they had compared the returns, made to Government from three of the nine townships into which the borough of Manchester is divided, with the existing state of things, and that the following were the results:

"In the township of Manchester alone, which contains a population of 142,000, there are entirely omitted, in these returns, 1 infant school, 10 Sunday schools, and 176 day schools, which existed at the period these returns were made, and contained 10,611 scholars. False returns were made by one individual of 3 Sunday schools that never existed at all, and which were stated to contain 1,590 scholars: and double returns were made of three other schools, containing 375 scholars, so that the total error in these returns for the township of Manchester alone was 181 schools and 8,646 scholars. Besides this, eight dame schools were reported as infant schools.

"In Chorlton-on-Medlock, containing a population of 20,500, the returns made to Government show too small a number by 40 schools and 837 scholars. One infant school (a private establishment) was not returned at all; and one Sunday school, which has ceased to exist for more than a year, was returned with 222 scholars.

"In Hulme, containing a population of 9,600, the returns made to Government show too small a number by 14 schools and 864 scholars; and though there was not one infant school in the township, four dame schools, with 112 scholars, were returned under that title. A Sunday school, with 102 scholars, was also returned, which belongs to another township; and another, with 400 scholars, was altogether omitted."\*

At the same meeting, Mr. Woronzow Grég, on whose merits as a statistician we need not dwell, presented a report on the Social Statistics of the Netherlands as the country by whose returns the most important social questions should be determined, "having found, on a careful examination of the statistical documents relating to our own country, that they were wholly inadequate to furnish the necessary information."

Is statistical science, then, so worthless and unimportant as to be beneath the attention of the British nation, or are its results so uncertain that they should be regarded as theories to amuse the imagination, or are its lessons so purely speculative as to be regarded among the toys of science? The formation of a statistical section in the British Association, and of a Statistical Society in London, may in some measure, serve as an answer to these queries; but the best reply will be a careful examination of the na-

\* Report of the Manchester Statistical Society, printed for private circulation, pages 6 and 7.



ture and objects of statistics, for which we cannot have a better guide than Mr. Quetelet's volumes now before us.

When we cast a glance on the ponderous volumes of legislation,—when we observe the number of absurd and iniquitous laws that disgrace the statute books of every nation under heaven,—when we look at the absurd and mischievous projects that have been not only favored, but encouraged by the wisest and best of statesmen, instead of absurdly attributing weakness or wickedness to the legislators and politicians, we say, with truth, that they acted in ignorance of human nature. Let us pay some attention to an important fact that we enunciate every day, without feeling its great value and its vast significance—"Ignorance of human nature"—it is the cause of at least half the crimes and follies of the world. But there are two species of ignorance, as Plato observed two thousand years ago; ignorance from total want of knowledge; and ignorance from partial knowledge, in other words, from absence of ideas, and from wrong connexions between ideas. The latter is at once the more common and the more mischievous; in order to acquire true knowledge, the wholly ignorant man has only to learn; the partially ignorant has both to unlearn and learn, and to unlearn is the most difficult task that can be imposed on the human mind. It is the second and more mischievous species of ignorance we mean, when we use the phrase ignorance of human nature.

But what is human nature? Every man in the world is assured that he knows what it is thoroughly; but press him for an answer, and he is driven to the reply of the ancient philosopher, "*si non rogas intelligo*;" examine more closely, and you will find that he means his own individual nature, or, if he has exercised any generalization, the nature of the limited sphere in which he moves. A very eminent preacher in the Church of Ireland\* said, with equal truth and originality, that most men in their secret soul form a character of God from the exemplar of their own minds; it is in the same way that ordinary men judge of human nature: they deem that they find its archetype in their own bosoms; they feel surprised that the world does not change as they change; and hence the old man tells you how exceedingly good the times were when he was a boy,—meaning thereby that

he enjoyed better health and spirits than at present. Here, too, is the secret of intolerance; the evidence for a creed strikes a man's mind with such force as to produce conviction, and he cannot see a reason why it should not produce the same conviction in the mind of everybody else; he cannot understand that evidence, without varying in its nature, may vary exceedingly according to the medium through which it was viewed, and he therefore attributes hardness of heart and perversity of intellect to those who differ from him, and punishes as depravity a necessity of constitution. Ignorance of the law of human nature that guides the formation of opinion, has to answer for all the atrocities of religious war, all the horrors of the Inquisition, and of the penal laws.

Some, however, make a further progress towards knowledge; they have made researches more or less complete on some of its general laws; they have instituted isolated observations, and have formed theories for certain facts. Let us vary our illustrations, and take an example of this half-knowledge from the commercial legislation of France. To protect the iron works of France, a duty is imposed on the import of the article from abroad, amounting to 150 per cent.; of course every other species of manufacture in which iron is used has been damaged by a law vastly increasing the expense of machinery; but here the legislator confined his observations to one trade, and never for a moment thought of the others. Again, in the silk trade, a duty is imposed on the export of raw silk, to secure a supply of raw material for the manufacturer, and at the first blush the plan may seem judicious. But extend the observations: limited in his market, the silk-grower will not raise more worms than he is likely to sell; the supply for the home market cannot be brought to meet the exigencies of a sudden increased demand, and the manufacturer is absolutely injured by the law devised for his protection.

But we may find a stronger instance of this mischievous half knowledge without travelling from social into economic statistics, or quitting England for France. It was deemed necessary to check the crime of forgery, and the means devised were, to make it a capital offence. The error founded on partial observation, which led to this murderous statute, is even now sufficiently common; it is, simply, that attachment to life is the most influential motive in the human mind; the application of the principle to the case failed, because it was soon evident that forgers felt life to be but slightly periled. For this blunder there was even

\* The Rev. Henry Woodward of Fethard. His Essays, now about to be published, exhibit an originality and boldness of thought, a skill in metaphysical analysis, and a sweetness of temper, that forcibly remind us of Jeremy Taylor.



then no excuse; over and over again it had been demonstrated that the indiscriminate severity of our penal statutes defeated the object of punishment, that persons wronged refused to prosecute, witnesses fled to avoid giving evidence, or prevaricated in the courts, juries sought the most absurd pretexts to acquit contrary to their oaths, merciful judges made loop-holes in the law, and pardons were, under very equivocal circumstances, granted by the crown; so that, in fact, a criminal about to commit an offence might fairly calculate that, if detected, he had far more chances of escape than a soldier in the field of battle. These statements were made and proved by an unanswerable array of facts; but the persons who thus pleaded were booted as philosophers, and informed that these matters could be duly estimated only by practical men! Philosophers, we grant, are attached to theories, but really what are called practical men are the greatest theorists in the world; the difference is, that the philosopher's theory is a general view derived from a large induction of authenticated facts; the practical man's theory is a partial view based on the maxims of his nurse or his grandmother, on some unmeaning phrase of sounding words devised and perpetuated by faction, or at best on the induction of his own narrow judgment and limited experience. The false doctrines of some philosophers have produced a certain amount of mischief, but it is as a drop of water to the whole Atlantic, compared with the vast mass of evil perpetrated by the legislation of those who call themselves emphatically practical men.

To know human nature is to know the general laws of human action, to ascertain the general course of man's physical and moral faculties. Previously to all observation, it might seem that human actions would, if registered, present as vast a variety as the caprices of the will, and that to discover any thing like a law in their production would be more absurd than to investigate the rules of the wind, or the regulations of the whirlwind; yet, when we pass from individuals to masses, we find even in those actions which seem most fortuitous, a regularity of production, an order of succession, that can only arise from fixity of cause. Thus, were a man always to examine only individual drops of water, he could never conceive the beautiful phenomenon of the rainbow; it is only when the drops are aggregated in masses, and placed in a position favorable for observation, that he can contemplate that glorious arch spanning the horizon, and seeming to connect earth with heaven.

Of all the crimes that seem least to depend on human foresight, that of murder would seem the most fortuitous, since for the most part it is perpetrated in consequence of motiveless quarrels, or of circumstances apparently accidental. Yet experience proves, not only that murders vary very little in their annual amount, but that the instruments with which they are committed are annually employed in nearly the same proportions. The following table, establishing this extraordinary fact, has been compiled by Mr. Quetelet, from the records of criminal justice in France. And this uniformity is especially remarkable in a country where murders assume a melo-dramatic form, seeming to require countless coincidences to complete their scenic effect. The details of their perpetration, as recorded in "*Les Causes Criminelles Célèbres*," show a magnificence in the conception, and a savage atrocity in the execution, to which our judicial records can furnish no parallel.

YEARS.	1826	1827	1828	1829	1830	1831
Murders in general	241	234	227	231	205	266
By musket or pistol	56	64	60	61	57	88
By sword, bayonet, dagger, &c.	15	7	8	7	12	30
By knives	39	40	34	46	44	34
By bludgeons or clubs	23	28	31	24	12	21
By stones	20	20	21	21	11	9
By mechanical implements, hatchets, chisels, &c.	35	40	42	45	46	49
By strangulation	6	5	2	2	2	4
By throwing down and drowning	2	16	6	1	4	3
By kicks and blows of the fist	28	12	21	23	17	26
By fire	0	1	0	1	0	0
By means unknown	17	1	2	0	2	2

It is the business of a statistician to collect and tabulate facts in order to discover the laws of their occurrence; it is no part of his proper duty to investigate their causes. But in the present instance there are other authenticated facts, that seem at least to illustrate a general principle connected with this table, which deserve to be noticed. There is no better attested, nor more astonishing, record in history, than the sudden appearance of a disposition to commit some certain crime in a definite manner spreading like a



contagious disease, reaching a fearful height in defiance of every effort to repress it, and then gradually sinking into oblivion. The madness of witch-finding in our country and in New-England, the crime of poisoning in France when the *Chambres Ardenes* were established, the rick-burning in England within our own memory, are familiar examples. Does not this seem to prove that we might reckon a certain sympathy or principle of imitation among the leading incentives to crime? Let us see if there are any other facts that seem to point at the same conclusion? The following is a table of the suicides committed in the department of the Seine from the year 1817 to 1825 inclusively.

YEARS.	1817	1818	1819	1820	1821	1822	1823	1824	1825
Totals.	352	330	376	325	348	317	390	371	396
By drowning	160	131	148	129	127	120	114	115	134
By fire arms.	46	48	59	46	60	48	56	42	56
By suffocation	35	35	46	39	42	49	61	61	59
By voluntary precipitations	39	40	39	37	33	33	43	47	49
By hanging.	36	27	44	32	38	21	48	38	40
By sharp instruments	23	28	20	28	25	31	47	40	38
By poison	13	21	20	14	23	15	21	28	20

But these are not the only facts to which our attention must be directed; at a meeting of the Academy of Medicine, a few years ago, Castel mentioned that a soldier in the Hotel of the Invalids, had recently committed suicide by hanging himself from a post in the court; within a few weeks twelve of his comrades destroyed themselves in the same way, and at the same post. The fatal post was removed and the propensity to suicide immediately ceased. Esquirol related six cases of a disposition to destroy children that had occurred within his experience, since Madame Cornie's trial for that crime.

The propensity to suicide was at one time shockingly displayed in an English regiment at Malta; the commanding officer at length ordered that the body of the next suicide should be denied Christian interment, and treated with striking indignity; it was so done, and no other case of self-destruction appeared while the regiment remained in the island. A very intelligent officer, whose testimony was corroborated by a popular magistrate, informed us, while preparing this article, that the propensity of soldiers to use their bayonets on the slightest provocation has been aggravated a hundred-fold; since the recent discussions on the propriety of their being permitted to wear side-arms. One more instance and we have done; it is of too grave importance to be passed over lightly.

A clergyman, the master of a very large and popular school, the locality of which, or reasons that will presently appear, we must not specify, recently informed one of his friends, that he had discovered a new pupil in the act of practising a disgraceful vice. "Send him home to his parents and say nothing about it," was the friend's judicious recommendation. The schoolmaster however, placed great confidence in his own eloquence and the corrective powers of birch; he assembled his boys, made an excellent harangue on the guilt of the delinquent, and gave him a sound flogging. The example of crime proved more influential than the example of punishment, and the vice spread so rapidly that the whole school was broken up in consequence. These and countless similar facts lead us to question the propriety of describing vice at all, in the moral tales designed for young persons, even though the consequent punishment be ever so strongly depicted. The importance of the lesson will, we trust, excuse the slightest deviation from our subject.

Before we quit these tables of murders and suicides, we may notice the value of such returns in a jurisprudential point of view. In France the proportion of suicides to homicides is nearly as 5 to 3, consequently, if a dead body be found in France, without any evidence appearing for the cause of death, there is much greater probability of the deceased having fallen by self-violence than by the hand of an assassin. If it appear that the deceased has died by suffocation or strangulation, the probabilities for suicide are so greatly increased as, in the absence of other evidence, to justify a verdict. We shall have occasion again to examine the judicial value of statistical science.

M. Quetelet investigates the laws of human nature, under the form of determining



the characteristics of the average man (*l'homme moyen*), a course very convenient for those who have made any advance in statistical science, but which requires some explanation to beginners and general readers. Let us first observe, that all men establish in their own minds a standard of human nature, that is, an abstract idea of average man, by which they measure not merely physical development, but also moral conduct and intellectual power. We have names for almost every deviation from this conventional standard; we speak of giants and dwarfs, who exceed or fall short of the average height, of fruitful and unfruitful marriages, of geniuses and blockheads, of excessive mortality in any particular year or district, though in most cases we have not accurately fixed the standard by which we determine these instances to be exceptions from the general laws of humanity. Now the object of Mr. Quetelet's book is to determine and fix this standard of judgment, to ascertain as far as practicable the laws of human nature from the cradle to the grave, and to direct attention to important points, that have been either wholly neglected or only partially investigated. Before going any further it is of some importance to observe, that the average man of one country in duration of life, enjoyment of comfort, mental development and countless other important particulars, may and does differ materially from the average man of another. Nay more, these representative abstractions will differ in localities at no great distance from each other, in an agricultural and manufacturing county, in town and country; in a city and its suburbs. It is obvious that, by comparing the averages of different localities, we can at once determine which demands the preference, and that we are placed in a position for examining the causes of the superiority of the one and the degradation of the other. Until, however, these standards be ascertained, it is just as obvious that all reasoning on the subject must be vague and inconclusive. A striking example of this simple truth has been recently exhibited in our own country; some years ago, the sufferings of the factory operatives, and their physical and moral wretchedness, were pictured with great force of eloquence in both houses of parliament and in the columns of several leading journals; British humanity—and Britain has a very abundant stock of the article, and a still more copious supply of its spurious imitations—was appealed to; and we were not far from being persuaded that our manufacturing supremacy was a national curse, calamity, and disgrace. The operatives took

advantage of this popular clamor: they hoped by its means to diminish the use of machinery and the employment of children in factories, and as a consequence to secure for themselves higher wages. It is scarcely necessary, in the present state of economic science, to turn aside from our immediate object, and show that the success of the operatives would have been ruinous to their own interests; the results of machinery are too well understood by all, except those whom the stream of time has left stranded on the beach to gaze in stupid wonder on the current that rolls by. The manufacturers answered the charges made against them by an appeal to incontrovertible facts, the tables of mortality, the records of hospitals and police-offices, the registers of parishes and courts of justice; but there are still people in the world, who prefer the figures of speech to the figures of arithmetic, and the rules of Longinus to those of Cocker. Pathetic tales, more than sufficient to supply a whole generation of novelists, prevailed over a dull, dry parade of stupid figures, and a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to examine the state of our manufacturing population. The Report is now open before us, and, with the exception of the memorable Report on the silk trade, in which six lines from the Committee are the prelude to one thousand pages of opposing statements and contradictory evidence, we never beheld so extraordinary a result from the labors of sane men. It was scarcely contended that mortality was increased by factory employment, but it was strenuously asserted that life was rendered a burden, and that Coleridge's daring personification of "Life in Death," in his "Rhyme of the ancient Mariner," was but a faint and feeble image of life in manufactories. Finally, the Committee came to a conclusion in which nothing was concluded, and a commission was issued to investigate the subject. The extraordinary merits of the reports produced by the Factory Commissioners, documents in which the exactness of science is for the first time fully proved to be the only guide for enlightened humanity and really useful charity, state-papers that are an honor to our age and country, lead us to forgive, and almost forget, the series of absurdities which caused their production, and which they effectively counteracted. We extract one table from these invaluable Reports; it decisively settles the question of the effect of factory labor on the health of children, tested by the best attainable standard, growth in size and weight: it is however to be regretted, that relative strength, tested by the dy-



namometer, was not also examined, for this is one of the surest measures of the effects produced by an injurious occupation.

Comparative average Age and Weight of Children employed in Factories and engaged in other Avocations.

FACTORY CHILDREN.				NON-FACTORY CHILDREN.			
Age.	Males.		Females.	Males.	Females.	Weight, lbs.	
	Weight, lbs.	Size, inches.		Weight, lbs.	Size, inches.	Size, inches.	
9	51.76	48.139	51.13	53.25	47.970	50.44	48.435
10	57.00	49.789	54.80	60.25	49.624	54.44	49.371
11	61.84	51.261	59.69	58.36	51.155	61.13	52.099
12	66.97	53.380	66.08	67.25	53.703	66.07	53.666
13	72.11	54.477	73.25	75.36	55.636	72.72	55.069
14	77.09	56.585	83.41	78.68	57.745	72.72	58.226
15	88.35	59.638	87.66	86.83	59.503	83.61	59.153
16	98.00	61.600	96.22	110.30	63.201	91.16	58.083
17	104.46	62.673	100.21	117.80	60.413	102.44	60.708
18	106.13	63.318	106.35	126.30	62.721	122.00	64.750

Average in weight of an equal number of males and females of all the above ages, from nine to seventeen, inclusive.

Boys employed in factories		Girls employed in factories	
Non-factory boys		Non-factory girls	
75-175		74-739	
78-680		75-049	

Average in size of an equal number of males and females of all the above ages, from nine to seventeen, inclusive.

Boys employed in factories		Girls employed in factories	
Non-factory boys		Non-factory girls	
55-282		54-951	
55-563		54-971	

Numbers weighed and measured for preparing the above table.			
Factory boys		Non-factory boys	
Factory girls		Non-factory girls	
410		227	
652		201	

Leaving now these more general views of statistics, we shall go lightly through some of the principal laws of human nature from birth to death examined by M. Quetelet, dwelling at length only on those which require to be more thoroughly investigated, or have too immediate a bearing on the general interests of society to be dismissed lightly.

Many curious and important questions are connected with the facts of births and fecundity of marriages. It appears that more boys are born than girls in the proportion of about 105 to 100, and that this proportion is rather greater in legitimate

than illegitimate births.\* It appears, also, that this excess of male births is slightly, if at all, varied by climate; but that it varies considerably in relation to the comparative ages of the parents. We have vainly sought for documents to scrutinize this law; Professor Hofacker in Germany, and Mr. Sadler in this country, have examined the subject and arrived at very nearly the same results. The professor, however, confesses that he could obtain only a limited number of observations, and Mr. Sadler had no document but Debrett's Peerage. We quote Professor Hofacker's table, with the hope that it may attract the notice of medical men and induce them to keep a record of their observations.

Age of the Husband.	Age of the Wife.	Number of Boys born for every 100 girls.
The husband is younger The husband is the same age The husband is older Do. Do. Do. The husband's age is between 24 and 36 Do. The husband's age is between 36 and 48 Do. Do. The husband's age is between 48 and 60	than the wife	90.6
	as the wife	90.0
	by from 3 to 6 years	103.4
	by from 6 to 9 years	124.7
	by from 9 to 18 years	143.7
	by 18 years and upwards	200.0
	the wife's between 16 and 26	116.6
	the wife's between 36 and 46	95.4
	the wife is younger	176.9
	the wife is of middle age	114.3
	the wife is older	109.2
	the wife of middle age	190.0

With regard to fecundity of marriages, we shall simply extract M. Quetelet's general results, without comment.

"1. Precocious marriages cause more or less sterility, and produce children with less than ordinary chances of life.

"2. Marriages that are not barren produce the same number of children whatever be the age at which they take place, provided that this age does not exceed about thirty-three years for the husband, and twenty-six for the wife; after which period the productiveness of the parties diminishes.

"3. The most productive marriages are those in which the husband is as old or a little older than the wife."

\* The equality of the sexes seems to be subsequently restored by the greater average mortality of the male infants.



To these we may now add a new statistical law, first announced by Mr. Woronzow Greg in his Report on the Social Statistics of the Netherlands, read at the recent meeting of the British Association in Dublin.

"We now come to notice one proportion, discovered by my brother and myself, some years ago, which is so constant, as almost to entitle it to the appellation of a general law, though the *modus operandi* is not easy to conjecture. The proportion of births to a marriage (cipher of fecundity) appears to vary inversely as the proportion of marriages to the population (cipher of marriage).

Provinces.	Cipher of fecundity.	Cipher of marriage.	Provinces.	Cipher of fecundity.	Cipher of marriage.
Limbourg	3.09	90.3	W. Flanders	5.01	137.7
N. Holland, &c.	4.50	104.4	Namur	5.06	150.9
Overyssel	4.60	121.9	N. Brabant	5.14	150.0
Antwerp	4.65	142.9	Groningen	5.17	149.3
Drenthe	4.69	130.3	Liege	5.33	154.1
S. Holland	4.74	113.3	Luxembourg	5.37	149.9
Guelderland	4.75	131.1	S. Brabant	5.45	142.2
Utrecht	4.86	118.2	Zeeland	5.49	113.7
Hainault	4.98	136.5	Friesland	5.75	128.7
Average	4.54	121.0	E. Flanders	5.82	165.3
			Average	5.36	144.2

"The same inverse proportion is observable in the eighty-six departments of France; a synopsis of which is here given, for the sake of brevity.

In the Departments of France where the Cipher of Marriage is	The Cipher of fecundity is
Under 112	2.55
From 112 to 130	3.88
130 .. 140	4.18
140 .. 150	4.35
150 .. 160	4.43
160 .. 170	4.48
170 ..	4.82

"In the counties of England the same result obtains, thus:—

ENGLAND.			
In the Counties where the Cipher of Marriage is		The Cipher of fecundity is	
Under 120	120	3.19	
From 120 to 130	130	3.96	
130 .. 140	140	3.87	
140 .. 150	150	4.03	
150 .. 160	160	4.41	
160 .. 170	170	4.50	
170 ..		4.97	

M. Quetelet next proceeds to investigate the influence of climate, season, the hour of the day, &c., and the preventive checks

resulting from the density of population, and the ratio of mortality. These and many similar heads of inquiry, we reluctantly pass over, because to examine them efficiently would demand more space than we can devote to the author's entire work. To those who feel an interest in this department of statistical science, we particularly recommend the chapter on still-born children; but we cannot quit it without quoting a gratifying proof of the rapid advance of obstetrical knowledge, taken from Hawkins' Elements of Medical Statistics. In the Lying-in Hospital of London, where nearly 5000 patients are received annually, the following changes have taken place in the ratio of mortality:—

YEARS.	Proportion of Deaths among the Mothers.	Proportion of Deaths among the Children.
From 1749 to 1758	1 in 42	15
1759 — 1768	1 — 50	1 in 20
1769 — 1778	1 — 55	1 — 42
1779 — 1788	1 — 60	1 — 44
1789 — 1798	1 — 288	1 — 77

During the last period the mortality of mothers at the Hôtel Dieu in Paris was 1 in 15 for mothers, almost twenty times greater than that of London.

The subjects of mortality and population occupy the remainder of M. Quetelet's first volume. We shall only point out a few of his results. The influence of place on mortality proves that cold climates are more favorable to life than warm climates.

"In the north of Europe there is 1 death for 41.1 inh.  
In the centre . . . . . 1 . . . 40.8  
In the south . . . . . 1 . . . 33.7  
At Batavia (lat. 6° 10') . . . 1 . . . 26."

The difference between the mortality of cities and the country is sufficiently marked in Belgium. There were

"In the cities . . . 1 death for every 36.9 inh.  
In the country, . . . . . 46.9."\*

\* We cannot satisfactorily ascertain this difference in England; the rate of mortality, however, for London and Glasgow differs but slightly from that of the country parts of Belgium. There is in London 1 death for 46.0 inhabitants: in Glasgow, 1 for 46.8.



It is remarked that great fecundity is always accompanied by great mortality. England, the republic of Guanaxuato in Mexico, the two extremes in the scale of population, exhibit this very forcibly.

STATES.	PROPORTION OF INHABITANTS.		
	To a Marriage.	To a Birth.	To a Death.
In England	134.00	35.00	58.00
In the Republic of Guanaxuato	69.76	16.08	19.70

But in this estimate it must be observed that the fecundity of the population is a very different thing from the fecundity of marriages. In fact, a great mortality must diminish the fecundity of marriages, by lessening their duration and increasing the number of second and third nuptials. The influence of sex on mortality is very marked at different ages; it is even appreciable before birth, the number of still-born males to that of females being in the proportion of about 3 to 2; the number of deaths during the first two months of life is as 3 to 4; in the third, fourth and fifth months as 5 to 4; thenceforward the difference gradually diminishes, and about the tenth month wholly disappears.\* Between the ages of 14 and 18 the mortality of females is sensibly greater than that of males; from 21 to 26 the direct contrary is observed; from 26 to 50, female mortality exceeds male, and the difference is greater in the country than in the towns;† from 50 upwards the mortality of both sexes is nearly alike.

Age is the circumstance that most re-

\* It must be borne in mind that the excess of male over female births is not, taken alone, sufficient to account for this disparity of mortality, the proportion between male and female births being only about as 20 to 19.

† There is an obvious cause for this disparity in the fact that women in the towns do not, during pregnancy, engage in such laborious tasks as women in the country.

markably modifies the law of mortality, as may be seen by the inspection of our ordinary tables of life.\* The age of five years is that in which the probable duration of life is greatest; the mortality of infancy is excessive.† M. Quetelet calculates the following number of deaths out of 10,000 births for the accompanying four classes of infants under one year of age.

Out of 10,000 male children born in the city 2574 die in the first year.

Ditto. - - - born in the country 2425

Ditto. female children born in the city 2068

Ditto. - - - born in the country 1999

Average deaths among 10,000 children - 2266 in the first year.

In fact, one tenth of the infants that enter the world die in the first month. We trust soon to have an opportunity afforded us of scrutinizing this subject more closely by the publication of M. Villermé's long expected work,‡ and we therefore pass over the less important influences that modify mortality, and the many disputable questions connected with the general laws of population.§

In his second volume M. Quetelet commences by estimating the development of size, weight, and force. We have already shown the important bearing of the first two elements on a vital political question; it is easy to show that they may be turned to a very profitable account in medical jurisprudence. There are countless occasions on which it would be of the utmost importance to determine the age of an individual by physical qualities; but science as yet does not furnish us with any such resource, but leaves us in most cases to a frightful empiricism.

"When a physician is called upon to examine the body of a child found dead, and from simple inspection states the probable age of the infant, it is

\* We have already complained of the inaccuracy of our ordinary life-tables, but we have been just informed that an eminent statistician is engaged in preparing a new series of tables, in which the distinctions of profession, place, sex, &c., will be carefully preserved.

† M. Quetelet attributes no small portion of this mortality to infant baptism, but we think he estimates too highly the injurious effects of exposure in a cold church, and the infant's fright, especially in English cities, where the churches are well warmed. However, we happen to know three families, all very large, indeed together amounting to twenty-nine, parents not included, in which, from such notion, it was customary not to have the children baptized before they were three years old, and out of this number only one died in infancy.

‡ Its title is "Des Lois de la Population, ou Rapport de la Médecine avec l'Economie politique. We understand that it is nearly through the press.

§ The fierce controversies that have raged on most of these points afford a sufficient reason for omitting their discussion in a merely general view of statistical science.



manifest that no element exists for the verification of his opinion, however erroneous it may be. If, on the contrary, to his estimation of the age were appended the size and weight of the body, and some other physical characteristics capable of direct measurement, and if we had besides exact tables of the cipher of these physical characters for different ages, and the limits of their variations for children regularly formed, not only would the physician's opinion be susceptible of verification, but it would scarcely be required if the elements of verification admitted of great exactness. Such approximations (supposing perfect certainty unattainable) ought not to be rejected in legal medicine, since they tend to substitute precise characters and exact data for the vague and frequently erroneous guesses of empiricism."

The investigations on the intensity of force at different ages, the quickness of the pulse, the number of inspirations, speed in walking or running, height and distance in leaping, &c., point to some very singular conclusions; but the observations are not sufficiently numerous to establish a definite result. Mr. Babbage, at the meeting of the British Association in Cambridge, dwelt very strongly upon the great advantages that would result from constructing tables of *Constants* for all that is measurable in the different kingdoms of Nature.

M. Quetelet has endeavored to supply the portion of that gigantic plan which relates to the measureable qualities of man. There are, however, many important matters which yet are wholly untouched. In a conversation on the subject of these Constants with Mr. Babbage, at the recent meeting in Dublin, he stated to us, as he had previously done to M. Quetelet, that he had often minutely several human actions, for instance, how many steps a man takes in a minute; how many strokes of an oar a sailor makes; how many blows of a hammer a smith gives; how many stitches a tailor puts in a piece of cloth; and that he had found these numbers little liable to variation. We have to a very limited extent repeated these observations with precisely the same result. In the course of the investigation, we found that the uniformity of the sound of the hammers in a forge produced a species of harmony to the ear; just as, when we recline by a mountain-brook fretting and dashing over countless obstacles, the separate sounds come at first confused on the ear, but, after a time, from their regularity, melt into one tone of soothing melody. It would be highly interesting to continue these observations, and also to determine whether they have any and what relations to sex, age, pulsations, inspirations, and other physical attributes.

The determination of the average man in his moral and intellectual character is beset with difficulties that at first sight seem insu-

perable. We have a unit of measurement for size and weight; we have the dynamometer to estimate strength; but where is the standard for determining courage, virtue, memory, or genius? May we not, however, approximate to correctness by diligently registering the effects? Suppose that the aggregate of certain crimes in one community is as 1 to 10,000 of the population, and the aggregate of crimes in another community is as 1 to 5000 of the population, have we not here some means of judging their relative tendency to that particular crime? Again, let there be two boys at school, one of whom can learn by rote a certain number of lines in half an hour, while another will require three hours to master the same task, have we not data for estimating their relative quickness? And if one has lost the remembrance of these lines at the end of a month, while the other retains them to the end of a year, cannot we institute a comparison between the relative tenacity of their memories?

And here we cannot forbear making an important psychological remark suggested by a long course of observations made by ourselves and others on the education of the memory. Quickness and tenacity of memory are essentially different qualities, and neither of them is identical with the still more valuable quality, readiness of memory. The habit of getting by rote is easily acquired by practice, but its utility is not merely questionable, its excessive cultivation is positively injurious. Few persons can have seen much of a university education without discovering that what are called "crammed men," who have imbibed from tutors a fixed amount of knowledge to gain a particular honor, or pass a particular examination, generally forget as fast as they have acquired, and in a few years appear as if they had never learned. Tenacity of memory is a much more valuable acquirement, but even this, when merely verbal, is more injurious than serviceable. We knew an instance of a student, who actually learned the six books of Euclid by heart, though he could not tell the difference between an angle and a triangle. This was discovered by accident; one of his plates was missing while he was under examination; his examiner drew a figure, and placed the letters in a different order from that to which he had been accustomed, and the poor youth was completely at a stand-still. Readiness of memory, like quickness and tenacity, may be greatly improved, if not acquired, by practice. Repeated interrogatories, judiciously worded, form the entire secret of the educational art; but schoolmasters in



general find it much easier passively to hear a task, than to muster up as much intellectual energy as is necessary to ask a question.

This is not a digression from our subject, on the contrary it shows the vast importance of statistical inquiries in the important science of education—a science, by-the-way, at a lower ebb in England than in any other civilized nation on the earth.

The most important question in moral statistics is the law of the tendency to crimes, and the causes by which it is modified. M. Quetelet especially examines the influence of seasons, climate, sex, and age, and shows that these do produce variations of considerable amount. But there is a preliminary difficulty urged by M. Alphonse de Candolle, which we do not think

has been satisfactorily obviated; all reasoning respecting the statistics of crime are based upon a certain number brought under the cognizance of the law, which, however, form only an indefinite part of all the crimes committed. M. Quetelet answers, that the discovered crimes in any country bear a tolerably definite proportion to the entire number of crimes committed, and thinks that this is proved by the astonishing constancy with which the same, or nearly the same, numbers are reproduced annually in the returns of crime. Now, though this regularity is very striking in the criminal registers of France and Belgium, as may be seen in the table of murders quoted at the commencement of this article, the English returns present no such uniformity, as will appear from the following table:—

*Return of Committals for Crime in England and Wales.*

(From Marshall's Statistical Tables.)

YEARS.	1824.	1825.	1826.	1827.	1828.	1829.	1830.	1831.
Larceny	10,526	11,147	12,478	13,380	11,300	13,885	13,399	13,698
Burglary	460	428	478	572	249	171	155	152
Highway Robbery	253	189	307	381	314	299	301	573
Arson	28	22	17	14	14	37	45	10
Murder	73	94	57	65	83	47	65	57
Offences against Game Laws	178	151	182	284	366	230	141	105
Total of Committals	13,698	14,437	16,164	17,921	16,564	18,675	18,107	19,647
No bill found	1,662	1,685	1,786	1,950	1,672	1,800	1,832	2,094
Acquitted	2,611	2,788	3,271	3,407	3,169	3,614	3,470	3,723
Convicted	9,425	9,664	11,107	12,564	11,723	13,261	12,805	13,830
Sentenced to Death	1,017	986	1,146	1,456	1,086	1,311	1,351	1,549
Executed	49	50	57	70	79	74	46	52

We have quoted only a portion of these returns, because this is sufficient to show either that the recurrence of crimes in England is more variable than in France or Belgium, or that our registers are less exact. The latter appears to be in some measure the case, for there is a greater approach to uniformity in the last three years. The British islands are, however, subjected to a cause of perturbation from which France and Belgium are exempt—the administration of justice by an unpaid magistracy. Facility of communication, and the reports of cases in the public journals, are fast producing uniformity in England and Wales; but in Ireland the executive varies in every county, and almost in every parish. We could name more than one instance in which the criminal calendar, heaviest in the kind and number of offences, proved to be the lightest when scrutinized at the assizes; but we only refer to the subject for the purpose of warning statisticians to examine beyond the simple facts stated in the returns, when they institute comparisons between the amount of crimes in different districts.

But a much more important question remains yet to be discussed—the effect of education on the tendency to crime. “It is now,” says a writer in a popular periodical, “established by decisive evidence, that public instruction not only has no effect whatever in diminishing the tendency to crime, but that it greatly increases it.” The chief foundation for this strange assertion is of course M. Guerry’s celebrated work on the Moral Statistics of France. He proves indisputably that there are most crimes against property in the departments where there is most public instruction; but he does not add that these are also the wealthiest portions of France. Of course there will be most crimes against property where there are most temptations and opportunities for their commission. To deduce any argument from the concomitancy of crime and instruction appears to us not very unlike the argument of the preacher, who tried to demonstrate the wisdom of Providence from the fact that large rivers always flow near large towns.

A more difficult objection to the diffusion



of education is furnished in the following extract from a Report made to the Middlesex Magistrates by the Chaplain of Coldbath Fields Prison:—

"As to the capabilities of prisoners to receive instruction, the chaplain, desirous of ascertaining on certain data what capabilities prisoners possessed of acquiring religious and moral instruction to counteract the demoralizing influence with which they are surrounded, has inquired into the education of 967 prisoners individually, viz. 701 males, and 266 females, in this prison on the 20th of September last.

"The following result appears:—

PRISONERS		967
Those uneducated, first imprisonment,	56	104
Ditto, imprisoned before,	48	
Those educated, first imprisonment,	646	863
Ditto, imprisoned before,	217	
Total, first imprisonment	702	
Total, imprisoned before	265	

"From this inquiry the chaplain draws his conclusion, that it is not the want of education, but the absence of principle, which leads to crime."

Before examining the validity of the worthy chaplain's conclusion, we must quote another document brought forward by the opponents of education.

*Return of the Prisoners in Glasgow Bridewell,*

From June, 1834, to June, 1835.

State of Education.	SCOTCH.			ENGLISH.			IRISH.			FOREIGN.			TOTAL.		
	Male.	Female.	Total.	Male.	Female.	Total.	Male.	Female.	Total.	Male.	Female.	Total.	Male.	Female.	Total.
	76	32	108	13	2	15	9	1	10	2	1	3	98	33	131
	36	65	101	3	2	5	25	9	34	2	1	3	66	77	143
Can read and write	9	18	27	2	2	4	12	10	22	1	—	1	24	28	52
Can read only															
Can neither read nor write															
Total	121	115	236	18	2	20	46	20	66	3	1	4	188	138	326

Before any inference could be deduced from these documents, we should first have

accurately ascertained the proportion of the educated to the uneducated in the several populations; and, secondly, we should have some account of the amount and quality, as well as of the fact of education, or rather instruction. The report of the Manchester Statistical Society's Committee on the state of Education in that Borough, affords abundant proof that the nature, extent, and efficacy of the instruction afforded, is not to be measured by the mere test of capability to write and read. We shall quote a few anecdotes to prove that, in all future educational inquiries, the qualifications of the masters must be investigated as well as the number of the pupils.

"In one of the seminaries of learning, where there are about 130 children, the noise and confusion was so great as to render the replies of the master to the inquiries put to him totally inaudible; he made several attempts to obtain silence, but without effect; at length, as a last effort, he ascended his desk, and striking it forcibly with a ruler, said in a strong Hibernian accent, 'I'll tell you what it is, boys, the first I hear make a noise, I'll call him up, and kill him entirely;' and then perceiving probably on the countenance of his visitor some expression of dismay at this murderous threat, he added quickly, in a more subdued tone, 'almost I will.' His menace produced no more effect than his previous appeals had done. A dead silence succeeded for a minute or two; then the whispering recommenced, and the talking, shuffling of feet, and general disturbance, was soon as bad as ever. The master gave up the point, saying as he descended from his desk, 'You see the brutes, there's no managing them.' The committee met with two instances of schools kept by masters of some abilities, but much given to drinking, who had, however, gained such a reputation in their neighborhood, that, after spending a week or fortnight in this pastime, they could always fill their school-rooms again as soon as they returned to their posts. The children, during the absence of the masters, go to other schools for the week, or play in the streets, or are employed by their parents in running errands, &c. On another occasion, one of these instructors and guardians of the morals of our youth, was met issuing from his school-room, at the head of his scholars, to see a *fight* in the neighborhood: and, instead of stopping to reply to any educational queries, only uttered a breathless invitation to come along and see the sport."

We should be very glad to know from the chaplain, who decided so flippantly on the inutility of education, if he had first inquired whether the persons he examined were really educated, or whether they had been merely instructed in reading and writing? It is manifest that it would be better for the pupils of such masters as those described in the Manchester Report, to have remained for ever without instruction, than to have been subjected to such authoritative contamination. Until some care be taken to give the same security by law for the health of the mind as is given for the health of the



body; until schoolmasters are subjected to at least as rigid a scrutiny as apothecaries; it is perfect nonsense to talk of education having failed to check the progress of crime in England.

But we can even now statistically prove the beneficial effects of education, where the primary schools are under the superintendence of a minister of public instruction, which is always a guarantee for their being more usefully conducted, than when left to the superintendence of a master or of voluntary subscribers. Mr. Gregg, in the admirable Report to which we have more than once referred, has classed the provinces of the Netherlands in four divisions proportionate to their relative amount of education. We shall quote his comments as well as his table—they are equally instructive and encouraging.

Provinces.	Per centage of the Population at School.	Inhabitants for every Murder, Rape, or Violent Assault.
"In the 5 first provinces, where	13.9	52,960
5 next . . . . .	11.5	43,380
3 next . . . . .	10.3	31,700
4 last . . . . .	7.9	20,720

"Thus we do find, that, where the greatest quantum of education exists, the heinous crimes of violence diminish in frequency. Upon crimes of fraud I should doubt any effect being produced, (appreciable by similar tables,) as the causes of these depend often less on the individual, if we may so speak, than on the circumstances by which he is surrounded.

"The fairest, and most satisfactory mode, however, of ascertaining the effect of education in diminishing crime is to ascertain the proportion of offenders who have received instruction. M. Guerry thinks that even in this way no accurate or gratifying result can be arrived at. Let us examine the state of matters in France, Belgium and America. The data for constructing the following table are taken from M. Quetelet and Dr. Lieber, and reduced to centesimal proportions.

Degree of Education.	FRANCE.		Proportion between the two kinds.	ALL KINDS OF CRIMINALS.		
	Criminals against Property.	Criminals against Person.		France.	Belgium.	America.
None - - -	616	583	3.2	610	610	256
Very imperfect - - -	262	282	2.8	266	150	551
Decent - - -	103	113	2.7	103	200	180
Superior - - -	19	22	2.6	21	40	13
Total - - -	1000	1000		1000	1000	1000

"Two conclusions are to be drawn from this table, which has been constructed with the greatest care: First, that 81 per cent. of the crimes are committed

by persons having received no education or a very imperfect one; and only 19 per cent. by those having had the benefit of a decent or a superior one.

"Secondly, The fourth column shows the number of crimes against property for one against the person, among each division of criminals. From this it appears that the best educated commit, *proportionally*, more crimes of violence than of fraud. This is natural, inasmuch as, while their *passions* are equally strong, their temptations to theft are incomparable less than those of the ignorant, who are generally also the poor."—pp. 26, 27.

We have now examined a few of M. Quetelet's investigations into the physical, intellectual, and moral developments of human nature. Much that is valuable, and much that is curious, we have been reluctantly compelled to pass over; compelled by the abundance of his materials to make a selection, we have chosen as specimens those topics in statistical science which are of most pressing and immediate interest. Our great object has been to show the vast importance of statistical research nationally and individually, to gain a new hearing in the cause—"the figures of arithmetic *versus* the figures of speech." In the course of our observations we have had to censure, more in sorrow than in anger, the great neglect of statistical science in these kingdoms; but we must add that in this, as in many other departments of knowledge, we see the dawn of a better day. To say nothing of the valuable tables compiled by Finlayson, Rickman and Marshall, with industry that may well excite wonder, and skill above all praise, we may refer to many admirable statistical papers in the Spectator, but, above all, to the Ordinance Survey now in progress in Ireland, a copy of which was laid before the British Association at its recent meeting in Dublin. In moving that the thanks of that body should be given to his excellency the Lord Lieutenant for having sent the copies, Mr. Babbage, with equal truth and justice, declared that "the gentlemen engaged in its preparation had earned a right to the lasting gratitude of their countrymen as national benefactors." In this truly national work we have an accurate account of all that is performed by man, or produced by nature, within the geographical limits of Ireland; it will, when complete, be an invaluable record of the country's resources, and, at the same time, will show how they may be developed so as to promote the best interests of society.



# MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

NUMBER XXX.

## BELGIUM.

The first volume of the History of Flanders, and its civil and political institutions to the year 1305, by Professor Warnkønig, is just published.

M. Duvasme-Pletinckx has announced for publication a complete collection of the works of Rubens, in lithographic plates. It will contain at least 1500 works of that great artist.

A Royal Society of Sciences has been established at Antwerp, and, though it has existed only six months, it already boasts of many eminent names of foreign literati among its members, such as Alex. von Humboldt, Charles Dupin, Dr. Pariset, Alexander de la Borde, De Candolle, Magendie, Hufeland, etc., etc.

M. Joly, a Belgian, has written a play, called "Jacques Artevelde," which has been performed with great success, and is highly spoken of by the Belgian journals.

The Royal Commission for collecting the Chronicles and Histories of Belgium held a meeting on the 20th of August. M. Gachard, the Secretary, communicated much interesting information. He had been sent by the Minister of the Interior to Dusseldorf, to examine the Archives of that city, which were known to contain many manuscripts relative to the History of the Belgic provinces. His mission was successful beyond his expectation. M. Lacomblet, keeper of the Archives, not only assisted in examining the documents to which his attention had been directed, but communicated many others of great importance relative to the history of Belgium. There are even some that regard English history.

As connected with literature, it may be interesting to some of our readers to be informed of a remarkable sale of the splendid and valuable collection of the late Count de Rinesse Breidbach, which was to commence at Antwerp on the 1st of October, for the first part, and on the 16th of May, 1836, for the second portion. This second portion contains 50,000 medals and coins, ancient and modern;

with a library of 700 works on numismatology; a collection of antiquities, Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Celtic, German, etc.; another of antiquities of the middle ages; a collection of 4000 diplomas, 400 seals, and 10,000 prints, —many of them are extremely rare and curious.

M. Serrure, keeper of the archives of East Flanders, has translated from the Flemish, "Le Jeu d'Esmoree, fils du Roi de Sicile." This he maintains to be the oldest drama of the grave kind; and it belongs to the most brilliant period of the older Flemish poetry, that is to say, the first half of the fourteenth century.

## DENMARK.

The following is extracted from the annual report of the proceedings of the Society of Northern Archaeology at Copenhagen, 1834—1835. Professor Schlegel, the President, at the meeting on the 31st of January, gave a general view of the proceedings and affairs of the Society during the last year. Conformably to its chief object, that of publishing ancient Icelandic and other Northern writings, the Society has printed, in the course of the year, "Fornmanna Saga, No. 9," and "Oldnordiska Saga, No. 9," containing, the first in the original Icelandic, the second in a Danish translation, the Sagas, (or Chronicles,) of the Norwegian kings Hakon Sverrison, Guttorm Sigurson, and Ingi Bardson, with the Saga of Hakon Hakonson, to the death of Duke Skuli; or the period from 1184 to 1240. The following will be shortly published, "Fornmanna Saga, No. 10," "Oldnordiska Saga, No. 10," and "Scripta Historica Islandorum," vol. vi. and vii.; the first two of which will contain the conclusion of the Royal Sagas in Icelandic and Danish; the two last, (which are ready for the press,) the history of the Norwegian Kings from Magnus the Good to Magnus Erlingson, in a Latin translation.

The Society resolved in 1831 to use all the means in its power to clear up the ancient history of Greenland, and especially, if possible, to determine with certainty the site of the old European settlement, Eysribygd, and of the



Episcopal See of Gardar, which flourished there for many centuries. With this view, the Society resolved to have excavations and researches made, especially in the district of Julianehaab and on the coast of Davis's Straits. These operations were commenced in 1832, and were continued in 1833 and 1834. Much interesting information has already been obtained. The Society also resolved to publish in a separate work, "on the Historical Monuments of Greenland," as complete a collection as possible of the accounts of Greenland, contained in the ancient Icelandic historical books. The printing of this work, as well as of another accompanied with a Latin translation, "on the Voyages of Discovery to America, undertaken by the old inhabitants of the North," has been continued this year. Captain Graab has constructed for this collection, from his own surveys, a special map of the district of Julianehaab, which is now in the hands of the engraver.

The Museum of Northern Antiquities has received many valuable additions during the last year. The third volume of the *Archæological Journal* of the society has been printed. The society has also printed a German translation of several of its most interesting articles, illustrated with numerous plates; but only for the German members of the society.

Professor Olshausen of Kiel has announced that the family of the celebrated Carsten Niebuhr are now preparing, after a lapse of so many years, to publish the third volume of his *Travels in Arabia*.

#### FRANCE.

In the last Number of this Journal, we gave a brief account of the great works relative to the national history of France, either projected or already commenced. We have now to advert to a new society, the nature and gigantic plans of which merit a far more extended notice than our limits will here allow us to give, but to which we shall doubtless have occasion frequently to recur. Within the last ten years a new era has commenced in the study and composition of history. Everywhere, and in all the sciences, the historical features are the most prominent; historical schools predominate in philosophy and jurisprudence; systems and reasonings give way to pragmatic developments; poetry (including romance) draws its materials from history, and the historian admits into his narrative more and more of the elements of poetry. The intellectual and moral history of mankind is more and more blended with the political: the history of the sciences and arts, of the ideas, the opinions, the domestic manners of nations, everywhere accompanies that of empires, kings, and generals. This conviction has given rise in different countries to associations in one and the same historical undertaking, such, for instance, as that under the direction of Uckert and Heeren in Germany. This too has given rise to the society established about sixteen

months ago under the title of "*Institut Historique*," which has become so extensive, has so many proofs of its activity to produce, and is about to execute such vast plans, that it is high time to call the attention of the learned world to it. The number of the members is about 800, of whom one half are Frenchmen, the others natives of almost all countries.—Among the French members are Chateaubriand, Reinhard, the Dukes of Broglie, Doudeauville, and Montmorency, Messrs. de Fzensac, Choiseul, Noailles, the Academicians, Michelet, Carnot, Dustutt de Tracy, Lamartine, Bory de St. Vincent, G. Saint Hilaire, etc., etc. The historians, such as Thierry, Daru, Capefigue, Barante, of course belong to it. The "*Journal de l'Institut Historique*" began in August last year, and appears regularly in monthly numbers of four sheets. Its chief value, as far as France is concerned, is, that it is the first example in that country of independent criticism. The second undertaking of the society is the "*Annuaire de l'Institut Historique*," which is composed by a committee of thirty members, and the first annual volume of which will appear in January, 1836, and contain the political and scientific history of Europe for 1835. Another committee is engaged on a "*Manuel Diplomatique*." The commencement of a more intimate personal acquaintance between the European historians is to take place on the 15th of November, for which day the "*Institut Historique*" invites a great European historical congress to Paris, to which all the learned societies in Europe are requested to send deputies. This congress is to sit a fortnight, and questions are prepared in all the classes of the Institute, which are to be submitted to this congress. But the undertaking which is of the greatest importance to Europe, and is unparalleled both in its plan and the manner of its execution, is the "*Dictionnaire de l'Institut Historique*," which is intended to supersede all existing historical repertories, and is to be composed under the direction of an association of historians of all nations and countries. The plan is as follows:—The contents of the "*Dictionnaire*" will be exclusively historical; it will not go beyond the limits of this circle, which is itself so extensive, but it will embrace History completely and in all its phases, and comprehend equally Men, Events, and Things. By Things is understood whatever relates to the history of Science, Language, Art, to the development of human activity in Agriculture, Manufactures, Commerce; and it will pay as much regard to the history of the manners and customs of nations, as to that of political events, which have hitherto been thought alone worthy of detailed notice. The number of the articles will of course be very great; but a simple classification will greatly lessen the labor, and prevent repetitions. The articles are of three kinds. Those of the third class are very short notices, often only larger definitions with reference to the greater articles. Those of the second class relate to Facts, Men, Ideas, remarkable historical Epochs. Those of the first class are devoted to Events and



Men that changed the face of a great part of the world (Alexander, Charlemagne), to a great historical period (the Middle Ages), to a great aggregate of countries (Russia, India), to some important social relation (Islamism, Languages, etc.), or lastly to a great class of Nations, or of Mankind in general (the Priesthood, Races). In general the articles relative to Men (*i. e.* individuals) will be much less numerous than those on Events, Ideas, and Things, otherwise history becomes biography. It is impossible to enter into details respecting the contents of this part of the work; the following are the prominent features:—1. Dynasties; 2. Great Historical Periods; 3. States, Provinces, Cities, and their History; 4. Confederations, Corporations, Religious and Military Orders; 5. Wars, Treaties of Peace, Conventions, Battles, Diplomacy; 6. Governments, Dignities, Offices; 7. Legislation, Laws, Customs, Codes; 8. Finances, Loans, Taxation Money; 9. Manufactures, Commerce, Navigation, Mines, etc.; 10. Churches, Popes, Councils, Ecclesiastical administration, etc.; 11. Nobility, Third Estate, Peasantry, etc.; 12. Chivalry, Heraldry, Feudalism, Arms, Armies, Art of War; 13. Ordinary Life, Liberty, Personal Security, Habitation, Dress, Costumes, Fashions, Furniture, Luxury, Poverty, etc.; 14. Religions, Ceremonies, Festivals; 15. Monuments, Archæology, Cathedrals, etc.; 16. The Fine Arts; 17. Literary Activity, Printing, Progress of Philosophy, Theology, Sciences, Discoveries, etc.; 18. Sources and Documents, to facilitate the study of history.—The extent of the work is calculated at forty volumes in large 8vo., each of thirty-two sheets, printed in double columns;\* four volumes to be published every year. Such is a general, but very imperfect, outline of this great enterprise. A very remarkable circumstance is, that the Institute has resolved to commit the printing of the work to a German House, and commissioned a German member of the society to negotiate that business with some eminent German firm. So extraordinary a sacrifice of French national pride seems to indicate that the French book-trade must be in a very different state from what it is generally supposed to be.

A new edition, being the sixth, of the Dictionary of the French Academy, in two 4to. volumes, is publishing by Messrs. Didot. This work, a monument of industry, erudition, and accuracy, such as no other European nation can boast of, is the result of thirty years' assiduous labor under the superintendence of the successive secretaries of the National Institute, Morellet, Suard, Raynouard, Auger, Andrieux, and Arnault. Besides these a permanent committee, consisting of six of the most eminent French philologists and lexicographers, was appointed to revise and consider the individual articles prepared by them: and, after undergo-

ing this critical ordeal, all proposed additions, alterations, and explanations from beginning to end were carefully considered and discussed at the general meetings of the Academy.—Thus a single word, for example, *liberté, droit, constitution*, has frequently occupied a whole sitting; and this serves to show how the Academy could have been engaged for so long a period in the new edition of this national dictionary. To afford some idea of the scientific value and unimpeachable authority attaching to this work, we need only mention the names of the distinguished scholars and scientific men who have devoted their attention to its different departments:—1. In Grammar, Poetry, Rhetoric, etc., Andrieux, Jouy, Villemain, de Feletz, Campenon, Lacretelle, Etienne, Arnault, etc.; 2. In Philosophy, Education, the Natural Sciences, Cuvier, Raynouard, Cousin, Droz, Fourier, Biot, Thenard, etc.; 3. In Jurisprudence, Political Economy, History, Politics, Diplomacy, etc., Pastoret, Dupin, Royer-Collard, Segur, Daru, etc.; 5. In Architecture, Painting, Music, Huyot, Vauoyer, Quatre-mère de Quincy, Guérin, Catel, Berton, etc.; 6. In Nautical Affairs, De Rosset, Admiral Roussin, etc.; 7. In the Military Sciences, General Bartin; in Mechanics, Jourdan; in Manufactures, Rey, etc.

A great number of unpublished Letters by St. François de Sales, are about to appear. The Sardinian ambassador at Paris, Count de Sales, has caused them to be transmitted from Turin to the publisher of the collected works of St. François. There are 310 letters to princes and princesses of the House of Savoy, and other distinguished persons.

M. Paulin of Paris has commenced, by the title of "Edition pittoresque des Classiques français et étrangers," a series of illustrated works, which can scarcely fail to become popular in other countries as well as in France. He commences with *Gil Blas*, which alone will contain five hundred designs of the most different kinds, executed by the best engravers of France. This will be followed by Molière's Plays, a new translation of *Don Quixotte*, Lafontaine's Fables, Orlando Furioso, &c. Molière will be accompanied by 600 illustrations, and the other works in the like proportion. The subscription price of the *Gil Blas*, with its 500 plates and cuts, is no more than 12 francs.

In France, considerable attention is paid to the reprinting of the early French and Norman literature. M. Francisque Michel has published a report of his researches in the English libraries. The minister has given orders for the printing of the long metrical *Chronicle of Benoit de Sainte-More*, to transcribe which M. Michel was first sent to England: it will, we believe, be edited by M. Michel, and form two volumes in 4to. M. Michel is also printing the Romance of *Roncevaux* from the very early MS. in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. At Rouen, Frère, the publisher of Wace's "*Roman de la Rose*," is now

\* It seems to us that these volumes (500 pages each) will be too small. Our Edinburgh Gazetteer of 50 sheets, or 800 pages, is by no means an inconvenient size.



printing the "Brut" of the same poet, and he has also in the press a collection of original and unpublished documents relating to the conquest of England by the Normans, in two vols. 8vo. edited by M. Michel.

In the 13th volume of the "Notices des Manuscrits," M. Raynouard will give an abstract of a curious and hitherto unknown romance, in Provencal verse, preserved in a manuscript of the library of Carcassonne, to which he has given the title of "Flamenca," the name of the heroine, as it is imperfect at the beginning and end, and has no title in the MS. We regret to say, that this venerable scholar has been lately much afflicted with illness, which we fear will retard the progress of his great Dictionary of the Provencal and other dialects that have sprung from the Latin.

The Minister of Public Instruction has proposed a report to the King to have a new "Codex medicamentarius" composed by a certain number of members of the Royal Academy of Medicine. The King approved the plan.

The first volume of a translation, to be completed in five volumes, of Count Toreno's History of the Insurrection, of the War, and of the Revolution of Spain, on which he employed the many years of his exile, is just published.

#### GERMANY.

The German journals mention it as an extraordinary circumstance, that the Grand Duke of Hesse has granted to Captain Ross an exclusive privilege, for twelve years, for the sale in his dominions of the Narrative of his last Voyage in the English language, and also for the German translation of it made with his concurrence.

Macken of Reutlingen has announced a work on Greece, by Dr. J. W. Gess, entitled "Ancient and Modern Greece," in an 8vo. volume, with 74 illustrations.

The house of Grimmer of Dresden is preparing for publication, in numbers, a series of engravings on steel and copper, representing the most remarkable productions of the fine arts and curiosities in the royal collections, by the title of "The Museums of Dresden." The graphic department will be superintended by Mr. Frenzel, inspector of the royal gallery; and the illustrative descriptions will be furnished by several literati and connoisseurs.

The same house is also publishing, in monthly numbers, "Chronicles of the City of Dresden," by Dr. Klemm, librarian to the King of Saxony, illustrated by numerous engravings. The work will be completed in 36 numbers, each containing two plates and two sheets of text.

Scheible of Leipzig is about to publish in six or eight parts, forming, when complete, a

thick 8vo. volume, "Martin Luther, his Life and Works," by Dr. C. F. G. Stang, with 7 engravings on steel. The same bookseller is publishing, in the same form, "The Thirty Years' War and its Heroes," by Dr. C. A. Mebold, with six steel engravings. He announces, also, the speedy conclusion of Ernst Munch's "History of the Latest Times," by the publication of the second part of the sixth volume.

A small volume, by Mr. S. Matthies, has just appeared at Nurnberg, with the title of "Aeronautics in the highest Perfection, or Description of a new invented and extremely simple Machine, which furnishes irrefragable proof that it is not only practicable for the Aeronaut to steer in any direction he pleases, but also that this will be actually accomplished within half-a-year."

M. von Hammer has concluded his admirable "History of the Ottoman Empire" with the tenth volume. The history itself finishes with the eighth, being brought down to the Peace of Kainardji. The ninth and tenth are occupied with valuable documents. The same distinguished author promises a "History of Ottoman Poetry," which will include specimens of the works of two thousand poets.

Dr. Carus, eminent as a physician, a physiologist and a connoisseur, has produced a work of great interest in his "Tour through Germany, Italy, and Switzerland," in two volumes. It contains the result of his observations made in 1828, on his travels in company with Prince Frederick, Co-Regent of Saxony.

Public opinion in Germany holds out little more encouragement to young aspirants for poetical distinction than it does in England; nay, there is such a shyness for every thing like verse, that many of the principal booksellers will not publish any poetry. Every Leipzig fair, nevertheless, brings at least thirty collections of poems, the authors of which, so far from receiving payment for them, have frequently themselves to defray the expenses of printing.

Erhard, the bookseller of Stuttgart, announces that he is preparing to publish a "Translation from the Spanish of Toreno's History of Spain, from 1808 to 1823," in three volumes, 8vo.

The first volume of K. L. von Knebel's "Posthumous Works and Correspondence," prepared for the press by Messrs. Varnhagen von Ense and Th. Mundt, is just published. The work will be completed in three volumes before the end of the present year. The Correspondence contains letters from persons eminent for their rank, and also from many of the most distinguished writers of the last generation in Germany.

The house of Cotta, at Munich, has lately



published engravings of the celebrated frieze by Thorwaldsen, representing the Entry of Alexander into Babylon, executed for the palace of the King of Denmark at Christiansborg. These plates, twenty-two in number, forming a volume in oblong folio, are engraved by Professor Amsler, after drawings by Fr. Overbeck, and the illustrative text which accompanies them is from the pen of Dr. Schorn.

The first volume of Dr. Flathe's "History of the Precursors of the Reformation," was published in the spring. The second was expected to appear about Michaelmas.

Dr. Gross-Hoffinger has published in an 8vo. volume, entitled "Leben, Wirken, und Tod des Kaisers," a very interesting sketch of the life and character of the late emperor of Austria. It is a tribute to the private and public virtues of the deceased monarch, and will be gratefully received by the millions who lived under his mild sway, and among whom (and they surely are the best judges) there is one universal sentiment of love and veneration. The work contains, also, an admirable view of the state of literature, manufactures and politics, in the Austrian empire. The publication of the "Life of the Emperor Joseph II.," by the same author, is delayed, because he has thought it necessary to take a journey to Vienna, for the purpose of rendering it more complete.

#### HOLLAND.

Dr. Blume, author of the beautiful and scientific work "Flora Javæ," has announced for publication another work, under the title of "Rumphia, sive Commentationes Botanicae, imprimis de plantis Indiæ Orientalis." The work is to consist of thirty-six numbers, each containing six plates, representing the rarest plants of the whole Indian Archipelago, from original drawings made on the spot by a skilful hand. The work will be in every respect a counterpart to the "Flora Javæ," so unfortunately interrupted at the thirty-fifth number by the insurrection in the Belgian provinces. The subscribers to that great work, and the lovers of botany in general, will be happy to learn, not only that the whole of the MS. is in the hands of the publishers, but that arrangements have been made for publishing the remaining numbers.

By permission of the king, M. G. van Prinsterer has commenced the publication of "Archives, ou Correspondance inédite de la Maison d'Orange." It commences in the year 1552, and two volumes of the first series are published.

"The Trial of Constantine Polari," for stealing the jewels of the Princess of Orange, is published. The singularity of the robbery, the mystery in which it was long involved, the great value of the articles stolen, and the strange reports and whispered calumnies to

which it gave rise, render it very interesting in Holland.

A Dutch translation of Goethe's "Theory of Colors," by M. Bakker Korff, has recently made its appearance.

#### ITALY.

The following works have been lately published at Rome:—"Monumenti Gabini della Villa Pinciana, descritti da Ennio Quirino Visconti: nuovamente pubblicati per cura del Dott. Giovanni Labus, 22 Tavole;" and "Monumenti scelti Borghesiani," by the same author.

At a time when the attention of the public and of foreign visitors has been so much excited by the great works for changing the course of the Anio and the famous cascade of Tivoli, Signor Santo Viola, already known as the author of several esteemed works, has published, very *à propos*, a most interesting work on the Anio, in which he has collected and arranged in epochs every thing relative to that river from the most remote antiquity to the present day. It is entitled "Chronica delle diversi vicende del Fiume Aniene in Tivoli, sino alla deviazione del medesimo nel traforo del Monti Catillo."

A volume has appeared at Milan with the title of "Semplice Verità; opposto alle Menzogne de Enrico Misley nel suo Libello—'L'Italie sous la domination Autrichienne.'"—Plain Truth opposed to the Lies of Henry Misley.

"Scene Istoriche del Medio Evo d'Italia"—Historical Scenes of the Middle Ages in Italy—in an 8vo. volume, consists of four Tales, which are said to possess considerable merit.

At Naples there has lately been published "Della Procedura penale, nel Regno delle due Sicilie, esposta da Nicola Nicolini, dedicata alla Maesta del Re N. S. Volumi Nove."

M. Azeglio, director of the Royal Gallery of Paintings at Turin, is publishing representations of the finest pictures in that collection, engraved by some of the most eminent Italian artists. The work will form eighty numbers, of four plates each, in folio. The illustrative text accompanying them will be furnished by M. Azeglio himself.

At Milan there have lately appeared translations of "Goethe's Faust and Wilhelm Meister," and of "Mendelssohn's Philosophy," the latter with notes, and a memoir of the life of the author, by Dr. Francesco Pizzetti.

#### PRUSSIA.

A remarkable circumstance has lately attracted the notice of the literary world. A bookseller in Switzerland applied to a man of



letters in Berlin, informing him that he intended to translate into German a work published at Berlin in 1778, by the title of "Reflexions sur l'Etat des Affaires Publiques," and requested that inquiry might be made to discover who was the author. After a long investigation, it has been ascertained that the work was written by Elizabeth, Queen of Prussia, consort of Frederick the Great, who composed it at the palace of Schoenhausen in the summer of 1777.

There appear in Prussia 283 newspapers, journals, monthly and weekly publications: 22 towns have political journals, 3 of which are published at Berlin, and 2 at Breslau.

Dr. Spieker has published a very interesting "Description and History of the Church of St. Mary at Frankfort on the Oder;" a contribution towards the history of the Church and the Reformation in the Mark of Brandenburg, in an 8vo. volume, with five plates.

A German translation of the "Correspondence of Field Marshal Suwaroff during the Campaign in Italy and Switzerland in 1799," by a Prussian Officer, has appeared. The original was published in 1826 at St. Petersburg, by the emperor's command, in three volumes. The first volume of the Russian contains the history of the campaign, chiefly copied (often word for word) from the documents in the second and third volumes, and on the whole unsatisfactory and defective. The translator has confined his labors to the last two volumes, containing the official documents, letters, army reports, orders of the day, &c, which are highly interesting and important.

M. Ad. Stenzel, Secretary to the Historical and Geographical Section of the Silesian Patriotic Society, has just published "Scriptores rerum Silesiacarum," vol. i. part i. 4to. It contains four chronicles relative to the Polish-Silesian history.—1. The *Chronica Lechitarum*, from the remotest times to 1273.—2. A *Breve Chronicon Silesiæ* from two MSS.—3. The *Chronica Principum Poloniæ*.—4. A *Catalogus Abbatum Saganienſium*, which, however, is not a dry catalogue, but a circumstantial, valuable chronicle. This work is very highly spoken of, and appears to be of great value in throwing light on the history of Silesia. Nos. 1 and 3 have been printed before, but very incorrectly; Nos. 2 and 4 are from hitherto inedited MSS.

The third section of the "Map of the Moon," by Wilhelm Beer and J. H. Mudler, is published. The fourth section is completed, and is already (in August) in the hands of the engraver; so that, as it does not now depend on the weather, we may hope to have the whole map by the end of the year.

The late Baron von Humboldt, with the modesty which characterized him, gave to his

great work on the Oceanic or Polynesian Languages, the fruit of immense research, the simple title "On the Kawi Language in the Island of Java." The work begins with an introduction "On the difference in the construction of Languages, and its influence on the intellectual development of the human race," which, as it is calculated to interest the learned world in general, will be published as a separate work, of about fifty sheets, and will appear in a few months.

A letter from Berlin, of the 23d July, states that Count Schilling von Kanstadt, Russian councillor of state, who was then in that capital, had brought from Tibet not fewer than 7,000 manuscripts; a thing which no former traveller has yet been able to effect. It was expected that some chests of these MSS., for the most part duplicates of those which he had left at St. Petersburg, would be purchased for the Royal Library.

#### RUSSIA.

The *Journal de St. Petersburg*, of 3 and 5 September, contains an extract from an Imperial Ukase, promulgating the regulations for the Universities of St. Petersburg, Moscow, Charkow, and Casan. It consists of 9 chapters, and 169 articles. The universities are to consist of two or three faculties, viz., Philosophy, Jurisprudence, and Medicine (the last only in Moscow, Charkow, and Casan). Divinity is not to form a separate faculty; but the lectures on divinity, ecclesiastical history and canon law, shall be attended by all the students of the Russian-Greek church. The Philosophical Faculty shall have two sections.—1. Philosophy, Antiquities, History, Statistics.—2. Mathematics, Technology, Natural History. Each university to have a senate and a council of administration. The teachers are divided into professors, adjuncts, and lecturers. All the faculties are under the authority of a rector. The senate consists of the ordinary and extraordinary professors, the rector being president. The council of administration, in which the rector also presides, consists of the dean and the syndic. All the universities are called Imperial Universities, being under the especial patronage of the emperor. In each university there shall be lecturers on the German, French, English, and Italian languages. Among the privileges of the universities, is that of having their own censorship, and of receiving all books, journals, and newspapers, from foreign countries, without their being submitted to the board of foreign censorship.

According to an Imperial Ukase, a school of jurisprudence is to be established at St. Petersburg, for the instruction of young men of noble families intended for the civil service, especially for legal employment.

A school for the study of the Chinese language has been opened, by the emperor's orders, at Kiachta, on the frontiers of Mongol



Tartary, to facilitate the commercial intercourse between Russia and China.

M. Kovaliosky, professor in the University of Casan, has published a *Mongol Chrestomathie*, which deserves general attention, because it contains, in a systematic order, valuable, and hitherto unknown fragments, relative to the history and literature of the Mongols. The work is divided into four volumes. The first is a collection of stories from the best works, both printed and MS., containing notices of Buddhism; the second contains historical fragments on the fate of Buddhism in China, Tibet, India, and Mongolia; the third, the Buddhist Catechism, and some dogmatic chapters; and the fourth, the history of the reign of Khoubalai Khan, from a MS. Chronicle—a tradition of the Bouraits—fragments of the philosophy of Khonne-dzi-ia and Mon-dzi-ia—ordinances of the Emperors of China—some specimens of the correspondence of the Mongol government with the Russian officers—a collection of dialogues of Zine-vine-Zimine—specimens of private letters and poems.

M. Kovaliosky intends to publish a *Buddhist Cosmology*, a history of Buddhism, and a *Mongol Russian Dictionary*, in four volumes.

Baron C. D'Ohssoon has published "*Histoire des Mongols depuis Tchingez Khan jusqu'à Tamerlan*," 4 vols. 8vo. with a map of Asia in the thirteenth century.

The *Northern Bee* (a journal in the Russian language) contains an Essay by Sergiss Seromnenko against a work published at Paris by the title of "*La Chronique de Nestor traduite en Français par Louis Paris*," in which the author endeavors to prove that M. Paris is ignorant of the Russian language—that he is unacquainted with the history and literature of Russia—and that he has, for the most part, only translated into French the bad German translation of Scherer, which is not at all to be depended on.

#### SWEDEN.

The second volume of one of the most recent important productions of Swedish literature has lately been published, viz. "*P. Wieselgren, Sveriges skana Literatur; Andra delen. Statens Skona Literatur*." It contains

the belles-lettres of Sweden, and comprises the most ancient times and the middle ages. This work is regarded by the Swedish literati as of great importance. It is not only far more circumstantial and comprehensive than any preceding work of the kind, but is interesting to all lovers of ancient northern literature in general, because the old Scandinavian fables and popular songs are treated of in detail, and with much critical acumen.

#### TURKEY.

Achmet Ferizi Pacha, chief inspector of the Military School, has established a printing-press in that institution, where the pupils act as compositors. He has lately presented to the sultan a small book as the first fruits of their skill.

Saib Effendi Ferizi-Radi, writer in the Mosque of Emir Sultan at Broussa, has compiled, from original sources, a "*History of the Ottoman Empire, to the reign of Sultan Abdul Hamed*." The sultan has ordered the work to be printed at the expense of the imperial treasury, and has conferred on the author a pension of 6000 piastres. Several new works have lately been printed at the imperial press. Among them are an Arabic, Persian and Turkish Dictionary, and a Treatise on Morals.

\* \* \* A work of peculiar interest at the present moment, as illustrating the state of Greece and the designs of Russia in regard to that country, has just issued from the press of Heidelberg, in Germany. It is entitled, "*Das Griechische Volk, in öffentlicher, kirchlicher, und privat-rechtlicher Beziehung*."—"The Greek People in its Political, Ecclesiastical and Social Relations, before and after the Struggle for Independence, up to the 1st of June, 1835." Two volumes are published, and these will be followed by a third, consisting of State Papers and Documents. The author, Mr. G. L. von Maurer, was a member of the Royal Regency of Greece, and the disclosures which he makes are so unpalatable to the King of Bavaria, that he is said to have prohibited the circulation of the work in his dominions. We did hope to be able to present our readers with a review of this book in our present number, but the time required for the due consideration of its important contents compels us to defer it till our next publication.







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THE  
FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW,

No. XXXII.

FOR JANUARY, 1836.

ART. I.—*Voyages historiques et littéraires en Italie, pendant les années 1826, 1827, et 1828, ou l'Indicateur Italien.* Par M. Valery, Bibliothécaire du Roix aux Palais de Versailles et de Trianon. 5 vol. 8vo. Paris, 1831—3.

WE have often heard, during the last fifteen or twenty years, complaints made of the great deficiencies of all modern tours and travels in Italy, and of the want which is still felt of a good description of that country. On looking over many of the numerous works on the subject published since the last peace, we have ourselves joined in the remark, and expressed our surprise at the scantiness of the information contained in most of them. But, in considering the subject more calmly and leisurely, we have come to the conclusion, that there was also some degree of unreasonableness in our complaint, which was owing, as in the case of most other general topics of complaint, to our not having clearly defined, in our own minds, what we wanted—what we meant by a description of Italy. A full and complete description of that country and its inhabitants, which should embrace its geography, statistics, politics, and economy, its various administrations, institutions, codes of laws, and systems of society, the manners and habits of its several races, the antiquities and classical remains, the works of modern art, the natural beauties and curiosities, the state of literature, science, education, and religion,—a description which should treat of all these and other cognate matters, and which would give satisfaction to the scholar, the artist, the philologist, the

politician the statesman, the moralist, the natural philosopher—such a description, we say, could never be contained in any single work; it must be gathered from a hundred different sources, and could never be condensed within the limits of three, four, or five octavo volumes. In the same manner it has been acknowledged to be impossible to write a satisfactory single history of modern Italy; the subject must necessarily be divided, to be done efficiently and without confusion. The real ground of complaint, therefore, against modern writers on Italy, is, not that they do not give us all the information we may want or wish, an expectation which would be most unreasonable on our part, but that they have attempted to give us too much; and that their information is of too multifarious and promiscuous a kind, and as such unavoidably incorrect in many points, and confused in its arrangement. If each writer on Italy had laid down for himself, from the first, a plan of that part of the subject which he intended to treat of, and which would naturally be that which he understood best, and of which he was best qualified to judge, and had directed his researches chiefly to that particular department, we should have had by this time a collection of much valuable and well arranged information concerning that country. That there has been no plan of the kind, however, is evident, from a mere glance at the table of contents, and even the title-pages of the generality of the Italian travels and tours. They are most of them sadly deficient in method. Political strictures, controversial arguments, critical remarks, sketches of manners, antiquarian researches, arts,



sciences, letters, laws, people, and country, are all jumbled together. It was impossible for any one to have treated of all these matters with equal discrimination. Accordingly, most of these general descriptions of Italy are crude and unsatisfactory. Some writers of more moderate views have contented themselves with giving a sketch of one particular part of Italy, and they have succeeded better. Among these Chateaubieux's *Letters on the Agriculture of Lombardy* and of the Campagna of Rome, Sismondi's *Tuscan Agriculture*, Tournon's *Études Statistiques sur Rome*, Burton on Roman Antiquities, Bunsen's *Beschreibung der Stadt Rom*, Keppel Craven's *Travels in Puglia and Calabria*, S. Rose's *Letters from the North of Italy*, and several others we have occasionally met with, deserve particular commendation.

The author now before us, M. Valery, made three different journeys through Italy in the years 1826, 1827, and 1828. He has aptly styled his work, "*Voyages historiques et littéraires*," thus at once defining the kind of information which may be looked for in its pages. Himself a man of extensive erudition, a librarian to the French king, literature, both ancient and modern, and bibliographic researches, were his element. Accordingly, he has given a more complete and satisfactory account of the numerous Italian libraries than any author we have ever seen; including a list of not fewer than sixty public libraries, either national or belonging to universities and ecclesiastical institutions, besides others in the palaces of the nobility. The works of art, both ancient and modern, have formed the next object of M. Valery's investigations. Of the great public museums and galleries, and of the numerous private collections, whether in palaces, convents, or churches, he has given an extensive catalogue raisonné. In his strictures on the arts, he has referred "to the authorities of Lanzi for painting, of Cicognara for sculpture, and Quatremère de Quincy for architecture; I have only added my own impressions. The book of Lalande is now old, and since his time the history of the art has made great progress, of which I have endeavored to avail myself."

"With regard to the historical and literary part of the work, for which I was better prepared by having passed my life in the midst of books, I have conceived that the reform which has taken place in our days in the study of history, the system of investigating truth, and of scrupulous discrimination in relating particulars, and giving a faithful picture of accessories, might be usefully introduced in a narrative of travels. In describing places and monuments, I have recalled

the memorable events, the great personages, and the poetical associations of Italy, which are connected with them. When I have met with inscriptions which had in them something characteristic, I have given them at length, especially where I have found allusions to some affecting tale of misfortune, or to some noble character unknown to, or misjudged by, the world. In examining the libraries, I have endeavored to make the history of books auxiliary to the history of men, to rid bibliography of its dry minuteness, and to render it philosophical and instructive. The kind reception of my colleagues, the librarians of Italy, and my connexions with many of the other learned men of that country, have furnished me with much valuable information and assistance."—*Preface*, pp. ii, iii.

But although M. Valery has concerned himself more with the memories of the past than with present events, with books and monuments rather than with living men, he has not travelled through Italy and sojourned in its cities, without paying attention to what was passing around him. The moral features of Italy, the state of society, the various governments, and their forms of administration, polity, and laws; these must, at least in their effects, force themselves, now and then, upon the attention of an intelligent traveller: on such occasions our author has stated plainly what he found to be the case, without caring for parties, for ultra-liberals or ultra-absolutists, for the Duke of Modena or the Pope, for Austria or the Italian unionists. The work of Simond, which, notwithstanding its incorrectness and hasty judgments, perhaps went deeper into the subject of the political and social condition of the Italians than most other travels made since the peace, is now getting out of date, for, although published in 1828, it was written in 1817. Society, at that time, had not yet recovered from the agitations of the great political change; things were unsettled, out of joint; people fancied the actual arrangements to be merely temporary; the country had suffered much by the war and by the two seasons of scarcity of 1816 and 1817. Much of the gloomy views of travellers, between 1815 and 1820 must be attributed to all these circumstances. The twenty years that have elapsed since the restoration have effected changes in Italy as elsewhere, for to pretend that society has remained stationary in that country would be a mere ebullition of party spleen. M. Valery, whom we are now going to follow in his tour, will tell us a different tale.

Coming from the St. Bernard, the traveller enters Lombardy by the splendid bridge lately built on the Ticino at Buffalora, and which marks the boundary between the Sar



dinian and Austrian territories. This bridge, one of the handsomest in Italy, is nearly 1000 feet long and about 30 feet wide. It is entirely cased with granite. It was completed in 1828, and the expense of its construction amounted to 3,200,000 francs.

"No where, perhaps, is the administration of the roads and bridges so actively and usefully employed as in Lombardy. The roads are like the walks of a parterre; even the patches of grass growing here and there are carefully picked out. The numerous rivers and canals which intersect the roads are crossed by solid and handsome bridges. The whole of this part of Italy exhibits evident marks of material prosperity; it is a thriving agricultural country, and the Austrian dominion appears here in a favorable light. This government, economical and even niggardly in other things, is munificent in what concerns the roads. But, though munificent, it is not prodigal: the keeping up of the high roads in Lombardy, for a length of 1518 Italian miles, costs one million and a half of Austrian livres yearly, or about 1800 francs for every French league; a very moderate sum."—vol. i. p. 100.

We may add to our author's remarks on this subject, that, besides the high roads which are maintained at the charge of the state, the communal roads which have been opened or repaired since the peace of 1814 amount to a total length of 3294 miles, for which a sum of twenty-four millions of livres has been spent by the various communes and municipalities. Thirty years ago, there were hardly any communal roads in Lombardy deserving the name. The communications between village and village, and between these and the nearest high road, were wretched tracks, which served also as drains for the rain-water.

Our author, like other travellers, was struck with the gay, wealthy, crowded appearance of Milan, which reminded him of Paris. The number of handsome carriages on the Corso, in the afternoon, produces a high idea of the opulence of the Milanese. The abundance of provisions, the number of shops, inns, and coffee-houses, a general appearance of comfort and even luxury, every thing tells the stranger that he is in a land of plenty and of good living, of which last the Milanese are notoriously fond. The houses of the nobility are large and convenient, rather than magnificent; their appearance is modern; they are not styled *palazzi*, like the more ambitious structures of Genoa, Florence, and Rome, but simply *case*. The cathedral, *il Duomo*, which is not yet, and perhaps never will be, finished, with its hundreds of spires and thousands of statues, all of

white marble, is more striking than handsome; its architecture is anomalous, and inferior in gothic grandeur to that of the cathedral of Cologne, of which it is said to have been at first intended as an imitation. We cannot, of course, follow M. Valéry in his account of the churches, their paintings, and monuments; that is, as he himself modestly says in his preface, a sort of *recitativo obbligato*, an indispensable part of every itinerary, though not always the most entertaining to the reader at home.

"The internal splendor of the Italian churches is amazing to a foreigner. The altars, the pulpit itself, are often enriched with agates and other precious stones; I never felt, however, any economical prejudice against this luxury of the altars, which is not wasteful and corrupting, like some other kinds of luxury; most of these valuable stones, the lapis lazuli, the agates, the verd antique, the alabaster, the porphyry, could hardly be restored to circulation, and even those of smaller dimensions and greater value appear to me better placed upon an altar, where they add to the majesty of sacred worship, than if they were removed from it, in order to enrich the sabre of a conqueror, or to deck the forehead of a prostitute."—p. 133.

Our author is pleased with the internal neatness of arrangement, and the gratuitous accommodation of benches and stools, in the Italian churches, and which are certainly very different from the squalid, naked, barn-like appearance of those of France, where paltry straw-bottomed chairs are let for hire, by trucking old women, at one or two sols a-piece. "France is perhaps the country of all Europe in which the House of God is worst furnished, and our neglect in this particular is unworthy of our civilization." This neglect, however, is not confined to the furniture and accommodations; the attendance is equally scanty; the churches are little frequented in France, at least in the great cities, except by women, mostly of the humbler classes. We have heard, however, that within the last year or two it is become *fashionable*, at Paris, to go to church: we wish it may become a want, a feeling, rather than a fashion.

The turgid style, the forced attitudes, the dramatic delivery of Italian preachers have been often commented upon, and not unfrequently exaggerated. Our author found the style of Italian sermons unpretending, familiar; it is the harmony of the language, the musical intonation, and the animated physiognomy of the preacher, which give vivacity and warmth to his delivery. At times, the preacher assumes towards his audience a



tone of friendly chit-chat, which suits Italian manners, and which gives to his sermon an additional pathos, and excites a powerful sympathy in his hearers. A young and clever preacher, Father Scarpa, in his sermons during Lent, at Rome, used to close his peroration by entreating his audience to join their prayer to his on behalf of his dear mother, who was then dangerously ill; this was "the only reward he asked of them for his exertions for the salvation of their souls." The same preacher, having once delivered a charity sermon, when the collection came to be made, such was the effect of his eloquence, that several of the people of the lower classes, men and women, artisans and country laborers, having no money to give, threw into the bag of the collector their rings and other trinkets.

"Independently of the genius of the Italian language, which is less didactic and much more figurative than the French, the style of pulpit oratory in Italy must differ from that of France, in consequence of the different moral state of the two countries. In Italy, both faith in religion and laxity of morals are common; there are few thorough-paced, calculating libertines; the preacher must, therefore, combat the violent passions of the lower classes, and the frailties of the higher ones; while we, in France, want reasoning, didactic preachers, for our more regular but also more incredulous population."—p. 137.

The venerable basilica of St. Ambrose is the most interesting church in Milan. Its wide pronaos, after the manner of the temples of antiquity, its mosaics of the 9th century, the tombs of the Emperor Louis H., who died in 875, and of the Archbishop Anspert, his contemporary, contrast singularly with its modern and splendid chapels of latter ages. The handsome Missal of the 14th century, which is kept in the archives of the church, has a rich miniature representing the coronation of Gian Galeazzo Visconti, the first duke of Milan, with the figures of the ambassadors, prelates, and other personages of distinction, who were in the procession.

The Ambrosian Library is become a sort of sanctuary for the learned, owing to the valuable discovery of the palimpsesti, made first by the meritorious Mai, in 1814, and which led to his further discoveries in the Vatican. The palimpsesti of Cicero, and of the letters of Marcus Aurelius, and Fronto, which Mai deciphered in the Ambrosian Library, came from the monastery of Bobbio, in the Apennines, which was founded by Columbanus in the beginning of the 7th century, and which, like that of Monte Casino, and the other early monasteries erected in

the mountainous regions of Italy, became a safe depository of many precious MSS., of the then not yet very remote classical ages.

It is very probable, that other literary treasures of antiquity still lie concealed among the Bobbio MSS. in the Ambrosian Library. Among the curiosities of the middle ages, M. Valery notices a collection of twenty volumes of MS. letters, Latin and Italian, of distinguished men of the 16th century, most of which are still unpublished. There are also ten letters of the famous Lucrezia Borgia, daughter of Pope Alexander VI., and Duchess of Ferrara, to Bembo, who was for a time in love with that formidable beauty. Bembo's love, however, in this instance, would appear to have been of a platonic nature, were we to judge from his epistle, in Spanish verse, which he addressed to Lucrezia, and to which the lady answered, sending him a curl of her fair hair, which curl is still to be seen, together with her letter. Bembo's correspondence with Lucrezia, which began in 1503, continued at intervals until 1517, after Lucrezia's total reformation of her former life. M. Valery, in a note, p. 143, refers to several authorities not generally known, concerning Bembo and Lucrezia. It is the miscellaneous and anecdotal erudition, connected with history and biography, and with which M. Valery's text, and still more his notes abound, that renders his book especially interesting to literary men, as a guide through Italy. Unlike his predecessors, he does not content himself with asserting facts upon slight authorities, or hearsay, but he examines them critically, and refers his readers to his authorities, that they may investigate them themselves, if they feel inclined. This is the way in which all philological and historical information ought to be imparted.

After saying this in praise of our author, we shall not be thought too censorious if we notice some inadvertencies which naturally enough occur in so multifarious a work. He speaks, for instance, of Lucrezia's correspondence with *Cardinal* Bembo: But Bembo was not a Cardinal at the time, he was not even a priest; he only became both in his old age, in 1539. When he knew Lucrezia, he was little more than thirty; a man of wordly habits and accomplishments, a frequenter of courts, and an elegant writer. The word "*Cardinal*," applied to Bembo at that period, is apt to mislead readers with regard to his general character and life. When Bembo became a cardinal, he had been for years an altered man in his moral conduct. Thus, one single little word can affect the character of a whole transaction. There is



so much disposition, in our days, to exaggerate the errors of individuals, in order to throw obloquy upon whole classes, that we ought to be very careful not to administer to such a propensity. It is justly observed by Mr. Dunham, in his History of the Germanic Empire, that history, in modern times, "has been made the organ of present opinions, and that truth has but too often been perverted to serve a purpose." We have repeatedly seen the statement of Bembo's irregularities aggravated by the supposition that he was at the time a member of the Sacred College, and even Lucrezia Borgia has been made worse than she really was, in a strange compound of fiction and caricature which has lately issued from the Paris press, and been exhibited on the Paris stage.

The Ambrosian Library has 60,000 printed volumes, and 10,000 MSS., some say 15,000. But it has no catalogue, and the volumes are not labelled. The appearance of this multitude of books, ranged along the sides of the vast hall, without any titles or indications on the outside, has something mysterious in it; it looks like a collection of occult and forbidden science. It appears that the founder, Cardinal Frederic Borromeo, who took great pains in the collection of this library, forbade the compilation of a catalogue, and that it would now require a dispensation from Rome in order to depart, in this respect, from the injunctions of the legatee. The librarians, of whom there are three, two of whom are styled doctors, all men of erudition, known by long practice where to seek for the works; theirs is a sort of traditional catalogue of the memory. The famous Virgil, which belonged to Petrarch, and which was carried to Paris and restored in 1815, the Josephus translated by Rufinus on papyrus, and according to Mabillon twelve centuries old, are among the curiosities which are shown to strangers. The collection of MSS. and drawings of Leonardo da Vinci has been scattered about the world; one volume only has been restored to the Ambrosian Library since the peace; fourteen more are at Paris in the library of the Institute; one is in the King's Library at the British Museum, and some others are in Lord Spencer's library.

The palace of Brera, which is the Louvre of Milan, has a library containing 100,000 volumes, and a museum with many paintings of the earlier masters,—the Hagar by Guercino, which was a favorite with Byron, and the charming Sposalizio, the work of Raphael, when he was twenty one years of age. There is also a rich cabinet of medals. The annual exhibition of paintings by living artists

takes place at Brera. Pelagi of Bologna and Hayez of Venice were, when M. Valery visited Milan, at the head of their profession. Appiani, one of the best modern Milanese painters, died in 1817. Bossi, another painter of reputation, died before. Longhi, the celebrated engraver, died in 1831. The Marquis Cagnola, a distinguished architect, who has raised among other structures the splendid arch at the Simplon gate, is, we believe, still living. Parea, one of the first civil engineers of Italy, has constructed the fine canal from Milan to Pavia, which was opened in 1819, and the bridge of Buffalora already mentioned. We wish M. Valery had been more particular in noticing the principal artists of the various Italian cities, as well as the men of science and literature who are either living or have lately died, and adding some short biographical sketches. Many learned and meritorious men of Italy are little known beyond the sphere of the town or state in which they live. Lombardy has lost of late years several individuals of eminence. Monti died in 1828, and Pindemonte soon after him. Gioia the indefatigable, though at times eccentric, economist, died in 1829. Scarpa, Volta, Oriani, Tamburini, Luigi Bossi, are also dead. The venerable Romagnosi, a profound thinker, a learned jurist, and a virtuous moralist, is still, we believe, living. Of the good and gifted Manzoni, Valery speaks with the esteem which he deserves. Grossi is a Milanese poet of considerable merit. The two Sacchi, Bertolotti, Dandolo, Bazzoni, are pleasing prose writers.

Milan seems to be now the most literary town of Italy, if we may judge from the number of works that issue from its presses. "Notwithstanding the numerous reprints in the various Italian states, and the usual inconsistencies of the censorship, the publishing and bookselling trade is flourishing in Lombardy." Besides the voluminous collections of Italian, Latin, and Greek classics, many original works appear every year. Some splendid works illustrative of the arts, which prove the high state of Italian engraving, have been published at Milan of late years. The *Famiglie celebri Italiane* by Count Litta,—the *Costume antico e moderno* by Dr. Ferrario—the magnificent series of views, sections, plans, and monuments of the Italian churches,—the works of Ennio Quirino Visconti, and several others,—are at least equal to any thing of the kind published in France or England. Major Vacani's "History of the Campaigns and Sieges made by the Italian Troops in Spain, from 1808 to 1813," dedicated to the Archduke John, is an im



portant work in a military and historical point of view, and remarkably well executed.

"Notwithstanding the accusations of the liberal journals," says our author, "the absolute government of Austria is not fond of darkness. The Austrian empire is one of the countries of Europe in which popular education is most encouraged."—p. 155. M. Dupin had already acknowledged this in 1827, in his *Forces productrices de la France*; but M. Valéry has been the first to make known the application of the Austrian system of universal education to Lombardy. None of the travellers who had preceded him seem to have noticed the subject. The Austrian system of popular education resembles in its main features that of the Prussian States, which has been so fully described by Victor Cousin, in his excellent "Report on the State of Public Instruction in Prussia." There are two classes of elementary schools in Lombardy, minor and upper ones. The minor elementary schools are established in every commune or village, and, where the commune is too small or too poor, two are united for the purpose of supporting one school between them. The school is supported at the expense of the commune, which, however, if poor, is assisted by the treasury. The schoolmasters have a fixed salary of from 250 to 400 Austrian livres. They must have attended the lessons on method or pedagogy in one of the normal schools, and have a certificate that they are qualified for teaching. All children from the age of six to twelve of each commune or parish, are obliged to attend the schools unless prevented by illness. The rector and the inspector of the district are answerable for the fulfilment of this regulation. Poor children have their books supplied from the scholastic fund. The minor elementary schools have two classes, consisting of reading, writing, arithmetic, and religious instruction. A third class is also very generally added, which includes Italian grammar, calligraphy, epistolary composition, the first rudiments of Latin, the History of the Bible, and the expounding of the lessons of the Gospel, which occur on Sundays and other festivals. The upper elementary schools are established in the towns, and are supported by the public treasury. They consist of four classes, the highest being devoted to the elements of mathematics, geometry applied to the arts, drawing, architecture, mechanics, geography, and physics. Religious and moral instruction forms part of every week's studies. In the schools of the chief towns there is a fifth class for history, the theory of commerce, book-

keeping, chemistry, and the French, German, and English languages.

The schools for girls consist of three classes, and the instruction is adapted to the occupations and pursuits of their sex. Excellent moral and sanitary regulations are enforced in all these schools. All corporal punishment is strictly forbidden; cleanliness and health are especially attended to; and habits of sincerity, cordiality, and propriety, are sedulously inculcated among the children. For further details, we must refer our readers to the Manual published for the use of the masters: *Manuale dei maestri elementari, o sia compendio dei metodi d'insegnamento e d'educazione per le scuole elementari del Regno Lombardo Veneto*, Milano, 1821.\* Valéry notices a little moral catechism for children, which is used in the schools of the Austrian Empire. Its general principles are sound and enlightened; tolerance and charity towards persons of all conditions and religions are inculcated; education and industry are pointed out as the main-springs of the prosperity of states. The duties towards the sovereign are explained according to the principles of absolute monarchy, such as the Austrian government is, but the tone in which this precept is expounded is far from being bigoted or intemperate. As this passage has given occasion to much obloquy, without ever having been correctly quoted, it may be worth while here to transcribe it from the text: *Doveri dei sudditi verso il loro Monarca, per istruzione ed esercizio di lettura della seconda classe delle scuole elementari*, Milano, 1826. After saying that "The sovereign ought to be honored with the same sentiments of love and gratitude which are due to a parent, on account of his paternal care for the happiness of his subjects," the following sentences occur:

"How ought subjects to conduct themselves towards their sovereign?—They ought to conduct themselves, in all that he commands in his quality of sovereign, as faithful servants do in that which their masters order them.—Why should subjects look upon the sovereign as their master?—Subjects ought to look upon him as their master, because he has a right to be obeyed by them, and because he has the high jurisdiction (*alto dominio*) over the property and persons of his subjects, and can lawfully dispose of them in the exercise of his sovereignty."

This is the doctrine of absolute monarchies, upon which indeed they are founded,

\* Several articles on the subject of Italian education, and especially on the schools of Lombardy, have appeared in the *Journal of Education*, Nos. V. VI. XVI. and XIX. to which we may refer our readers for more ample details.



To expound such a doctrine is therefore to state what is the existing law, that every one may be acquainted with it. We, in constitutional countries, do not admit that doctrine; but, as long as there are states in which the same forms the fundamental basis of the civil system, we must expect to hear the principle asserted and acted upon there. It is with politics as with religion; we cannot have uniformity of principles throughout the world. And it were difficult to expound the monarchical principle in a milder and more temperate form than in the above sentences; the qualification of the sovereign in his "high jurisdiction, and in the lawful exercise of his sovereignty," is worthy of remark, as excluding acts of personal or capricious despotism, and implying that the sovereign must act according to established laws and fundamental principles, which is, in fact, the great distinction between moderate orderly monarchies, such as Austria, Prussia, Denmark, Tuscany, &c., and the tyranny of the middle ages, the despotism of the East, the late vicious and disorderly absolutism of Spain and Portugal, or the overbearing autocracy of Louis XIV., and Napoleon.

"The effect of this general education is already felt in Lombardy," says Valery, who was travelling in 1826-8, and we may hope to see the fulfilment of a fine saying of the emperor (the late Francis), who, being urged to establish an exceptional judicial system for Lombardy, on the plea that the Austrian criminal code was too mild and slow in its operation, answered, "That the moral education of the people would soon render his code as fit for Lombardy as it was for Austria. When the people have learned to read, they will cease to stab," said he.

"This vast system of popular instruction excited the alarm of some positive minds among the natives themselves. Some noblemen of Milan remonstrated with the emperor, saying that, with so many schools, Lombardy was a lost country. Francis, however, persisted; he himself examined in his cabinet the reports of the different school inspectors; no prince, since the time of Dionysius has paid so much attention to schools, but this is assuredly the only point of resemblance between a monarch who is so honest a man and the tyrant of Syracuse."—pp. 157, 158.

We have other evidences as to the beneficial results of the system. Not only have heinous crimes, such as murders, robberies, and thefts, rapidly decreased, which may be the result also of peace, general security, and the vigilance of the police, but we find several Italian philanthropists, and economists, Aporti, Sacchi, Serristori, &c., expatiating

on the good effects of popular education in Lombardy. The testimony of Aporti is most favorable. In his '*Relazione sulle scuole di Lombardia e specialmente sulle scuole infantili*;' he dwells especially on the habits of order, propriety, and self-control, to which young people have become accustomed, and to the kind social feelings which they derive from their common education, in which rich and poor are mixed together without distinction. The clergy of Lombardy seem to have entered into their part of the task with sincerity and zeal.

The upper elementary schools were first established in 1821, and the minor or communal ones in the following year. In ten years afterwards, 1832, there were, in the nine provinces of Lombardy, containing 2,233 communes, 2,336 boys' schools attended by 112,127 pupils, and 1,199 girls' schools, attended by 54,640 pupils, to which if we add those children who are taught in the private schools, in the holiday schools, asylums, and other charitable establishments, they make altogether about 189,000 children of both sexes, between six and twelve years of age, receiving instruction at a time, out of a population of 2,379,000 inhabitants. The expense of the elementary schools amounted, for 1832, to about 3,825,000 livres, of which two thirds are defrayed by the treasury, and one-third by the communes. It was calculated that more than half a million of pupils, or nearly one-fourth of the existing population, had received their education at the schools from their first institution. Of the Venetian provinces, which have a population of 1,900,000, we have not seen the returns later than the year 1826, when there were 1,402 schools attended by 62,341 children. The number of course must have increased in proportion since. "Ten or twelve years ago," says Aporti, "there were hardly any mistresses in Lombardy qualified to keep girls' schools, except in the monasteries, whereas now there are 1,100 well qualified school-mistresses." The impulse being thus given, infant schools have been established, as well as holiday schools, and schools of industry for artisans in various towns. In the province of Cremona alone, there were, in 1833, fifty-nine holiday schools, many of which were attended by grown-up persons who had not had the advantage of elementary education. An account of the schools in the city of Milan is given by Sacchi in his *Quadro Statistico degli Instituti di pubblica beneficenza di Milano negli anni 1830, 1831*. Making every reasonable allowance for imperfections and deficiencies in this great plan of popular education, it is impossible not to



perceive that a vast moral change is taking place in the mental state of the great mass of the population of Lombardy. And that the change was much wanted we have the testimony of Aporti, who states that, at the close of the late war, after so many political vicissitudes which had unhinged the whole former frame of society, the great mass of the people, and especially of the humbler classes, were sunk into a very low state of morality, and were living in gross ignorance of their religious and social duties. See also Sacchi: *Istruzione elementare in Lombardia*, 8vo. 1834.

The secondary education is given in the gymnasiums and lyceums, besides thirty-eight private houses of education, sanctioned by the Director Generals of Studies. The course of studies and regulations of discipline may be seen in the *Codice ginnasiale, ossia raccolta degli ordini e regolamenti intorno alla costituzione ed organizzazione dei ginnasii*, Milano, 1818. For scientific education there are the two universities of Pavia and Padua. M. Valery, after giving the list of the various faculties, and their respective courses, in these universities, and mentioning the names of several of the professors, observes, that this list serves also to refute the charge of *obscurantism* alleged against the Austrian government:

‘Here are, among others, a course of statistics, which we have never had in France; a course of pedagogy or true normal school, and one of diplomatic science, or a school of charters, of which we are also deficient. On questioning some of the principal professors, I have been told that they are neither dictated to, nor trammelled by, authority in their respective lectures. The salaries of the professors are higher than they were under Napoleon. It is remarkable to see a government economical and military, such as Austria, displaying a sort of magnificence in the salaries of magistrates and professors, two powers in society to which former absolute governments were not very partial. . . . With regard to liberty of conscience, I doubt whether it can be greater in any other country; there is no spiritual power at the helm, and preachers have been forbidden to declaim against heresy. Whilst the vile Ghetto still disgraces some of the other Italian cities, the Austrian government of Lombardy consults its delegates about the condition of its Jewish subjects, and the means of ameliorating it; the emperor Francis visits at Mantua the asylum for destitute Jews, and the Chancery of Vienna congratulates officially the Israelitic society of Mantua on its philanthropic exertions. Mendicity has been suppressed, and workhouses have been established. The administration endeavors to avail itself of the new means of social improvement; vaccination is generally practised, and the Milan lists of deaths for the years 1822, 1823,

do not contain a single death by the small-pox. Savings banks have been established: the operation of the cadastre, or general survey and estimate of the land, continues; the chairs of statistics of Pavia and Padua are unique of their kind in Italy. No doubt the Austrian government in Lombardy is rigorous in some respects; but it is very far from that raw savage despotism which Galiani admired so much. The influence of Austria does not affect the manners and the national character of its Italian subjects; it seems to be intrusive rather than injurious; it is deficient in sympathy without being hostile: the Austrian government, in short, with wisdom in its administration, is not oppressive, but it feels heavy.”—p. 160.

Como, a pleasant town of 15,000 inhabitants, has a fine and ancient cathedral, a lyceum founded in 1824, a handsome theatre, and a splendid casino, or literary assembly-rooms, “superior,” says our author, “to all the establishments of the same kind in Paris.” The delightful banks of the lake of Como and their numerous villas have been often described; yet M. Valery contrives to add fresh interest to his account of them.

Bergamo, a large town of 30,000 inhabitants, is neglected by the generality of travellers, although it contains a number of handsome churches with valuable paintings, a library of 45,000 volumes, and a school of painting and architecture called Carrara, from the name of its founder, with a gallery of paintings by some of the best masters. The fair of Bergamo is still one of the most important in Italy; it is held in the month of August, in a vast quadrangular building, which contains various courts and streets, with 600 shops filled with the manufactures of Lombardy and other parts of the Austrian empire. At the fair of 1833, goods were sold to the amount of twenty-five millions of livres, or one million sterling, one-third of which consisted of silk. Silk is one of the staple productions of Bergamo, and silk manufactories have been established in the country for centuries past.

Brescia,—a wealthy, well-built city of 34,000 inhabitants, in a delightful healthy situation, surrounded by well cultivated hills, which form the lowest step of the Alps, and in the neighborhood of the two lakes of Garda and Iseo,—is the most important town in Lombardy next to Milan. It has many fine palaces and churches, with good paintings, especially of the Venetian masters; several private galleries, the principal of which are those of Counts Lecchi and Tosi; a handsome *campo santo* or cemetery; a public library of 28,000 volumes, the gift of the learned Cardinal Querini; a lyceum, several gymnasiums, and three colleges for fe-



male education. An ancient temple, of the reign of Vespasian, with fine marble columns and statues, has been lately discovered, among which is a superb brass statue of Victory. The learned Dr. Labus has published an account of this temple. Brescia is, next to Rome, the city of Italy that can boast of the most inscriptions and fountains. The public fountains are seventy-two in number, and the private ones amount to several hundred. The Academy of Sciences or "Ateneo" of Brescia has published several volumes of interesting memoirs. Brescia has produced many men of letters and science, of whom we wish M. Valéry had made a more distinct mention. Among others, the mathematician Tartaglia, the painter Gambara, Father Lana, the learned Mazzuchelli, Count Corniani; and among the living ones Arici, Labus, and Ugoni, deserve particular notice. Several families of Brescia have historical names, such as the Avogadri, Martinengo, Gambara, &c. The nobility and other landed proprietors of Brescia, unlike those of most other Italian cities, spend a great part of the year at their country-houses; they are fond of sporting, fishing, riding, and of good cheer, and they are remarkably hospitable to their visitors.—"Etiquette is banished from their social board. In former times those delightful hills and vallies were stained by frequent murders, the result of jealousy or hereditary hatred. Now there is no rivalry, except in the art of making the best wine." Such is the description given of the Brescian country life, and of the improvements of national habits, by an amiable Italian writer, whose early death is much to be lamented,—Count Pecchio, in his life of Foscolo. The country round Brescia is well cultivated, and carefully irrigated; a great quantity of silk is made in this province as well as in that of Bergamo, and there are manufactures of fire-arms, and of iron and copper wares, for which the neighboring mountains furnish the ore. The people of Brescia are proverbially spirited and quick, and they were at one time among the most quarrelsome in Italy. The country population is healthy, robust, and tall, and much superior in appearance to that of the Milanese plains; it furnished the finest soldiers for the army of the kingdom of Italy. The second, or even third-rate towns of Italy, which are seldom visited and little noticed by tourists in general, are exactly those in which an intelligent traveller would find new matter for information and description, instead of the eternal repetitions about Venice and Milan, Florence, Rome, and Naples, which are now become of trite notoriety. In the numerous provincial towns

of Italy, he could obtain also, with proper introductions and a discreet behavior on his part, an easier access to familiar Italian society, of which travellers on the high roads see, in fact, little or nothing; he might there study the many varieties of the Italian character, and spend his time in a more profitable manner than in sauntering about the Corso or Toledo, amidst the noise and dissipation of the great capitals, and listening to stale reports of inns and coffee-houses, or attending a few fashionable balls and assemblies, where two-thirds of the company are foreigners like himself.

As a proof of the industry of the people of Brescia, we can state, from statistical accounts of the year 1833, that the annual value derived from the silk raised in the province, and either sold raw or manufactured, is about ten millions of livres; that the mining establishments and foundries produce about another million; that the manufactories of arms, paper, woollens and cottons, leather, &c., amount to above three hundred. The agricultural produce of the country is calculated at twenty millions of livres. The whole population of the province is about 322,000 inhabitants, upon a surface of 1,200 square miles, one half of which, however, consists of barren mountains. Brescia, Bergamo, and the other provincial towns, have numerous foundations and establishments for charitable purposes, some of which are very intelligently managed. In the town and province of Brescia there are various hospitals, with an income of 460,000 livres; asylums for orphans, girls, &c. and houses of industry with 300,000 livres; eleemosynary institutions with 445,000; Monti di Pietà, 74,000; and foundations for poor students, with 26,000 livres. One of the charitable institutions at Brescia, called *Congrega Apostolica*, has been established for three centuries. Its object is to assist families fallen into poverty through misfortune: the managers, who are private benevolent persons, visit them every week at their houses, and distribute relief according to their wants. It has an income of 136,000 livres, and it assists about 7,800 individuals in the course of the year.

These and other statistical data, could they be collected in every province of Italy, would give a more correct idea of the state of the country, than the usual and useless declamations on the political form of the government.

The lake of Garda, the classical Benacus, the most romantic of the Italian lakes, is not so frequented as the lakes of Como and Maggiore, as it is out of the beaten track.

"The steamboat on the lake of Garda,"



says Valery, "has not one of those classical names which have been given to the steam-boats of the other lakes, such as the Verbano, Lario, Plinio; it is called by the respected though not so poetical name of the Archduke Ranieri, the Viceroy of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom; it is not crowded with gentlemen travellers, but with tradespeople, peasants, sawyers, and bales of goods. It plies between Desenzano, at the southern end of the lake, and Riva, at the northern or Tyrol extremity. The western or Brescia shores of the lake, especially about Salò, covered with vines, lemon and olive trees, are much superior to the eastern or Veronese coast; towards the middle of its length the lake becomes narrow, the mountains rise high on both sides, the scenery is wild; rocks, grottoes, the fine waterfall of Ponale,—it is like a Scotch lake under the sky of Italy."

This lake maintains its old reputation for frequent storms, and the roar of its waves, which Virgil compared to those of the sea. On the western coast, near the north end of the lake, and opposite to the old castle of Malsesine, is the village of Limone, where the Tyrolese chief Andrew Hofer, captive, pinioned, and escorted by French gendarmes, was embarked in a small boat in January, and taken to Peschiera. The lake was more stormy than usual on that day, but Hofer had not the good fortune to escape from his gaolers, as William Tell did in a similar predicament.

"An inhabitant of Limone," says Valery "gave me some details of Hofer's passage, which he had witnessed: Hofer appeared calm and resigned; he had with him a young man, the son of a physician of Grätz, who would not quit him, so much did he admire Hofer's courage and virtue. From Peschiera, where he landed, Hofer was taken to Mantua, and there shot, in February, 1810. Forsaken by the princes whom he had served, he fell into the hands of his implacable enemy, who granted ostentatiously some aristocratic pardons, but would not forgive the rustic heroism of Hofer."—p. 271.

Hofer was guilty of an attempt which Napoleon never forgave, that of opposing him with inadequate material means, and by rousing the moral resistance of a whole population.

Verona, the second city in the Venetian territory, having a population of 60,000 inhabitants, with its ancient walls flanked with towers, its bridges with battlemented parapets, its long wide streets, its massive buildings, its pyramidal tombs of the Scaligeri, and its recollections of the middle ages, has a grand and imposing aspect. It was a fit residence for Can Grande, a kind of feudal Augustus, whose court was the asylum of refugees, the victims of republican factions.

Valery quotes a curious description of his court from Gazata, an old chronicler of Reggio:

"Apartments suited to the various conditions of the guests were assigned to them in the palace: each had his own attendants, and a table plentifully supplied. The various apartments had each its symbols and devices; Victory for the warriors, Hope for the exiles, the Muses for the Poets, Mercury for the artists, Paradise for the divines. During dinner, musicians, buffoons, and jugglers went about the several apartments to entertain the guests; the rooms were decorated with paintings by Giotto, representing the vicissitudes of fortune; and the Lord of La Scala, at times, would invite to his own table some of his guests, among others, Guido da Castel di Reggio, who for his single-heartedness was called the simple Lombard, and Dante Alighieri, a distinguished man, with whose conversation Can Grande was delighted."—p. 275.

The supposed sarcophagus of Juliet, which lies in a garden, and has been visited by so many travellers, serves now instead of a tub for the peasants to wash their salad. The ancient arch of the Gavii was pulled down in 1805, because it obstructed the defence of the place; its fluted columns and elegant capitals lie strewn on the ground in the midst of rubbish. The amphitheatre has been more fortunate; it is still one of the best preserved monuments of its kind. San Micheli is the great modern architect of Verona; he has erected the splendid gates, the ramparts, bastions, bridges, palaces, churches, and tombs. The ramparts were razed by the treaty of Luneville in 1801, but some of the bastions still remain. The churches of Verona are numerous, rich in their interior, and full of monuments and paintings. Verona has given birth to many distinguished men; San Michelli, Fracastoro, Trissino, Maffei, Bianchini, Ippolito, Pindemonte, deserve especial mention. The library of the chapter is rich in MSS., among which Gaius' Commentaries were discovered by Niebuhr, not many years since. The palaces Canossa, Gran Guardia, Guasta Verza, Giusti, Ridolfi, Bevilacqua, are all worthy of notice. Most of the private galleries of paintings with which Verona once abounded have been sold. Many delightful villas are scattered about the hills round Verona. Verona is the head-quarters of the Austrian army in Italy, and this circumstance contributes to give it the bustle and appearance of a capital. The country near Verona, and along the banks of the Adige, is full of recollections of contemporary history. Valery visited the field of battle of Rivoli, won by Buonaparte and Massena. He met, at Rivoli, with an old smuggler of the time of the



republic of Venice, named Mosca, now eighty-three years of age, and who was present at the battle, and served as guide to Buonaparte. The fall of Venice put an end to his trade, and he retired to a small farm where he has been living ever since. Near the banks of the Alpone is an obelisk, erected in memory of the battle of Arcole, another great event of those times. Montebello, a village on the road to Vicenza, is likewise an historical name.

Vicenza, a town of 30,000 inhabitants, is celebrated for its great architect Palladio, its palaces, and its Olympic theatre. The churches are rich in paintings. Outside of Vicenza is the celebrated Casino Capar, which is considered as Palladio's masterpiece.

Bassano is a town of 10,000 inhabitants, who carry on a considerable trade. It has many paintings by its great master and namesake, a handsome bridge on the Brenta, and the printing establishment of Remondini, once one of the first in Italy, but now much reduced owing to the successful competition of other presses. Not far from Bassano is Asolo, once celebrated as the residence of Caterina Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus, and further on is Possagno, an humble village in a secluded valley which gave birth to Canova. The magnificent temple begun by that great artist, and which is to be his mausoleum, was not yet completed when Valery visited it. Two or three hundred men were working at it.

"No monument of our great cities can ever be more national or popular than this Grecian temple, raised near a village of the Alps. The rustic inhabitants came of their own accord to assist the workmen gratuitously; on holidays, early in the morning, men and women, young and old, went in procession, the village curate at their head, singing hymns, to the neighboring mountain, to assist in carrying away the marble which had been cut out for the use of the edifice. They dragged along the blocks in triumph, and the words *religione* and *patria* were written on their carts."—p. 351.

Canova, by raising this temple, has in fact, insured a perpetual legacy to the inhabitants of his native village; the strangers who resort to Possagno will prove a source of profit to the inhabitants; roads have been already cut, and a fine bridge, of one arch of 110 feet span, has been built over a torrent, to facilitate the access to the place.

This part of the Venetian territory seems to be the country of artists. Castelfranco, on the road to Treviso, is the native place of Giorgione. Valery saw in the church a fine painting by that great master, in which is

the figure of a saint of whom we had no idea: *S. Liberale*—he is dressed as a knight, and carries a flag. Our author comments on this singular coincidence; Liberal is therefore a proper name as well as an adjective and an appellative, and it has accordingly different meanings and acceptations. In the vestry of the same church is a fine painting by Paul Veronese. The Soranzo palace by San Micheli, also at Castelfranco, was considered by Vasari as one of the handsomest and most commodious country residences that he ever saw. "It is only in Italy," observes our author, "that one finds such master-pieces of art united in a single village."

Treviso, a town of 15,000 inhabitants, in the midst of one of the most fertile regions of North Italy, is a busy inland town, which carries on a commerce in cattle, corn, and silk. It has also manufactures of woollens, leather, and paper. The church of St. Nicholas is a fine gothic building, by an unknown architect of the middle ages. The cathedral has several good paintings; among others, one by Domenici, a native of Treviso, in the early part of the sixteenth century, who died young, and is little known. Treviso has several other churches, some good palaces, a gymnasium, a library, and the Athenæum or Academy, which publishes its Memoirs.

M. Valery did not visit Belluno, a town of some importance, being the capital of a province, and situated at the foot of the Alps, in a fine healthy situation, with a cathedral of Palladio's design, and other fine buildings, a gymnasium, an institute of female education, a good library, and about 10,000 inhabitants. The copper mines of Agordo, the richest in North Italy, are in its neighborhood. The small towns of Feltre and Cadore are in the province of Belluno.

Our author has likewise entirely omitted the large and fine province of Friuli, the most populous in the whole Venetian territory,—one of the most interesting and yet the least frequented corners of Italy. It is full of towns and large villages. Udine, the capital, has 18,000 inhabitants; it lies in a fine rich plain, abounding in wine, corn, fruit, and silk; has some fine palaces and churches, good paintings, a considerable trade, a lyceum, an academy of agriculture, and several literary establishments. The people of Friuli have a peculiar character as well as dialect; they have produced many men of letters and artists, and the history of their country during the middle ages is full of interest. Near Cividale, an ancient temple and other buildings have been lately discovered. Tolmezzo is known as having been at one time the residence of Dante. Pordenone, Palma-



nova, Codroipo, and the village of Campoformio, are in the same province, and the remains of Aquileia are near its borders.

Of Padua, its university, churches, palaces, monuments, and paintings, our traveller gives a long account. The Library of the college contains 55,000 volumes, and the presses attached to the same establishment, for printing the classics and other school-books, are still in full employment. The editions *Seminarii Patavini* have a long established reputation all over Italy. The MS. of Forcellini's great Lexicon, in 12 vols. folio, is preserved in the library. "I began it young," said that modest and meritorious priest to his pupils, "and I have grown old, as you see, in completing it." He had spent forty years of his life in that laborious task. A new edition of Forcellini was in course of publication, under the care of the Abbé Furlanetto, when Valery visited the college. It was completed in August, 1834. The printing establishment of Bettoni, the first in Italy, has been for many years at Padua, but it has been lately removed in part to Milan.

The library of the University has 70,000 volumes, and that of the chapter, though small, is possessed of some valuable MSS. It originated with the library of Petrarch, who was a Canon of Padua, and was afterwards increased with the books of Sperone Speroni. The celebrated library of Santa Giustina was sold in 1810, after the suppression of the convent; many of its best works passed into the library of Melzi, and from thence afterwards to England.

The new Caffè Pedrocchi is one of the curiosities of Padua. It is a spacious and elegant building, containing coffee-house, assembly rooms, and other appurtenances, all lined and paved with marble, and lighted up with gas.

The population of Padua is on the increase; it is now near 50,000; Valery thinks that it has gained from the decay of Venice. It has still, however, its proverbially dull forlorn appearance, owing to its great extent and the massive sombre appearance of many of its buildings. Padua lies in a fertile and well cultivated plain, with the Euganean hills rising in its neighborhood.

Mantua, likewise in the midst of a rich plain, called *il Serraglio di Mantova*, is a large and interesting city. Giulio Romano was its great architect and painter. Mantua, observes Valery, is not sufficiently appreciated by foreigners. Its Academy of the Fine Arts is a splendid institution; it has a library of 80,000 volumes and 1000 MSS., and a museum of ancient sculptures, inferior only to those of Florence, Rome, and Naples. The churches of Mantua are remarkably

rich in paintings and monuments. San. Andrea, a handsome structure, by Leon Battista Alberti, contains the tombs of the painter Mantegna, the philosopher Pomponazio, the botanist Donato, the poet Cantelmi, the learned Bishop Giorgio Andreasi, and other illustrious natives of Mantua. In the church of San Maurizio is a chapel, full of cenotaphs and inscriptions to the memory of the warriors of various nations who have fallen in the different sieges of Mantua or in its neighborhood. The cenotaph of Giovanni de Medici, the leader of the black bands, is among the rest. "The captains of Charles V., of Louis XIV., and of Napoleon, are there brought together; the French names are the most numerous, and prove that it is not inappropriately that Italy has been called the grave of our soldiers."—vol. ii. p. 263. Giulio Romano was buried in the old church of S. Barnaba; the marble slab which indicated his grave has been carelessly removed in the construction of the new church. Bernardo Tasso, the father of Torquato, lies interred at Sant Egidio. The house of Giulio Romano, built by himself, is still to be seen. The old ducal palace, partly rebuilt by him, reminds the spectator of the magnificence of the House of Gonzaga, one of the most illustrious and least guilty of all the Italian sovereign families of the middle ages. After delivering their country from the tyranny of the Bonaccolsi, they rose to supreme power by their own merit and the consent of their countrymen. They were the patrons of arts and literature, and they were likewise distinguished as statesmen and warriors. The famous palace del Te, the most remarkable structure raised by Giulio Romano, its Loggia and the hall of the giants painted by the same, form a complete monument of the genius of that extraordinary artist.

Cremona, a large old-looking city of 26,000 inhabitants, with its lofty tower, its gothic cathedral, its other churches, with numerous paintings by the brothers Campi, natives of the place, is also worthy of the attention of the traveller. Its infant schools, the first established in Lombardy by the Abate Aporti, and its holiday schools, have given a fresh interest to this place. Cremona carries on a considerable trade in the abundant products of the soil; it has also some manufactures of silks and cottons. The former reputation of its violins is now only a matter of recollection.

All these old cities of Lombardy, Mantua, Cremona, Padua, Pavia, Piacenza, appear too large for the present number of their inhabitants, but this contrast dates from centuries past; it was the result of the wars of the middle ages, the loss of their municipal inde-



pendence, and the subsequent conquest by the Spaniards. The population of Lombardy is now increasing at the rate of about 3 in a 100 yearly. Milan has now more than 130,000 inhabitants, about as many as it had in 1810, when it was the capital of the kingdom of Italy.

Venice is the only city of Austrian Italy that is really decaying. From 150,000 inhabitants, which it had in 1795, it is reduced to about 100,000, and of these 40,000 are either totally or partly supported by charity.

"Venice," says Valery, "began with Attila and it ended with Buonaparte; this Queen of the Adriatic, whose sway lasted fourteen centuries, owed both its foundation and its destruction to social storms, more fearful than the storms of the sea that surrounds its walls, and the desolating march of two formidable conquerors produced its origin and its fall."

The population of Venice, its commerce and power, had been declining for more than a century before its fall; its government had lost its energy, and corruption had made rapid strides among the patricians. Venice required a reform, but Buonaparte preferred its destruction. With the loss of its independence, of its fleets, of its colonies, it lost all; its nobles emigrated, its merchants were ruined, and the numerous population which they employed and supported became paupers.

The archives of the old republic fill more than 200 rooms of the former convent of Frari. Part of the archives of the Council of Ten was destroyed in the fire of 1508; copies of the sentences exist, but the documents which were filled with the originals have been destroyed with them. Our author notices a sentence of 1419 upon four men, who had run about Venice naked and followed by a crowd of people; the offenders are simply warned to behave with greater modesty for the future. The fragments of the archives of the inquisitors of state are few. Part of them was destroyed through political caution; and the rest disappeared in the disorder of the fall of the republic. The pretended statutes of the State Inquisition quoted by Daru, who found a MS. of them in the king's library at Paris, are now understood to be a fabrication of some anonymous enemy of the republic. The autograph consultations of Fra Paolo Sarpi, theologian of the republic, in its disputes with the pope, are written with few corrections. The science of statistics was born at Venice. The report of the Doge Mocenigo, on the situation of the republic in 1420, is a real statistical document. About the same time they had a cadastral at Venice, as it appears by a

passage of the historian Sanuto, and this was previous to the establishment of the cadastral by the Florentines, who have been generally supposed to be the inventors of this branch of statistics.

"I examined the correspondence of Villettard, the secretary of the French Embassy at Venice in 1797, and who was commissioned by Buonaparte to effect the change in the government of the republic; a single minded negotiator, a sincere friend of liberty, which he fancied he was promoting by his manoeuvres, the simple Villettard says, in one of his letters to the municipality of Venice: 'The General (Buonaparte) will never yield on the point of democratization.' It was to Villettard that Buonaparte addressed, shortly afterwards, that celebrated epistle, which is found in Daru's and Botta's histories, an unexampled mixture of selfishness and contempt, of sarcasm and frenzy, which was the death-warrant of Venice.\* Having thus terminated his fatal mission, Villettard returned to France, where he composed some tragedies, the titles of which may be found in the *Bibliographie de France*, No. 34. He died at the age of 55, in July 1826, in the lunatic asylum of Clarendon. His whole life had been but a course of varied madness."—vol. i. p. 460.

The last sentence is severe; but when we consider the frightful amount of mischief, of grief, and of private and public calamity, caused by the instrumentality of Villettard and other enthusiasts of the same stamp, when we look upon the ruins of Venice, Valery's appears a charitable interpretation of such men's conduct. We say nothing of the honesty and delicacy of the French Directory and its agents, in conspiring against those governments with whom they entertained diplomatic and apparently friendly relations, in their very capitals and under the protection of the laws of nations, which they were violating all the while. The fanaticism of the times assumed that no faith was to be kept with political heretics, that all governments which were not revolutionary were illegitimate, and the French convention had publicly sanctioned the monstrous doctrine.

The arsenal of Venice, immortalized by Dante's verse as much as by the exploits of the fleets which were there constructed, and which saved Italy at one time from Turkish barbarism, that magnificent establishment, in its present desolate and forlorn state, is perhaps the most striking monument of the decay of Venice. In Dante's time the arsenal was peopled by 16,000 workmen and officers of different classes; in the seventeenth century it had only 3,000, and towards the

\* See No. I. F. Q. R. article on Botta's History.



end of the republic 2,500, to which were added in urgent cases the artizans and porters of the town; it now contains only 1,200 men. The two colossal lions of marble, taken by Morosini from the Pyreus, are still at the entrance: but where are the successors of Morosini, and of Pisani, Zeno, Dandolo, and a host of heroes, who labored, and fought, and bled for their country; and but little thought that country would be laid prostrate one day by the machinations of obscure individuals, such as Villetard and a few Venetian conspirators! The monument erected by the senate to the last Venetian Admiral Angelo Emo, who died in 1792, graces the arsenal; it is one of the earliest works of Canova.

The body of Fra Paolo Sarpi was discovered in 1828, on pulling down an altar in the old church of Serviti. It has been transferred to the church of S. Michele in Murano, where a monument has been raised at the expense of the town. Our author remarks, as a curious coincidence, that the tomb of the historian Davia was likewise discovered in 1822, in the church of La Madonna di Campagna, near Verona, where he was murdered; the old inscription has been replaced over it. Morelli, the learned and meritorious librarian of St. Mark, is also buried in S. Michele di Murano.

The church of S. Giovanni e Paolo is the Santa Croce of Venice. The mausoleums of the Mocenigo, Vendramini, Valier, Micheli, Zeno, Colleoni, and other distinguished families of the republic, are there. The tomb of Bragadino contains only his skin; that gallant commander having been flayed alive by the barbarous Turks, after the taking of Famagosta—in the island of Cyprus, which he had defended to the last.

We cannot follow M. Valery in his long enumeration of churches and palaces, paintings, statues, and monuments, with which Venice abounds. The island of San Lazzaro, inhabited by the Armenian monks, and which is at the same time a monastery, a college, a library, and a printing establishment, deserves especial notice. The library contains 10,000 volumes, and 400 MSS. chiefly Armenian. These studious monks have published several interesting Armenian works, and have formed the plan of publishing a complete collection of Armenian writers, beginning from the fourth century of our era, which appears to have been the most flourishing period of Armenian literature, till the fifteenth century, the epoch of its decay. They have published, 1826—1828, three volumes of select works, as a specimen of the larger collection. Father Somat has given a sketch of Armenian litera-

ture, Venice, 1829. It is chiefly rich in historians. The chronicle of Eusebius, from the Armenian MS. at S. Lazzaro, was published simultaneously at Milan and at Venice: the latter edition by Father Aucher, in 2 vols., folio, is much the best, as the text has been compared with an older MS. existing at Constantinople, of which the one at S. Lazzaro was a copy.—*Valery*, vol. 1, p. 473. Our author corrects the error of some travellers who have stated the Armenians of S. Lazzaro to be schismatics; they belong to the western or Roman church, differing in this from the great body of their countrymen in the east. The celebrated library of St. Mark is still rich in MSS., notwithstanding the plunder of 1797. M. Valery gives a translation of Cardinal Bessarion's affecting letter, dated 1468, in which he signified to the Doge that he had bequeathed all his books, Greek and Latin, which he had collected with so much labor, to the venerable library of St. Mark—

"That you, your children and descendants may know how impressed I was with the sentiment of your virtues and your wisdom, and that you may derive abundant and perpetual fruits out of my books, and let others who have a taste for good studies enjoy them also; I send you accordingly the act of donation, the catalogue of the books and the bull of the sovereign pontiff, praying God that he will grant all possible prosperity to your republic, and that it may enjoy peace, tranquillity, and perpetual concord."

The habitation of Aldo Manuzio, which was near the Palazzo Molin, exists no longer. The principal printing establishment now at Venice is that of Alvisopoli, under the direction of the learned bibliographer Gamba. The catalogue of books published at Venice, and in the other eight principal towns of the Venetian territory, in the year 1826, amounted to 821 volumes, and 626,710 copies in all, of the value of 1,178,000 francs.

The academy of the fine arts, established by Count Cicognara, has a rich collection of paintings, almost all of the Venetian school, many of which it has saved from neglect or dispersion, amidst the suppression of churches and convents, the degradation of palaces, and the necessities of the owners. The fine Assumption by Titian was a discovery of Cicognara's. This academy has published the splendid work *Fabbriche piu cospicue di Venezia*, which will preserve, at least, the memory of the architectural magnificence of Venice from oblivion. Another work, "The Collection of Venetian Inscriptions," by Cicognara, has also the same object. Lastly, a Venetian lady, of the name of Micheli,



has published an account *Delle Feste Veneziane*, in which the old customs and manners of the various epochs of the republic are faithfully portrayed.

The Murazzi, a gigantic dyke, of blocks of marble laid on piles, which rises ten feet above high water, and protects the peaceful Lagune from the storms of the Adriatic, were raised in 1750; it was like the last national undertaking of declining Venetian greatness. It is difficult to conceive how a state capable of such colossal works should fall soon afterwards so ignobly; "but it is easier," says Valery, quoting Racine, "to check the fury of the waves than to stop the plots of the wicked."

M. Valery visited the two sorts of state prisons known by the names of *pozzi* and *piombi*. The *pozzi* were the oldest, and were no longer used in the latter ages. They were not under the canal, as some have stated, still they were damp and wretched enough,

"though probably not worse," says Valery, "than the dungeons of other countries at the same epoch. The prisons of the different ages partake of the social character of the times; but the impenetrable prisons of despotism, are always cruel; our state prisons of the imperial regime of Napoleon were not better than the old dungeons. The dungeon of the fort of Joux, in the Jura mountains, in which the black Toussaint L'Ouverture and M. de Riviere after him, were confined, was a kind of cellar; the water oozed through the walls on every side; in the middle of summer M. de Riviere consumed 50 francs worth of fuel a month to keep himself warm."—vol. i. p. 392.

So much for the prisons of the Venice Inquisitors in the fifteenth century, and those of Napoleon in the nineteenth. With regard to the *piombi*, which were in course of time substituted to the *pozzi*, they are in the attic of the ducal palace, the roof of which is of lead, whence their name.

"These terrible *piombi*," says Valery, "are pleasant airy apartments; there is generally a sufficient current of air to temper the summer heats. The health of the prisoners, even after a lapse of ten years, was never affected by it; no prisoner was ever loaded with chains, and if some were detained for life, it was in mitigation of the punishment of death, which was seldom inflicted in Venice. When the French inspected in 1797 the register of capital sentences passed for political crimes, their number was found to be fourteen since the beginning of the century."—p. 391.

In fact, the government of Venice had greatly relaxed from its former severity long before its fall.

"It is impossible to deny that there is a marked exaggeration in all the accounts we have of the tyranny of Venice. One of the last travellers in Italy, M. Simond, a man of information, pretends that the reservoir of water for the town was placed in the ducal palace, in order that the patricians might in case of revolt destroy their subjects by thirst! There are two fine brass cisterns in the ducal palace in the middle of the court; but there are other cisterns in the streets and squares of Venice, and there is hardly a house that is not provided with one. The accusations against the Venetian government became more numerous and vehement towards the end of its existence, just when they were least deserved. In former times it was fashionable to admire its constitution and the wisdom of its laws, as afterwards people have written on the constitution, the finances, and the commerce of England."—p. 371.

It was through carelessness, inaction, and pusillanimity, and not through its oppression, that the Venetian senate fell, like other exclusive hereditary aristocracies, which are not re-invigorated by the infusion of fresh plebian blood.

We have followed somewhat at length M. Valery in his peregrination through the towns of the Lombardo Venetian kingdom, of which, with the few omissions we have noticed, he has given a pretty accurate and very interesting description; certainly far more complete and critical than that of any traveller since the peace. His attention has been chiefly turned to the arts, sciences, literature, and historical recollections; but yet he has afforded sufficient glimpses of the present social state of the country. We shall now proceed with a more rapid abstract of the remainder of his tour.

At Parma, the rich churches, with splendid paintings by Parmigiano, Correggio, and other great masters,—the vast theatre Farnese, which is now forsaken,—the printing establishment of Bodoni, which is now carried on by his widow, but whose editions are falling in value,—the ducal gallery,—the university, with 500 students, several colleges, and the library, which contains 80,000 printed volumes and 4,000 MSS.—afford many attractions to the intelligent traveller. The library was begun by the learned Paciaudi, under the Infante Don Filippo, Duke of Parma, and was first opened in 1770. The patronage of the two last dukes enriched it with numerous and valuable works.

"The Bourbons of Parma," observes Valery, "although belonging to the Spanish branch of the family, encouraged arts, sciences, and letters. Dutillot was their minister, Condillac was tutor to the Infante Don Ferdinand, Millot wrote for them his historical



abridgments, which are still the best we have, notwithstanding so many *resumés* of a later date; Paciaudi was their librarian, and d'Argental, Voltaire's friend, their minister at Paris."

Paciaudi was succeeded as librarian by the learned Affò, who himself has been followed by the present librarian, Pezzana; a lucky series of learned and laborious writers in charge of one library. It was considerably increased by the libraries of the suppressed convents, and in 1816 by that of the celebrated orientalist, De Rossi. Among the curiosities of the library is the Koran, found in the tent of the Grand Vizier, Kara Mustapha, after his defeat, by Sobeiski, under the walls of Vienna.

The excavation of the ruins of Velleia, begun in 1762, and resumed in 1821, have produced a rich collection of inscriptions, medals, and the celebrated table of Trajan; which is a curious monument of Roman administration under the emperors.

Of the present Duchess of Parma our author confirms what we had heard; that her government is extremely mild, that she was personally liked, was kind and charitable, and had founded several useful institutions; a school of industry, a *depôt* for the poor, &c. General Neipperg, whom Madame de Staël calls the Bayard of the Austrian army, was living when M. Valery visited Parma; he died in 1829. His character was noble and disinterested; and he was universally respected and esteemed. The only complaint M. Valery mentions at Parma is that the administration of the finances was not sufficiently economical; there was a deficit, besides a public debt of above ten millions of livres.

The duchy of Modena is known for the rigor of its government, which is by far the most strict in Italy. M. Valery gives some particulars of a decree of 1828, on the press and the censorship, which is truly formidable, vol. ii. pp. 191, 192. There is an ecclesiastical as well as a political censorship. The censors are to judge not only of the text of the works, but of their general tendency. Dante is among the books strictly forbidden. After these and other details, M. Valery exclaims:

"This little state is unique in Europe. And this is the kind of Salentum of which certain politicians are dreaming; these are their sad chimeras; this is the *beau-ideal* of unity and absolutism which they would prefer to the laws, the order, and the securities of a temperate monarchy."—p. 193.

And, between these men and the others who dream of the absolute sovereignty of the

people, society has had a narrow escape from being torn in pieces a second time in the course of half a century. Luckily, common sense, aided by personal experience, has made considerable progress during the last forty years: extreme opinions on both sides have lost much of their influence; and what has occurred in Europe of late, and what is occurring in Spain at the present moment, seems to countenance the hope that the world may go on improving without being desolated by another general convulsion and a war of principles. The palace, the gallery, and the ducal library, constitute nearly all that is remarkable in Modena. The palace is vast and magnificent; the gallery is rich in paintings, many of which were restored by France, and others have been purchased by the present duke. The library is famous not only for its 90,000 printed volumes and 3,000 MSS., but also for the memory of its two librarians, Muratori and Tiraboschi. Muratori, above all, is a name that the Italian scholar ought never to pronounce without feelings of respect and gratitude.

Through one of those inconsistencies of the censorship so common in Italy, and which prove its uselessness, Valery saw one of Alfieri's tragedies performed at the theatre of Modena.

"Alfieri's plays are now quite fashionable in Italy, notwithstanding their dryness and poverty of plot; every body thinks he must attend their performance, and yet every body comes away weary and *ennuyé*. I do not think, however, that Alfieri's patriotism can suit our times; it is too haughty, exaggerated, and exclusive; it must prove rather mischievous to the Italians, and mislead instead of exalting and enlightening them."—p. 190.

Alfieri's notions of liberty and patriotism were merely classical, like those of most Italians, and therefore very remote from equitable, considerate liberty. In his latter years Alfieri perceived his mistake; his bitter confession—*Conoscevo i grandi, ma non conoscevo i piccoli*, 'I knew the great, and their vices and follies, but not those of the low'—is what many a sincere democrat has said to himself in our times.

On entering the papal state, M. Valery had his books and papers sealed, and sent to Bologna to be examined by the censors. Of Bologna, a bustling, wealthy city of 65,000 inhabitants, he gives a favorable account. Its university, which excels in its medical course, the library, founded by Benedict XIV., the splendid gallery, chiefly of paintings of the Bolognese school, the numerous palaces, churches, and other buildings, give Bologna the appearance of a capital. It is



the second city for population and importance in the papal state; the country around is fertile, well cultivated, and thickly inhabited.

Ferrara, a city whose decay dates from the time it lost its dukes, more than two centuries since, is not so desolate as it has been represented; the population, which under the French was only 23,700, is now 31,600, of which the Jews form nearly one-third; they inhabit a separate quarter, which is however the finest in the town.—*Valery*, vol. ii. p. 57. The memory of the early princes of the house of Este, of the poets who graced their court, of Bojardo, Trissino, Bello, Ariosto, Tasso, Guarini, give a singular interest to Ferrara. The shade of Ariosto, above all, seems still to hover over the town. There are his two houses, the hall in which he studied under Gregoria da Spoleti, the autograph of the Furioso, his sepulchral monument in the public library, and the principal square is now called by his name. Our traveller enters into many interesting particulars concerning Ariosto, as well as concerning poor Tasso, the history of whose imprisonment is still a sort of mystery, which our author endeavors to clear up. At all events, Tasso was not shut up in a dungeon, as it has been represented.—p. 63.

Ravenna, once the capital of the western empire, the link between Rome and Constantinople, the residence of the Gothic kings and of the Byzantine exarchs, is now a provincial town, of about 16,000 inhabitants, and the residence of the legate. The mausoleum of Galla Placidia, daughter of the great Theodosius; that of Theodoric, with the remains of his palace; the monument of Dante; the old churches of the sixth century, with their fine mosaics and monuments of the same age; give to Ravenna an ancient imposing aspect. The vast basilica of St. Apollinare *in Classe*, in the midst of a marshy ground, contains the portraits of all the archbishops of Ravenna. The town of Classe (*Classis*) was destroyed by the Longobards in 728; it was then a seaport, as its name denotes, but the sea is now four miles distant,—not through the lowering of the Adriatic, as some have imagined, but through the accumulation of alluvial soil thrown on this coast by the Po, and the numerous other rivers in this neighborhood. The Pineta, or forest of pines, which stands between Ravenna and the sea-shore, has been celebrated by Dante, Boccaccio, and Byron. Two miles from Ravenna is a small marble pillar, called “The Column of the French,” in commemoration of the battle of Ravenna, in which Gaston de Foix was killed; 20,000 men perished on that day. Bayard wrote

on the evening of the action, “The king (Louis XII.) has gained the battle, but our poor gentlemen have lost it;” alluding to the number of them who had fallen.

The college of Ravenna, says Valery, is one of the best in Italy; it has 90 boarders, besides 200 out-of-door students. The town library, founded in 1714 by the Abate Canetti of Cremona, and greatly increased in 1804 with the libraries of the suppressed convents, has about 40,000 volumes and several hundred MSS. The celebrated Aristophanes of the tenth century served as text for the Leipzig edition of 1794. Both Eugene Beauharnois, the viceroy of Italy, and the King of Denmark, afterwards wished to purchase it, but the municipality refused, and even concealed the MS. for a time. In the cabinet of antiquities there is a medal of Cicero, struck in his memory by the town of Magnesia in Asia Minor. An Academy of Arts was established by the city of Ravenna in 1827. The museum has already 400 paintings of the first masters. Forlì is a large modern-looking town, the capital of a province, and the residence of a legate. Imola, Faenza, Cesena, Rimini, are all considerable towns in the neighborhood of each other. The whole of this fine tract between Bologna and Rimini is commonly called Romagna, and is now divided into two provinces or legations, Ravenna and Forlì, containing between them about 50 towns, between 600 and 700 villages, and nearly 300,000 inhabitants. Those who speak of the squalidness and barrenness of the Papal State judge only by the waste of the Campagna, which they cross on their road to Rome and Naples; were they to visit the other provinces, Umbria, Perugia, the Marches, Romagna, and the Bolognese territory, they would correct their judgment. The Papal State contains some of the finest, richest, and best cultivated provinces in Italy.

M. Valery agrees with the now received opinion that the small stream by Savignano, between Cesena and Rimini, is the Rubicon; the bridge over it is of the time of the consuls, though the inscription is a modern addition. The stream joins the Pisatello, below Savignano, and the united streams enter the sea by the name of Fiumecino. Cisalpine Gaul terminated here. Cæsar, before he crossed the Rubicon, held the command of both Transalpine and Cisalpine Gaul; and thus, observes Valery, a simple general, a citizen of Rome, governed the same extent of territory as Napoleon, Emperor of the French and King of Italy.

Rimini, with its fine Roman bridge and the Arch of Augustus, presents a worthy ingress into classical ground. It has also mon-



uments and recollections of the middle ages, of the Malatesti and the ill-fated Francesca.

It is almost impossible to pass by Rimini without visiting San Marino. This little republic, which has lasted fourteen centuries, has its nobles and its plebeians, from among whom the legislative council of 60 members is chosen, by the assembly of the whole people, an Upper Chamber, called the Council of Twelve, two-thirds of which are renewed every year, and two capitani, who form the executive. A supreme magistrate, chosen for three years, and who is always a stranger, administers justice. The republic has 4000 inhabitants; the town on the mountain contains about 600, and the two small towns below, called Borgo and Saravalli, with a few scattered habitations, contain the rest. The revenues are about 30,000 francs, the armed force is 40 men. There is a college with about 40 students. At San Marino M. Valery heard the usual complaint about the aristocracy, if not *de jure* at least *de facto*; it seems that a few families exercise the principal influence in this little state, in consequence of others having emigrated or become poor. This will happen in the purest democracies; it is the case in the forest cantons of Switzerland, and all the ingenuity of constitution makers cannot prevent it. The few, whether high-born or low-born, will always influence and lead the many. The idea of keeping society at water level for any length of time is unworthy the merest tyro in political science. Another complaint is, that strangers non-resident have become possessors by purchase of a great part of the territory of the republic. The country produces some good wine. Our author felt hurt at the frequent meeting of beggars, as well as at the sight of a gambling table licensed by the state. He found Mr. Borghesi, one of the most learned archæologists of Italy, settled at the very top of San Marino, with his fine collection of 40,000 medals, and who was busy about his long expected work upon the Consular Fasti. Like Delfico and Canova, Mr. Borghesi has obtained the freedom or citizenship of the republic. San Marino boasts of a distinguished statesman, Antonio Onofri, lately dead, who succeeded in preserving its independence in the midst of the political storms in which the prouder republics of Venice and Genoa were shipwrecked. His marble bust is placed in the council hall.

Pesaro, a pleasant town in a delightful situation, with some fine buildings, and about 12,000 inhabitants, boasts of several distinguished contemporaries,—Count Cassi, Perticari, the Marquis Antaldi, Count Mammiani della Rovere, all learned philologists; Mar-

quis Petrucci and Count Paoli, naturalists; and Rossini, the celebrated composer. The ancient palace of the Della Rovere, the former Dukes of Urbino, reminds the traveller of the splendor of this little court, illuminated by the residence of Leo X., Bembo, Ariosto, Castiglioni, Sadoletto, and other choice spirits of the sixteenth century. The city of Urbino, with 20,000 inhabitants, and at the foot of the Apennines, is out of the main road, and consequently little visited by travellers. Sinigaglia, Ancona, Loreto, are described in succession by our author. But he does not mention Macerata, Tolentino, Camerino, Ascoli, Fermo, all considerable towns of the Marches, which are now divided into three legations, Ancona, Macerata, and Fermo. The Marches, the ancient Picenum, are a fine, fertile, healthy region, extending through numerous hills and valleys, between the sloping Apennines and the Adriatic, watered by numerous streams, and rich in corn, wine, and all other kinds of agricultural produce, with a population of 560,000 inhabitants.

Our author went to Naples by the Abruzzi; he complains of the filth and wretchedness of the inns on this road, and justly; but when he talks of "the inhabitants still retaining the brigand expression on their countenances, though obliged by the severity of the laws and the police to change their habits," M. Valery indulges his imagination, or trusts to historical recollections rather than to present evidence. He was thinking probably of the times of Sciarra, in the sixteenth century, or of those of Próni and the political insurgents of 1799, whom the French called brigands, just as they gave the same name to the Tyrolese, the Spaniards, and all those populations who resisted their invasion. The political insurgents of 1799, especially those of Abruzzo, were not robbers; they were the whole mass of the people, rich and poor, landlords and laborers, who rose in arms against foreigners, come to ravage their peaceful dwellings, to desecrate their altars, and to violate their women, as they had done already in 1798, in the neighboring Papal States. The character of that insurrection has been greatly misrepresented. It is true that, in the course of the struggle, Neapolitans behaved cruelly to other Neapolitans who were their political enemies; that many bad characters enlisted among the royalists and perpetrated acts of villany; but the movement of the masses was national and patriotic: it was directed against the French and their partizans; it was the same wild patriotism which afterwards saved Spain and Russia, and delivered the world from the insolent caprice of one man, who had boasted that "with 800,000 soldiers he could treat



Europe as an old courtesan, and make her do his bidding." Colletta, who in 1799 was serving with the republicans of Naples, has rendered justice to the spirit that animated the great majority of his antagonists. With regard to the Abruzzo, it is well known to those acquainted with the localities that the inhabitants of that province are among the most single-minded and honest in the kingdom of Naples,—that they never had, at least for a century past, bands of robbers among them,—that a traveller is much safer among the mountains of Abruzzo than in the plains of either Puglia or Campania. See Sir R. C. Hoare's testimony to that effect in his *Classical Tour*. M. Valery seems to have mistaken, in this particular, the banks of the Pescara or Sangro, for those of the Garigliano and Volturno. For the rest, he tells us little or nothing about the Abruzzo, which is a very interesting country; he seems to have travelled straight on by the high road.

We shall not follow our author in his description of Naples, and the numerous monuments of that splendid city, of which the reader will find many interesting particulars. He renders justice to the Lazzaroni, about whom so much nonsense has been written:

"Those I saw about the harbor and on the mole appeared active and busy; they wear a shirt and trowsers, and in winter a brown woollen capote, with sleeves and hood; they do not sleep now always under the canopy of heaven,—they are house-tenants, and are registered in their respective parishes; in short they have lost that picturesque wildness so humorously described by Mesdames de Genlis and de Staël."—vol. iii. p. 291.

"At the other end of Naples, the fishermen of La Mergellina, remarkable for the antique beauty of their forms, are an interesting, laborious, peaceful race, who live in a sort of domestic comfort."—p. 360.

"The morals of the Italian cities, which we still judge of from the common-place reports of travellers of the last century, are now neither better nor worse than those of other capitals; perhaps at Naples they are even better. The Neapolitan nobility has been ruined three or four times in the political changes of the last forty years, and its present wealth does not correspond with the grandeur of its names and historical recollections. several of its members are distinguished by their talents and information."

Mr. Valery observes that Naples, a city of 400,000 inhabitants, has 2,000 foundlings yearly in 15,000 births, while Paris, with 800,000 inhabitants, has 10,000 foundlings in 29,000 births; and London, he adds, has 20,000 foundlings in 44,000 births. M. Valery has made the slight mistake of confounding London with all England! In the

official tables of population, &c. for the year 1830, it appears that the total number of illegitimate children born in that year, in all the counties of England and Wales, amounted to 20,039. In the same year in all France there were born 69,270 illegitimate children.

Our author went of course to Salerno and Pæstum, but no further. Pæstum is the columns of Hercules of Italian tours. The whole of Puglia and Calabria, and the whole kingdom in fact, with the exception of the country around Naples, is seldom visited by any traveller. Keppel Craven's *Tour* is the only one we know of.

On his return from Naples our author visited Monte Casino and its celebrated library, which he found kept by the monks in very good order. He there obtained copies of forty inedited letters of Montfaucon and Mabillon, which he intends to publish as interesting to French erudition, and illustrative of the amiable single-mindedness of those two learned writers.

Having accompanied M. Valery thus far, we must now, to our regret, take leave of him, referring our readers to his full description of the Eternal City and its environs, which fills the greater part of the 4th volume, and to his equally interesting account of Tuscany, a country ever foremost in Italian civilization. The 5th volume contains descriptions of Lucca, a well administered little state, Genoa, and Piedmont. A copious index completes the work, which is certainly by far the best modern itinerary of Italy we are acquainted with, and a very useful and interesting travelling companion to those who go to that country in quest of information.

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ART. II.—G. C. Lichtenberg's *sämmtliche Werke; ausführliche Erklärung Hogarth'scher Kupferstiche*. (Lichtenberg's Collected Works; detailed Explanations of Hogarth's Engravings.)

APART from their intrinsic claims upon our notice, there are several rather remarkable circumstances belonging to these masterly "pen and ink" illustrations of Hogarth,—for so Lichtenberg's commentary may assuredly be styled, its author having thrown more light upon his original than the majority of graphic illustrators are wont to do upon theirs. Nor is it a little singular that the most complete and fullest, and above all, the most truly Hogarthian commentary on the productions of our great English artist, the



should have proceeded from the pen of a foreigner;—the most spirited and brilliant from a German; the most playful yet caustic, the most lively yet most severe in its satiric touches, from a man addicted to the abstruser sciences. If there be aught wanting to heighten our admiration, it is that these explanations should never have appeared in an English dress; nay, that they should hardly have attracted attention at all in this country, having remained apparently unknown to nearly every one who, since their first publication, has written either upon Hogarth himself, or upon his works. This last circumstance will, perhaps, be considered as detracting not a little from our estimate of them, since, did they really possess so high a degree of merit as we claim for them, these Explanations would undoubtedly have met with a translator long ago, especially as Hogarth's name alone would have proved a ready passport for them to the favor of an English public. Still, when it is considered how exceedingly small a portion indeed of the sterling literature of Germany is known among us through the medium of translation,—how much, in every one of its departments, that is intrinsically valuable, remains inaccessible to the mere English reader,—such neglect ought not, in fairness, to be allowed to tell against Lichtenberg's production, whatever it may do against the want of inquiry on the part of those who might have studied it with profit. It must, too, be confessed that it is a work which, if translated at all, would require to be executed *con amore*, and would likewise demand far more than a mere knack of "doing" German into English—sufficient mastery of both languages to be able to cope with a great many rather unmanageable passages, and the power of being faithful as well as easy where a literal version of the text would be both harsh and obscure.

As even the name of Lichtenberg himself is very little known in this country,\* even by any of his other literary performances, many of which show him to have been a not less original and humorous than profound thinker, it would be an almost inexcusable omission were we not, in the first place, to lay before our readers some short account of that unusually gifted individual.

George Christopher Lichtenberg, born at

Ober-Ramstadt, a village near Darmstadt, July 1st, 1742, was the eighteenth child, by the same marriage, of the pastor of that place, who, shortly after the birth of the subject of our notice, was appointed first preacher at Darmstadt, where he soon distinguished himself, both by his theological attainments, and his animated discourses from the pulpit. To this parent Lichtenberg was indebted for that early initiation into mathematical and physical studies, which he afterwards pursued with so much ability; nor can it be questioned that the influence of his other parent was equally salutary, for she is described as having been a woman of superior mind—she will not use the ambiguous term accomplishments—one who had a taste for the speculative branches of natural philosophy, and yet was so far from neglecting the maternal duties imposed upon her by so large a family, that she was never happier than when surrounded by her children, and imparting to them lessons of virtue and of knowledge. Of that numerous family, however, only four survived their parents; and even George's constitution, after he had passed his eighth year, began to exhibit alarming symptoms, the consequence of some injury to his spine through the carelessness of a nurse. His person grew up distorted, and his health was feeble, yet neither of these circumstances affected his natural liveliness of mind, although they decided his inclination for contemplative studies, and especially for natural philosophy and the mathematics. It is not unreasonable to suppose that this *misfortune* of bodily infirmity conducted in some degree to render him what he afterwards proved,—a singular compound of very opposite talents, and also a shrewd studier both of himself and others. Gifted with such natural liveliness of feeling, he might, under different circumstances, have been carried too far astray by it, and have slackened in his application to more arduous pursuits; or, had he devoted himself earnestly to these latter, he might, perhaps, have done so in too worldly a spirit,—at least, not have united the psychologist with the mathematician. It is exceedingly problematical whether Pope himself would have produced such keen and powerful satire, had his person been that of an Adonis: in such case, it is not unlikely that his poetry would have partaken of the Adonis style also—which it might have done, and yet have been superior to his own pastorals. It cannot be said that Byron's misshapen foot contributed much to his philosophy; yet it can hardly be questioned that it influenced, though not altogether for the better, both his "destiny" and his opinions. To the somewhat similar misfortune of Sir

\* He is not even mentioned incidentally in the series on the "Literature of Germany" in the *Athenæum*, although notice is there taken of many writers belonging to the eighteenth century. Neither does his name occur, we believe, in Taylor's *Survey of German Poetry*, which includes several authors who may be considered quite as much prose-writers as poets.



Walter Scott, which imposed upon him some restraint during his boyhood, may partly be ascribed that early taste for legendary lore, which afterwards enabled him to delight the world. The very circumstances which, acting upon such a mind, had rendered and afterwards kept the great Johnson a "bear," served also to render and to keep him the "sturdy moralist" he was till the end of his life; and had not Cowper's early exhibited hypochondria rendered him incapable of accepting the official situation in the House of Lords procured for him by his friends, he would in all human probability have been for ever lost to the world as the author of the Task.

Although it interrupts the narrative, the reader will forgive this little *digression*, especially as little more in the shape of biography remains to be told, for nearly the whole of Lichtenberg's life was that of a recluse; consequently there is no reason to fear that we shall continue to be so circumstantial in our details, as what we have already said might lead the reader to apprehend. After the death of his father, he pursued his studies at the Gymnasium of Darmstadt, under Professor Wenk; and thence proceeded to Göttingen, where he attended lectures on all the principal branches of learning and science; for it seems to have been his ambition to become a *polyhistor*, and to grasp at the *omne scibile*; which ambition, he afterwards humorously remarked, had led him to lay the foundations of a fabric too vast to be completed, so that, in the end, he was fain to content himself with taking up his lodging in one or two of its garrets.

In 1770, in his twenty-seventh year, he was appointed to an extraordinary professorship at Göttingen, which he preferred to the mathematical chair at Giessen, that had just before been offered to him. This happened shortly after his first visit to this country, where his acquirements had obtained for him much notice among the leading men of science of that day, and also the honor of being personally introduced to George the Third. This highly flattering reception induced him to pay another visit to England, in 1774, and having, in the interim, made himself thoroughly master of the language, he found his second residence here, which he prolonged till the following year, even more agreeable than the first had been. He had access to some of the best society, and to the literary circles of such men as Banks and Solander; but his observation extended itself to other classes; and it was the intimate acquaintance he then formed with our national manners and peculiarities, which

enabled him to produce his spirited commentary on Hogarth.

With these two intervals varying its outward uniformity—for it is only in external appearance that the existence of a student is monotonous—Lichtenberg's life was wholly engaged in the duties imposed on him by his professorship, and in scientific and literary pursuits. Although he at one time projected a tour through Italy, he never quitted Göttingen again; even there he kept himself very retired, and was accessible only to a few select friends. In fact, during the latter period of his life he was subject to severe attacks of hypochondria and nervous irritability, and sometimes could not be induced to quit his chamber once in the course of several months or even years. Nevertheless, he married rather late in life—between forty and fifty years of age—and his excellent wife and family (five children) were during such periods almost his only society. Still he continued to apply himself to his studies as sedulously as ever, and carried on an exceedingly extensive epistolary correspondence till nearly the very time of his death, which occurred on the 24th of February, 1799.

In the preceding sketch we have not specified any of Lichtenberg's scientific publications, they being so very distinct a class as not to call for any notice here, our present purpose being to estimate Lichtenberg as a humorist and wit, a powerful thinker, and an acute satirist. His Posthumous Miscellanies, which were given to the world soon after his death, although consisting chiefly of detached essays and fragmentary pieces, which latter were only hasty sketches and materials intended to be afterwards worked up at leisure, afford ample testimony of his superior talent in the above character, displaying a varied fund of originality, a rare degree of imagination, with no less versatility of mind, and the art of so embellishing philosophical topics as to render them not only attractive but even amusing. The very titles of some of his pieces show the whimsicality of the subjects which he made the vehicle of instruction or satire: for instance, "A Sentimental Journey to Laputa;" "Consolation for those Unfortunates who are no Original Genuises;" "The Petition of the Bedlamites;" "Consolation for those who have the misfortune to be born on the 29th of February," &c. Undoubtedly there are many things in the collection which exhibit the writer's mind *en dishabille*, and where the casual, occasionally perhaps rather inconsiderate, effusions of the moment find their place along with what is truly admira-



ble. Yet Lichtenberg's was a mind that could very well bear to be caught in undress, and in regard to some rather objectionable opinions, which he now and then suffered to escape him, they appear to have been entertained only theoretically and for the mere purpose of ingenious argument, being contradicted by sentiments of an opposite tenor, and upon which he himself acted. If, again, there are some trifles, and not a little that looks like downright trifling also, they are those of no ordinary man.

Lichtenberg's "whims and oddities" are not, as Göthe unfortunately or fortunately translated the latter word, *Nullitäten*, nullities; rather may they, when most wayward, be compared to the sportive mystifications and humorous sallies of a man of sense, or to the shrewd wisdom of the Fool in our old dramas. Beneath what at first sight looks like wild fun and pleasantry may be detected a philosophic idea, an ingenious meaning, a wholesome purpose; and so far, his liveliness differs greatly from that of a mere jester or *Spassmacher*, who is unable to do more than excite a momentary laugh. Something of Lichtenberg's humor, although in a very inferior degree, discovers itself in the little volume entitled "Archery and Archness;" for instance, in the Lesson in Reviewing, and in the Critical and Philosophical Dictionary; more particularly in the latter, where the writer has enlisted pleasantry on the side of reason and morality; which are usually too little regarded, sometimes set quite at defiance by those who seem to consider folly and mirth as perfectly synonymous. Yet, so far from being valued the higher on account of their intrinsic usefulness, writers of Lichtenberg's stamp are apt to be erroneously estimated; for, while their seeming levity prejudices "serious" readers against them, superficial ones regard the lessons they obliquely inculcate as so much ballast and dead weight; or, at best, they amuse themselves with the shell, and fling away the kernel that it contains.

Such, too, has been in some respect the fate of Hogarth himself; who was and still is by many considered only as a comic painter—a sort of superior caricaturist, allied to the Dutch school in his taste, but inferior to it in the charms of execution. Although he had before been acknowledged to be a painter of manners, it was reserved for the late Charles Lambe, in his admirable Essay on the Genius of Hogarth, formally to assert the artist's powers as a great ethic painter; we say formally assert, because it must be admitted, that Lichtenberg had previously shown him to be one, although he does not so expressly claim such rank for

him; leaving that very plain inference to be drawn from the Explanations themselves, and from the importance he must be supposed to have attached to productions on which he bestowed such diligent and minute examination.

It is true, that Hogarth painted the manners and fashions of his own day, which have now almost entirely passed away, and which, by their greater proximity to us, as they offer more points of resemblance, strike more forcibly by the singular differences they manifest from our present habits, than do those of periods too remote to afford any kind of comparison. Yet if he gave us, as far as the subjects he selected allowed him to do, the "very form and pressure of his age," and of its peculiar follies and vices; he also infused into his works that which is independent of all external modes, of all revolutions of manners and changes of fashions, and with which all succeeding generations must sympathize, because it is human nature itself,—the mind and passions working upon the outward man. We do not pretend to say, that his works retain for us all, or precisely the same, interest they possessed for his contemporaries. That would be utterly incompatible with the laws of moral perspective: it would be supposing that we moderns can be affected by the writings of Virgil and Horace precisely as their own countrymen were. There are numerous traits of partial satire and personality in Hogarth, which have almost entirely lost their force for us, even when explained; for, although we may understand, we can hardly be said to feel, them. Yet, if very much is, on this score, to be deducted from their original interest, they have, on the other hand, acquired an interest which did not originally belong to them, namely, their historic value; and this time will increase in proportion as it robs them of what was at first no small proportion of their attraction. Considered in this light, they are faithful and valuable records; not partial and detached mementoes, nor illustrations collected from various sources and then put together in an after-age, but the result of *autopsy*—scenes of manners and costume, which the artist portrayed from the life, and which his pencil chronicled for us not less lastingly than faithfully. Herein Hogarth deserves to be styled, *par excellence*, the historic painter; for what is both popularly and technically termed historical painting, it would be far more correct to call the poetical branch of the art; inasmuch as it partakes far more of romance than of actual record.

What we have above said will also apply to the writings of Fielding and Smollett,



which, even did they possess merit of no other kind, would be not a little valuable as illustrative of the manners and tone of society in those days, and because they enable us to judge of the extraordinary change which the lapse of rather less than a single century has wrought. And, whatever interest or delight we may experience in contemplating such masterly portraiture of the past as those writers and Hogarth have bequeathed to us, we have no very great reason to be dissatisfied with the changes in almost every part of our social system which have since taken place. There are many indeed who affect—hardly can we give them credit for being sincere, at least not without calling their good sense in question—to regret such a change, and to be of opinion that the advance we have since made is any thing but an improvement. It cannot be denied that we have become more artificial, that many of those stronger traits of character and of that peculiar national humor, which were wont to display themselves formerly, are now nearly worn out. Those marked differences in the externals of society that once prevailed no longer exist, or have been greatly softened down; the barriers between the different classes have been loosened if not altogether removed; and some classes, as such, have almost entirely disappeared. Fox-hunting squires, Greek-quoting pedagogues, half-crazed pedants in petticoats, are gone; Sir Crapes have been dismissed; aldermen have ceased to be noted for devouring turtle; doctors have laid aside gold-headed canes and tie-wigs; women are grown either less “rantipole” or more shy of exhibiting themselves in that character than formerly; beating the watch is gone quite out of fashion; the glories of the Mall in St. James’s Park are becoming matters of history; neither do “coaches and six” any longer throng the ring in Hyde Park. Even allowing all this to be subject for regret, there is no help for it; and we might as well attempt to prevent the earth from revolving on its axis, or to arrest the flight of old father Time himself, as to hinder those mutations from taking place which that flight occasions. No one has discovered the art of advancing and standing still at the same moment; and until that be done we must be content either to remain stationary, or to leave behind us what we pass.

Looking at the record of our national manners and morals with which Hogarth has furnished us, we have no particular reason to regret that that particular phrase of them has given place to another. His pencil has certainly not transmitted to us so powerful a eulogium on the good old times

of George the Second’s reign; that we should sigh for their return; at the same time it must in justice be confessed that, as his chief object was to expose vice and correct folly, he has exhibited to us only the reverse of the medal. We do not blame him for this, because it was impossible to avoid it; neither can we agree with those who consider satire to be, at the best of very questionable utility. After all the satire, whether it be written or painted, that has pretended to busy itself in the task of correcting mankind, the world has gone pretty much after the same fashion, nor has satire perhaps ever reformed a single individual against whom it has been directed. The latter is, we dare say, true enough; nor can we suppose that, when holding the infamous Chartres up to public scorn, either Pope or Hogarth fancied the castigation would have any effect upon that notorious offender. Men who are hardened in iniquity are no more to be ridiculed or satirized out of it than a dead body is to be brought to life by being dissected; nevertheless dissection of the one and satire of the other are not therefore useless in themselves. As satire can operate only as a preventive, the good that results from it can be detected only negatively; nor can the extent of the evil thus checked in the bud, and prevented from showing itself, be calculated by human means. It is impossible to say how many other Chartres the pen of Pope and the pencil of Hogarth have tended to repress. Equally futile is the other objection, which might with about as much reason be urged against ethics and medicine; since in spite of them there have been, and will continue to be, both moral and physical disorders among mankind. It is not by what it is beyond their power to accomplish, but by what they really effect, that they ought to be appreciated. Therefore, until it can be proved beyond dispute that Hogarth’s graphic lessons have been attended with no salutary influence, we must be allowed to persist in our belief that they have worked much good, both directly and indirectly; the admonitions silently conveyed by them cannot have been altogether inefficient; the impressions received from them must, in many instances, have been permanent; and who will venture to affirm that the ridiculous and contemptible light in which Hogarth set them, has not had some share in banishing—we do not say the vices, but—the more grotesque follies and absurdities that have since been abandoned?

Still, however laudable a satirist’s intention may be, there is also some danger of corruption to be apprehended from works of that class, because, while they expose de-



pravity, they also familiarize the mind with the contemplation of it: the poison is imbibed, but the antidote is flung away. Hardly should we recommend Hogarth's works as a study for youth; they contain much that is exceptionable; and so does even Shakspeare himself, who does not uniformly accommodate himself "*virginibus puerisque*." Not that the works of either are immoral, or any thing like it; their morality however, is upon that comprehensive scale, which unfits it for becoming part of the first elementary course of education. In depicting various examples of moral turpitude and deformity, neither the poet nor the artist shows himself to be vicious: there is no attempt to seduce the imagination or to pervert the judgment, by disguising, concealing, or paliating what is wrong. He does not gloat over corruption, but anatomizes vice; and a straightforward manliness of purpose and integrity of *animus*, are too apparent throughout, to be doubted even for a moment. On the charge of indelicacy, we do not undertake to acquit Hogarth or his German Commentator, yet their offences in that respect are far less dangerous than immorality attired in a deceitful guise, and than the application of those softening expressions to vice, which offend not "ears polite;" it is infinitely more excusable occasionally to violate the etiquette of decorum than to disregard morality and honesty of speech. Even those two exceedingly exceptionable subjects of Hogarth, his "Before" and "After," have this in their extenuation, that, so far from being provocatives, they are as little alluring as it is possible for them to be. The general tendency of his works is altogether wholesome; nor ought any one, in fairness, to be judged by particular parts or incidents, but by the moral scope of the whole.

It is in possessing and maintaining such ethic purpose, not less than in their dramatic form, that his principal series or *suites* of subjects form a department in painting distinct from every other. Scenes of domestic and every-day life have been painted by hundreds of other artists, both before and since his time; but his productions are not like theirs—mere "conversation-pieces," of *tableaux de genre*. His originality is twofold; for not only is he to be regarded as the first inventor of a particular class of subjects, but, unlike all other successful inventors, he has had no followers, no imitators; nor have the public been surfeited with pictures *a la Hogarth*, as they have with historical romances *a la Scott*. Many years ago a painter, of the name of Collins, and another named Penny, produced one or two sets of very namby-pamby subjects, which

they fancied the world would accept as Hogarthian, because, like his, continued through several scenes or acts. Since then no one has made a similar attempt, unless one so utterly abortive as to have left no trace of itself. Perhaps Gilray will be thought to have approached him, to be *proximus tamen longo intervallo*; yet, without disputing his extraordinary cleverness, his talent, and his humor, we cannot consent to class him with Hogarth, from whom he differed not only in degree but in kind. They seem to have been men of very differently constituted minds. There is without doubt great fun, and jesting, and whimsicality, in Gilray's productions; but we should no more think of seriously comparing him with Hogarth than we should think of comparing one of our modern pun-makers with a Swift or a Lichtenberg. Still less can we allow that either Bunbury or Rowlandson is entitled to take a place beside Hogarth, be it at ever so respectful a distance. Drollery, their distinguishing feature, we might say their quality, is certainly not the predominating characteristic of the author of *Marriage a la Mode* and the *Rake's Progress*. There is in those works such a seriousness of aim, such an intensity of purpose, as altogether to exclude all idea of drollery. Many exceedingly pleasant and even droll traits occur in both those productions; and so also there is drollery in the scene of the grave-diggers in Hamlet; yet what man in his senses ever thought of calling that fine philosophic drama a laughable farce? No; if man ever was earnest, Hogarth was in earnest there. They are works of the mind quite as much, if not far more, than the hand; and to produce such works an artist must give all his faculties—nor must those be of an ordinary kind—to his subject. He must be more intent upon his matter and meaning than upon his manner; which is one tolerably sufficient if not perfectly satisfactory reason, why a man may be a very dexterous painter of subjects of the same general cast, without being able to produce any thing at all resembling Hogarth. Although a man of limited education, he possessed a strong mind and persevering energy. For what he was he was indebted to himself—herein partly lay the secret of his strength; and of that of every one who has achieved a perdurable name in art. It is a vulgar error to suppose that indolence and carelessness are not very compatible with, but almost indications of, genius; for that impulse of mind must be of a most singular kind which, instead of urging him onwards, causes him to slacken his pace, and to loiter by the way. Art is not to be won without diligence—dili-



gence both ardent and unremitted, diligence of the heart not less than of the hand;—a truth that both explains and is explained by the abortive result of academies of art: for what is most valuable and essential of all in the character of an artist it is utterly beyond their power to supply; so thoroughly do they verify the homely adage, “Although one man can lead a horse to water, not ten can compel him to drink.”

He who would aim at rivalling Hogarth must do more than imitate his manner; and, above all else, it is requisite that he should possess the same peculiar bent of mind, together with a fearlessness that will not be diverted from its purpose. It is his mental power and his praiseworthy application that constitute his pre-eminent superiority; for, in technical merits and those of execution he has been surpassed by many so decidedly inferior to him in dramatic genius, that no parallel can be drawn between him and them. At the same time he has been somewhat undervalued as a painter; although the series of pictures of *Marriage à la Mode*, in the National Gallery, and the two others in Sir John Soane’s collection, namely the *Rake’s Progress*, and the *Election Scenes*, show him to have possessed no ordinary degree of ability with his pencil,—both a hand and eye for the management of colors. Although in some respects rather sketchily handled, they are not painted feebly; and if they cannot be called highly finished, those productions are worthy to rank as cabinet-pictures. It is, however, no reflection upon the artist, nor matter for particular regret, that his subjects lose hardly any thing by being represented in engraving: because they address themselves to the mind even more than they do to the eye; and, to be fairly understood, they must, to use Charles Lambe’s happy expression, be *read* as well as looked at. They must be examined both thoroughly and repeatedly; and so far perhaps showy and specious nothings—*Nullitäten*—may be thought to have the advantage over them; inasmuch as the latter do not tax our time—we can hardly add our patience—by the attentive investigation they require.

People may talk of striking beauties, yet no first-rate work of art fully reveals itself before it is well studied: it may produce a favorable impression at first sight; but if, on returning to it, we can detect no charm or merit that seems to have previously escaped us, we ought to question either the value attributed to it or our own judgment. Reynolds was far from being smitten—nor did he pretend to be so—by the first view of Raphael’s paintings in the Vatican: Shakspeare is not to be appreciated by the idle reader;

neither are such productions as those of Hogarth calculated to become *lions* of the season with loungers and gossiping critics at an exhibition. Though they speak a universal language, there are few works of the pencil which stand in greater need of interpretation from the pen than do those of Hogarth. We shall not stop to inquire whether this be not rather an indiscreet admission on our part, and the circumstance itself an inconvenience and a drawback; or whether it is not saying that the artist attempted to express by graphic language far more than it is capable of clearly conveying. We may be content, that all deficiency of the sort has been amply made amends for by the explanatory comments of his illustrators, especially by the pen of Lichtenberg, whose congenial spirit and humor peculiarly fitted him for such an office. His “descriptions” may in fact be considered his *chef-d’œuvre* among his humorous writings; it cannot, however, be said that he adheres very strictly to the duties of a commentator, since he not unfrequently allows himself to be carried away by his sportiveness much farther than is necessary, and is moreover apt to put a different construction upon many things, from what Hogarth himself appears to have intended. Often does it happen, again, that he makes what is subordinate in the subject principal in his description of it; a circumstance indeed not easily guarded against, and very likely to occur to a writer of Lichtenberg’s vein, who does not like to check the flow of his ideas, or to be tied down to what is absolutely necessary. Should these be considered errors on his part, we do not pretend to exculpate him; his offences in this respect are a better apology than any one else can make for him.

Although both were men of strong humor, there is a wide difference between Charles Lambe’s and that of Lichtenberg. In the former it is more quaint, quiet, and sly, and inclines, withal, more to seriousness and pathos than to gaiety; while in the latter it has more of point and vivacity, with not a few touches of sarcasm and keenness; many highly fanciful sallies, and exceedingly ingenious, if somewhat too far-fetched, remarks. It cannot indeed be denied, that the German here and there errs on the side of excess, and makes us almost forget Hogarth, while he himself engrosses our attention by his own piquancy and wit. Perhaps he is somewhat too fond of mere play upon words; and, like all punsters, does not scruple to coin words, or wrest their meaning, so as to suit his particular purpose. What blemishes of this kind occur are however hardly felt while perusing the work, although,



by singling them out and then lumping them together in one heap, it would not be difficult for any one so inclined to make it appear that Lichtenberg is neither more nor less than a mere punster—one, the essence of whose wit lies in words, not in meaning.

From the description of the third plate of the *Harlot's Progress* we could select a specimen, no less striking for its wittiness than for the extreme ingenuity with which a most offensive subject is spoken of, or rather indirectly explained without being spoken of at all; but, as an instance of the kind of *hors d'œuvre*, which he frequently introduces into his main subject, we prefer giving the ludicrous classification of Seats:—

"In the whole furniture kingdom,—which as far as my knowledge goes, has not yet obtained its Linneus, the Class of Seats, (*Classis Sellarum*,) is not only by far the most honorable, but also the most comprehensive,—one that not only thrives in every climate, but has made itself almost indispensable. In one word, it is among furniture what the Class Mammalia is among animals. There is full as wide a difference between one kind of seat and another, as there is between the various animals referred to the above-mentioned class in natural history, as for example between the whale, Leviathan of the deep, and the Siberian shrew-mouse that hardly weighs thirty grains. But as all the various species of Mammalia resemble each other in suckling their young; so likewise have all seats this character in common—they are intended to afford support to a most respectable part of the human body. Besides the family of chairs and stools, that is, seats either with or without backs, and with or without arms, this class comprehends—nay they stand at the very head of it—all thrones and *cathedræ*, pieces of furniture by which, as every one knows, this globe and its mundane affairs are governed, and which, when cleverly joined together by certain *cabinet-makers*, form what is termed a Holy Seat. Further it comprises not only tribunals and justice-seats, but stools of repentance—among which latter may be included not a few of the above-mentioned thrones—also *bergères* and sofas, between which and many thrones and *cathedræ* there is a more intimate alliance than is usually suspected. Next comes the *species Benches*, which are neither more nor less than systems of stools. To this belong the benches of both the Upper and Lower House, together with those of lecture-rooms and academies: and perhaps we might add butchers' benches also; not forgetting *forms*, whether short or long, which latter may be considered, for extent, the very whales of the whole genus. To this class, again, belong sedan-chairs, which are literally *moveables*, and those stately *fixtures* among moveables, the ivory *sella curiles* of the ancients; besides a variety of *easy-chairs* for those tortured by the gout or racked by other diseases. Inasmuch as they have all

of them the same generic character, that of being seats, we can do no less than refer to this genus the Cabriolet, the lofty English Phaëton, as ambitious and as much given to neck-breaking as him after whom it is named; all calashes, coaches, travelling carriages, stages, and post-chaises, from the jolting German rib-breaker to the pliant English four-wheeled cradle, suspended upon springs, where you are rocked as gently as an infant. In addition to this diversity of vehicles, we have the ponderous state-carriage, in building which it is necessary to take before-hand the dimensions of the gates it has to pass through, lest it should afterwards turn out to be too bulky to clear them. Nor have we, after all that have been enumerated, yet done with vehicles, for to the above must be added sledges of a hundred various forms, from the gay and magnificent sliding car, which, accompanied with the jingle of innumerable silver bells, outstrips the wintry zephyr in its speed, down to the wretched hurdle-sledge, on which some culprit is dragged to the place of execution, attended only by the funeral ding-dong of a solitary passing-bell.

"It would be hard, indeed, to exclude saddles from a place in our *Classis Sellarum*, therefore we must reckon them also as belonging to it, be they either masculine or feminine ones,—and even Pegasus himself is now-a-days content to have a side-saddle clapped upon his back. Lastly, we may mention the torture-stools of the Inquisition, which are employed for the purpose of extracting confessions from the unfortunate bodies placed upon them; and those stools of another description, —"

Our translation of the above passage, which we have purposely left unfinished, does not profess to be strictly literal, but we have endeavored to preserve the full effect of the original as far as possible, without doing more than giving a rather different turn to one or two sentences, which would otherwise have proved not a little stiff and awkward, consequently very ill adapted to convey a pleasant idea of Lichtenberg's pleasantry. Whether, after all, the whole of what he here says may not be founded upon a mistake, we do not pretend to decide, but he certainly has expatiated at full length upon what others have been content to pass over in silence. Perhaps it will be said that, let the humor be ever so good, it is misplaced; not only does the ludicrous here tend to dissipate serious reflection, but the tone throughout the rest of the description is too much in keeping with that sally of the burlesque to be in keeping with the scene itself, which exhibits the miserable and premature end of a victim of prostitution. It cannot be denied that our commentator is more amusing than edifying upon the subject of this plate, in regard to which he speaks in a very different strain from Dr. Trusler; yet perhaps there is far



less disparity between him and Hogarth, than between Hogarth and the Doctor; for the artist himself has not thrown into this piece the sentiment and pathos the subject admitted. Yet, where is the pencil that could do justice to it?—that could depict in all their horrors the last moments of such an outcast, making us to shudder as we gaze on them?

By no means are we disposed to consider the Harlot's Progress as the very happiest of Hogarth's pictorial dramas. The intention appears to have been more laudable than the execution was successful. The scenes are too disjointed from each other; there are too many gaps in the history, and some of the most impressive lessons it would have afforded are entirely kept out of view. The last scene again, although it strikingly exhibits the hardened depravity of her associates, does not indicate that extremity of poverty and utter destitution which the preceding one would lead us to imagine; nor that want of even the external forms of sympathy and of the ceremony of sorrow, which is most likely to be the lot of a beggared prostitute. Here there is an incongruity that seems to require more elucidation than can now be obtained; or we may conclude that the painter chose to overlook the inconsistency, for the sake of giving vent to his satiric fancy on a subject, where only the infamy of the deceased's character could reconcile us to such a burlesque on "the house of mourning." Even should we be thought to fling a stone at Hogarth, we must say that it is exceedingly dangerous to treat scenes of the kind with levity, though merely apparent; for, let the lesson intended to be inculcated be ever so wholesome in itself, it is thrown away, since those who are capable of feeling it do not need it, while those to whom, if properly conveyed, it might prove salutary, perceive in it, when so exhibited, only matter for unthinking merriment. It is not every one that, like Charles Lamb, can fish up a sermon out of such a production; and even of those who are acquainted with both, the greater number, it is to be suspected, care less for the sermon than the text which supplies it. Lichtenberg's comments on this scene are too much in unison with the artist's treatment of it, to be exempt from the same objections. A vein of facetiousness and whimsicality pervades them, which causes us rather to admire his ingenuity than to be satisfied with this particular application of it. Among other odd fancies into which he has given, is his remark, in a note, on the coincidence of the date on the coffin-plate (September 3d) with that of Oliver Cromwell's death, although he himself admits it is not at all likely that Hogarth intended any allusion

to the latter, or that it would be any thing remarkable that a strumpet and an usurper should both die on the same day of the almanack. However, touches of a better kind occur than such forced conceits, and hunting after meaning where most probably none was intended; and, by way of showing that Lichtenberg could occasionally be more serious than was his wont, without becoming prosy and dull, we will extract what he says in regard to the child, who is dressed up as the "chief-mourner," and who is very composedly winding up a peg-top:—

"What has here been taken for the cause is more likely to be only the effect. Here too, as in the preceding scene, this little fellow exhibits a sufficient degree of philosophic resignation, not because he was permitted to amuse himself by turning the meat at the fire, or by winding up his top; but it is because he feels no concern that he is so employed. And wherefore, in fact, should he give way to sorrow? As he has no farther, there being none to own him, so neither has he had any mother, for his lot has cast him where there has been none to perform the duties of one. Oh! the words *Father* and *Mother* have a much deeper meaning than those given to them in a dictionary, or than is understood by those who utter them! In like manner as many a child, whose parents are beyond the grave, meets with a father or mother; so are there, alas! not a few fatherless and motherless orphans whose parents are still living and in the enjoyment of the good things of this world."

With the omission of the *post mortem* scene, the career of a prostitute almost invariably resembles the one Hogarth has depicted,—a few brief years of riot succeeded by misery and death. So far *poetical justice* and every-day experience teaches us the same; but in the Rake's Progress the catastrophe is one of so rare occurrence in real life, as to produce no more effect than a bugbear would. It is not in the ordinary course of events that profligates and debauchees become the inhabitants of a mad-house. Such an extreme case is too much like a *deus ex machinâ*, or like one of those harlequinades of retributive justice for which novelists are never at a loss, that at the end of three volumes of distresses, both sentimental and unsentimental, summons, with a hey presto touch, an unexpected fortune to the aid of the hero and his mistress. But the cases herein differ; every one is willing to flatter himself with the same kind of good luck, while no one cares to anticipate for his own lot the not more improbable degree of misfortune. At the same time, we do not affirm that the artist would have done better to omit the Bedlam scene in this series: hardly would it be in



the power of the pencil to furnish a better managed lesson of the kind; yet even what is here so masterly accomplished manifests the inadequacy of the graphic art to do full justice to similar themes. It can do little more than exhibit a few detached episodes in the history of vice: the worst and keenest pangs of all, the wretchedness that masks itself beneath the exterior of gaiety, it cannot set forth to view: for the upbraidings of conscience, on the one hand, or the calm of hardened desperation on the other, it has no lineaments, no colors. On such occasions, therefore, the Horatian maxim becomes utterly inapplicable; for we are far more strongly and vividly affected by the recital of such suffering than by any merely visible expression of it. It is the stage which in this respect can combine the advantages of two distinct arts, and make manifest what neither the canvass nor the pen can perfectly embody. Yet, what the artist-actor—and it is of such alone that we must be supposed to speak—can thus accomplish, by concentrating the powers of two insulated and limited arts, loses in durability of impression the advantage it possesses over them in regard to energy and truth-like precision; as if nature herself intended that this imperfection should preserve a due equilibrium between the dramatic art and the rest. But, that we may not launch out too far into disquisition not immediately connected with our subject, we will return to Hogarth and his commentator—not abruptly, but somewhat after the fashion in which we have lost sight of them; for we cannot refrain from availing ourselves of this opportunity to mention a living artist and his commentator, the former of whom has lately employed his pencil upon a mad-house scene, with no little of Hogarth's best spirit, while the other has illustrated it by his pen with a fulness and minuteness that would be tedious, were it not singularly attractive not only for wit and keenness of remark, but also for the psychological information it contains, and the no less sound than humane philosophy of which it is the vehicle. The painter whom we thus introduce to our readers is Kaulbach, a pupil of the celebrated Cornelius, and his literary interpreter on this occasion is Guido Görres, who has, beyond doubt, looked at Lichtenberg as his model, although he is very far indeed from servilely following him. His humor is of a more serious cast, his satire more earnest, if not more severe; and he even exceeds his prototype in allowing himself to see what the painter could hardly have intended, putting such constructions upon all the details and figures as to render them subservient to the topics he chooses to enlarge upon. Among

those who come in for a share of castigation from his pen is that apostle of irreligion, Heine; nor is Napoleon himself treated with much more ceremony. With regard to what he says of the free-thinker and his doctrines, we shall only observe that it is consolatory to find that morality can, besides being supported by quite as conclusive arguments, be seconded by quite as keen railery, as the most unlicensed and reckless philosophy,

“Where doubt is every thing, and every thing is doubt.”

Instead of speculating on such matters, we proceed to quote what Görres says of Hogarth himself:—

“It is our opinion that, when the actual life from which they are taken is made to express itself in them speakingly, subjects of this stamp re-act upon real life; for, in order to be understood, they require no study, because their truth is obvious to every one, and recalls what the spectator himself has either witnessed or experienced. It was thus that Hogarth's representations acted so powerfully upon his own age, although, with all their inexhaustible richness of sound and shrewd good sense, they do not rise above a certain sphere of mind, and not unfrequently sink lower than the genuine sphere of art.

“Still, however lightly some may effect to hold scenes of this sort, which are taken from this every-day world of ours and from real life; looking upon them as mere *tableaux de genre*, we persist in the idea that, in respect to the scope they afford for the exertion of talent, they are not much inferior to those of the so-called historical painter. How frequently, in fact, does it happen that this latter exhibits to us the most important characters—those who are the representatives of their respective times, and who form, in some degree, so many historical epochs,—in a most insipid and superficial manner—without any adequate power of conception, so that all meaning and interest are totally lost, and all that we behold is some mere matter-of-fact anecdote,—a trivial incident—a detached leaf out of a chronicle, or a book of memoirs! From such manufacture one can learn just as much of the character and tendency of the age supposed to be represented, of the events pretended to be shown, as one could of the councils of a prince and the condition of a people, from the gossiping *on-dits* of a waiting gentleman of the ante-chamber. This may be called the *conversation-piece* style of historical painting. On the other hand, the real historical painter can set forth every-day events in such manner as to form out of them most impressive pictures, full of thought, meaning, and wisdom.”

It was in effecting this that Hogarth showed himself a genuine artist: here lay his strength, his mastery, and that which redeems



his imperfections,—for we do not affect to deny that he had deficiencies—even palpable ones; neither do we dispute that he sometimes “sank below the proper sphere of art” in those subjects which are too much in the nature of emblematical hieroglyphics to possess any pictorial qualities. To those who admire him indiscriminately this may sound almost like detraction, yet we think that, if any one can safely bear to have defects imputed to him that would be almost ruinous to any other reputation, it is Hogarth. Besides it would hardly be serving either his character or the interests of art did we refuse to admit that, in some of his productions, the interest lies chiefly, not so much in what meets the eye as in the meaning which is there typified. In fact, very few of his works present any of those plausible effects and picturesque artifices which are apt to captivate the spectator, although when studied they often discover themselves to be little more than superficial beauties of manner and routine, and but an unsatisfactory amends for the vapidity of the subject itself. If he never rises above ordinary nature in his figures, Hogarth is, at least, faithful to that nature: he does not embellish, but neither does he pervert, truth; wherein he differs *toto calo* from those whose figures are invariably mere *Fratzen* or mawkins—such grotesque libels on the human form and countenance that they can pass for representations of the species *homo*, only because they are not those of any other bipeds. They give us the very abstract and pure ideal of deformity, and the humor set forth in them is about as much akin to that of Hogarth, as the vulgar drollery of bad spelling is to pleasantry and wit. Any one who will condescend to do so may distort drawing, or orthography and orthoëpy; or scribble tavern jokes and facetiæ of that stamp *currente calamo*, whether his calamus be pencil or pen. Were there nothing else in our artist’s works to give assurance of his masterly power in expression,—and many of his figures are “all over” expression,—the countenance of the hero of the *Rake’s Progress*, in the last scene of that tragi-comedy, would stamp him as second to very few in one of the most arduous parts of painting. In regard to this figure an anecdote is related, which shows the high opinion entertained of it by one who, being himself an artist of unusual talent, may be allowed to have been an adequate judge. When Mortimer was applied to, to delineate the Passions as described in Gray’s Ode on Eton College, on coming to the lines,

“And moody Madness laughing wild,  
Amidst severest woe,”

he took this engraving of Hogarth’s from a portfolio and, pointing to the maniac, exclaimed; “Had I not seen this head, I should imagine it next to impossible to express such conflicting emotions of the human mind in one and the same countenance.”

There Hogarth touched the sublime; yet, whenever he took up his pencil to paint what is called history, he was so far from even approaching that quality that he almost invariably touched its very antipode, sinking down to utter bathos. In subjects of that class he could not acquit himself even decently—by no means so well as many, who were decidedly inferior to him in what appear to be the main requisites for success in that particular branch of the art, namely, the power of representing passion and character, and giving perfect verisimilitude of expression. Yet, so far from being unaccountable, when we examine into it, this will appear not particularly extraordinary. Hogarth was endued with powers—with genius—but not with versatility of talent: on the contrary, his talent ran all in a single channel, and that so peculiar a one, that, whenever he essayed a different course, he found himself in a totally foreign element; and, being unaccustomed to paint save from native impulse, he could not catch from the works of others those superficial beauties and resemblances, which dexterous though not original painters can transfer to their own canvass, because they have no urgent ideas of their own to interrupt them. It is not therefore so surprising that Hogarth should have failed, as that he should have made any such attempts; and, setting aside the impolicy of those attempts, these failures reflect no more disgrace upon him than the lame, impotent verses of Cicero do upon the greatest of Roman orators. Although that production is a far greater literary achievement than many a so-called epic poem, we dare say that, had the author of *Tom Jones* attempted anything on a “classic” model, he would utterly have failed, as, notwithstanding his superior comic powers, he failed egregiously in the comic drama. We may doubt, too, whether the pen which has given to the world a *Clementina* and *Clarissa* could have produced even a tolerable tragedy. The most enthusiastic admirers of Hogarth, therefore, need not be put either out of countenance, or into a passion, when his historical performances are sneered at. We at least shall not undertake to ward off from them any ridicule; and to affirm that, being so eminently gifted, Hogarth was or ought to have been eminent in historical painting, would be in itself not a little ridiculous.

The fashionable *Rake* of Hogarth’s day is now become an almost obsolete character;



for, although essentially the same, perhaps more steadily selfish, the modern *roué* is more refined in his taste, if not less coarse in his feelings. He bears about the same relation to his predecessor a century back, as the St. James's Street of the present day to that which forms the back-ground in the scene where the Rake is arrested. Both rakes and gambling-houses are now *Roman-cemented*. A somewhat similar change has likewise taken place, in regard to the Marriage à la Mode of the same period; although differently conducted, the thing itself is as common as ever—indeed it forms the staple of nearly all the novels of every season—the chief difference lying in the greater finesse and diplomacy shown in bringing about the preliminary crisis, and the more philosophic indifference with which subsequent *disagreeables* are endured; consequently the double catastrophe which Hogarth has introduced is of singularly rare occurrence. Even were the actors in it entirely omitted, this series would be curious for the light it throws upon the taste and mode of living then in vogue; both of which appear to have been not a little *dowdyish* even in the upper regions of society. We are not going to write a dissertation upon furniture, yet cannot help remarking that, save for the coroneted canopy, the room in the Earl's house looks no better than some old-fashioned tavern parlor; and that the saloon scene—where, by the by, the scantiness of the carpet is the only symptom of economy in the noble *ménage*,—exhibits still more speakingly the ostentatious trumpery and deformity with which apartments were then fitted up. Notwithstanding, however, what Walpole would have us believe to the contrary, we rather question the painter's strict adherence to truth in these matters; and he has most assuredly transgressed against all probability in one respect, namely, in showing us Lady Squander seated at her breakfast-table in what was the principal reception-room for her company the preceding evening, while the room itself is all in confusion, candles burning down to their sockets in the chandelier, and a yawning servant beginning to put some of the furniture to rights. Then again, would any steward in his senses think of presenting himself with a load of bills and accounts at such a particularly *mal-à-propos* moment? It is true that these very gross inconsistencies are to be ascribed not so much to the artist himself, as to a defect inherent to his art, which is unable to express succession of time in the same picture; he is therefore compelled either to omit altogether much that is requisite for fully conveying his meaning, or else to crowd together and exhibit simultaneously incidents

which can never have so occurred. Still we must not be too rigorous on this head; every art has its conventional licenses which are supposed to be understood and admitted.

In his commentary on this series of pictures, Lichtenberg is not at all behind the painter in aiming sly and home thrusts of satire, particularly in his account of the fifth subject, where the faithless wife is detected by her husband in company with her paramour, at a bagnio; and, as this chapter is strongly marked by his peculiar manner, we cannot resist giving a tolerably long extract from it.

"More cautious than the police, the watchman has placed himself at one end of the detachment, who are seen entering the room,—but very prudently at the tail end, not in front. He neither ventures, nor has he any intention of venturing, further; for he is not their commander, his office being only to enlighten the rest. Accordingly, all that we see of him is his right hand, and his lanthorn, and through the holes in the top of it the light gleams upon the ceiling, and there forms a sort of starry canopy above a throne that will be duly noticed in its proper place. Counsellor Silvertongue, in the mean time, although a conqueror, thinks proper to make a speedy retreat from this reinforcement; for, being learned in the law, he well knows that the portly figure at the door belongs to the *light* troops of an invincible army, namely, the forces of English criminal justice; and he is also aware that the main body is seldom far off when their picket show themselves. His apprehension is not so much occasioned by any dread of their prowess, as by his dislike to the ceremony reserved for a certain officer, who, although generally a person of no consequence, is nevertheless a sufficiently awful personage—I mean Jack Ketch. This is the cause of that extraordinary hurry which induces him to make his exit from the *street-door* of the second story, and, instead of descending by the staircase within-doors, to have recourse to an outer and abbreviated one, the first step of which is the threshold itself, and the second and final one the pavement below. We should remark too, that this flying leap is taken on a cold winter's night; for the chief light proceeds from a fire burning in a chimney grate; and we may also infer that it is windy as well as cold, since the flame of the candle shows that there is a strong draught of air from the window and the door. 'On such a night' it must be particularly disagreeable to be obliged to decamp after such a fashion—with flying colors, and in a thin summer *negligé*. Certainly no conqueror ever left the field less incumbered with booty than Silvertongue is here. And truly a most ridiculous figure does Guilt make, when, thus attired in the garb of Innocence, it exposes to view that *side* of its person, which even Innocence is fain to keep out of sight. This hero's situation is a perilous one



—a flying leap out of an upper window being rather more than a joke at any time! Yet what will a man not do in order to avoid the officious importunities of the myrmidons of the law? He appears, however, to be flinging out something else before himself, probably a pillow, or some article of his wardrobe; and if so, most probably his breeches, they being the most indispensable part of his attire; for had Hogarth intended that he should exhibit himself without them to the passengers in the street, or, in default of passengers, to the guardians of the night, he would doubtless have taken care to exhibit his breeches some where or other without him. Nowhere, however, can we perceive them, although the field is bestrewn with many other articles of dress, that may be considered *pendants* to them,—such as whalebone armor of different kinds, in the form of hoop-petticoats and stays; besides hoods, masks, dancing shoes, and other equipments.

"The further wall is hung with tapestry—whether it be *haute-lisse* or *basse-lisse* cannot be distinguished at such distance—representing the judgment of Solomon, who, although seated on his throne, is not shown in all his glory, since, were it not for his crown, he might very well be taken for a Dutch *skipper*. They who did not know that he once directed the helm of a mighty monarchy would imagine that he had been accustomed to hold that of a collier or herring smack. Neither are the inanimate ornaments of the throne in much better style than the living one; a more dreadfully-depicted than dread-looking lion's head, and a canopy with ten stars embroidered upon it by as many holes in the top of a stable lanthorn—these constitute the grand *whole* or total! Before Solomon stands the mother of the child which is to be divided in two according to the principles of equality; yet, were it not that she appears most earnestly to negative this equitable sentence, she might be taken for its male parent, for both her head and head-dress are so unfeminine—have withal so much of the Jack-tar in them, that we should overlook two trifling inconsistencies, namely, that her drapery is more like that worn by the fair than male sex, and that she seems in a fair way of becoming a mother again very shortly. That the official executor of justice holds his sword in his left hand is no proof, as has been imagined, that the engraving has been reversed from the picture, because Solomon holds his sceptre in his right hand, as we must suppose him to have done; therefore it would be unreasonable to object to the error of a left-handed executioner. I'faith if we were to insist upon reversing the order of things, merely because blundering Justice executes left-handedly the laws which a wise, upright and righteousness government ordains with its right hand, there would be no end of reversing, but we should fairly turn the whole world topsy-turvy.

"Besides this historical composition there are two others which form a singular contrast, one of them the portrait of Moll Flanders,

a lady of Drury Lane celebrity in her day, \* \* \* \* \* the other is the—looking glass. Oh! it was not without a meaning that Hogarth placed this mirror, so that its frame serves also as a frame to the head of the dying husband. \* \* \* \* \* Above the door hangs a third picture, which deserves particular notice: it is that of St. Luke, the well known patron of painters; and also," continues our commentator, after some further remarks, "of a madhouse in London, which is especially set apart for *incurables*; we may therefore presume that he is not introduced here in his capacity of painter, but that he is taking down the names of the three candidates for a place in that institution, for which they are all well qualified. All three have conducted themselves as mad people, and the case of each is a most desperate one.

"Before I conclude, I must suggest a small correction. It is probable that the earl has tracked his faithless spouse and her paramour to this infamous place, armed not only with his sword but a warrant, without which he would not dare take the house by assault, and has further taken the precaution to be accompanied by the officers of justice, who would be useful evidence in establishing the criminality of his wife, and obtaining a divorce. Supposing this to have been his intention, it has been fully accomplished: the *divorce* is already effected, without any of the tedious forms of law, by the instrument that we behold lying across the shadow of the firetongs."

The remark we have already made applies also to these extracts, in which, besides their being somewhat abridged, a rather different turn is occasionally given to the idea, so as to render it more equivalent to the humor of the original, than could be done by a literal version, which in writings of this class is apt to be flat and insipid, unless it be in those few instances where two idioms run so parallel together that the humorous expressions of one answer to those of the other. How far we have actually succeeded in this somewhat delicate task, we must leave those to decide who have the means of comparing the German with our translation of it: but we think we should hardly have satisfied our readers better had we been more precise—ourselves we should have by no means satisfied so well. Although they amount to no more than one or two fragments from a work of some extent, the specimens we have given will, it is hoped, be sufficient to convey some idea of Lichtenberg's peculiar vein of humor, and to support our remarks.

In this Commentary on Hogarth, we may frequently trace a sort of sportive, comic mysticism applied to familiar objects and events; the workings of that subtlety of fancy which, when it takes an opposite direction, leads to that supernaturalism, and not unfrequently to that *unnaturalism*, for



which Germany has been noted. In either case there is a too apparent determination to be mirthful or pathetic for the nonce, and without intermission; and as they originate in the same source, we ought not to be surprised at finding two such very opposite moods carried to an equally extravagant length. This is an error into which Lichtenberg was apt to fall; and hence at times he not only seems too eager to show how much he can make out of the slightest hint for his purpose, but also substitute ideas that we can hardly suppose the artist intended to convey, as they have struck none of his numerous English critics, and continue to be very questionable even when recommended with the utmost plausibility.

This may freely be admitted without at all derogating from Lichtenberg's merit, or the value of his labors in regard to Hogarth. It is easier to pare away redundancies, to lop off superfluities, than to supply deficiencies; and the former, we think, would require to be done, should any one ever undertake to put this German "Commentary" into an English dress. A *rifacimento*, and that confined to the descriptions of the artist's more important productions, could scarcely fail of success; for those who relish Hogarth could hardly be otherwise than satisfied with the congenial tone of Lichtenberg's explanations. There is certainly no reason to suppose that Hogarth himself has gone out of fashion—never can he go out of date,—for within the last two or three years not fewer than as many publications with miniature copies of his engravings have appeared, and a series of impressions from the original plates is now in the course of publication. It is by these last alone that he can be fairly appreciated, for his spirit is of so subtle a nature, that much of it must necessarily be lost by even the most careful transfusion—what then can possibly be retained, when it is attempted to pour it into abridged copies? Such imitations may be executed very neatly, and look exceedingly pretty, but Hogarth is not the man whose works can show to advantage by being *prettified*. When the scale is so reduced, however faithfully the generalities and leading features of the subject may be preserved, nearly all the minor, but least characteristic traits, all the rich *by-play* of his scenes are lost; and, though the other ingredients may be retained, the seasoning which gives a piquancy to the whole is necessarily omitted.

Perhaps it will be thought, that we have just been recommending that his commentator should be treated pretty nearly after the same fashion;—quite the reverse: had we suggested a mere abridgment, a dry sum-

mary, of his descriptions, the case would have been parallel; whereas, so far from doing this, we only advise that what is least interesting should be trimmed away, and that one or two rather exceptionable things should be omitted, after which there would remain enough to serve up, along with the *plates* of Hogarth, a well seasoned and not unseasonable *dish* of Lichtenberg.

ART. III.—1. *I Monumenti dell' Egitto e della Nubia disegnati della Spedizione scientifico-letteraria Toscana in Egitto; distribuiti in ordine di materie, interpretati ed illustrati dal Dottore Ippolito Rossellini, Direttore della Spedizione, &c. Parte Prima. Monumenti Storici.* Tom. I. Pisa, 1832; in 8vo., with an Atlas and 30 Plates, large folio.

2. *Pantheon Egyptien: Collection des Personnages Mythologiques de l' Ancienne Egypte, d'après les Monuments; avec un texte explicatif* par M. J. F. Champollion le Jeune; et les figures d'après les dessins de M. L. J. J. Dubois. 15<sup>ème</sup> Livraison. Paris. 1825.

3. *Materia Hieroglyphica; containing the Egyptian Pantheon, and the Succession of the Pharaohs from the earliest times to the Conquest of Alexander; with Plates and Notes, explanatory of the same.* By J. G. Wilkinson, Esq. Malta, 1828. Accompanied by a Vocabulary and Appendix.

It is with some satisfaction that, in resuming the consideration of the antiquities of Egypt, we can refer our readers to two successive Articles which have appeared on the same subject in the pages of this Review. The first will be found in Number VIII., the second in Number XXIV. Our satisfaction arises from the circumstance that we are thus relieved from the necessity of undertaking any preliminary inquiries into the problematical points connected with the antiquities of Egypt, but especially of its chronology. The advantage of the relief consists in this, that we can introduce our readers at once *in medias res*. Whatever the subject may comprehend of novelty, of amusement, or of information, may at once be laid before them. This will be no slight advantage for the general reader, who is often deterred by the initiatory difficulties and dry investigations requisite to clear our pathway in entering the real field and exhibiting the unobstructed prospects of the subject. It will be an advantage equally to ourselves and to the reader. Instead of beating about



in feeble efforts to raise our wings above the ground, and to disentangle ourselves from the matted underwood which pedantry has accumulated round the subject, we may at once rise into mid-air, and enjoy the unimpeded sweep of our pinions in expatiating on all that has been accomplished, and on all that remains to be accomplished in this department of human knowledge. Quite enough has been said with reference to the past, in describing the progressive steps by which we have reached our present information. But a summary recapitulation of its amount is advisable. It may at once, therefore, be briefly stated that, through Young, Champollion, Wilkinson, Felix, and Klaproth, we possess a sufficiently well-ascertained implement in the *Phonetic* alphabet for interpreting the names employed in the Egyptian inscriptions. The Rev. Mr. Tatum's projected Dictionary promises to throw an equal light on the common or *Demotic* language (whether oral or written) of Egypt. We have made a very extensive progress in our knowledge of the symbols constituting the *Hieroglyphic*, and a still more extensive progress in our knowledge of the *Hieratic*, or the conventional, language employed by the priests, in which the grammatical forms of speech appear to have been expressed Phonetically,—in other words, by means of the alphabetical representatives of sound. We have been enabled by means of these various discoveries to obtain a tolerable knowledge of the real mythology of the Egyptians, and to comprehend the gods and goddesses of Egypt within the precincts of an intelligible Pantheon. We have been enabled to correct the visionary opinions entertained by many learned men respecting the inordinately remote date at which Egyptian society was previously supposed to have begun. We have been enabled, with more or less incompleteness of detail, but with tolerable certainty in the main, to obtain a more correct view than hitherto of the entire succession of the Pharaohs and Kings of Egypt, from the remotest ages of the monarchy down to the Christian era. We have been enabled to throw light on interesting periods of that long interval, hitherto apparently involved in impenetrable darkness. We have been enabled to corroborate the testimonies of less doubtful history, and to clear up and explain many questions of learned discussion, affecting events of the greatest importance in the history of the human race. In one respect, the spirit of modern discovery in Egypt has effected a still greater conquest over historical difficulties previously supposed to be insurmountable. It may be said with regard to one long and important interval in the

history of the human race, that it has re-deemed or created a new historic page. It in fact renders us as familiar with one of the most splendid and most interesting eras of early Egyptian history,—embracing a period of about three hundred years,—as we are with the history of any other people whatever, not excepting that of modern and contemporary nations.

This is a startling assertion to make; but we are assured that a well instructed reference to Rossellini's great work, which constitutes our principal text, and now in the act of being published,—(for it has not yet appeared before the public in a complete form,)—will bear us fully out in the allegation we have just emphatically made, that we now possess for the first time a new page in history. The principal merit of this triumph belongs to Rossellini. Some of his learned predecessors have sketched the outline, but to him belongs the merit of filling up the details. We allude, especially, to the complete *materials of a history*, which he supplies, of that magnificent race of sovereigns, entitled the eighteenth dynasty. With them, as it has been demonstrated in our preceding paper (No. XXIV.), civilized society may be said to have originated on the wreck of the Cyclopean or pastoral community; and during their dynasty all the most momentous events connected with the human race appear to have occurred. To their dynasty, either at its origin or during its progress, may be traced the greatest events which concern our social well-being at this very day—the establishment of judicial, legislative, and fiscal departments of government may be assigned to it—the first form of taxation on the land, which seems to have been the same as that which exists at this day in India—the establishment of religious institutions, in which church and state were inherently united—the establishment of an organized army and navy—and of the whole frame-work of political mechanism necessary to give motion, steadiness, and permanence to the social machine.

It was during this dynasty that three peculiar classes of colonization took place throughout the world: 1st, by the expulsion of the Shepherds, whether called Titans, Cyclopeans, Pelasgians, or "*Wandering Architects*" in the old world—and, perhaps, we may add Tulteques, or "*Wandering Architects*," in the new. The republican forms of government of the great pastoral community, as Aristotle proves in his history of all the first republics, clearly assignable to this extraordinary race, and generally embracing a community of goods, were disseminated throughout the world wherever



their wanderings led. These people carried with them in their wanderings all the favorite forms of the Pastoral or Cyclopean architecture—pyramids, gateways, triangular or graduated arches without the key-stone, cellular cairns, unsculptured initiatory caverns, irregular courses of colossal masonry, cylindric columns, and rock-built fortresses, which, wherever they are found, attest their presence. These were superseded in Egypt by the more magnificent forms, costly embellishments, and tasteful refinements of the inscribed temples and palaces of the eighteenth dynasty of monarchs who expelled them. 2d. It was during their dynasty that the Hebrew nation, existing to this day as it were by a standing miracle, were also expelled from Egypt, and began their task of unfolding the long unfinished roll of their own and of the earth's destinies. 3d. It was during the dynasty of these same kings that the first colonization of Greece took place by means of the forced expulsion of the Argive family, or by the voluntary expatriation of the Athenian. Three steps in a direct line lead us from Athens, the mother of arts, of laws, and of arms, through Rome, to the institutions of England, and to all and every of the advantages and blessings which we possess of fully developed civilization. All these results may be traced to the eighteenth dynasty of Egyptian kings, of whom, as by another miracle, after an interval of 3000 years, Rossellini supplies us with details not less accurate and ample in most respects, but more accurate and ample in some respects, than those we possess of the Plantagenet dynasty of this country, or the Capetian line of France.

The sublime and magnificent monuments, erected by this ancient race of monarchs on the plain embraced by "Hundred-gated Thebes," attest to this day their taste, their ambition, their wealth, and their power. They suggest ideas of the works of fabled enchanters rather than of ordinary human beings. It was on that myriad-columned plain, beneath its gorgeous archways and gigantic colonnades, that Champollion, in the excited language of astonishment, exclaimed, "These porticoes must be the work of men one hundred feet in height! Imagination sinks abashed at the foot of the 140 columns of the hypostyle hall of Karnac." It was there that Belzoni, filled with the fervor of dreamy enthusiasm, which, as he says, raised him above the petty cares of mortality, pronounced his joyful *eureka*, and exclaimed, "I have at least lived one day."

"It appeared to me," he added, "like entering a city of giants, who, after a long conflict, were all destroyed, leaving the ruins of

their various temples as the only proofs of their former existence." One brief passage will depict the architectural ambition of these great monarchs. Our well-known column called "the Monument" has been deemed a wonder. The great hall of Karnac was supported by 140 columns, most of the same diameter, and some of two-thirds the height of that "Monument." Rossellini's illustrations prove that imagination itself has scarcely invested this line of potentates with attributes of too surprising a character. One great proof of their genius is very obvious: the knowledge which they possessed, or shared with the priestly architects who acted with them, though in some respects inferior to our own, was in other respects greater than what our boasted spirit of philosophical discovery has effected.

We do not concur in all the ingenious evidences brought forward by Sir William Drummond, respecting the practical information in the whole circuit of art and science which he assigns to "Egyptian wisdom." Many of his allegations, however, are borne out by Rossellini's visible testimonies of the practical knowledge possessed at the era under review. We have the proof that they not only made glass, as he surmised, when speaking of the supposed telescopes of the ancients, but *stained* and gilded it in imitation of precious stones. Neither are we rashly impelled, by the fact of the inadequacy of modern mechanical knowledge to raise and locate the enormous masses of masonry employed in building their temples, to jump at the conclusion, as has been done, that the power of steam was known to the Egyptian sages; and that there is no other way of accounting for the effectual operation of the three banks of oars employed in vessels carrying a larger complement of men than our men of war. We are not even induced to adopt the conclusion, by the obvious appearance of wheels, pulleys, paddles, and machine-cases, which, on the monuments, appear somewhat unintelligibly attached to the Egyptian vessels of war. It is, we grant, difficult to account for the apparently gratuitous exaggeration of Homer, respecting the Phœnician ship which conveyed Ulysses to Ithaca having a self-motive power, impelling it towards its destination without the aid of seamen, oars or sails, unless he had seen some such vessels during his travels in the land of Egyptian science, or elsewhere. His description would certainly apply to a steam-vessel. This, however, is certain; Rossellini proves that, so far from making any extraordinary advance in the arts contributing to the splendor or the comfort of society, we have yet to re-



cover the *artes perditæ*, known to the Pharaohs of the dynasty to which we refer, or to their associated universities of learned men. There are many effects of art which the Egyptians at this time produced, and which we are not capable of accomplishing. Some rest on contemporary evidence; others are demonstrated by the palpable evidence brought before our eyes by Rossellini. We see the sculptors in the act of cutting the inscriptions on the granite obelisks and tablets; we see a pictural copy of the chisels and tools with which this operation was performed. But our tools would not cut this stone with the precision of outline which the inscriptions retain to the present day. Setting aside the *lost art* of hardening copper implements and instruments of war, what means had the Egyptians of hardening their iron or steel implements for the purposes in question? We have at all events lost this art. The same arguments may apply to some of their cameos and intaglios, with this addition, which confirms the preceding astronomical inference, that the minute delicacy of their details could only be effected by means of a microscope. We could not produce them without its aid. Other "*lost arts*" in metallurgy may be evidenced by the well-known fact that the Hebrew legislator inferentially ascribes to the Egyptian chemists the art of making gold liquid, and of retaining it in that state. This we have not the power to do. The productions of the goldsmiths and silversmiths of Thebes are exhibited by Rossellini, and they fully demonstrate the high pitch of refinement to which they had brought the working of the precious metals. Rossellini exhibits gold and silver tureens, urns, vases, banqueting cups, &c. of the most exquisitely beautiful workmanship, and tasteful as well as magnificent forms. In surveying them, the classical reader will be convinced that Homer drew little on his imagination in describing the gift of plate made to Helen by the wife of the Egyptian king Thone—possibly one of this very eighteenth dynasty, or a contemporary sovereign. But Homer ascribes still more extraordinary wonders to the goldsmiths of the same time; they must have succeeded in uniting the most skilful mechanical clock-work with the workmanship of gold; for he describes golden statues, thrones, and footstools, moving about as if instinct with life. We could effect this result at the present day; but at all events it demonstrates that we have not made much progress in the art of working gold since the magnificent Egyptian era, of which Rossellini gives the most striking and minute details.

It is a triumphant evidence of the exquisite taste of this line of monarchs to which we refer, that we have made little, perhaps no improvement on the forms of the vases and vessels to which we refer, and that an Egyptian buffet or sideboard with all its details, not excluding dishes, plates, knives, and spoons, near 4000 years ago, bore striking resemblance to the sideboards of our modern palaces and villas. The hunting cups were embellished as at present with heads of the animals of the chase; but the banqueting urns, instead of being supported by the forms of vanquished Carians, *i. e.* Cariatides, as at Athens, are supported by the forms of vanquished Bactrian, Chaldean, Scythian, or Ethiopian kings.

That the monarchs of the eighteenth dynasty invented all the magnificent forms of architecture, required no additional proof from Rossellini. Eusebius contemptuously told Ptolemy that Manetho "*lied*" in his imaginary history of the first fifteen dynasties, and of the seven gods who preceded them, and who existed only in his own brain. We believe the allegation to have been perfectly correct; all the monuments prove it; and the Stone of Abydos more especially; the biblical history confirms it. There are no evidences before the 18th dynasty (with some slight exceptions not worth special consideration) of any inscribed temples of the grand architectural form peculiar to Egypt. It is in co-operation with the Hebrew chronology that the Stone of Abydos must be looked to. If looked to without that aid,—if looked to with the *patronizing* pretensiveness of giving time to revelation by forcing back dates for the peopling of the world, between the interval from Peleg, (contemporary with Menes, the first Egyptian king,) in whose time colonization first took place, to the pastoral irruption,—it would involve us in a labyrinth of inextricable absurdity. Every political economist and physiologist knows perfectly that there was ample time,—and America will prove it at once,—not only to produce the alleged amount of population in the world at the time when the second great era of colonization took place by the expulsion of the shepherds,—not only to people the world in the parsimonious manner which the opening history of every nation evinces,—but, if wars and natural evils did not diminish or obstruct multiplication, as much as it was peopled at the Christian era. It is only requisite to understand arithmetical progression to be sensible of this truth, and we shall abstain from urging it any further, considering it sufficiently demonstrated by a former article in our twenty-fourth Number.



To return, therefore, to the eighteenth dynasty. Our readers will perceive that we look at its epoch with an eye to the biblical chronology. We consider the proof ample and sufficient that the second line of eighteen ovals, returning from the last to the seventh, embraces the kings of the eighteenth dynasty. The six preceding ones are more doubtful; they were possibly either the six pastoral kings whom the eighteenth dynasty expelled, viz. Salatis, Bæon, Aphis, Apachis, Janias and Arcles; or the six contemporary Egyptian kings, who maintained a collateral shadow of their authority after their flight into Nubia. According to very probable tradition,—considering that we are referring to a Cyclopean era,—it was the first of these shepherds, Salatis, who built the great pyramid. All the other monumental records of this time are imperfect and indistinct, as they might naturally be expected to be. This intelligible view leaves the first line of ovals on the Abydos stone, and which is in a very imperfect state, to Menes, the Misraim of Scripture, and his immediate seven or eight descendants; and to those seven imaginary personages whom Eusebius charges Manetho with “lying” in calling gods, but who become admissible links in this perspicuous genealogical chain, if we conceive them to be the seven antediluvian patriarchs of the line of Cain, who, with the first Osiris (Adam), would precisely fill up all the oval *hiatuses* of this extraordinary monument. Osiris, Typhon, Horus, Vulcan, Anubis, Apollo, Ammon, are among the names of the gods supposed to have preceded Menes; and the learned reader, in looking at the imperfect titles of the first line of the tablet of Abydos, will, we think, see among them some of the titular symbols of these very gods. But we throw out this hint merely as conjectural; we neither consider it proved, nor necessary, as far as our theory is concerned, to be proved. All we consider proved is, that everything is vague respecting the monumental and architectural antiquities of Egypt, until the era of the founder of the eighteenth dynasty, called Amosis by the chronologies, and whose titular oval stands seventh on the second line of the Stone of Abydos. From that time the strongest ray of light is poured upon Egyptian history; so much so—and we shall show that Rossellini proves it—that we may safely repeat the emphatic phrase which we before applied to his successors in the eighteenth dynasty, that we are enabled by means of recent discoveries to know not less of them (in some respects more) than we know of our own Plantagenets.

We shall return, therefore, at once to Rossellini, and to orderly series of eviden-

ces which he produces to substantiate this startling proposition. And first to the point whence we diverged; namely, the invention of architectural forms. No architect, we believe, refuses to admit that he will find the type or the germ of every architectural order among the colonades and porticoes which cover the plain of Thebes or line the banks of the Nile. Rossellini proves, as Belzoni had, indeed, before demonstrated by drawings, that these kings were familiar with the arch. This they must have invented, since every tyro knows the cumbrous substitute for the arch employed by the Cyclopeans, whom they succeeded. One reservation respecting the invention of the Doric column, was, indeed, made in favor of the Athenian colonists from Egypt; but that reservation can no longer be maintained; for Rossellini exhibits Doric columns constituting the porticoes of tombs which are clearly traceable to the same extraordinary era. The Etruscan vases and the Greek scroll ornament are equally recognised by Rossellini to Egyptian invention. It is probable that the Cyclopean shepherds merely used an unornamented cylinder for supporting roofs—like those at the palace of Mitzlan in South America, a monument ascribed by the Indians, as it was usual with all nations with regard to Cyclopean monuments, to the giants, to the “*Wandering Masons*,” or to the Tultecans, who preceded the Mexicans. Some of their cylindric pillars, indeed, remain in Ireland, Palestine, and other parts of the world, to the present day.

But there is a more singular proof of the inventive genius of the race of kings, who according to our view, founded social order and civilization on the wreck of the pastoral community “of goods.” Not the slightest improvement has been made in the tasteful forms of their household furniture down to the present day. A curious inference grows out of this fact, the truth of which any of our readers will at once admit by throwing a glance on the superb chairs, couches, sofas, footstools, tables, and buffets, exhibited by Rossellini. It is this—that the luxurious custom of squatting on ottomans, which now prevails over the East, and of dining inconveniently from trays placed on a low stool, is a much later invention. The Egyptians of the remote age in question evidently sat as the Europeans now do, and employed their tables in the same masculine manner, avoiding the effeminately recumbent position employed by the Romans at their dinners. Rossellini adds to this information the still more curious exhibition of all the details of an Egyptian upholsterer’s workshop, between three and four thousand years ago. We



see all the forms of household furniture under the progressive operations of the workman's hand; the cutting and turning implements by which the were made; the joining and glueing of the parts; and the acts of polishing them, when complete, with pumice-stone, or of gilding and adorning them with stuffed silken cushions like the modern. This exhibition of the details of an Egyptian upholsterer's workshop is only a counterpart of the details supplied by Rossellini of all the other trades and manufactures of Egypt, and which, in all cases, possess the same minutely accurate and curiously attractive character. Our space and the necessity of touching, before we conclude, other more important contemplations and more serious associations, preclude us from following up this sketch of the art and trade of Egyptian upholstery by an equally succinct and interesting account of all the various trades and processes of manufacture which existed in Egypt 1800 years before the Christian era. For all the information necessary to complete the subject in a picturally descriptive point of view, we must refer our readers to the arranged series of the trades and manufactures of Egypt, as set forth in Rossellini's illustrations. We have no hesitation in declaring that, not only a very interesting, but a very accurate work on "Egyptian trades and manufactures," at the era we speak of, might be derived from the materials furnished by Rossellini.

After our enumeration of some of the early arts, including the *artes perditæ*, of ancient Egypt, our readers may have been tempted, naturally, to exclaim, "There is nothing new under the sun." But the exclamation would be still more justifiable and appropriate after a complete survey of the trades and manufactures of Egypt; for the greater part of them exhibit the same tools, implements, and processes, as are employed in our workshops and manufactories of the present day. The whole process of manufacturing silk and cotton, with all its details of reeling, carding, weaving, dyeing, and *patterning*, may be more especially named. Another interesting publication might derive the superior accuracy and authenticity of its materials from the pictural narrative brought by Rossellini before the evidence of the eye. We mean "*A natural history of the birds and fishes of Egypt*." The natural histories of Aristotle, Pliny, and indeed of more accurate modern philosophers, might fail in imparting to the inquirer the narrative delineations of the writer. All oral or written description must, from the nature of things, be accompanied by indefiniteness and vagueness. Not so the pictural descriptions given

in colored imitation of the natural object by the Egyptian naturalists, and rendered complete by inscriptions, recording the name and physical properties of the object—in some cases, without a doubt, the genus and the class.

These materials for a history of ancient Egypt under the 18th dynasty are made still more complete—we may say perfectly complete—by other illustrations of Rossellini, which establish a claim to that unquestionable veracity and fidelity which can be predicated of no other history but a pictural one. Almost all the social customs and amusements, religious, military, or judicial, public or domestic, royal or plebeian, of the Egyptian people, during the splendid era to which we are referring—some even of the *school-boy* and vulgar amusements—are singularly in concurrence with those of the present day. The dogs employed in coursing are coupled like those of the present day, which they, as well as the hounds employed in hunting, resemble, with some slight exceptions in apparently lost varieties, as to form and color. All the gorgeous details of the haughty courts of the Pharaohs, of which we merely obtain glimpses in the Bible, are brought before us with the vivid efficacy of some phantasmagoric exhibition of departed things and persons. We see the portrait of the Pharaoh who received and elevated Joseph as his prime minister, given with the accuracy of a profile of William IV. We see, with the same accuracy, in all the colored varieties of court costume, and accompanied by all the picturesque or grotesque insignia of ancient office, the wives, the daughters, the princes, the generals, the pontiffs, not only of this prince, separated from us by so vast a chronological chasm, but of all his immediate successors up to the culminating point of the dynasty's ambitious magnificence, which terminated with the great Sesostris. We see the portrait of that prince a hundred times repeated, and we are made not only more familiar with it than with any of the dubious portraits of the other conquerors of antiquity, but as familiar with it as with the portraits of Napoleon, Wellington, or Nelson. We see, in the same phantasmagorical procession of defunct sovereigns,—although we consider the proof not made out as to the identical sovereign,—the accurately delineated portrait of that arrogant Pharaoh, who, relying on his own autocracy, dared to oppose his own decisions to those of the Almighty—to oppose the natural magic, or philosophical conquests over matter obtained by his priestly monasteries and scientific colleges, against the miracles of God's vicegerent—to pursue his chosen people through the opening Red



Sea, and to display his audacious banner, thus singularly preserved and displayed before us on the Stone of Abydos, amidst the ominous radiance of the fiery column which guided and protected the flying Israelites. The celebrated wars, in all their remote but most romantic details, of Rameses Sesostris, are also brought before us. Some of these details are imperfectly, up to the present time, supplied by Rossellini's unfinished work—but the deficiencies are amply filled up by other recent authors on Egypt,—by Hamilton, Wilkinson, Belzoni, Felix, Head, and by the great work of the French scientific mission, the *Antiquités d'Égypte*; while a full description of the historical tablets representing these wars is supplied by Champollion in his *Lettres*, with a combined minuteness and perspicuity rivalling a modern bulletin or gazette.

But we hasten from the historical details elucidated by the triumphs of recent antiquarian discovery in Egypt, considering that, however interesting and important they may be, they are of subordinate interest and inferior importance to another view growing out of the entire subject, and to a consideration of which we mean to devote the remaining portion of this paper. We mean the striking illustrations and corroborations of Scripture supplied by Egyptian discovery generally, but more particularly by the most recent illustrations of Rossellini. Our readers are sufficiently familiar, doubtless, with the history of Josephus, wherein he corroborates and illustrates the details of Manetho respecting the various events which linked the biblical history of the Jews with that of the Pharaohs of the 18th dynasty; and the matter has been so repeatedly and so amply discussed by the whole body of Egyptographers, that a mere reference to the account of Josephus, embodying that of Manetho, might appear sufficient as a starting point for the comments we are about to make. A summary of its more remarkable features may, however, for the convenience of our readers, be here comprised in a few lines.

Manetho's statement is that, from the commencement of the Egyptian Genesis to the time of Alexander, thirty-one dynasties reigned in Egypt. But the first fifteen of these are composed of the *Auritæ*, the gods and demi-gods of Egypt. These fifteen are they which Eusebius asserts to be false, and which, as we have shown, may be, under one aspect, pronounced so. These *Auritæ* and demi-gods, to our view, are the antediluvian and postdiluvian patriarchs, to the time of Peleg or Menes, who was contemporary with him, with whom they agree in number. They are called generations, because the

ages of those patriarchs were in fact generations, and these fifteen generations, or patriarchs, who with their Pagan contemporaries naturally constituted the greater and minor paternal gods of the ancients, filled up according to the same theory, the first fifteen imperfect ovals on the stone of Abydos. This view has the merit of perspicuous simplicity, because it leaves a sufficient number of ovals vacant from Menes to the sixteenth dynasty, with which Manetho's real history of human kings begins; for the kings of that dynasty down to Timæus, under whom the great pastoral irruption took place; for the six ovals of the pastoral kings constituting the seventeenth dynasty: leaving the ovals universally admitted by all learned men who have hitherto touched upon the subject to be those of the eighteenth dynasty complete in every part of their location. That is to say, the dynasty begins with the beetle, which Thothmos (whom Josephus, confirming Manetho, asserts to have expelled the shepherds,) appears to have taken for his heraldic device upon his banners, his shield, and his signet-rings: and this beetle, apparently used once before by Timæus, becomes the favorite device and chief component in the titles of four of his descendants in succession. Thus looked at, the theory and frame-work of Manetho's history becomes intelligible and credible. We shall briefly, as before, touch upon the remaining biblical facts and eras, to which, in conjunction with Josephus, it refers, before we recapitulate, with equal brevity, the corroborative proofs which Rossellini and other discoverers have brought to bear on the testimony of both.

It is to be inferred from both, that it was during the time of the Shepherds, and during the collateral reign of the Pharaoh Osortasen, one of the expelled native princes and the founder of the oldest obelisk extant on the site of ancient Heliopolis, that Abraham was in Egypt. This would give the date of B. C. 1846; as Peleg's colonisation, contemporary with that of Menes, would give B. C. 2227 as the date of the foundation of the Egyptian monarchy. It is again to be inferred from both, that the Shepherds being expelled after a dynasty of 260 years by the Pharaoh Thothmos, it was during the splendid reign of his successor Amenoph that the viceroyship of Joseph and the settlement of the Hebrew colony in Egypt took place; and that it was during the course of the reigns of the same dynasty, the 18th, that the departure of the Israelites under Moses, called *Osarsiph*, a priest of Heliopolis, by Manetho, indisputably occurred; under which king does not, as we have said before, appear to be clearly established. The era of



the famous Mæris, the 10th of them, is demonstrably fixed at B. C. 1325. We submit the combined testimony of Manetho and Josephus, because they are corroborated by the pictural narrative of the monuments recently discovered. According to the testimony of Manetho, the shepherd kings, on their expulsion, marched by the way of the Wilderness into Judæa, and there built a city called Jerusalem,—an evident confusion of two eras, and two people of the same pastoral origin! The historian afterwards introduces us to another race of the same people afflicted with leprosy, amounting in number to 800,000, and put to labor in the stone quarries on the eastern side of the Nile. He then proceeds with the following extraordinary narrative:—Pharaoh being plied with petitions in behalf of these people for some place of safe and easy retreat, they pitched upon Avaris, the seat of the former Shepherds. [This is evidently the land of Rameses or Goshen, embraced within the semi-circular circuit of the old canal of the Pharaohs from Heliopolis to the Red Sea, and still partly extant.] The prince granted them this boon, and no sooner were they settled in it, than, finding it a commodious spot for rebellion, they listed themselves under Osarsiph, a priest of Heliopolis, and took an oath of fidelity to him.

Here Osarsiph is obviously the Phonetic designation of the word Joseph, the title *Sar*, prince or lord, being embodied with it. The two great Jewish leaders are confounded—and Joseph is called a priest of Heliopolis or On, by a substitution of his function for that of his father-in-law. But Manetho adds that this priest, changing his religion, changed his name to Moses. The oath above stated was, that they should abstain from any of the meats which the Egyptians accounted holy, and not worship any of the Egyptian gods. Here the corroborative passage of Genesis chapter 43, verse 32, will naturally occur to the reader. Manetho proceeds to state, that this revolting leprous people called in the aid of the expelled Shepherds from Jerusalem, (a tribe of the same nation as themselves.) The allies committed greater ravages than before; so that Amenophis, the king, took shipping and fled into Ethiopia. But he returned after a certain interval (thirteen years) with his son Rameses—routed the allied shepherd kings and the shepherd lepers, and drove them with great slaughter into Syria.

We need not insist upon the striking analogies of biblical and profane evidence in the above passage. We shall confine ourselves to the statement of one inference and two facts. 1st. Religious rites and the distinc-

tion of food into clean and unclean, which did not exist in the time of Osortasen and Abraham, who both *had cattle*, and apparently worshipped the same god, as evidently existed in the time of Amenoph and Joseph; as appears from the Scriptural history of the Egyptians and Joseph and his brethren dining at different tables. 2d. The agreement of both profane and sacred history with the evidencies of the monuments, that “every shepherd was an abomination to the Egyptians.” 3d. That the profane accounts perfectly concur with the extant Egyptian monuments in showing that the Egyptian rulers, like other rulers of modern times, gave a falsified and favorable gloss to what may be called their pictural bulleting of the real history of the Hebrew Exodus. But the extant monuments fully bear out the authenticity of Manetho. He gave the account of the Exodus just as he found it picturally recorded. The pictural records, from which he copied, are in fact preserved and brought before our eyes. In those records the Jews are evidently described, as he relates, in a state of armed insurrection against a monarch bearing the name of Rameses. They are seen entrenching themselves against his armies by cutting down trees—and finally entering into a contract with him. We have hinted before our exclusive assumption, that it was under the first Pharaoh, named Rameses, that the Exodus took place; inasmuch as before that event the captive Jews are employed in building a treasure-city called by his name; the land they occupied also was called by his name. Josephus, commenting on Manetho, who, for the reason we have above stated, is silent as to the Egyptian humiliation of the Exodus, states that it happened under another Thothmos (namely, the 4th), and very correctly intimated by the 4th titular beetle on the Stone of Abydos. But we should seek him, for the reason we have stated, in the first Rameses of the monuments. This Rameses is the king called otherwise Armais—but by the Greeks Danaus; his titular oval is the last but one on the Rosetta stone. He follows immediately the tenant of Belzoni’s tomb, whom we, for the first time, assert to be Petamon, defying any of the Phonetic translators to give him any other name; and he immediately precedes the last oval attributed at first by Champollion to Rameses-Sesostris, but to which we, supported by Champollion’s subsequent recantation, and the assent of the majority of Egyptographers, assign to Rameses the Second, named Me-Amon, who preceded by three descents the great Rameses-Sesostris, and who, as Sesooses or Sethos, commences the 19th dy-



nasty. And here we may add our belief, that further Phonetic discovery will ascertain that the name Sethos was added on the titular oval to the name Rameses, being in certain *cabalistical* cases interpreted both Phonetically and titularly. Of course this view would accurately fix the era of Armais or Danaus, the last but one of the 18th dynasty, and the last oval but one on the Stone of Abydos,—making it concurrent with the era assigned by the Hebrew chronology to the Exodus. Some additional considerations bear out this view.

Our readers will recollect the ingenious and learned theory of Whiston, with which several splendid names in literature, and among the rest Warburton, have concurred, that the great Rameses-Sesostris himself—the first and only Rameses of any note, according to Tacitus, was the Pharaoh who pursued the Israelites into the Red Sea. It may be further stated, that Champollion hesitated whether he should not give the last titular oval but one on the Stone of Abydos to this great conqueror. There are certainly some points in the known history of Sesostris, especially the inglorious conclusion of his reign, and the allegation that he was struck with blindness, which impart color to this view: but, these inferences being conjectural, we shall exclude them at once from further consideration. There are, in fact, stronger circumstances in the history of Armais or Danaus, which bear out our inference, that he was the Pharaoh of the Exodus. He was expelled and succeeded, as the Stone of Abydos shows, by a Rameses, (the Rameses Belus of the historians,) who came from an eastern country, like Memnon or Ismenides, the founder of the Memnonium. Me-Amon is evidently the same name, though the mark of the genitive *n* (beloved of Ammon) is dropped, as in the case of Mœra or Menophra. He would naturally be liable to the Hebrew allegation, that he knew not Joseph. Now Armais, the Greek Danaus, is stated to be his brother. The whole narrative of his expulsion is accompanied by Arkite symbols (and the narrative extends to his daughter Danae, and to her great redeemer Perseus,\*) which record the drowning of some Egyptian prince.

Many striking corroborations of this view might be added, but our remaining space warns us to desist, and we leave the prosecution of the suggestion to learned leisure—merely remarking, that some diluvial action

of the Red Sea, under the name of Typhon, who is recorded to have perished by the stroke of a thunderbolt almost at the point where the Israelites entered it, is clearly traceable to this period. This is certain, that all the recently discovered Egyptian monuments,—and the Stone of Abydos inferentially among the rest,—point clearly to some mysterious and humiliating event connected with the era to which we refer. Petamon, who immediately preceded Armais, and whose noble and handsome portrait Rossellini gives, had, beyond a doubt, a brother, holding insurgent or divided empire at Karnac; both being called Petamon, but one distinguished by the symbol of his patron-god Osiris, the other of his patron-god Ammon. These are the two kings whom Champollion gratuitously and absurdly calls Mandonei and Osirei. Nothing, in fact, was ever more clear in the Phonetic language than their name;—subsequently one of the most common names in Egypt. Now the mark of some flagrant disgrace is evidently inflicted on one of these brothers, who appears to have been at war with, or expelled, by the other. A universal decree of the priestly colleges and of the nation seems to have aimed at obliterating the name of the one characterized by the symbol of Osiris from the list of Egyptian Pharaohs. The obliteration of his titular oval is effected with so much pertinacity, wherever it is found, that no one can doubt that he was adjudged either to have suffered some great misfortune, or to have committed some great offence against the Egyptian theocracy and people. Perhaps the obliteration of his patron-saint or god might be intended to convey, by the short-hand of Egyptian record, that his god had deserted him, that god being, also, the symbol of a death by deluge, and that he himself was obliterated from the book of life. We have stated the facts, and shall not pursue the inferences from them any further, that we may have space for more important commentary.

This is chiefly suggested by the illustrations in the most recently published *livraisons* of Rossellini's great work, which constitutes one of the texts of our present article. Besides the portraits of the successive kings of the 18th dynasty, thus brought into *alto relievo* by their striking association with biblical records, and by their demonstrated connection with the greatest events that have occurred in the history of the great family of mankind—an equally complete series of the portraits of the kings of Egypt who succeeded them, whether Pharaohs or Ptolemies, down to the termination of the last line, is given by Rossellini. The series of the kings from Psammetichus downwards is interesting on several

\* Might not his symbolic attributes, the winged horse and "sore and great sword," (see Isaiah, xxvii. 1.), and the Arkite symbols connected with them, represent the fire and cloud which led and redeemed the Jewish ark?



accounts, because chronology and contemporary history are no longer at variance during this period, and because it confirms the great mass of what is true, while it corrects the minor details which were either vague or fallacious, in their associated evidence. The portraits of the line of the Ptolemies are remarkable for the approach to the Greek *beau-ideal* which they exhibit, though varied in many cases by the varied distinctions of physiognomical expression—in which the physiognomist will be tempted to discern testimonials of the moral and intellectual qualities which history has assigned to them. This portrait gallery of the later Egyptian monarchs is rendered curiously attractive by the introduction, for the first time, of an authentic portrait of the voluptuous and magnificent Cleopatra. But, in the illustrations of later Egyptian history to which we are referring, there are some other corroborations and illustrations of Scriptural history which we shall, *en passant*, consign to notice in a few brief passages. Rossellini's drawings exhibit in succession the portraits of several Pharaohs mentioned by name in Scripture—Taraka, Zerah, Pharaoh-Necho, the famous Sabbaco—So, (in Hebrew characters Suach)—the Sevecchus of the monuments. The same portrait gallery also gives the portrait of the Pharaoh-Hophra denounced in Scripture,—and the portrait of Amasis, who realised the denuncia tion against him. Lastly, it exhibits the face of the famous Shishak of Scripture, written Shishank on the monuments, (the expletive *n* being as before its only distinction), and not only of Shishak, his family and dynasty, but some of his contemporaries. Before commenting on this extraordinary result of recent Egyptian discovery, we shall advert to another extraordinary corroboration of Scripture furnished by Rossellini, in some respects connected with this latter king of the 22d dynasty, but more especially with the subject of the 18th dynasty, which we have made the starting point of our remarks.

Every person familiar with Egyptian antiquities is aware that the Jews, clearly distinguished as Jews, amidst other physiognomical types of the various contemporary nations, are exhibited on the Egyptian monuments. Dr. Young drew attention to one exhibited in the tomb of Petamon, erroneously surmising that it was a captive Jew, and that the tomb was that of Pharaoh-Necho. These erroneous surmises have been utterly superseded by later discoveries. The defunct tenant of the tomb was Petamon of the 18th dynasty, the Acen-cherres (*i. e.* son of Acrisius) of the chronologies. The Jew is not a captive, but an Asiatic type of one of the

four varieties of the human race, arranged with as anatomical an accuracy as Lawrence could have arranged them—consisting of the Red race, the Negro or black race, and the two varieties of the white race—the Caucasian and the Mongolian. The figure is beyond a doubt a Jew; it strikingly resembles the modern Jews, and bears an equal resemblance to all the other Jews on the Egyptian monuments, however located or occupied. The costume of these Jews is always the same. They wear their black and bushy hair occasionally bound by a red fillet,—but sometimes they wear hats not unlike the hats dramatically assigned to the Jews of the dark ages. They wear sandals, the military petticoat or *philibeg*, a baldric crossing one shoulder, a girdle to which is attached a short sword or dagger, and when engaged in warlike operations, having the upper part of the body covered with a defensive coat, either of leather or of armor, and wearing above the whole a tippet, like the cape of a modern great coat. These latter are the Jews, to whom we have before referred, as in the act of rebelling against or making a contract with the Pharaoh Rameses; but Rossellini's last *livraison* of illustrations brings another race of these people upon the stage. We mean those who were captives in Egypt under the 18th dynasty and previous to the Exodus. Independently of other evidence drawn from the Phonetic language to prove that they are Jews, no cursory reader, who glances at their lineaments and persons, will for a moment doubt their identity. These Jews are employed, under the dynasty of the very kings contemporary with Moses, in the specific act of slavery, which he and Manetho both describe—namely, making bricks and working in the quarries. An Egyptian taskmaster superintends the work; and the bricks, according to their delineation, are precisely those which are found in walls constructed of bricks, the date of which is assignable to the era in question.

We have referred to the portrait of Shishak, his family, his dynasty, and the chiefs of contemporary nations. The subject we have treated brings us naturally to the consideration of the strong light which Rossellini's illustrations throw upon this later period of Egyptian history, while, at the same time, it brings a final corroboration of the identity we are urging. Among the captive chiefs of the conquered nations represented as held in bonds by the Pharaoh Shishak, in colossal dimensions, on the walls of Karnac, is another of the people to whom we have referred, identified by the same striking similarity of physiognomical lineaments. So striking is it, that it might be readily taken for a portrai-



ture of the upper class of Jews of the present day. We may even add, that we know more than one of whom it would form a more correct *silhouette* than *silhouettes* generally are. Now in the whole range of Phonetic interpretation we venture to assert that nothing more convincingly clear than the reading, by which this individual is identified as a Jew, can be found. The words *Melek Joudah*, ("king of Judah,") are most distinctly expressed, and, as if to fix the locality more completely, the symbol "holy mountain," the *el Kadosh* even of the present time, is subjoined. It will be recollected at once by the reader that Shishak was contemporary with Solomon and Rehoboam, and with another great event—the separation of the ten tribes. Here again the authenticated Hebrew chronology adequately fixes the contemporary history of Shishak and his Egyptian monuments. The chief passage in Scripture, in which Shishak is named, is so remarkable, that we shall submit a portion of it to the reader.

"In the fifth year of King Rehoboam, Shishak, king of Egypt, came up against Jerusalem, because they had transgressed against the Lord.

"With twelve hundred chariots, and three-score thousand horsemen: and the people were without number that came with him out of Egypt; the Lubims, the Sukkiims, and the Ethiopians.

"And he took the fenced cities which pertained to Judah, and came to Jerusalem.

"So Shishak, king of Egypt, came up against Jerusalem, and took away the treasures of the house of the Lord, and the treasures of the king's house; he took all; he carried away, also, the shields of gold which Solomon had made."—2 Chron. xii.

This passage is illustrated by other passages in Scripture and in Josephus, of which we shall endeavor to give the substance in a few brief sentences. Shishak had two daughters, one married subsequently to Jeroboam, the head of the ten revolted tribes, who established himself as king at Samaria—the other to Solomon. The Jewish commentators lead us to infer that the latter saw the princess first, when he fled to Egypt, during the rebellion of his brother Absalom. But, whether this be so or not, a little comparison of the Scriptural passages with Josephus will throw light upon a somewhat romantic portion of Egyptian and Jewish history. Solomon, as allowed by the Jewish law, had another wife, an Ammonite princess, who was the mother of Rehoboam, and who, of course, had the pre-eminence over the Egyptian wife, as the royal source of the favored race destined to terminate in the Messiah. It may be safely inferred that un-

favorable dispositions towards Solomon were created at the Egyptian court by this circumstance. The Egyptian princess, in "*Solomon's Song*," who throughout employs Egyptian illustrations, and compares the princely address of her lover to the harmonious action of the horses in her father Pharaoh's chariot—(and they were indeed unmatched in beauty as the monuments show)—speaks of herself as being dark as all the Egyptian women were, but handsome. She says that "the Sun (Phra or Pharaoh) has looked upon her," and refers mysteriously to some anger of her "mother's sons," either at her love or her marriage. But, if the princess was compelled, as it is clear she would be, to play a subordinate part to the Ammonitish queen in Solomon's harem, with no chance of the Egyptian line succeeding to the throne, the politicians of Shishak's court would have had good reason to be dissatisfied, considering the magnificent dowry he had bestowed upon his daughter in marriage—the key fortress of Migdolo,—and the sea-port of Ezion Gezer Geber on the Red Sea, communicating with the wealth of India. Hence a very clear insight is given us into the motives why Shishak and his sons, the "angry brothers" of Solomon's wife, should encourage the rebellion of Jeroboam against Solomon's son Rehoboam, and why Shishak should give him the second daughter as his wife, as he had already given his sister to Hadad another rebel against Solomon. This circumstance explains the motives which prompted Shishak to "come up" against Jerusalem, and render Rehoboam his tributary, as recorded in the preceding passage.

One of the most remarkable events in recent Egyptian discovery is the striking illustration which it supplies of the above romantic passage in ancient history, and of the splendid *dramatis personæ* thus brought upon the stage. Rossellini, like a magician, evokes from the tomb, after so long an interval, the chief of the very characters referred to, in all the vivid accuracy of physiognomical outline, in the costume they wore when living, and with singular associations of contemporary details. The portrait of Shishak is brought before us; the portrait of Shishak the younger, and of Osorchon, the brothers-in-law of Solomon, and possibly the "angry brothers" referred to; the portrait of his son Rehoboam; and, in all probability, if the analogical inferences of a recent traveller are to be believed, the portrait of the Egyptian princess, Solomon's wife, who evidently, from the structure of the *Sacred Opera* (for so it is,) called *Solomon's Song*—but, in fact, consisting of some forty songs, in every possible va-



riety of mood and measure, including rhyme,\*—would appear to have been part contributor with Solomon in that production. It is indeed most singular, that not only the *Canticles* are characterized throughout by Egyptian associations, but the chief songs among the Psalms relating to Solomon, of which we may specify the four following,—the 21st, 45th, the 72d, and the 110th. The last especially, (and we may add that Champollion supported this view by expecting to find antique portions of the Psalms among the Egyptian inscriptions,) is the more remarkable point, inasmuch as, with our present imperfect knowledge of the Phonetic and symbolic languages, it might be with care and accuracy transused into the form of an hieroglyphical inscription. The other three resemble—(the

72d strikingly)—the formulary of inscriptions on the obelisks.

If the evidences which tend to identify the above princess, the Egyptian wife of Solomon, with two female portraits, one at Karnac and one in the valley of the Queen's Tombs, prove correct, imagination will have no reason to disappoint itself, as it generally does, on finding its *beau-ideal* of beauty or accomplishment sinking when brought to the test of ocular evidence so much beneath anticipation. She is the same princess in fact, whose full-length portrait, in one of the queen's tombs, startled Champollion, according to his own confession, by its *beauté éblouissante*. Nor does the portrait of the same personage now given by Rossellini in any degree belie Champollion's admiring description. It is that of a lady who, by any connoisseurs or artists of any period, would be pronounced of consummate beauty; and it is singular that, in the inscription associated with her name, she is called, like Amense the wife of the first Amenophis, by the chaste affectionate epithet which Solomon confers upon her,—that of "sister-bride,"—which, as well as the situation of the tomb where the portrait is found, indicates that she was one of the Palladi or royal nuns dedicated by a temporary vow of virginity to the services of Ammon, and considered as his "virgin wives."

We have left ourselves no space for some commentaries which we proposed on the mythology of ancient Egypt, as set forth by the two Pantheons of Champollion and Wilkinson. We may on some other occasion return to the subject; but in quitting it for the present, we shall briefly say that, notwithstanding the tedious maze of absurdities in which the last unfortunate theory of Champollion,—that of an alphabetic translation of the whole symbolic language,—has involved the subject, two conclusions can be clearly extricated from the labyrinth; firstly, that the geometrical theology of Plato and the Platonists, which approximates by startling analogies to the Christian, may be traced to Egypt; secondly, that the strongest corroborations of all the points embraced by the first ten books of Genesis may be derived from its types, symbols, and anaglyphs.

We have now shown what the subject of Egyptian inquiry has produced, and we have hinted what it is competent and likely to produce. We have shown, in the first place, with such curtailment or deficiency as our space and imperfect knowledge alone permit, the pagan evidences which it brings forward in corroboration and illustration of biblical record. To grapple with this department of the subject, in all its sublime and overwhelming associations, would in fact be scarcely

\* We subjoin a specimen of these songs written in the unadulterated Hebrew, divested of the later corruption of the masoretic points, adding neither vowel nor consonant to it, but giving to each its primitive Phonetic power. The dullest ear will recognise not only the regularity and accuracy of the metre, but its mellifluous and languishing beauty in conformity with the subject. We have another reason for giving this poetical example from the Song of Solomon on account of the Egyptian association which pervades it. The princess is called "sister-bride," according to the exact form of the inscriptions, and she is compared to a "sacred garden" having a sealed fountain in it, which every scholar knows was dedicated to Ammon, and became afterwards the Greek Temenos attached to most of the Greek initiatory temples. The Palladi who guarded these gardens in Egypt were the first order of nuns. The sacred gardens, some of which, according to Lieutenant Beechey, are extant on the northern coast of Africa, the seat of the well known Hesperides (the Greek paradise),—and one, according to Ali Bey, is extant in Cyprus,—were obviously borrowed from the original model of all sacred gardens, the Mosaic Eden.

Gan noul Athathi  
Cale; gan noul  
Moin huthim, sheleic  
Paradis romumin;  
Om pri megadis  
Camphrim om nardim  
Nardim u karkim  
Cane u Cinamon  
  
Ol col otze lebne  
Mur u ealeth;  
Om col rashi basmin,  
Moin eganim;  
Bar mim eim;  
Unalim min Lebnon.

A "sacred garden" is my *sister-bride*;  
A sacred garden and a well-spring sealed;  
A paradise of sweets wherein preside  
The fairest fruits which spiciest blossoms yield  
Such as in youthful Eden were revealed;  
Camphor and spikenard flourish midst its flowers,  
Spikenard and balsam, cane and cinnamon;  
Gem-scattering fountains bathe its fragrant bowers  
Of myrrh and incense, balm and origan;  
While living waters leap from cedary Lebanon.

The sum of our commentary may be concluded in a single line. In the spirit of Thomas Moore or Lord Byron and the first of our amatory poets, Solomon compares his mistress to a *Paradise*, as the argument of his *madrigal*. Duets, odes, dithyrambic *hapsodies*, *aubades*, triumphal and anacreontic songs, choruses, and the first model of the *pastoral eclogue*, may all be found in "Solomon's Song."



less bold than an attempt to write a pagan bible synchronically and historically corresponding with the dates and facts of the true.

We have shown that the subject opens out new and momentous views of early history—that it fills up vast chasms in the invention and progress of the arts and sciences—that it embraces perspicuous and credible views of the foundation, the development, and the progressive tendency of political society—of the formation and progressive tendencies of language—and, finally, that inestimable desideratum to history, a test-worthy, real, and intelligible synchronology, which, if established, ought to create a new era in history, and lead to the introduction of a new rudiment into the ground-work of education.

It is customary, and indeed natural, to assign a speculative character to this study, but Rossellini's great work proves that it is falsely assigned. The most rigid political economist may find matters of fact there, from which, if he knows the elements of his own science, he will derive new and necessary information. The whole progress of the Egyptian arts and manufacturers in their minutest details is laid open before him. Nor is that all. He will find undeniable evidences that the progress from serfdom to freedom was the same in ancient as in modern times. He will find the evidences of the first division of the land, and of a single tax recommended by Mr. John Mills—a tax of twenty per cent.—that upon the land so divided, being appropriated to all the purposes of government. He will find the Egyptian serfs working under the goad of a driver, like the negroes, in gangs, in the fields. He will find those vassals subsequently substituting the work of foreign and conquered slaves, as at Sparta and at Athens, for their own labors; and he will find the evidences of the *Metayer* system—which Socrates and Plato recommended at Athens, as a means of raising the serfs in the scale of society, and which Sismondi says was the step by which the bondage of serfdom was broken in modern Europe—adopted near four thousand years ago in the vicinity of Egyptian Thebes.

We shall conclude with a few suggestions as to the practical results which may be expected from future research, and as to the desiderata which still remain to be achieved.

We have shown that Manetho is to be trusted—that he copied some of his statements, at least, from the monuments—that, if he copied fallacies, he at all events copied them correctly, and is not therefore to blame, or to be as a witness impugned.

Now he states two extraordinary points respecting the history which he says he copied from the Hermaic tablets and the

obelisks written by Thoth, and placed in subterranean apartments and winding passages, near the sounding statue of Memnon at Thebes. First, he avers that a portion of his history was retrospective, being copied from that written by Thoth before the Deluge; that another portion of it was prospective, being a prophetic history of the future destinies of the world. This otherwise incredible statement becomes credible by his proved veracity in other matters. We have the middle portion of his history, but the antediluvian portion or Egyptian Genesis has not reached us, nor has the latter portion,—the book or books of the Egyptian prophecies of Thoth,—reached us. Are these lost books to be discovered in sculptured inscriptions still extant in the subterranean structures of Thebes, near the statue of Memnon? That is one *desideratum*. We think their discovery probable. Will it confirm the statement of Genesis when discovered? is a natural and important question even to geologists and naturalists. Thoth, or the first Hermes, throughout the East, at the present day, is identified with Enoch. Have, in fact, some of these last inscriptions been discovered, and made their appearance in the book of Enoch, lately published,—proved to have existed in Ethiopia six centuries before the Christian era? That is another legitimate subject of inquiry. Again, lost species of animals appear in the Egyptian Zoology, now first given by Rossellini, from the Egyptian monuments. Can an accurate description of these lost species be obtained from the accompanying inscriptions? Again, are the animal chimeras represented on the Egyptian monuments meant to describe, or do they really describe, lost species of antediluvian monsters, which geology has lately proved to have existed? That is another worthy subject of inquiry. Lastly, the numerous *artes perditæ*,\* to which we have

\* With reference to the lost relics of Egyptian science, two unevadable alternatives present themselves to the eye of reason while scrutinizing the first chapter of Genesis. Did the writer, an Egyptian by birth-place, bred by an Egyptian princess, tutored by the Egyptian *sophoi*, derive from them a geological science, the truth of which the earth, when questioned, attests; and which the laborious Cuvier admits?—or from God? i. e. was he inspired? But a perfect geological science attests an equal knowledge of the whole circuit of sciences. The contest of these *sophoi* with Moses, before Pharaoh, pays singular tribute to their union of "knowledge and power." No supernatural aid is intimated. Three of the miracles of their natural magic (see Sir D. Brewster) the jugglers of the East can and do perform now. In the fourth—an attempt to produce the lowest form of life—they fail. From the whole statement, one inference is safe, that the ambition of the priestly chemists and anatomists had been led from the triumphs of embalming and chicken-hatching, to a *Frankenstein*-experiment on the *vital fluid*, and on the principle of life.



drawn attention in the early part of this paper,—can they be recovered? That is a subject of inquiry which comes within the matter-of-fact province of the most rigid political economist.

We have offered these few suggestions as a guide to future research; others, more speculative, will naturally occur to the scientific men interested in the subject. Who were the numerous contemporary nations, with whom the kings of the eighteenth and successive dynasties are represented on the monuments as being at war? Is the proof that India was among those conquests, or the communication with it a source of Egyptian wealth, made out by the Indian animals and products introduced in the triumphal processions? Was there a double commercial communication with India? 1stly, by the thrice opened canal of the Pharaohs, extending from the neighborhood of Cairo to the Red Sea; and 2dly, by an artificial causeway or rail-road, extending across the desert (there are strong local evidences of it) from Karnac to Kosseir? Who are the people with hawberks and horned helmets like the Saxons? Are the people with bushy hair, crowned with the Babylonian mitre, and wearing flowing robes, and who resemble the figures on the Persepolitan monuments,—Bactrians and Medes? Are the bearded people with striped tunics, resembling in their physiognomy the modern Russians, and who are called *Rovou* and *Moskausch* in the inscriptions, the Rossi and Moschici of the classics, the Sons of *Mosc* in the Scriptures, and the Muscovites of the present day? Are the *Pourosata*, as alleged by Champollion, an East Indian people? Are the race of men with blue eyes, fair complexions, and red hair, tattooed, and wearing painted skins, our Celtic or Pictish ancestors? The negroes are easily recognised; but they are not the negroes of the present day, brutalized by ages of oppression and slavery. Is the Chinese type among the captives? We suspect it. Again, are the *red and beardless race* of noble bearing and handsome costume, depicted at Luxore as driven to their ships by Sesostrius, the red and beardless race of American Indians depicted on the monuments of New Spain, and wearing the same palm-formed diadem? We refer not to the grotesque Tultecans of Palenque who, in costume and receding forehead, resemble the enslaved Oscans of the old Etrurian monuments;\* but to the more

classic race of *red and beardless* men who are seen at the palaces of Mitzlan, and at the *Flower-Temple* of Oaxaca.

These are a few of the curious historical questions growing out of a merely limited portion of the whole momentous inquiry. Again, it is well known to every scholar conversant with the Chinese language, that the original form of the elementary hieroglyphics of the Chinese resembled the Egyptian symbols; a *mouth*, for instance, was depicted as a mouth by *two curved lines* as in Egypt. But a mouth now in China is represented by four straight lines, and all the original imitative symbols of the Chinese are broken up in the same manner and for the same purpose. That purpose was to classify the symbols in the Chinese dictionary; it was the only course left with regard to a symbolic language; while the dictionary of an alphabetic or phonetic language naturally follows the order of the alphabet. The Chinese symbols are arranged in classes, to the number of two hundred and seventeen, according to the number of straight strokes which they contain: that, therefore, which we have taken for our instance, originally consisting of *two curved lines*, now comes under the class of *four strokes*. Much more might be added as to the Chinese mode of classifying in their dictionaries the combined symbols of combined words. But we have said enough for our purpose. The point at which we aim is to exhibit a desideratum. Had the learned colleges of Egypt a similar mode of classifying their symbols in dictionaries to that of China? Might curved as well as straight lines be employed in classification? The confusion arising from such a multitude of symbols as the Egyptian, renders it incredible that they could have been without such a classification. Is a key to that to be discovered among the monuments? That would indeed be a full completion of the instrumentality of our present hieroglyphical knowledge. The interpretation of the inscriptions can only be expected from a full completion of the at present imperfect instrumentality of the symbolic language. The other branch of the hieroglyphical language, the Phonetic, may be pronounced perfect as far as its instrumentality is concerned. The above purpose can only be legitimately accomplished by adding to the number of interpreted symbols collected by Mr. Wilkinson, in his work the title of which precedes this paper; and that addition must be effected chiefly by cautious and pertinacious industry—by an eschewal of all visionary sys-

\* The cycles used by the Etrurians and the Mexicans (derived from the Tultecques or "*wandering Ma-sons*") agree. Many of their symbols and numerical signs agree. The Peculiar Mexican dialect resembles no recorded language but the Oscan; as,

for example, these words from a Perugian inscription found in 1822 on a *Cyclopean* monument in Tuscan-ny; Spaxcxl; Epl; Thunchult.



tem-building—by fact and research, supporting their slow but certain advances on the unfailing data of corroborating evidence—and on the experimental logic of the deciphering art.

- ART. IV.—1. *Briefwechsel zwischen Goethe und Zelter, in den Jahren 1796 bis 1832*; herausgegeben von Dr. Friedrich Wilhelm Riemer, Grossherzog. Sachs. Hofrathe und Bibliothekar. 6 vols. 8vo. Berlin, 1833, 1834. Duncker und Humblot.
2. *Goethe's Briefwechsel mit einem Kinde*. 1ster und 2ter Theil. Berlin, 1835. Dümmler.

THOSE who employ their leisure hours in the study of Goethe's genius and character have at least one consolation—they know that what they strive to know they have full means of knowing. They are not working in the dark, or floating in the air. No poet has left behind him more complete and comprehensive data for an analysis of his own mind than Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. Besides his autobiography, and his minute and circumstantial diary (the *Tag-und Jahres Hefte*), the account of his Swiss and Italian travels, and the share he took in the Prussian campaign of 1792—we have the interesting and authentic documents collected by Mrs. Austin, the correspondence with Schiller and with Lavater, many interesting notices in the *Nachlass*—and now, last of all, but perhaps first in point of importance, we have the varied and attractive correspondence with Professor Zelter, and the strange and romantic love-traffic with the sister of Clemens Brentano. With such clear and extensive details before him, let no one delight to deceive himself and others by throwing a mystic veil over the clear and well-defined personality of the great German poet and philosopher. There is nothing of the Richter or of the Beethoven in his genius; we need not mount up into heaven, or descend into hell, in order to catch a glimpse of his semblance; he stands upon *terra firma*, and delights only in those poetical ramblings and flights, of which man, *salva humanitate*, is capable. Beauty, simplicity, symmetry, grace, ease, cheerfulness—he who understands and feels these things understands and feels the genius of Goethe. It has indeed been said, that mystery and unintelligibility form a distinguishing feature in the character of Goethe's intellect, as they are alleged to do of a certain kind of gen-

ius in general and of German genius in particular; Goethe himself, in the correspondence before us (*Zelter*, vol. ii.), confesses that he had *hineingeheimnisst* not a little—smuggled not a few mysteries into the second part of Faust;—but they who know Goethe well will be the first to admit that this mystification, so far from being a leading feature of his genius, is, in the worst view of the case, only a whimsical trick of his old age, inoculated upon him from the East. Great part of the alleged mystery, however, lies only in the perverse and confused brains of those who allege it—men who can never be made to understand that a nail is driven in only to fasten two boards, and that a joke was never intended for any thing else than a joke. When Goethe is not *clear*, he is not Goethe. With this conviction, let us enter upon the perusal of the interesting correspondence before us, and we shall rise from it with a mingled impression of rational admiration of the writer's genius, and a healthy distrust in the readers' talents, such as falls not to their lot, who never read or write any thing except in a state of intellectual intoxication.

The letters to and from Professor Zelter—we shall speak of them in the first place—form a most lively and entertaining medley of literary gossip. Lord Byron and Beethoven, Victor Hugo and Ludwig Uhland, Berlin play-bills and Sebastian Bach, Graun and Grillparzer, Brandenburg turnips and anti-Newtonian optics, Händel and Hegel, Thomas Carlyle and Ludwig Börne's letters from Paris—things the most different in kind, and the most distant from one another in time, place, and circumstances—are here strung together in one laughing garland, and suffused with a common flush of good-humor and good sense. We consider these six volumes of Zelter's correspondence with Goethe, not only as one of the choicest sections of the *volumina Gœthiana* with which our German library is adorned, but as one of the most valuable additions to the history of poetry and of the arts in Germany that have been made for many years.

Professor Zelter, the hero of these volumes, is a most agreeable and a most amusing character. If such men as he, and such women as Bettina Brentano, cross the channel a little more frequently than our English prejudices have hitherto allowed them to do,—we shall soon see an entire divorce published between our Teutonic neighbors and the epithets “dull and weary,” to which they have so long been wedded. The man of tones is as merry as his art; he comes in upon us like a smack of a whip, or like the explosion of a cracker—confident in his own honest in-



tegrity and sound worth, he makes no scraping bow when he introduces himself into the presence of the great, and mounds his racy speech with no learned phrases or scientific pretension—he comes bluntly in, and says, “Here I am, Charles Friedrich Zelter, professor of music in the Singing Academy of of Berlin—I think so and so is a fool, and such and such is madness—if you agree with me, well; if you differ from me, why then no matter—perhaps it is only so much the worse for you.” It is this good-humored honesty that so agreeably neutralizes any Johnsonian dogmatism with which the professor may now and then deal out wholesale his anathematizing opinions. Besides, the professor had\* a right to give his opinion, and to speak like one having authority; he was a *working* man, a man who had raised himself from the humble condition of a common stone-mason to the dignity of professor of music in the most musical capital of Europe, and that sheerly by the indefatigable cultivation of a natural talent, during moments few and far between, snatched from the daily cares of a laborious life. It was indeed this staunch persevering stuff of which Zelter was made, that formed the great link between him and the poetic sage of Weimar; a mere *musicante* quâ *musicante*, could never have drawn out Göthe’s most familiar sympathies so fully as Zelter seems to have done. Göthe’s early maxim had been, in the words of his own Faust,

“Be thine to seek the honest; gain  
No shallow-sounding fools.”

He was continually enforcing the artist’s great duty of *working* for the solid applause of futurity,—not capering and cutting somersets for the astonishment of the present. Zelter, who was the declared enemy of all sorts of auto-didactic quackery in music, saw and admired the same workman-like spirit in the poetical productions of Göthe; he had read and humbly sympathized with the concise but comprehensive sentence in Meister’s *Lehrbrief*—ART IS LONG—LIFE IS SHORT—JUDGMENT DIFFICULT—OPPORTUNITY FLEETING;—he had in his secret hours composed and sung many healthy tunes to the healthy songs in which Göthe’s cheerful spirit delighted to utter itself; these compositions procured him a ready introduction to the person of the poet whose works he had so long admired; and an acquaintance once made between two such kindred spirits, could not but go on *crecendo* in warmth and cordiality from year

to year, till at last the formal *Sie* was abandoned for ever for the familiar *Du*—and that, which has been first a casual interchange of different words, became an harmonious and indissoluble intermingling of friendliest thoughts.

We have called Professor Zelter the *hero* of these letters. Let it not be imagined from this that Göthe does nothing more than give his Olympian nod of assent to the humble communications of the awe-struck mortal. Schlegel’s satire on the correspondence with Schiller does not at all apply to the present collection. We used the term hero, because the professor, partly from his novelty, partly from his situation, and partly from the briskness and raciness of his manner is to the general reader, perhaps, the more interesting of the two correspondents. He acts too, through the whole series, as a sort of reporter of Berlin novelties to the calm secluded Weimarian sage,—or, if we may be allowed (though it is scarcely in good taste) a very humble comparison, Göthesits as the spider, and Zelter catches the flies. Not less rich, however, is the correspondence in cheering revelations of Göthe’s character than in theatrical and musical gossip from Berlin. Göthe is the same Göthe indeed that we knew before—but he appears more at ease, more careless, more familiar. We see more clearly than ever the meaning of those golden words—

“Ich bin zu alt um etwas zu tadeln,  
Doch jung genug um etwas zu thun.”

When we consider what a frail and crazy world we live in, the patient, cheerful activity of this hale octogenarian is really pleasant for the eyes to behold. We see that the calm resignation, with which Göthe met the many reverse shocks that crowded upon him in his latter years, proceeded not from indifference, as some allege, but from a wise moderation and a principle of duty. Of duty we say—let not the student of the *Wahlverwandschaften* shake his head! for though this word, as we had occasion to mention in a late article,\* is not of very familiar use in Göthe’s philosophy, still he was of too catholic a spirit to reject it altogether, and accordingly we are delighted to find it once and again occurring in these familiar letters. “*Die grosse Idee der Pflicht*”—“the great idea of duty”—must sustain us, says he to Zelter, on the melancholy occasion of the death of his son August:—“*die Idee der Pflicht!*”—what could the most straight-laced Kantian desire

\* We were going to say *has*—but the worthy Professor died very shortly after G the had shown him the way to a better world.

\* Wolfgang Menzel on German Literature, No. XXXI



more moral than this? would that the narrow minds of these autonomic philosophers might allow them to do as great justice to Goethe as Goethe was ready to do, and has done, to them!

Still the unwearied cheerful laboriousness of this old man, in his high artistico-scientific vocation, is the great charm of the correspondence now before us. "*Schritt vor Schritt!*" "*immer vorwärts!*"—"und so fortan!" are his favorite and most characteristic phrases, in concluding a friendly and encouraging letter to his no less laborious and sometimes embarrassed friends. "*Schritt vor Schritt!*"—"One step after another!" there is a peculiar charm in the words, to those who know the sedulous devotion with which Goethe, from year to year, built up to its perfect height that temple of Ionic beauty which God and nature called upon him to raise. This is the true point of view from which to contemplate his character—if we seek for the man of action and the politician, we shall find the great philosopher and the great artist dwindle into insignificance. Here Menzel and his friends are in the right. They have done a great deal of good in awakening the torpid activities of their countrymen, and rousing them to the consciousness that men must feel and act, as well as meditate and rhyme; but they have done a reckless injustice to Goethe's genius, by calling on him to be what nature never intended him to be, and trusting the sword into his hand instead of the lyre. Goethe's much spoken of universality is a universality of activity in his own proper sphere of the beautiful in art and nature; not a universality of rash and misdirected excursions into foreign regions, with whose vulgar localities he was unacquainted. As such, let us wisely be content to take him; and as such let us view him, in his life, in his works, and in his correspondence.

The volumes before us are so rich in varied matter for instruction and for amusement, that we shall not detain our readers longer with loose and general observations on Goethe's character, which every one may be presumed to have already made, or to be in the course of making, for himself. We hasten to our task, not so much of criticism as of selection. A casket of pearls is before us; it is our pleasant and easy duty to string them together.

Our first series of extracts is interwoven with a common principle, to which we beg the reader's particular attention. It is the principle, that poetry, as well as the sister art of sculpture, is essentially *plastic*. It strives to embody shapeless ideas in some definite and palpable form of beauty; it does not seek to

dissipate every thing solid and substantial into clouds and sun-beams, as the perverse practice of the Shelley school of poetry seems to teach. It is not by convulsive starts, and gigantic grasps at something superhuman, something undefined, perhaps impossible, that it must arrest the attention; measure, order, moderation, are the conditions of its action. These principles are familiar to those who are conversant with Goethe's writings; to them the following extracts will be interesting, as confirming them in their reasonable faith; to others they may be instructive, and at the same time possess the charm of novelty.

"TO ZELTER.

Weimar, 30th October, 1808.

"Receive my best thanks, dearest friend, for your good intentions towards my young musician Eberwein. The world of art is at present in too great confusion to allow a young man easily to find out what he is about. They are always ready to think they have found the well-spring every where but where it actually flows, and, even after they have caught a distant glimpse of it, they grope about fruitlessly for the way that leads thither.

"This it is which gives me so much pain, when I contemplate the poetical strivings of some half dozen young men, who with extraordinary talents, can never learn how to use them. Werner, Oehlenschläger, Arnim, Brentano, and others, work away indefatigably; but all their works run wild in an utter destitution of form and character. None of them will comprehend the simple truth, that the highest, the only operation of art as of nature, is FORMATION (*Gestaltung*), and in every form SPECIFICATION, to the end that each individual product of art, as of nature, may have a distinct and permanent character of its own. When a man allows his humorous talent to run rampant, as the whim of the moment may dictate, he cannot properly say that ART has had any share in the work; as, from the scattered seed of the heathen gods beautiful new creations sprung up, so, in works of art, we must not merely have a display of power, but something definite created by that power.

"One great evil, moreover, in this wild humorous genius is that, having no law and no fulcrum within itself, it sooner or later degenerates into melancholy and ill humor, of which unhappy tendency we have lately had some striking examples from Richter and Görres. Nor need we be afraid that men will ever be wanting to admire and gape at such monstrous productions; for the public is always indebted to an author who can stimulate it into a momentary craze.

"Perhaps you may find leisure, my dear friend, to supply me with some slight traits of the aberrations of your musical youth; I might edify myself by comparing them with the erratic flights of some of our painters: once for all must one endeavor to put these multiplied eccentricities into some sort of or-



der, and with a good conscientious curse leave them to shift for themselves, employing the short space that remains to us in doing something that may have a chance to survive us.

"I find I have been using strong language, and am therefore compelled, like all honest blusterers, to eat my own words. I entreat you, therefore, to continue your attentions to Eberwein; he has, I am glad to observe, already conceived a great respect for your institution, and feels unlimited confidence in you; on this, however, he cannot reckon too much; for, with all their professed respect for true genius, these young men are generally found secretly to believe that great things are to be accomplished only in their own mad and unmethodical fashion. There are many men who have a pretty good notion of the goal they must arrive at, but who dream withal of arriving there by an aimless, lounging, and circuitous promenade.

"Of our late doings you will have been sufficiently informed by the newspapers. I count myself happy in having been present at such an imposing exhibition.\* This ominous constellation has not left our hemisphere without showering some of its favorable influence upon me. The emperor of France was peculiarly gracious. Both emperors have honored me with stars and ribbons, which of course we, in all modesty, most thankfully receive," &c. &c.

We extract a very short passage from Zelter's answer to this letter.

"As to what you say about formation and specification, your observations apply perhaps with more force to music than to the plastic arts. To each of your erratic poets I could produce an erratic musician as a counterpart; with wonder and terror do we behold ignes fatui and blood-streaks playing frantically on the horizon of Parnassus. Talents of the most extraordinary kind, as Cherubini, Beethoven, &c., wield the club of Hercules—to kill flies; we must now gape with wonder, and then shrug our shoulders, at such a useless expenditure of talent to make trifles important and mightiest instruments mean. No art can ever exercise a beneficial influence, which ranges so reckless, so shapeless, through infinite space, as our modern music does, exposing its holiest secrets, like an anatomical cabinet, or a collection of love-anecdotes, to satiate the curiosity of the populace, &c. Z."

So much for modern music, and the dangers to which it is exposed, not from lack either of genius or of art, but from its own unpruned luxuriance and unbridled revelry. We subjoin a few words from one of Göthe's letters of a later date (August 20, 1829), in which there is a short comparison drawn between Byron and Milton, evidently proceed-

ing upon the same principles of criticism by which Jean Paul Richter and Beethoven have been here tried.—In vol. i. p. 280, we read—

"My German Englishman has been playing a kindly part to me as missionary of English literature, and we have lately been reading some interesting English poems together. Byron's Heaven and Hell gave me great pleasure; he recited and I read. We next came upon Milton's Sampson: and by this conjunction I first learnt who was the true ancestor of Byron. Vastness and comprehensiveness of genius (*Grandiosität und Umsichtigkeit*) are the characteristics of both, though it must be confessed that the modern is too often wild and unchastened, while his predecessor is always simple and stately."

The same regard to measure and moderation, which led Göthe, in 1808, to make these criticisms on Werner, Görres, and Byron, leads Zelter, in 1818, to make some very severe remarks on the destiny-tragedian Grillparzer. On the 24th of March of that year he writes to Göthe thus—

"We have had a new tragedy lately, 'The Ancestress,' by one Grillparzer, (such is the name); misery and moaning from beginning to end—and why? The sainted Ancestress has been caught in a little piece of dilettantism by her husband, who gives her the stiletto; and Destiny is now raised up to revenge this peccadillo upon a whole race of innocents, that are born of this unhappy stock. Though they are pure and spotless as the sun, yet are they all sent without remorse to the devil. Bad as it is, however, the piece is far better than the vile Twenty-fourth of February, where the animal eats its own progeny. Talent there certainly is, though lost to all good purposes; there is an utter want of *light*, and without that the *shade* is useless."

One other quotation which falls most fitly under the same category, and we have done. It is nothing less than Göthe's octogenarian *dictum* on Victor Hugo and the new literature of *la jeune France*—the literature of spectres, nightmares, and monsters. The words are golden, and may they not fall profitless from the lips of the wise!

"Of the new French literature of dramas and romances, I will say, in one word—it is a literature of *DESPAIR*, from which, all that is true and beautiful must gradually and necessarily be banished. *Notre Dame de Paris* seduces by the merit of diligent and well-applied study of ancient localities, manners, and events; but in the acting personages there is not a single trait of nature or of life. They are lifeless clay-figures, built up in very scientific proportions, but, excepting the wood and steel framework, mere stuffed dolls, with which the author plays his pranks in a most unmerciful manner, twisting and dislocating

\* We presume the meeting of Napoleon and Alexander at Erfurt, before the expedition to Spain.



them into the strangest postures, stretching them on the rack, whipping them through the scene, bodily and spiritually tearing them to tatters; yet all this he does with a most decided historico-rhetorical talent, assisted by a lively imagination, without which, indeed, it were impossible that he should give birth to such abominations."

From these extracts the reader will perceive in what spirit he is to set himself to read and criticise such works as Torquato Tasso and Iphigenia. He who is accustomed to use literature as a mere intellectual stimulant—he who seeks only for the excitement of wild passion and hurried action—will pronounce sentence of condemnation on these masterpieces, as cold, dull, and uninteresting. But a taste formed on the models of Greece and Italy—one who prefers the calm dignity of an antique Jupiter to the gigantic writhings of a Michel Angelesque statue—one who can gaze blessed hours on what to many may appear the monotonous beauty of a Raphael or a Claude—such a one will read, and re-read, the most insignificant productions of Goethe's genius, with ever-increasing pleasure, and recognise in the author of them a mind most akin of any modern to the perfection of Phidias and of Sophocles.

The next extract which we shall make relates more to persons than to principles. It contains Goethe's ripely formed opinion of the literary merits of two Germans, who are better known out of their own country, than many whose genius is far superior—we mean the brothers Schlegel. The remarks of Goethe may seem somewhat severe, especially as coming from a man whose criticism is distinguished from that of all others by a spirit of mildness and kindness, which has not without reason been blamed for an excess of affected toleration; but the provocation was great, and the retaliation well deserved. In the Leipzig Almanac for 1832, A. W. Schlegel had published, among other equally contemptible personal epigrams, a couplet on Goethe's correspondence with Schiller, in which the latter poet was made to appear in a very ridiculous and humiliating position in reference to Goethe. Goethe, who loved Schiller personally, and venerated his genius as much as Wolfgang Menzel or Gustav Pfizer could desire, is roused up from his usual state of philosophic indifference to vindicate the memory of his calumniated brother. His letter to this effect, along with that from Zelter which called it forth, are here translated. The couplet which gave rise to it runs thus—

"Viele kratzfüssige Bücklinge macht dem gewaltigen Goethe  
Schiller—dem schwächlichen nickt Goethe's olympisches Haupt!"—

which, with the example of Coleridge to excuse us, we may turn into an English elegiac, thus—

"Often and lowly scrapes and bows to omnipotent Goethe,  
Schiller—Goethe nods calm his Olympian head."

"To GÖTHE. 15th October, 1831.

"A. W. Von Schlegel has disburdened himself lately of a few miserable lampoons against you and Schiller, in the Leipzig Almanack for 1832. Much gall, much water, and little wit. Of course a man may defend himself when attacked; but, after five-and-thirty years, to bring up again the old cud of a forgotten enmity against such a man as Schiller—this certainly is no very favorable specimen of what is to be learned from studying the language of the Hindoos. He has turned the gun upon us, but he has forgotten to put shot in it; and the only good he achieves, is to make us look back upon the *Xenien*, by which hares and oxen were lighted to their long homes. The explosion caused by these insects was terrible enough in its day; but Schlegel, not content with this, comes forward again with his clumsy scythe, to wreak a blind vengeance, amuse the public, and make himself ridiculous. The truth of the matter is, that these learned aristocrats, with their books and their science, do not understand Schiller, who, though a tolerable scholar, knew Euripides, Virgil, and Shakspeare, better than Greek, Latin, and English. For myself, I may say that, when I consider how little has been done in the dramatic line since Schiller's death, I perceive for the first time, how great a man he was. In his smallest productions, whatever may be wanting, we have always genius, where his successors present us with a *caput mortuum*. I am so much the more offended by this wanton attack on the part of Schlegel, because there was a time when I entertained a high opinion of both the brothers, and never could have supposed them capable of playing the fool so egregiously as they have done."

Then follows Goethe's answer :

"To ZELTER.

"Though it has always been my maxim to pay little attention to what other people say about me, but rather to direct all my energies to the work that is immediately before me, yet, as you have touched on the subject, I am not averse to give you my opinion of the Schlegels. These brothers, with all their fine natural talents, were and are unhappy men; they attempted to do more than nature had given them capacity to do, and to paint that for which they had no talent; the consequence of this is, that they have done much harm both to art and literature. From the egotism joined with weak-



ness, which these men preached and trumpeted forth as the true principle of art; our artists and connoisseurs have not yet recovered; nay, we must be contented to allow them to remain in their error, unless we should choose to see them die in despair before the opening of their own eyes. As to Friedrich Schlegel, he choked himself with chewing the cud of moral and religious absurdities, which, however little satisfaction they gave to himself, he was always very willing to obtrude upon others; this state of mind led him to seek refuge in Catholicism, in which he was followed by a man of good but falsely excited talents—Adam Müller.

"The Hindoo philosophy, in which they both ended, was, when looked at narrowly, only a *pis-aller*. They were shrewd enough to see that neither German, Latin, nor Greek literature presented any field to them for brilliant achievements; a crusade to the far East only remained, and here August Wilhelm's talent has manifested itself in a most honorable way. All this, and more, will appear in due time. Schiller loved them not, or rather he hated them; and, if I am not mistaken, there is in my correspondence with Schiller sufficient evidence to show the pains I took to keep this dislike from breaking out in a disagreeable shape. In the great revolution which they effected I was fortunate enough to escape with my head upon my shoulders, and this not without the displeasure of Novalis, who wished to put the extinguisher on me altogether. Happily, however, I was always so busy with myself that I had no time to vex myself about what others thought of me.

"Schiller had good reason to be angry with them. They could do much to barricade his path, while he could do nothing to stop their progress. I recollect well when, on one occasion, dissatisfied with my universal toleration, he said, 'Even Kotzebue, with his fertility, is more respectable than this barren race, who, being always limping themselves in the rear, have nothing better to do than to cry back those whose enthusiasm spurs them onward.' That August Schlegel should rake up these ashes of discontent after such a lapse of time, has perhaps its natural reasons. Envy at the sight of so many more productive talents, now rising, while he is in the wane, and vexation at the poor appearance he made as a young \* \* \*, must have left a rankling in the bosom of this worthy man, of which the new anti-Xenien you allude to are the natural products. You and I, however, are old enough to let these forgotten strifes fall asleep, and work at that which cannot die. I have yet many a pretty thread to spin, to reel off, and to wind into a clue, and these threads are of a kind that no man can break.

"All that is good, beautiful, and worthy remain with you, G."

The following tribute to the memory of the great Niebuhr is interesting, not only from its connection with the memory of such a man, but from the agreeable view it pre-

sents to us of the ease with which Göthe, at the advanced age of eighty, could absorb himself in studies the most remote from those in which he had any poetical or scientific interest.

"From the invaluable Niebuhr I received a few weeks ago a beautiful letter, accompanying the second part of his Roman History—a letter written in the full confidence that I knew him, and that I acknowledge his merit. This important book came to me in the most opportune manner, just at the moment when I had made a vow to abstain from all newspapers. I allowed my mind to lose itself with pleasure in those ancient times, and read the work continuously for some days—a procedure, indeed, quite necessary, in order that the mind may feel the reality of times and circumstances so different from the present.

"I cannot say, however, that I have any desire to enter beyond a certain point into the dark regions of history; but, for the sake of the man whose method of study and whose object in studying I knew, I was willing that what interested him should also interest me. It was in truth Niebuhr, not the Roman history, that I studied. The profound criticism and the indefatigable research of such a man interest us more than his work. The *corpus* of the Agrarian Laws is not a subject likely to be of much interest to me; but the manner in which he explains them, and makes that which is most complicated most simple, this draws me irresistibly on, and imposes upon me the duty to observe the same conscientious procedure in my own studies.

"Niebuhr is and was a sceptic, but a sceptic of a very peculiar kind. His scepticism is not a mere spirit of contradiction, but a strong natural talent for scenting out whatever is false, as a necessary *Propædæutik* for the knowledge of what is true.

"After this fashion have I lived with Niebuhr for nearly a month. The portentous size of the work did not frighten me, and I have wound myself at last through the long labyrinth of entity and non-entity, of legends and traditions, of tales and testimonies, of laws and revolutions, and a thousand other contrasts and contradictions, and had actually prepared myself to send him a friendly reply to his friendly letter—a reply which, perhaps, from its peculiar nature, would have given him more satisfaction than any communication he might receive from near or distant professional colleagues. I say, from its peculiar nature; for what I wanted in his book was simply what he gave and wished to give. I read it for his sake, and his assertion satisfied me; whereas, historiographers by profession must needs begin anew to doubt when he had settled the matter finally to his own satisfaction.

"But now comes this unexpected stroke of fate,\* and leaves me without a kindred soul

\* Niebuhr's death.



to whom I may communicate my ideas on this interesting subject. One consolation, however, I have,—a consolation that has nothing to do either with Rome or with Latium, the Sabines, the senate, the populus, or the plebs,—subjects in which I never had, and never can have, any lasting interest—I have appropriated to myself, to my own great edification, a most important element of universal humanity, with which the memory of one of the worthiest of men is most intimately interwoven.”

Our next extract has altogether an English interest. It relates to the well-known present sent by fifteen “English friends to the German master,” the year before his death. It arrived at Weimar along with some other congratulations of the same kind from Berlin, to which allusion is made in the letter which we translate.—

“Weimar, 20th August, 1831.

“You have sent me a rich gift anticipatory of my approaching birth-day; allow me to tell you of a remarkable present that I have just received from the other side of the Channel. Fifteen English friends (so they subscribe themselves) have sent me a seal prepared by their most celebrated goldsmiths, of a size to be held conveniently in the hand, and in shape like a longish vase. All that the jeweller and the enameller could do is here to be seen. We are reminded of the description given by Cellini of his handiwork, and the intention is evidently to imitate the style of the sixteenth century. The motto—

‘Ohne Rast doch ohne Hast’—

seems to have had a peculiar significance to the English, as indeed, it is at bottom most peculiarly expressive of their own national character. These words are inscribed round a star within the well-known serpent-ring, unhappily with old German characters, which are not over-favorable to the clearness of the sense. In more respects than one, I feel grateful for this gift, and I have expressed my gratitude by a few friendly rhymes in return.

“I do not intend on the present occasion to remain in town during the festivities that threaten me on my birth-day. The longer I live, the less inclined I feel to lend my personal presence to these well-meant homages. *To me my life seems to become more fragmentary with my years, while others look upon it as a complete whole, and amuse themselves with contemplating it.*

“I have also got a sketch of German literature from England, written by Mr. Taylor, who studied at Göttingen about forty years ago; and now, after such a lapse of time, he lets loose the mass of doctrines, opinions, and phrases, which gave me so much vexation in my young days. The voices of the learned Doctors Sulzer, Bouterwek, and their col-

leagues, are now evoked from their graves to plague us like so many ghosts. Friend Carlyle, however, defends himself manfully, and makes important advances, of which more hereafter.”\*

In these days of pedagogic speculation, the following recorded opinion of Goethe with regard to the influence of mathematics on the mind is important. As to the merits of the *Farbenlehre* here alluded to, we do not presume to offer any opinion; but one thing we feel assured of, that he who anticipated the most distinguished botanists and osteologists of the present day in some of their most brilliant discoveries is not a man likely to have merely *dreamt* on the subject of optics.

“I take it very kind that you take the trouble to look into my ‘Optics:’ and the effect will not be the worse that you take it in small doses. I know very well that my way of handling the subjects, however natural it appears to me, is very different from the common, and it would be unreasonable in me to expect that every one should at once perceive and appropriate to himself the peculiarities of my system. The mathematicians are a strange set (*närrische Leute*), and, since they evidently have not even the most distant anticipation of the point at issue, we must take their opposition in good part. I wait with great curiosity for the first one of their fraternity who shall be able to use his eyes, and tell me honestly what he thinks of the matter; for I will do them the justice to say that they have not all a board before their eyes, and that they are not all malicious. One remark, however, I feel myself led to make on this occasion—and I have often made it before—that the culture which the mind receives from mathematical science is of a very narrow and one-sided description. Voltaire even goes so far as to say, ‘*J’ai toujours remarqué que le Geometrie laisse l’esprit où elle le trouve.*’ Franklin also has expressed a peculiar aversion to the mathematicians, and finds especially their contradicting and hair-splitting propensities in social intercourse absolutely intolerable.

\* We have been anxious to give this notice of Taylor’s book from the pen of Goethe, not because we fear that the Germanizing youth of this country are in much danger of being misled by such hopeless *Philisterei*; but merely to call the attention of our literary readers to the necessity of doing something to supply that great *desideratum* in our English German libraries—a good history of German literature. There is really nothing tolerable on this important subject in our language, except Professor Wolffe’s hasty sketch in the *Athenæum*—for which, indeed, we are sufficiently thankful, though it is not exactly so complete and systematic in all its parts as we should desire. Might we hint to our contemporary to publish these most useful and interesting papers in a separate form?



"As to the genuine Newtonians, I can compare them with nothing more fitly than with the Prussians in 1806. They dreamed of conquering by their *tactics*, when their *strategies* had long ago been conquered. When their eyes are at last opened, they will be astonished to find me in Leipzig, when they are dangling about in search of me at Weimar. Their doctrine has already become obsolete, while they have the conceit to despise their adversary. I ask your pardon for the importance which I assume—I am as little ashamed of it as they are of their insignificance."

To this Zelter replies in great glee.

"What you write about your 'Optics' and the mathematicians has been to me the occasion of as much fun as a kind God could have sent me. I read it over to as many of them as I can bring together, for no other purpose than that I may make them rabidly mad. We have got here one *Weiss*, or *Weisse*, from Leipzig, who, I verily believe, intends to write himself into a professorship, by cutting up your 'Optics.' I do not know him personally, but one of his brethren of the board said to me yesterday—'Weisse goes too far.' I only wish that the whole nest of hornets might be raised against you, and then my happiness were complete."

Then follows a passage upon Spontini's Parisian *debut* in "*La Vestale*," which seems to have borrowed its inspiration from the preceding one against the mathematicians.

"I have at last seen and heard the new-crowned Parisian opera *La Vestale*. The gentlemen of the Conservatory we have to thank for a most magnificent jest: not being able to agree which of two candidates they should prefer (and how should they agree, since they are utterly destitute of any criterion to judge by, and the whole art is nothing but bird-whistling? (*Vogelpfeiferei*)—the Emperor comes in, and, taking the matter into his own hand, adjudges the prize to a young man, who, if he is *above* twenty-five years old, as I hear, can never come to any good. The poem hangs loosely enough together for an opera, and has room for music. This Monsieur Spontini has taken advantage of to such good purpose that he has made himself as like as possible to a boy, who, having got his hands for the first time out of his baby-clothes, flourishes about right and left, with such vengeance that one's ears are not safe from his artillery."

This was written in the year 1811; and as this criticism is as characteristic of Zelter's style as of Spontini's music, we shall make no apology for showing, by another extract, how the matter stood in 1825. On Saturday the 4th June of that year, Zelter writes:

"I have now suffered the infliction of the new magic opera *Alcidor*, for the second time. It is really a most astonishing *work*; no man but a musician can perfectly do justice to its immensity. It is a chaos of the rarest effects, battling and skirmishing with one another. The labor employed on it must have been incalculable. There are ten years' work concentrated in this one piece, and I might tear myself to pieces and not be able to produce such another."

"As to his aim, that is but too clear. He wished to astonish and frighten the people, and this he has done most completely. He is like the gold-king in his own opera, who throws his gold about, and knocks holes in people's heads with it."

"I do not say, however, that every opera composer does wrong who makes great demands on our powers of execution. The laments of the orchestra are nothing to what the ear has to sustain in being forced to remain so long shut up within a very thicket of sounds. I know well that my ears can stand as much as most people's, and I thought to have endured better the second time than the first; but eyes and ears, yea skin and bones, are yet sore from seeing, hearing, and sitting, for four hours."

"In truth, it is not Spontini alone, but Spontini's *age*, that is wrong. Myself too am carried away by its almighty influence. The whole style is so absurdly elevated, that it is more like a travestie or a caricature than a painting. Beethoven, with all his extraordinary genius (a Michael Angelo in his way) is not far from the same fault, and Spontini only follows in the path of Cherubini. But why should I thus philippize? Shall I curse that of which myself am a part? Am I condemned to suffer that which I will not even tolerate? Better follow Wieland's maxim—live and let live."

"Thine,  
Z."

This long letter from Zelter has led us at once, by a sudden *saltus*, from mathematics to music. For variety's sake we shall follow out this latter theme, assuring our readers that the correspondence between us is no less attractive in a musical than in a literary point of view. We shall be extremely sorry if the strain of our remarks should have led any one to imagine that Zelter's Briefwechsel is merely one other prosing work, fit only to swell the library of the professed *Goethe-Coax*;<sup>\*</sup> there is much less of Goethe in it than the name bears, and we feel almost convinced that a judicious selection from it in an English dress would meet with a favorable reception from the literary and musical

\* We borrow the phrase of a brother in Götthian studies, Dr. Koller, whose "*Faust papers*" lately published, form an important addition to our British *Faustiana*.



world at large. As it is, we must content ourselves with a very few extracts, in addition to the pittance we have already given on musical subjects. These extracts shall relate to two subjects, Zelter's Singing Academy, and Sebastian Bach.

As to the first, we presume there are few, at least of our musical readers, to whose ears the fame of the Berlin Singing Academy has not come. Charles Fasch, who, like Campbell the poet, was more distinguished for the quality than for the quantity of his compositions, has the merit of founding this celebrated institution. In the hands of his successor—our worthy stone-mason—it grew in strength and in beauty for a long series of years, and at the period of his death was the first institution of the kind, not only in German, but in European, reputation. How it has prospered since Zelter's death we have not had any immediate occasion to know: but, in 1828, a professional traveller speaks of it in terms of the highest commendation.\* The indefatigable correspondent of Goethe devoted his whole enthusiasm and energies to the perfecting of his chorus, with a zeal and a self-sacrifice which can only be expected in a country, where, as in Germany, Art is life, and Music is a religion. The following warm letters to Goethe relate to the Singing Academy. They show that Zelter himself was not unconscious of his extraordinary merits in bringing this institution to that state of perfection, in which it has been the admiration of Europe, and that he could on occasion boast wisely—not like fools of what he was going to do—but of what he had actually done.

“*March, 1804.*”

“I have hoped for your coming all winter, as for the salvation of my soul. My chorus is like an organ, in which every pipe is a rational, spontaneously moving being: I can reach the highest ends with such an instrument, but there wants a mighty spirit to command it. You will find here the choicest youth of a not wholly corrupted capital together, whose ears are yet open to receive every good word, and whose silent purpose is to found a school of wisdom; the means by which they strive to attain this high end are poetry, harmony, and song. I tell you again, you will find here what no one yet found elsewhere: will you then not come?”

And in a subsequent letter, (8th August, 1807,) with what anxious sorrow does the worthy mason-musician contemplate the pos-

sible, and at that time probable, dissolution of his “*unendlich geliebte Sing-Akademie!*”

“Could you but spend the autumn with us, you might hear something worth hearing. If I go to Italy, my Singing Academy is as good as annihilated: for it *cannot* last; this I see with sorrow. It has now 250 members, and there is no one here who is fit to keep this vessel afloat. It is one thing to keep up a paid orchestra, and another thing to save so many uncontrolled individuals from themselves.”

These fears were happily never realized. The stone-mason became a professor of music; the Singing Academy grew and flourished; its members increased, and a handsome locality was (in 1825) provided for it in an honorable situation, beside the university. In 1839, we find the following interesting notice of the manner in which one of Bach's celebrated passion-pieces (music for the passion-week) was performed by the Academy.

“*To GÖTHE.*”

“Yesterday (11th March) Bach's music went off successfully. And Felix (so Zelter always styles Mendelssohn) played the part of director with becoming earnestness and composure. The king and the whole court beheld a bumper house before them. I, with my music-book, had set myself quietly down in a corner beside the orchestra, from which I had, in one view, the public and my musical troop under my eye. The work itself is a wondrous mixture; and were we not now and then surprised by touches of melody similar to those of our recent opera composers, as Gluck and Mozart, one might fancy himself suspended between heaven and earth, and at the same time thirty years older. Would that the worthy old Leipziger himself had heard us! This was my only wish at every successful passage; and in sooth I have no reason to be dissatisfied with my scholars, who, especially the solo-singers and the double orchestra, performed their parts in a most masterly manner. The whole might well be compared to an organ, of which every pipe is endowed with reason, power, and will, without constraint and without affectation.”

We have seen that Zelter's taste in music is, like Goethe's in poetry, severe and simple. He has no mercy on those who confound extravagance and eccentricity with originality of genius, and less still on those whose whole art consists in conjuring up an artificial exhibition of thunders and lightnings to “split the ears” and dazzle the eyes of “the groundlings.” We are not to imagine, however, that he had no sympathy with those spirits of a higher order, of whom taste, ac-

\* A Ramble among the Musicians of Germany, by a Musical Professor. London: Hunt and Clarke, 1828.



curacy, and propriety cannot always be predicated so truly as they can be of Kozeluch. On the contrary, Zelter has all that reverence for what may be called the holy mystery of genius that becomes the countryman of Jean Paul Richter. It is this, as it appears to us, truly German trait in the professor's character that created in his mind the deep reverence which he every where expresses for the genius of John Sebastian Bach.

It is with great pleasure that we make considerable extracts from the correspondence relating to this great and thoroughly German organist and harmonist. If the declining taste for that which is most holy and most sublime in music, and the difficulty which even the most expert performers experience in executing Bach's pieces, have made his name less familiar to British ears than according to the measure of his genius it ought to have been, we may flatter ourselves with the possibility that we are doing a service to the higher branches of musical art in this country, by translating these fleeting excerpts; and we are the more encouraged to cherish this hope, as a doctor of the art, well known in Oxford and London, has lately expressed sentiments with regard to the merits of Sebastian Bach wonderfully in accordance with those which we are now to quote from the Berlin professor.\*

#### ZELTER TO GÖTHE.

"Well do I recollect the time when Sebastian Bach's music, as well as his son's (Philip Emanuel), was quite unintelligible to me. Both were perfectly new and original; but I had only an indistinct feeling that there was something genuine in them, without being able to receive any clear impression of excellence. Then came Hadyn, whose style was blamed, because it was, as it were, a travestie of the deep seriousness of his predecessors. This produced a reaction in their favor. Last of all came Mozart, by means of whom the musical world learned to explain all the three who contributed to make him what he was."

#### ZELTER TO GÖTHE.

"It is only since the appearance of Mozart, that any considerable inclination has appeared to understand Sebastian Bach; for this great composer is altogether mystical, whereas Mozart is clear, and comes on us from without, terrestrial as well as spiritual, and for this reason more easily followed. I myself was some time before I could reconcile

myself to Mozart, after my long intimacy with Bach; the works of the one are to those of the other as the Dutch paintings to those of the Grecian and Italian artists. Now, however, I have learned to value both, and am contented to receive from each what each has to give. That which is mystical must and will remain what it is, otherwise it were no longer mystical; this is enough to satisfy me—let others raise a hue and cry about an explanation in words; *cui bono* a definition to those who run helter-skelter over a subject, and leave the sense behind them?"

To the same purpose again;—

"Speaking of Shakspeare, I bethink me of Dr. Forkel, who advises us rather to throw aside the youthful essays of such extraordinary geniuses as Bach, than to preserve them to the great danger of good taste. From such a principle of *expurgation*, I thank the gods that they have hitherto kept me free. I know every note from the pen of my hero, *who is one of those that cannot be altogether fathomed*, and have made a considerable collection of his pieces, which I often pick up for a mere trifle. How much has flowed from this fountain into the common streams of modern art may long remain a mystery; certainly there is nothing like it in the present day. With all its mighty effects, it is after all only music—neither German nor Italian music, but always music."

In another letter he calls his style by a peculiar name—"Bachish,"

"for every thing that he does is only like himself. That he uses the vulgar signs and names—*Tocato, Sonato, Concerto, &c.*—is of no more significance than a man's name being Joseph or Christopher. Bach's original element is solitude: and this you acknowledged yourself, when you told me 'I lay me in my bed; and let my organist play me *Sebastiana*.' This is the true character of the man's genius; you must *listen* to him.

"To understand him properly you must follow him on the organ. This is the soul into which he breathes the breath of life. His theme is the instinctive feeling born on the moment, which, like a spark from a flint springs forth at the first casual tread of his foot on the pedal. He sinks, as it were, into his subject by degrees, till he entirely isolates himself, and is swallowed up in solitude—then his genius flows like an inexhaustible stream into the boundless ocean."

"To the same purpose spoke his eldest son Friedeman, who died here. 'Compared with him,' said he, 'we are all children.'"

"His organ fugues *seem* to end rather than end; they roll on forever.

"Here, however, I must stop, though I have much more to say. Taking him all in all, this Leipziger Cantor is a revelation of

\* See Dr. Crotch's Lectures on Music. London, 1831, p. 113.



God, giving understanding to all, and yet perfectly understood by no one.”\*

Is the reader curious to hear one responsive word from Goethe on the same subject? Here it is.

“Well do I recollect our good organist at Berlin, and my first acquaintance with your great master Sebastian Bach. Perfect calmness of mind, and nothing to dissipate me from without, fitted me for receiving an idea of his genius. What I then felt I expressed thus—it was as if the eternal harmony discoursed with itself, in the bosom of God, preparatory to the creation of the world. So strangely did it move within us; and I felt as if I had neither eyes nor ears, but all was swallowed up in one mysterious sense.”

We conclude our extracts from Zelter's correspondence with one or two *morceaux* from Goethe, which are too precious to be omitted.

“The culture of a natural capability according to the rules of art is the source of one of our purest enjoyments; and it is so in a greater degree now than in days of yore, when every tyro believed in a school, a rule, and a mastership, and humbly submitted himself to learn the grammar of his profession, from which the youth of these times turn impatiently away.

“The German artists (*bildende Künstler*) have for thirty years back cherished the delusion that natural talents best cultivate themselves: and a host of enthusiastic amateurs, among whom greater profundity is not to be expected, confirm them in this conceit. How often have I not heard an artist say, and boast in the saying—that he owed every thing to himself! To this I usually listen with patience, but at times I am tempted to reply: *And the consequence is what might have been expected.*”

“I cannot conclude without making one other remark on that over luxuriant music of which we spoke before. Every thing, my dearest friend, in this age is *ULTRA*; every thing is transcendent in thought as well as in action. No one knows himself; no one knows the element wherein he floats and works; no one knows the *material* on which he labors. Of pure simplicity we know scarcely the name; simple silliness inundates us.

“Young men are too early excited, and hurried away into the vortex of time. *Exuberance* and *execution* are what the world admire, and what every one aims at. Railroads, mail-coaches, and steamboats, and all possible facilities of communication, are the order of the day; a universality of mediocrity is the result. The Bible Societies and the Lancasterian Schools are only different phases of the same principle.

“Properly speaking, it is the century for good sound heads of the middle order, who

are quick in seizing a practical view of things, and have dexterity enough to use their powers so as to raise themselves considerably above the multitude, without however being able to arrive at any thing great. Let us continue to cling to that order of things under whose influence we grew up; belike that we, with a few companions, may stand forth as the last reliques of an age that will not so soon come back again.”

Proceed we now to the second set of Letters that heads our Article—*Bettina's Briefe*. Here we shall have more occasion than even in Zelter's correspondence to bear in mind, that the letters we read are German; for truly, had this book been published in England, and were it consecrated to the memory of an English bard, as it is to that of a German, we should have been forced to believe one of two things—either that the authoress of it was mad, or that the whole was intended as a *hoax* to make the memory of the great Weimarian sage appear ridiculous. We much doubt, however, whether such a work *could* possibly have appeared in England; it is one of the most rank *German* productions that has crossed the Channel since “The Sorrows of Werther” first were moaned over to us through France. We use the word *German*, because we think that epithet conveys more meaning to the generality of our readers than any long-winded critical details could;—an extravagant exuberance of fancy and feeling, wild and irregular shootings of thought, a sort of dreamy intangible floating upon clouds, and a bold disregard of the common conventional rules of social propriety—these are some of the familiar elements of what is called κατ' εἶδος *German*, and in this sense Bettina's Briefe are certainly *very German*. We have therefore to request of our readers to put off their English spectacles for a moment when they apply their eyes to these curious pages. There is a warm glow of spiritual life beneath that volumed smoke of excited emotion with which the heart of a man will be glad to sympathise, while the mere Englishman passes unheedingly, or heeds merely to sneer.

The scene to which this correspondence introduces us is a very simple one. Bettina Brentano, sister to the well known poet of that name (an irregular dreamy genius, and one of those whose poetry made them Catholics), and widow of the no less celebrated Achim von Arnim, while yet a girl of seventeen,\* forms a Platonic attachment to the

\* We have ventured thus to turn the concise German antithesis *klar und doch unerklärbar*.

\* She calls herself thirteen in one of the Letters (vol. i. p. 20), but in such a manner that we cannot tell whether she is in jest or earnest. We take the seventeen on the faith of the *Blätter für literarische Unterhaltung*. 21 March, 1835.



great poet of Germany, whom at first she knows only from his works, but soon makes use of a familiarity with the mother to procure a personal interview with the son. She travels to Weimar (in 1807) and sees the *beau idéal* of her youthful dreamings impersonated in the silver-locked sexagenarian, Johann Wolfgang von Göthe. A neat love-scene is enacted in the true German style; and a correspondence, begun before, is now continued from year to year, with increasing intimacy—passionate love on the one side and kind regard on the other. In 1832 Göthe dies. His posthumous works and his correspondence with Zelter are published, and what should hinder Bettina Brentano, in a land where every thing is printed, though now arrived at years of sobriety and discretion, to add her small mite to the cherished memory of Germany's Göthe, of *her* Göthe, by giving to the world all the extravagant effusions of her first extravagant love? Some friends, indeed, might advise her to use some caution, to exercise some discrimination, in thus throwing away the holy secrets of her young heart into the *mare magnum* of the world's gossip;\* but Bettina Brentano soon found (what many others have found before her) "that good advice is never to be taken unless when it chimes in with our own inclinations;" and Bettina Brentano being predetermined to publish *all*, publishes all, and we are now called upon to exercise our high vocation of criticism upon what, in our humble opinion, that modesty and delicacy of feeling which is the greatest beauty of female character, might have taught Bettina Brentano to keep snugly within those private repositories where it had long lain. We are willing, however, to take the initial words of Bettina's preface along with us: "Dies Buch ist für die Guten, und nicht für die Bösen;"—we are very far indeed from suspecting any thing "*bad*," and we are willing, further, to take another consideration along with us, which, in this country, at least, may prove a more substantial apology for Bettina than any thing that Bettina is likely to say for herself, viz. that in *Germany the feelings and the fancies of women are and must be a thing of much more importance than in England*. They are so, and why? because the Germans are not only naturally an enthusiastic and imaginative race, but are moreover prevented by the political constitutions under

which they live from applying their minds to the actualities and the utilities of existence. We are not, therefore, to wonder, if the question whether Rahel or Bettina be the more noble specimen of womanhood, is a question as keenly agitated among the philosophers of Berlin, as the question whether Raphael or O'Connell be the greater knave, is among the politicians of London. The journalists and reviewers of England waste their daily and monthly intellects in white-washing or begriming the reputations of such mountebank religionists as Murtoch O'Sullivan and Captain Gordon; are the *Recensenten* of Germany less profitably occupied, when they write long and erudite volumes upon the concentration of "the divine" in one woman, and the diffusion of it in another, concerning whom the only serious question that can be raised is (*vide* King Lear) whether the one is not possessed by *Flübertigibbet*, and the other by *Hopdance*? Possibly we may be mistaken in these notions; and we desire to speak with reverence of what we so imperfectly understand. There may be something peculiarly sacred and peculiarly prophetic in the German women, from Velleda down to the *Seherinn* of Prevorst; but our sober English conception of the case is, as we have already stated it, that political constitution, acting in concert with national character, is the sole cause of that strange leaven of mystery and magnetism wherewith German literature is besotted.

Bettina Brentano, however, is no German dreamer. To that depth of thinking and warmth of feeling, which so peculiarly characterise her country, she adds a vivacity almost Italian and a frolic almost French. Though she could not say, with Cordelia, "love and be silent;" and though she openly declares in her letters that "she cares not a straw for prudence or propriety;" still, when we recollect that she is a mere girl, we are disposed to be amused with the "childish prattle with which she is so serious;" for it is in truth a prattle of which very few girls are capable. Besides, in these days (and in this land especially) of custom and convention, where, as Sterne expresses it, men are rubbed down into an undistinguishable smoothness like so many old shillings, anything like originality of natural character must, independently of any intrinsic merit, have strong claims upon our attention, we may even allow a young lady to use such hard words as "*Teufel! verdammt!*" (vol. ii., pp. 37, 39), if to her bluntness she adds honesty and good-humor, and if we feel assured that her love is as sincere as her hatred. Bettina Brentano is an honest girl—and this is the real charm of

\* In the *Tag- und Jahres-Hefte*, 1797, we find the following notice: "Before my departure for Switzerland I burnt all my letters, from 1772 to this date, from a decided aversion to the possible publication of the secret course of friendly communication." Has Bettina read this?



the book. Goethe, with all his dignity, and propriety, and courtier-like composure, and, what the Germans call *Vornehmheit*, cuts a poor figure before the visionary girl, whose letters are instinct with a Promethean fire of poetry, with the want of which his own productions have been often, and not altogether unjustly reproached.—We hope, on these grounds, the severe British critic and the strict British moralist will relax their brows and their bosoms a little when they cast a hasty glance over Bettina Brentano's love-letters. The love is certainly of a kind more common in Germany than in England—but it is honest, warm, and reverential; and, when the matter is good, let us not perform the part of prudens and pedants in quarrelling with the manner. The following account of Bettina's first interview with Goethe, in a letter to his mother, is a very original specimen of what may be termed the "romance of real life."

"We arrived in Weimar at twelve o'clock and dined. I ate nothing. My two companions laid themselves down on the sofa and slept. We had travelled three nights without rest. 'I advise you,' said my brother-in-law, 'to take a sleep along with us. Goethe is not likely to give himself much uneasiness about your arrival, and after all when you do see him you will find him very like his neighbors.' . . . I almost lost heart at this speech. I recollected that Goethe was said to be haughty (*stolz*); I did all that I could to restrain my longing, when suddenly three o'clock struck. I felt as if his voice had called me, and ran down into the street, and waded through mud and mire till I came to—Wieland, not to your son. I had never seen Wieland before, but I spoke to him with the air of an old acquaintance, on which he bethought himself a little, and said—'Yes, a well-known angel art thou truly, but when and where I have seen thee I know not.' The jest was now mine. 'You must have seen me in your dreams,' I replied, 'elsewhere you never could have seen me.' I made him give me a note to your son, which ran thus: 'Bettina Brentano, Sophia's sister,\* Maximilian's daughter, Sophia La Roche's grand-daughter, wishes to see you; she pretends she is afraid to meet you, and uses my note as a sort of talisman. Although I know pretty well that she is merely seeking her own amusement, yet must I yield to her whims, and I am very much in the wrong if it fares any better with you.—23 April, 1807. W.' . . . With this billet I departed. The house is opposite to the fountain.—The water came with a deafening sound on my ears,—I ascended the simple

flight of steps,—marble statues are in the wall—they command silence. I at least could make no noise on this holy floor. All is friendly and yet solemn. The greatest simplicity reigns in all the rooms. Fear not, said the modest walls to me, he will come, and will condescend to put himself on an equal footing with you. Anon, the door opened, and there he stood in solemn seriousness, and gazed on me with fixed eyes. I stretched forth my hands to him, and—more I know not,—Goethe pressed me to his heart. 'Poor girl, have I frightened thee?'—these were the first words with which his voice thrilled into my heart; he led me into his study and placed me upon the sofa opposite to himself. We both remained silent; at length he spoke; 'Of course you have read in the newspapers the account of the great loss we have recently sustained in the death of the Duchess Amelia.' 'Alas!' said I, 'I never read the newspapers.' 'Strange! I that nothing could take place in Weimar without being interesting to you,'—'No, I have no interest in any thing but you, and am besides far too impatient to pore over a newspaper.'—'You are a good girl.'—Then a long pause—I all the while sitting upon the unlucky sofa, so uncomfortable. You know, mother, that it is impossible for me to sit like a wax doll, observing all the proprieties.—I started up suddenly from the sofa.—'I can sit no longer,' I exclaimed. 'Well, then,' said he, 'do as you please;' and with that, I flew upon his neck, and he took me upon his knee, and pressed me to his heart. A deep silence followed. I had not slept for three days—years had passed away in longing after him—I fell asleep on his bosom—and when I awoke, a new life began within me. And more on the present occasion I will not write.

BETTINA."

After this description of the interview, it is but proper that some of the effusions of the love-sick, or love-intoxicated, maid, should follow. . . . We can offer no excuse for the publication of the following most extravagant passages, except that which we gave before, that in *Germany every everybody publishes everything*.

"All the thoughts with which love inspires me, all my wishes and all my longings, I can compare only to the humble flowers of the field—they lift their golden eyes unconsciously from the green sod, they smile for a few hours before the blue heaven, but anon a thousand stars shine over them and dance round the moon, and night with her torpid slumbers enwraps the trembling tear-laden flowers. So art thou, the Poet, as the moon, danced round by the circling stars of thy own inspirations; but my thoughts lie in the valley, like the flowers of the field, and bow down in night before thee, and my enthusiasm languishes before thee and all my thoughts sleep under thy firmament.

"Thou who knowest that I would willingly lay my neck under thy feet, thou who know-

\* Sophia is mentioned in the *Tag- und Jahres-Hefte*, 1798, and seems to have had her own share of the eccentricity of the Brentano family. "Frau La Roche visited us this summer," says Goethe, "bringing with her her grand-daughter, Sophia Brentano, a very different person from herself, but not less eccentric (*wunderlich*)."



est what love is, and how subtle are our senses, O how beautiful is every thing in thee! How do the streams of life rush so powerfully through thy excited heart, and precipitate themselves into the cold waves of thy age, and foam up,\* so that mountains and vales smoke with the glow of life, and the woods stand with glowing stems, on thy banks; and all that thou lookest on becomes noble and life-instinct. God! what would I give to be now beside thee! were I high uplifted above all time, and hovered above thee, even from that height would I droop my pinion, and yield myself quietly up to the calm allmightiness of thy eyes.

"I am thine because I see thee in every thing. I know that, when the clouds tower themselves up before the sun-god, he soon drives them back with refulgent hand; I know that he suffers no shadow except what he creates for himself amid the offspring of his own glory. The quiet of consciousness will overshadow thee.—I know that when he bends his head down in the evening, the morning comes when he will lift again his golden head.—Thou art eternal; therefore it is good to be with thee.

O Goethe, Goethe! I might speak with thee otherwise than with words. I feel that my soul flameth. As the air is wont to be so terribly calm before a storm, so stand my thoughts cold and silent, and my heart heaves like the sea. Dear, dear Goethe!—Anon, and the thought of thee thaws me again, and the signs of war sink slowly on my horizon and thou art as the moon-beam that streameth in peacefully. Thou art great and glorious and better than all I have yet seen or known.—Thy whole life is so good ! ! ! ! !"

The best criticism upon these transcendental effusions is to be found in a letter from Goethe's mother to the young lady. The epistle is very characteristic of the solid sense and blunt good-humor that became the mother of Goethe.

"Really, child, you are quite mad—what nonsense have you got into your head? Do you think my son has nothing better to do than to wander out by moonlight and think upon you? Silly Girl!

"I tell you, once for all, every thing must be done in order—write sensible letters with something in them—send no more shilly-shally to Weimar—write what you see, and what you hear, one thing after another. Write how you like this man, and how you like the other,—and whether the sun shines, or the weather is rainy,—any thing but nonsense.

\* This is sheer madness, and wants the redeeming quality of some of Bettina's madness that it has method in it. Goethe's calm genius could never be said to "foam up;" and if his age was cold, he was in this respect the son of his age. There is more truth in the "calm allmightiness" of Goethe's eye, which is a German way of expressing what we call in English "the harvest of a quiet eye."

"My son has written to me again to tell you to write to him. Write then, but write sensible letters, or you will mar the whole sport," &c. &c.

The answer to this friendly advice is just what might have been expected from a mad German girl of sixteen, platonically in love with a poetical German sage of sixty.

"You may comfort yourself with the assurance that I shall never be sensible. What is the use of wisdom and prudence, when a person is in perfect blessedness without them? I must tell you plainly that my heart will be heavy till I see him, and this you may find in order or not as you please."

The following notice of Madame de Staël cannot fail to interest many.

"TO GÖTHE'S MOTHER.

1808.

"For once I am not pleased with you, *Frau Rath*; why have you not sent me Goethe's letter.—I have not had a line from him since the 13th of August, and it is now near the end of September. Lady Staël must have made his hours run quickly: he has had no time to think on me. A clever woman is something curious; she is like spirits, which nobody thinks of comparing with the grain out of which they are made. Spirits bite the tongue, and fly up into the head; a clever woman does the same; but I prefer the natural grain, which is sown by the seedsman, watered by the rain, and warmed by the sun, which covers the fields with green, bears golden ears, and gives a joyful harvest-home! I would rather be a simple grain of corn than a clever woman, and choose rather that he should break me for his daily food, than that I should shoot through his head like a dram. For the present, I have only to say that I supped with the great French lady yesterday in Mainz; as no other person seemed envious of the situation, I was placed beside her at table, and in sooth I had enough to do; the gentlemen crowded round to catch a word from her, and interchange a look, and almost buried me alive. I said, "*Vos adoreurs me suffoquent.*" She laughed. She said that Goethe had spoken to her about me. I remained sitting, curious to hear what Goethe might have said, though, indeed, I rather disliked the idea that he should have spoken to any one about me—neither did he, as I believe—it might be only a *façon de parler*—At last, however, they came in such crowds about me that I could endure it no longer.—"*Vos lauriers me pesent trop fort sur les épaules,*" said I, and sprang up between her worshippers; then came Sismondi, her companion, and kissed my hand, and said I had a great deal of *esprit*, and the one repeated to the other, and said it as often as if I had been a prince; for you know well that whatever a prince either says or does is trumpeted over the world as so clever, though it be as cheap



as old Almanacks. Shortly afterwards she began to talk of Goethe; she said she had expected to find him a second Werther, but had found herself egregiously in the wrong: his manner and his figure were equally remote from the idea of Werther, and she was sorry that the poet made such a bad impersonation of his own hero. Could I hear such talk, Frau Rath, without getting angry? (There was no need of that, you will say).—I turned round to Schlegel, and said to him in German: 'Frau Staël is doubly wrong; she is wrong in what she expected, and wrong in what she thinks. We Germans expect that Goethe should shake twenty heroes out of his sleeve, each one sufficient to astonish a Frenchman; we think however that he himself is quite a different sort of hero from any of the score.\* Schlegel has not done his duty in allowing her to retain such notions in her head.' She threw a laurel leaf, with which she had been playing, on the ground.—I trod upon it, and pushed it aside with my foot—and the comedy with the clever French lady was at an end. You have no occasion to be apprehensive about your French; speak with your fingers, and make the commentary to what you say with your large eyes—that will have an imposing effect. Frau Staël has a whole ant-hill of thoughts in her head—you need not exert yourself much to keep her in conversation. I shall be in Frankfurt presently, and then you may hear the whole story at leisure."

Not less characteristic is the following animated narration of a neat piece of coquettish trickery which the frolicsome girl played off upon the person of a grave philosopher. Jacobi is the man; and, from the letter itself, as well as from Goethe's answer to it, we learn that the Faith-philosopher's handsome leg was a matter of scarcely less importance to him than a club-foot was to one of our greatest poets. With regard to the philosopher's twin-sisters here introduced, they are honorably mentioned in the *Diary* (*Werke*, vol. xxxi. p. 49.), and seem with their precise and formal criticisms, and their nice and prim moralities, to have kept the poet no less in awe, than they did the lively girls, by their officious attentions to the outward man of the grave philosopher.

"Jacobi is delicate as a Psyche. His noble form seems as if it were ready to break in pieces, and allow the free spirit to escape. A few days ago I went with him, his two sisters, and Graf Westerhold, to the *Staremberger See* (near Munich). We took a rural dinner in a flower-garden; and, as I could contribute lit-

tle or nothing to the learned conversation that was going on, I busied myself in filling my straw hat with every possible variety of flowers. These, while we were crossing the lake in the evening, I made into a wreath. The sinking sun reddened the white tips of the Tyrolese Alps, and Jacobi seemed in great good humor with himself as well as with nature. 'He seemed to regain all his youthful graces,—I have often heard you tell how, when he was a student at Leipzig, he was not a little vain of his handsome leg; and on one occasion, going with you into a clothier's, held it upon the counter, on the pretence of applying it to a pair of new pantaloons there exposed, but really for no other purpose than to show the handsome leg to the handsome lady-shopkeeper.' In such a self-complacent humor did he seem to be as we crossed the lake, for he held out his leg over the side of the boat, looked well pleased at it, stroked it with his hand, and then spoke a few gentle words about the lovely evening; whispered kindly to me as I lay below occupied with my flowers, and interchanged with me a few significant monosyllables with the eyes as with the lips, by means of which, I gave him to understand that I thought him exceedingly agreeable—when suddenly aunt Helen, with her diabolical system of nursing, interfered and put an end to all this delightful *coquetterie*. I am almost ashamed when I think of it; she came forward with a long netted nightcap which she had drawn out of her apron pocket, and drew it right over Jacobi's ears, to protect him, as she said, from the raw air of the evening; and this she did precisely at the moment that I was complimenting the philosopher upon his beauty, and he was decking my breast with a rose in return. Jacobi defended himself against the nightcap, but aunt Helen came off victorious. I could scarce look up for shame. 'You are a true coquette,' said Graf Westerhold. I plaited away at my wreath and heeded not, till aunt Helen and Lotte took it upon them to read me a duet of a lecture, and then I started up and began to shake the boat violently from side to side. 'For God's sake, sit down, or we shall all be drowned!' was the cry. The sooner the better, said I, 'if you persevere in speaking about things you don't understand.' I continued shaking. 'Sit down, child, I grow giddy,' was the cry again. Graf Westerhold would fain have pulled me down, but I made such a splash, that he was obliged to keep his place for fear of upsetting the boat; and the boatman, who seemed to relish the joke, did every thing to second my endeavors. I had placed myself before Jacobi, that my eyes might not encounter the fatal nightcap; now, however, that I had them all in my power, I turned round, took the cap by the tip, and flung it right out into the lake. 'Now,' said I, 'the wind has carried the cap where it ought to be, and your head shall have the wreath that it deserves.' Helen endeavored to prevent me; she said the cold leaves might hurt his temples, but I carried my point. 'Let her alone,' said Jacobi, and the wreath sate tri-

\* This is said in a somewhat girlish fashion; but there is much good sense in it, and some true criticism. Goethe's heroes, however, it must be confessed, are not the most formidable of poetical mortals. They are like their master—they want *vis*.



umphant upon his brow. I then said to Jacobi, 'Your fine features shine in the broken light of these beautiful leaves, like the features of a glorified Plato. You are beautiful, and you want nothing but a wreath to make you appear worthy of immortality.' I was inspired with indignation, and Jacobi seemed well pleased. I sate myself down beside him, and held his hand which he allowed to remain in mine; none of the rest spoke a word—they turned round to enjoy the fine view, and I gave the philosopher a most bewitching smile. When we landed, I took off the wreath, and gave him his hat to put on. This is my little love-story of a lovely day: without which, in sooth, the day had not been lovely. The wreath now hangs faded on my mirror, and since that time I have not gone to Jacobi's lodgings, for I am afraid of Helen, who was dumb from a sense of offended dignity, and refused to give me a farewell. At all events, if I should never see Jacobi again, I have at least the satisfaction to think that I leave him with a pleasant remembrance of personality in his mind. And now adieu. Assurances of my love I give you no longer; you may see them in my every thought, and in the continual necessity I am under of laying open my whole heart to you.—BETTINA."

We pass from a personal to a patriotic theme—from the peculiarities of Jacobi and his sisters to the heroic struggles of the Tyrolese warriors against the French and Bavarian power in 1809. By the peace of Presburg, a few years before, that loyal, but at the same time independent, race of mountaineers had been delivered over (of course without having been consulted in the matter) from their old connection with the house of Austria to the foreign and therefore hated yoke of Bavaria. When the war between Austria and France broke out again in 1809, the Tyrolese revolted; and the extraordinary efforts which these untrained soldiers made against the combined force of France and Bavaria, filled not only Germany but Europe with their fame. Bettina was in Munich at the time, a Christian among the Pharisees,—and felt it her only consolation to pour out her heart to Göthe, and wail over the incurable evils of the times. The following letter, full of patriotic passion, contains also what to us appears the germ of some very good criticism on Wilhelm Meister. The trifling character of many parts of that work, when contrasted with the deep moral seriousness of the age to which it was addressed, is really pitiful, and Bettina seems to have felt this as much as Wolfgang Menzel or the patriots of 1813.

"March 20, 1809.

"I like much to hear people speak about love, and God knows there is enough spoken

about it in the world and in romances, but little to my satisfaction. To tell you the plain truth, I have the same feeling when I read your Meister; I feel as uncomfortable among your heroes as if I had a bad conscience. There is Wilhelm himself, loitering away amongst a pack of ragged comedians, I always feel inclined to say to him,—Come along with me beyond the Alps,—there we will whet our swords for the Tyrolese,—and leave your play actresses and your countesses to their own high pretensions, and high feelings, to starve with them if they please. When we come back again the *rouge* will have become pale upon their cheeks, and their gauzes and laces will retreat ashamed before the might of thy sun-burnt Mars countenance. Yes! if any good is ever to come out of you, you must apply your enthusiasm to the wars; believe me, in this case, your Mignon had never left this beautiful world, but would have accompanied you to the Alps, and shared with you all the danger of a patriotic war—the fire of freedom would have glowed in her bosom, and new healthy blood would have flowed through her veins. Alas! what hinders you to follow this affectionate creature, and leave your motley troop of players to shift for themselves. You are melancholy—and why? because you have lost yourself in a world in which you cannot act. If you are not afraid of the sight of blood—here among the Tyrolese warriors, mayest thou fight for the cause of right, that has its origin as deep in human nature as Mignon's love. Thou, Meister, art the man that choketh the tender life-bud of this child, in allowing it to be overgrown with the wild rubbish of weeds that surround thee. What trash then are all theatrical trumperies compared with the earnestness of the times, wherein truth rises up in her original form, and bids defiance to that corruption whose father is a lie? O! such a revolution is a heavenly gift of God, whereon we may heal all our ills; the soul of freedom is new-born again, and yet again, in the history of his Providence.

"Alas, Göthe! I must weep—I am as helpless, as little understood, here as thy Mignon was among the players. They are making a noise in the streets to day that means nothing—they have only got hold of a few poor Tyrolese laborers that had hidden themselves in the woods, and there they rave over the wretchedness of their fellow creatures like madmen. I have shut my windows, to exclude the little light that remains of this day—I seem the only being in this populous city that has the feelings of humanity in his bosom. These honest hardy peasants, who have drawn in truth and freedom with the pure air of their mountains, must now be dragged through the dirty streets of Munich by a beer-besotted multitude, and no one wills, or willing dares, to speak a word of mercy in their behalf; they sin against the noblest feelings of humanity—Devil!—if I were king here, I should teach them that they are slaves, and that no one in my presence should lay hand on the images of the Eternal . . . . .

Only think of my situation.



Here I am in this accursed (*verdammte*) Munich alone, with not a soul in whom I can confide. This morning, however, I achieved a small triumph. Winter\* had a rehearsal of a march intended for the campaign against the Tyrolese. I told him flatly that the march was bad, that the Bavarians would get the worst of it, and the blame would fall upon his bad march. Winter tore the composition in pieces, and was so wroth that his long silver hair waved to and fro like a field of corn struck by a hail-storm. Would to God that I could annihilate the whole expedition as I have annihilated this march!

"I have not seen Jacobi for three weeks. As little have I seen Schelling; he has something about him that I don't like, and that is his wife, who makes me jealous by telling me, of a certain Pauline G. of Jena, with whom she says you carry on a most loving correspondence. I listen till I grow sick, and then go away with a most honest hatred of Lady Schelling. Alas! why should I fret? I have no right to command your whole affections, but no one shall presume to vie with me in the affection that I bear to you.

BETTINA."

To pass from these warm effusions of girlish, but not the less noble, feeling,—here follows a short sketch, (drawn *con amore*) of Speckbacher, one of the heroes of that heroic war—a great man, perhaps in stratagem and enterprise greater than Hofer, whose honest worth has attained a more general European reputation.

"Speckbacher is a *unique* hero—wit, intellect, presence of mind, earnestness, unbounded benevolence, a clear unembarrassed character. Danger is to him like the rising of the sun; with that his day begins, and he sees at once what he has to do. Not more by his enthusiasm than by commanding his enthusiasm, does he execute his deeds of valor; a sense of honor and responsibility makes him do every thing himself; his own plans as well as the plans of his commanders, and what may be necessary to meet the emergency of the moment, are carried through with equal success; never, where the danger is expected, does he trust any expedition to a friend. He burnt the town of Kuffstein in the midst of the enemy; their bridge of boats he sent floating down the river. He, with two comrades, stood up to the middle in water during a whole stormy night, and in the morning he loosened the last two boats amid a hail-storm of grape-shot. Cunning is his divinest quality; he cuts off the wild bushy beard which almost covers his face, disguises himself in garb and character, desires to speak with the commander of the fortress, wriggles himself in, tells a plausible story about treason and traitors, fishes out all the information that can be of any use to him, never for a moment shows

himself in the least discomposed, allows them to interrogate and to search, drinks a hearty glass to Maximilian Joseph, and at last, accompanied by the governor, is led forth by the same gate at which he entered, and takes a cheerful farewell.

"But all these sufferings and sacrifices are likely to go for nothing, Austria is not to be depended upon. She behaves all the while as if she were afraid of the consequences of her own victories, and the upshot of it is clear—she will yet have to beg pardon of the great Napoleon, that she took the liberty to oppose an heroic people to his imperial conquests—But I break off—too well I know that nothing truly great finds a due recompence upon earth."

And with this prophetic letter, every word in the latter part of which was almost literally fulfilled, we must, though unwillingly, bring our Tyrolese extracts to a close. We shall, however, gratify the curiosity of our readers in showing them how the great Goethe conducted himself in answer to these most patriotic effusions. He had, as he tells us in his diary for the year 1809, drawn himself back, with his usual cautious timidity, into his artistical shell. While Bettina was pouring herself out in warm sympathy with the heroic deeds of a patriotic people, Goethe was brooding over that mysterious subject—elective affinities,—and spinning out in the shape of a novel, (which Jacobi's sisters certainly would not consider more decorous than *Meister*;) a subtle theory of their mysterious connection with human moralities. To him, in his quiet secluded life on the banks of the Ilm, a Berlin play-bill was more precious than the page that recorded the heroism of Hofer and Speckbacher; and the fall of an old juniper tree, that had long shaded his classic villa, occupied a more important place in his diary than the fall of the holy Roman Empire. At first, he seems inclined to shy the subject altogether, and, from motives of state policy, feels himself prevented from disclosing to his patriotic friend the true state of his feelings on the subject of the Tyrolese revolt. On the 17th May, 1809, his letter begins,

"There is a peculiar pleasure, dearest Bettina, in approaching thee, whether with words or with thoughts; but these warlike times, that exercise such an influence on our reading, put a gag no less on our writing, and we are compelled, however unwillingly, to deny ourselves the pleasure of expressing sympathy with thy most romantic and most characteristic narrations."

He then tells her that he had spun himself into a romance (the abovementioned *Wahlverwandschaften*), in order to withdraw his attention as much as possible from the events of those evil times, which otherwise might

\* The celebrated *Capellmeister* and composer for the opera at Munich, now dead—*ein wunderlicher Kautz*, as Bettina elsewhere calls him, but a great artist.



act too violently upon his weak nerves; and, without condescending to say a single word more on Bettina's favorite theme, he turns a few pretty sentences, and concludes. In about ten months afterwards, however, when the war had ended in the heroic death of Hofer, he finds it safe to say a few words to satisfy his little Mignon that his cosmopolitan breast is not entirely destitute of the noble feeling of German patriotism. In March 1810, he writes thus:

"TO BETTINA.

"Dear Bettina,—I find myself irresistibly constrained to drop a word of sympathy with thy patriotic sorrow, and to declare to you how much I am moved by the same feelings. You must beware, however, how you allow the capricious tricks of life to affect your peace so severely. It is a difficult thing to fight one's-self through such events, especially with a character whose claims to an ideal existence are so great as yours. Your last letter is already added to my highly-valued collection from your pen, and with it another interesting epoch is concluded. Through a lovely winding garden, full of philosophical, historical, and musical views, you have led me at last to the temple of Mars; and from beginning to end I find the same healthy energy which characterises you—My warmest thanks for this—and may you still continue to make me the initiated of your internal world, and rest assured that the love and the constancy that I owe thee for such a gift is ever paid to thee in secret.

GÖTHE."

This letter, though a little stiff and senatorian at the outset, warms into gracious condescension with the concluding sentence. Short as it is, it is sufficient to set the lively girl in raptures—"Dear Göthe," she replies, "many thousand thanks for thy ten lines, in which thou noddest comfort and consolation to me." At other times, she was not so well pleased; the easy *Geheim-Rath* once or twice ventured to write to his Platonic love by the hands of a secretary; but never did he so without receiving the severest castigation, and being formally obliged to chant a penitent palinode. She charges him with being in love with the heroine of his new Romance, from whose rivalry, if she be not better than the ladies in Meister, she does not see why she should have any thing to fear; she reproaches him with being more occupied with his catacomb-speculations about the intermaxillary bone, than about the living love of her who only lives for him: she weeps, she prays, she satirizes—and how should the *Geheim-Rath* resist such an appeal?

There is a passage, but it is a long one, in the second volume of Bettina's letters,

narrating her interview with Beethoven at Vienna, which it grieves us much that we cannot on the present occasion present to the English public. We merely mention it to whet the curiosity of our musical readers. We have already discoursed—or rather allowed Göthe, Zelter, and Bettina Brentano to discourse—too long *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. Our readers will perhaps be disposed to pardon our prolixity; our task has been of a much more pleasant kind than often falls to our share. We have rambled carelessly over hill and dale, through a rich country of new and various prospect. As to Göthe, the letters before us have placed him, to our view at least, alternately in a dignified and in a ludicrous position; we have allowed ourselves to be moved quietly by the character of every succeeding picture, hovering at ease between the sublime and the ridiculous. On the whole, the publication of Zelter's correspondence will do much to strengthen the solid base on which the great poet's fame is founded; the publication of Bettina's can do nothing to shake it. Perhaps there is no character in literary history that lies so open as that of Göthe to fanatical admiration on the one hand, and unqualified reprobation on the other: to one party he is the impersonation of calm and dignified poetic wisdom; to the other the public symbol of all that is weak and trifling, cold and indifferent, in human character. Great men are seldom judged with impartiality, because their mighty influence metamorphoses all their pretended judges into interested parties. This is precisely the case with Göthe; and the time is perhaps not yet come when men's minds will be clear and calm enough, to think moderately, and at the same time worthily, of this extraordinary man. Meanwhile, those who are anxious for a hasty decision on the point may adopt the good old plan of compounding a character of Göthe and Göthe's genius from the representations of both parties, modified respectively by rules which sound common sense alone can dictate; to us, and to many in this land, there is a criterion of judgment, more sure than the opposing *dicta* of the Aristarchi and the Schlegels of either party can supply. That criterion is the health and gladness of soul which we daily drink in from the well of spiritual beauty which Göthe has opened to us,—the pure enjoyment which a sympathy with the fair creations of his mind daily affords us; and, in lieu of all ostentatious criticism applied to such a mind, we rather choose to offer up the prayer:

"O degli altri poeti onore e lume,  
Vergliami il lungo studio e il grand' amore  
Che mi hanno fatto revar lo tuo volume!"



ART. V.—1. *Das Griechische Volk, in öffentlicher, kirchlicher, und privatrechtlicher Beziehung.* Von Georg Ludwig von Maurer. (The Greek People, in its Political, Ecclesiastical, and Social Relations, before and after the Struggle for Independence, up to the 1st of June, 1835. By M. von Maurer, Member of the Royal Regency of Greece, &c. &c. &c.) Heidelberg. 1835. 2 vols.

2. *State Papers on Greek Affairs, laid before Parliament, 1830—1832.*

NOT one of the least remarkable phenomena of the present day has been the change in Europe from excitement to indifference, from enthusiasm to apathy, which a few years have produced with respect to that unfortunate country named Greece. Was it the sympathy of our nature that took part in the sufferings of the unfortunate, but which is indifferent to the prosperity of calm, unmolested existence? Was it that we then believed her to be in danger and distress, and now suppose her to be contented and happy? Was it that the toy was then new, and that now, in childish waywardness, we have thrown it aside? or is it not rather that our enthusiasm then was associated with the generous hope that we did foresee and would create for Greece a happier destiny, and that our apathy now is associated with the saddening conviction that those philanthropic hopes have been deceived; that the very confidence which she placed in us has been turned into bitterest disappointment; that our own benevolent but ignorant efforts have, in fact, been the means by which the energies of this interesting people have been crushed, and the decrepitude of premature senility has been cast over the youth of a state which has lost the hopes, yet preserved the weakness, of infancy?

The light which has recently been thrown on our relations with the various states of the East, and the connection which has been traced and followed out in all its minutest ramifications between the political projects of Russia\* and the causes of demoralization, degradation, and convulsion, in all the states that belong or formerly belonged to the Ottoman Empire, fortunately relieve us now from

\* A most singular periodical, entitled the "Portfolio," has just appeared, in which a series of secret Russian and Prussian despatches are to be published. This is a startling announcement indeed; almost too bold to be unfounded. The first number contains a despatch of Count Bernstorff to the king of Prussia, which, though somewhat abstruse, is more than curious or interesting, and, what is more important, as stamping the character of the extraordinary publication, it bears the strongest internal evidence of authenticity.

entering into the means of Russian supremacy and success, of Mussulman administration and policy; with which it is absolutely necessary to be in some degree at least acquainted, before it is possible to comprehend the position which Greece really occupies, the designs of which she may be the object, the combinations of which she may form a part,—before, in short, the experience of the last events can be useful or instructive.

To reduce the question to its simplest expression—What was the treaty of July? A convention to pacify the Levant. What were the disturbing causes in the Levant? Russian policy and Russian intrigue. The object, therefore, of the treaty of the 6th of July was to strike a blow at Russian influence; and we hesitate not in asserting, that it was the general conviction that such was the object, and that such would be the result of that treaty, which conciliated for it at the time the support and admiration of the public, and especially of the liberals of Europe.

The object was to exclude Russian intrigue—and, if Russian influence is at the present moment more ascendant in Greece than ever; if even it can be proved that the designs of Russia are more easily realizable now, in consequence of the increased distraction of that country; if, in consequence of these distractions, the Greeks turn their eyes still more fixedly towards Russia than on the Fatherland of their hopes and historical recollections; how can we say that the treaty of July has been hitherto executed? Instead of Greece being the pacifier of the Levant, she is in a continual state of turbulence herself; and, instead of shutting out Russian intrigues, she presents to Russia the best fulcrum by which she can convulse Eastern society to its centre. To see how much we have to thank the ignorance of our diplomats for this state of things, we have only to cast a hasty glance on the history of Greece ever since this boasted treaty was signed.

The first wise action we did—for the fatal effects of the battle of Navarino, which led to the treaty of Adrianople, have been sufficiently insisted on—was to recognize the nomination to the Presidency of Greece of a man who could be no other than the creature of Russia, and whose whole policy was directed to the strengthening of the Russian party. On his arrival in Greece, the first administrative act of Capodistrias was to destroy the municipal institutions of Greece; for he foresaw the impossibility of carrying into effect any of his designs so long as such a bulwark of the national liberties remained. For the present argument, it is unnecessary to insist more fully on the



system which had been implanted by the Turks, excepting in as far as it gave the people a power of organizing and combining public opinion in such a manner as to prevent him from pursuing a system of anti-national policy as long as it existed. That he came to Greece having his mind made up to destroy these institutions is now well known.

As soon as they were subverted, there remained no power in Greece that could counterbalance the executive; all his thoughts were turned to duping Europe; and, as we find him wishing either to conciliate the liberal or anti-liberal party there, we observe him conforming to the letter of his oath and calling a national assembly, preparing a constitution, or giving the legitimate cabinets of Europe to understand that he administered the country on the purest principles of despotism.

The Greeks, who had experienced in electing their municipal chiefs and primates, were little acquainted with all the complications of popular representation; and, as soon as their *demogerontes* were no longer their natural advisers, they were exposed to all the effects of corruption and intimidation, and to all the frauds lurking in the *loi organique* respecting elective franchise, which prevented them from electing men of their free choice to serve in the National Assembly of Argos; consequently that assembly was composed principally of the creatures and nominees of Capodistrias, and into his hands was consigned, by that assembly, uncontrollable power, which he used effectively for those ends for which Russia had placed him in Greece. All the official documents relating to Prince Leopold have been laid before the public; but of course these documents can expose but a small portion of the villany and deception connected with those events. Fortunately, an exposure of the general system of his administration has been made with sufficient accuracy and detail by Professor Thiersch.

The Greeks bore with Capodistrias as long as possible out of respect to the high contracting powers. At last, national endurance could go no further. A revolution broke out, the object of which was to expel him from the country; but its leaders desired to deprive him of his office of President without an appeal to arms, and they would have succeeded in doing so, had it not been for the unwarrantable interference of Russian cannon, and the still more extraordinary moral influence exercised by the Representatives of England and France, enlisted in support of this foreign interference. But when they found remonstrance ineffectual, constitutional resistance opposed by the guns of the Allied Powers, and an alliance framed to save the

independence of Greece perverted to its destruction; they sought their last refuge in an act which, however unjustifiable in itself, was prompted, we sincerely believe, by a feeling of patriotism, and was, in fact, the only means of ridding Greece of a man, who, fixed upon that little spot by the finger of the Northern Autocrat, supported by England and France, relied on by the liberals of Europe, respected from the devotion of the Greeks towards their foreign protectors, served by the vices and corruption, which he found or could create, and who, thus armed and surrounded by a power and consideration against which neither the means nor the intelligence of Greece could compete, was permitted to assert the right of an unlimited despotic inheritance, and to exercise, for the furtherance of anti-national, of anti-social ends, the power of a foreign conqueror.

The dagger of Mavromichaeli frustrated for a time the intrigues of Russia; and, had there been one spark of intelligence in the English and French Cabinets, we have such confidence in the docility of the Greek nation, and are so well aware of their intense desire of repose after such long dissensions, that we assert that it would have been a matter of the utmost facility to have framed a government sufficiently strong and popular to satisfy the expectation of the Greeks, and fully to realise the most benevolent views of Europe. But this third opportunity of settling Greece was lost by the diplomatic agents acknowledging immediately in the Senate, who were all nominees of Capodistrias, a right to exercise functions which had never been granted to them even by Capodistrias himself. Being a purely consultative body, foreign interference invested them with a constituent authority, which was the origin of all the subsequent confusion and convulsion in Greece. The Russian system was perpetuated by the nomination of a Commission of Provisional Government, two members of which were notoriously of that party; one, the brother of the late President, a man who had rendered his name a by-word by setting at defiance the common decencies of society; the second, the notorious Colocotroni. The name of Coletti was added, in homage to the national feeling, in order to implicate him with the Capodistrian party. That his opposition might be rendered null, it was expressly enacted that the decision of the majority was to have the sanction of the whole.

About this time, Sir Stratford Canning, passing through Greece on his way to the Porte, and witnessing in person the errors that had been committed, endeavored to staunch the wounds of Greece, and recommended for this purpose that the prisoners



accused on political grounds should immediately be released from the dungeons ; that an amnesty should be proclaimed ; a temporary government established by a fusion of parties ; and, finally, that a National Assembly should be convened, and new elections instituted, in order to ascertain as much as possible the unbiased wishes of the nation.

How these benevolent intentions were frustrated by the residents of the allied powers appears in the correspondence of Professor Thiersch (appended to his first volume), who upbraids them with supporting, in an unwarrantable manner, "the violent and horrible system" of the Capodistrian faction, though the account of its atrocities was already on its way to England. It is needless to describe the premeditated massacre at Argos of the Roumeliote deputies, who came thither under a safe-conduct from the three powers. It is needless to recount the infatuation which seemed to actuate Count Augustine's government. We wish not to open up the reasons why he refused an amnesty to those whom he looked upon as his victims, or why, rather in the true spirit of Russian diplomacy, he published a *general* amnesty, which was intended "for Europe, whilst Siberia was for them ;" we wish not to enter into all the misrepresentations that went abroad on this subject. We pass over hastily this entangled history, and bring our readers down to the time when the proscribed and outlawed deputies marched upon Napoli, with the applause of the whole nation, and took possession of the seat of government, which a few hours before the pusillanimous "*conqueror of Roumelia*" had abandoned, leaving ten dollars in the public chest. Here, again, was an opportunity of establishing order in Greece. The eyes of all were turned to Coletti. At this moment arrived a protocol from England, drawn up in such a manner as showed that the Conference of London conceived that the representatives in Greece had already acted up to the recommendation of Sir Stratford Canning, and desiring them to persevere in upholding a government based upon a "*fusion of parties*."

Had this been actually the case, had the ministers of the three powers insisted, *at the time when these recommendations were made*, on the formation of a "*gouvernement mixte*," we have no hesitation in asserting that the result would have been beneficial. Parties were nearly balanced. The Russian party had the executive power in its own hands, and the constitutional party was not aware of its own preponderating power. But now circumstances were changed. They had come into collision, and the Russian party, which before refused all con-

cession, was made to feel its own inherent weakness, as far as the opinion of the nation was concerned. To desire, then, the triumphant leaders of the constitutional party to share their power with what they had shown to be an impotent and anti-national faction, was what any man in his senses, who judges of human actions by human motives, could only attribute to an intention of plunging the country into that discord from which it had been snatched, or of restoring the influence of Russia, which had been overthrown. Though the foreign residents did not insist on a fusion of parties when that was possible, they did insist upon it when it was calculated to disorganize the country. We are well aware that they acted up to the letter of their instructions, but the change of circumstances must have proved, at least to the English and French residents, that a departure from the letter of their instructions would have been the only way to act up to the spirit of them. But how did they fulfil even the letter? The senate, whose very name is passed over in silence both by the protocol and the memorandum, is again clothed with unconstitutional power by the residents, and commissioned by them to form a government. The first government proposed was of five, in which the now triumphant—the constitutional—party were to be in the minority! But when Coletti would not endure this, it was changed to a council of seven, in which again the majority was of the Russian party. This again was broken up in consequence of the remonstrances of Coletti, and finally a council was formed of seven, four of whom were constitutionalists, and three of the Russian party. But mark, the proviso was added, that no act could be legal without a majority of five. The three Russians always held together. What could be expected, save the state of complete anarchy in which the young monarch found the country on his arrival?

Before the signing and ratification of the Greek treaty, the country had been divided into three parties, English, French, and Russian, in which enrolled themselves such influential persons as placed greater confidence in one or the other of these powers with regard to the *establishment of Greek independence*. We consider this division as extremely unfortunate for the welfare of Greece, even from the commencement ; but certainly since the ratification of that treaty it has proved nothing but a source of continual distraction in that country, and consequently has promoted the designs of Russia. It was then clear that there could be only two parties in the state, the friends of Capodistrias and the favorers of Russian designs, and



those who desired order, tranquillity, and good government; and that, consequently, no matter what badge any individual bore, provided he was animated by patriotic intentions, and had sufficient good sense to see through the machinations of the friends of anarchy, he must be a friend of England and of English policy. Colocotroni was one of the leaders of the Russian faction. His interest was anarchy—his life had been spent as a robber. Andrea Metaxa, a Cephaloniote by birth, was hostile to that power which had misgoverned Corfu, and was connected by personal ties with Capodistrias; and, being a man of an intriguing disposition, and having little influence in Greece excepting what had been acquired by intrigues, he saw clearly that he could only maintain himself by Russian influence.

The first person whom we shall notice of the so-called English party was Zaïmi. He had been formerly leader of the primates of the Peloponnesus. During the lifetime of Capodistrias, he had generally opposed him. But the wily president had so contrived to spread dissension among the primates of the Morea, that Zaïmi's influence in that province was materially weakened; and, consequently, seeing that he could not hold his ground, he was frequently disposed to come to terms with the president, and to recover his lost influence by throwing himself into the hands of Russia. Each time he was prevented from doing this by divers minute circumstances, which it is needless to relate.

At the period of the assassination of Capodistrias, he was at Hydra, and he, with the present Greek plenipotentiary in London, was induced to accept the amnesty from which he had not been excluded, and deserted his political friends, because he saw that they were browbeaten by those two powers whose interests they were defending. From that time forward he became a Russian partisan, and in the Council of Seven he held together with his new party.

But the man whose talents guided the English party was Prince Mavrocordato, a Fanariote by birth, who had no personal connections in Greece, but who, from having joined early in the revolution, and, having behaved in a manner creditable to himself on many critical and trying occasions, had gained considerable reputation for his skill in managing affairs, although certainly a general mistrust had, to a certain degree, obscured his popularity and diminished his usefulness. With his characteristic sagacity, he immediately perceived that, if England conducted her policy with intelligence, the influence of England in Greece must be supreme on account of her maritime ascenden-

cy; and, never calculating that we should still go on perversely mismanaging our interests, he placed himself at the head of the English party, which he naturally expected would not only be supreme in Greece, but universal; and that, consequently, although he held by no district or province, he could be at the head of the nation. But, when he had met with frequent disappointments, and he and his friends had been ruined in their fortunes and character; when a price had been set on their heads, and they were attainted of high treason by Capodistrias and his successor, with the support and approbation of the English resident, not having a support to fall back on in the country itself, he naturally found that it was impossible to support the interests of England, which she did not seem to understand herself, and consequently, although he has never renounced the name of leader of the English party, his subsequent efforts have been to avert from his head the vengeance of Russia. This is a key to the part he played at the National Assembly of Pronia, although we are perfectly aware that other motives were supplied him.

We pass over the conduct of his brother-in-law, because we should be sorry to violate the sacred laws of hospitality, which we have learned to respect in the East, and we hasten to contrast with the conduct of the prince that of those who have never deserted the constitutional party. Coletti is the first name that we shall mention. His political consistency is not to be traced to his having espoused and put himself at the head of the French party, for France has equally with England mismanaged and frittered away the influence she might have acquired in Greece; but it is to be referred to the influence he possesses in Roumelia, and his being backed by such powerful advocates as the military Roumeliote chieftains. As a proof of this, we further affirm that Condouriotti's political consistency is traceable to a similar cause. He is of the English party, but he is backed by the influence of the islands. The Bey of Maina furnishes us with another instance. We must not suppose that men become partisans of England from an abstract love of this remote island, or that they will connect themselves with our policy, however advantageous it may be to them, if we not only neglect to support those who trust in us, but, rejecting the influence that is offered us, the power which is conferred upon us, betray the material interests that we have at stake. Every man of reputation in the East will, one by one, sink into dependence on Russia, be compromised against us, and, after becoming a treacherous ally, will end by being a rancorous foe.



In the East, those who are not for us are against us. In the East, a struggle is going on, though noiseless, yet so deep and absorbing as to leave no neutral ground, to admit of no indifferent spectator. England cannot suddenly arrive at a comprehension of those mysteries of diplomacy which have been hitherto a science exclusively Russian, but, in the mean time, in as far as it goes, she may take this as a certain rule, that only those who are strong by their positive position, who stand as the representatives of local interests, can be at present her allies, even although they affect contrary predilections; while, on the other hand, men, whose influence and position have been brought about by fictitious means, and who are not intimately and necessarily connected with the interests they represent, must be in the interest of Russia, and more useful instruments if they can succeed in representing themselves as friends of England.

A strong instance of this is actually furnished us at Constantinople. The Serasker Pasha calls himself of the English party. The odious financial measures that he has introduced have been the cause of most of the late disquietudes in the Ottoman empire. His treasonable practices were the sole causes of the successes of Mohammed Ali, as is proved by that able pamphlet, "Sultan Mahmoud and Mohammed Ali."

The national assembly was convened, and, though the protocol had desired the residents to act up to all the recommendations of Sir Stratford Canning, every impediment was thrown by them in the way of its convocation. It was argued by them, that, since a prince was named, such a national assembly could not deliberate unless with his participation, and yet the principal reason for which they were convened was to ratify the nomination of the prince; and now that the constitutional members have the ascendancy, the congress pass an act of amnesty in favor of those who had refused to make any concessions to them. In spite of the letter of the residents, and the tergiversation of Mavrocordato and his party, who now, for the first time, showed direct indications of deserting the constitutional cause, the assembly held its deliberations, until, by some machinations that we are unwilling to tear open, a band of ruffians dispersed them by force.

Meanwhile the senate, whose existence legally expired on the meeting of the assembly, was revived by the residents, and formed a new government of seven of the military leaders of Greece, after having attempted and failed to elect the Russian admiral as their president. How this was to restore tranquillity in Greece, we cannot imagine.

Their first attempts were to cut off the French troops in the mountains, who were marching to save the different fortresses; but, being foiled in their attempts, their troops were cut in pieces at Argos, and a momentary pause ensued, during which the young king and the regency arrived.

We need not dwell upon the distracted state of the country on their arrival. This will be sufficiently known by referring to the journals of the day, and it may be easily conceived how difficult was the task which the regency had taken upon itself, when we add to this confusion further complications which proceeded from another quarter.

In the treaty of May 7th, 1832, and the accompanying protocols, it had been expressly stipulated that the regency were to be "the permanent and definitive government of Greece," until the majority of the young king, which was fixed for the first of June, 1835; and that they were "to exercise the sovereignty in all its plenitude," uninterfered with by any foreign power, whether English, French, Russian, or Bavarian, for, stated the protocol, if there be any thing like a union between the two crowns of Bavaria and Greece, the balance of Europe is destroyed!

We consider this as a somewhat overstated assertion, but still, if it be so, we must say that any interference on the part of Bavaria in the council of the regency was at least likely to endanger that balance. Now we find that the senate, which had been resuscitated by the residents, had been desired by the king of Bavaria himself "to surround the regency with its counsels;" and, consequently, we have Bavaria working in the interest of Russia. We do not suppose that the king of Bavaria wanted to subvert the monarchy of his son, to bring about which he had been toiling for so many years; but we bring forward the point merely to show how Russia avails herself of liberal and anti-liberal, despotic and constitutional, monarchical and republican, conservative and revolutionary—parties, interests, doctrines, and antipathies, to make them all work for her own ends.

However, the regency did not recognise this body, and it fell of itself, thereby proving incontestably that it had not the national support. A government was then organized, consisting of Mavrocordato, as minister of finance; Tricoupi, of foreign affairs; Praides of justice; Psyllas, of the interior; Smalz, a Bavarian, of war; and Colletti, of the marine; and it was the known principle of the regency to give every man of capacity an opportunity of attaching himself to the royal government, without distinction of



parties. Strangers in Greece, the regency were, of course, cautious at their first arrival. However, they were not long in perceiving the necessity of disarming the Palicari, who were, indeed, abandoned by their chiefs, and were roaming about the country at large. In this measure was involved the future destiny of Greece. In the carrying of this question, we are bold to say, lay the whole of the difficulties that presented themselves to the perfect and final establishment of the Greek state.

The success of this measure declared loudly the state of the question, proved the fallacy of the alarm which had been so industriously spread, announced the success of the royal government, and showed how easy Greece was to govern.

The country was divided into monarchies, with the governors of which were associated councils chosen by the districts. Though this was not going far enough, it was still an approximation to the principle of Eastern governments, and similar to the ayans of Turkey.

Their next measure strikingly illustrates the errors that Europeans, imbibing notions from the centralized administrations of Europe, are liable to fall into when they legislate for oriental populations. The country was distracted; lawless bands were strolling throughout the provinces; robberies and excesses were committed, and the best way that they could conceive to restore order and tranquillity was to establish a gendarmerie. This system of police was contrary to oriental practice, and, consequently, afforded grounds of complaint, of which the partisans of Colocotroni availed themselves to spread discontent among the people. An important passage in Capodistrias's history should have shown General Heydeck that there were other means of tranquillizing the country more congenial to Greek habits. At the period we allude to, Greece was overrun with robbers, and the peasantry of the disturbed districts came forward and offered to Capodistrias, of their own accord, to put down these bandits, if he would allow them. This was after the municipalities had been destroyed, but still the practice of responsibility for the peace of the district remained, as a familiar idea, in the minds of the people, in the same way as the responsibility of counties in England for the destruction of property survived, after the appointment of the sheriffs had been taken out of the hands of the people and vested in the crown. It did not suit Capodistrias at that moment that robberies should cease, for the affair of Prince Leopold was pending; but, as soon as that prince had renounced all pretensions

to the crown, robberies were put and end to exactly in the manner we have described, viz., by the peasantry arming themselves, and each defending the tranquillity of his own district. The organization of this gendarmerie we merely mean to point out as defective in principle, and affording a handle to Russian intrigue. The body, we believe, were well conducted, and gave no grounds for complaint as individuals, and, as troops, in the subsequent affair of Colocotroni, they distinguished themselves by zeal for the royal government.

The financial measures of Mavrocordato next pass under our review, than which measures could not have been devised more detrimental to the tranquillity of Greece. Under the Turks, the taxes were levied by the municipal chiefs at their village diets, and handed over to the farmers of the revenue. Capodistrias destroyed the municipalities, but, continuing the farmers of the revenue, these levied the taxes directly, which proved a fertile source of misery and convulsion. But Mavrocordato, not looking to the principle, but merely to temporary expediency with regard to filling the coffers of the state, devised a plan which he said would, and, perhaps, it might, save the state thirty per cent.; by abolishing the revenue farmers, and instituting in their stead tax-collectors, dependent solely upon the minister of finance. When we remember that these were to collect direct taxes, we may well conceive that this was no transition for the better, in favor of the peasant. On the contrary, the tax-collector being only responsible to the minister of finance, it would be a long time before his peculations and extortions would reach an ear so distant, especially in the disorganized state of the country, and, even if complaints did reach his ear, they would find it pre-occupied. He also produced a great deal of dissatisfaction by asserting the right of the state over commons, which had been held from time immemorial as pasturage, requiring the holders to show title for what they had only prescriptive right to do. These were mountains, woods, and uncultivated lands, rights that had always been respected by the Turks, according to a maxim of the Turkish law, that "custom acted upon is above law." These measures excited great discontent in the country, which was increased by the previous measure of the disbanding of the palicari. The simple-minded peasantry, who at first rejoiced at the latter, felt common cause, and had their affections so far alienated from the regency.

In August, 1833, a most formidable conspiracy broke out against the power of the regency, which divided itself into two



branches: one was headed by Colocotroni, the object of which was an address to the Emperor of Russia to remove the whole Regency, proclaim the majority of the king, and place the Russian faction at the head of affairs; the other being conducted by Count Roma, a Zantiote, whose Russian predilections are well known, as well as his being connected by marriage with Prince Gustavus Wrede, formerly a zealous partisan of Capodsitrius', and ties of intimacy have subsisted all along between the count and Colocotroni. With this latter conspiracy was connected Count J. Armansperg's secretary, Dr. Franz; its object was, to pray the King of Bavaria to dismiss M. von Maurer and General Heydeck, and to constitute Count Armansperg sole regent. If neither one nor the other of these conspiracies succeeded, Colocotroni was to take the law into his own hands, and eject the regency by force.

The perplexity of the regency on this discovery was great. Count Roma fled to Zante; Colocotroni and his party, and Dr. Franz, were arrested; the latter was sent back to Bavaria, after a slight examination before the council of the regency. The matter was not probed to the bottom. His papers were returned to him unread; the majority of the regency were contented with proving his guilt, being unwilling to go further, from motives of delicacy and political expediency; for, had any charge been brought home to Count Armansperg, it would have been impossible to try Colocotroni, and in a word it would have compromised the very existence of the monarchy.

There was a long delay before the trial of Colocotroni came on, owing to the difficulty of getting the peasantry to come forward to give evidence against a man whose name was connected with terror. The trial at last took place: the prosecution was conducted by Mr. Masson, who, although a countryman of our own, possesses such fluency in the Greek language as to plead causes in the Greek courts extempore. He had formerly distinguished himself by his intrepid and splendid defence of Mavromichaeli, abandoned by the European powers, surrounded by Russian bayonets, and in the face of a packed and military tribunal. In the course of this trial transpired some curious facts, which showed the intimate connection prevailing between Colocotroni and the court of St. Petersburg. The accused were convicted of a capital crime, and sentenced to death, which was afterwards transmuted to imprisonment for twenty years; and the result, such as it is, was chiefly attributable to Mr. Masson's integrity, intrepidity, and eloquence.

Before the explosion of the conspiracy, arrived an envoy from St. Petersburg, who had previously visited Munich on a special mission, for the purpose of exciting the king of Bavaria against the members constituting the majority of the regency. The protocols had expressly declared that the will of the majority of the regency was to be supreme, and here we have two courts acting against this provision, and, whilst this regency could not be removed until a stated period by any power, we find every engine of intrigue at work to subvert them. So little contented were the regency with the conduct of M. Catacazy, the Russian resident, that it was decided in their council to request the court of St. Petersburg to recall him: and when this was intimated to M. Catacazy himself, he produced a letter, written by Count Armansperg to Count Nesselrode, in which the former said that M. Catacazy had given every satisfaction. It must be observed, that Count Armansperg had been entrusted, as president of the council of regency, with the task of communicating verbally with the foreign residents on all matters which had been settled beforehand in the council; but how Count Armansperg found himself authorized to communicate with foreign courts, not only independently of his colleagues, but in express contradiction to what the majority had decided on, we are at a loss to imagine: certain it is, that the embarrassments of the regency were extremely augmented by discovering that there was a division in the cabinet.

The most powerful lever, which had been placed in the hands of Russia, and which was perhaps one of the original determining causes of her gigantic designs, was the identity of her religious creed with so large a portion of the population of Turkey. The first political agents that penetrated into the southern provinces of Turkey were apostles of a faith, not partisans of a government. The political influence of Russia spread from the altar, and the present degradation and future anarchy and subjection of Greece may be traced back, through heroic devotion and patriotic aspirations, to religious sympathies at the disposal of the wily cabinet in the far North, in whose hands the symbol of self-denial and of faith, the cross, has been converted into a dagger. The labarum of that faith had been erected in the city of Constantine; it was now to be transferred to the marshes of Peter. The patriarch of Constantinople, weltering in his pontificals on the threshold of the sanctuary, a splendid triumph of her diplomacy, had desecrated the ancient shrine; and, while this awoke an implacable hatred between the Crescent and the Cross, led the adherents of the Eastern church to



regard with a new feeling of respect that Northern, that inviolable, sanctuary of their faith. In Greece a new blow was struck at their ancient predilections by Capodistrias, who, severing the religious and hitherto inviolate dependence of Greece on the œcumenic patriarch, became himself the lay vicar of the national Greek establishment, as representative of a master, whose predecessor had equally replaced the pontiff of Russia in his supreme functions.\*

The next step was of course the positive recognition of the emperor of Russia as chief of the national church of Greece. Nesselrode, in a letter to Colocotroni, had impressed upon him the necessity of preserving the unity of their fathers' faith, which was "*altogether the condition and guarantee of their national prosperity.*" The Russian resident had twelve ecclesiastical *attacheés* of different grades, imposing by their appearance and costume. A man of war, especially despatched from Odessa *through the Dardanelles*, had conveyed to Nauplia all the paraphernalia of ecclesiastical representation,—ornaments, pictures, music, choristers. Beside the mansion of the Russian mission, in front of King Otho's palace, arose a chapel of equal dimensions, where alone, the Russian proclaimed, the orthodox could worship, and by which alone Greece could be connected with the unity of the faith. But these well-laid schemes were frustrated by the determination of M. von Maurer. He was not sufficiently informed on Eastern politics to conceive the re-annexation religiously of Greece with the patriarch of Constantinople, and even if he had, the project would at that period have been impracticable; he therefore adopted the middle course of an independent Greek synod, and instantly the Russian minister and the Russian party proclaimed the apostacy of Greece from the faith of her ancestors; while Metaxa prompted the revolutionary spirit of Maina, by telling the simple peasantry that the Panagia of Tinos had been seen to shed tears of blood on hearing of the infidelity of the King of Greece.†

\* In Montenegro, on the death of the celebrated priest and governor of that singular country, his nephew, a lad of twenty, was called to St. Petersburg; and the civil authority in his native land was there, as it were, conferred upon him through his consecration as archbishop by the Russian Patriarch! Russia has attempted, but not yet succeeded, in rendering the Armenian Church of Constantinople dependent on the Armenian Patriarch within her territories at Erivan. The late removal of the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople is another illustration.

† The chapel did not come out till two months after the deed of separation, but this is only an additional illustration of the whole scheme, because

But to return. In the course of the examination of the conspirators, several important facts came to light. We have before mentioned that it was the intention of the regency to establish a government which would avail itself of the capacity of every individual without regard to his previous history. Andr  a Metaxa was the first who was nominated to be councillor of state. He was also made nomarch of the important province of Maina. His intrigues in that province, and his connection with Colocotroni, came out in the course of the investigation. He was consequently dismissed from his nomarchy, and sent as consul-general to Cairo. He did not repair to his post, pretending, that he was obliged to go to Cephalonias to take leave of his friends; and there he lingered until he had got up another conspiracy, which broke out about the time of M. von Maurer's recall. As Coletti was then at the head of affairs, he was advised to retire to Marseilles. Zographo, who had been nomarch of Arcadia, where the conspiracy broke out, for having culpably neglected giving information to the government of their danger, was deprived of his province, and sent into honorable exile as minister to Constantinople, where he immediately hoisted Russian colors, as is proved by his attempts to disturb the march of the Turkish government, but which it is unnecessary to enlarge on here. Praides, Psyllas, and Tricoupi, were removed from the ministry for similar reasons, the latter being sent as envoy to England. The ministry was then remodelled. Mavrocordato was taken away from the finances, for which he had shown himself unqualified, and made secretary for foreign affairs and of the marine. Coletti was made minister of the interior, to search out the affair. Schinas and Theocaris, devoted friends of Coletti's, were made ministers of justice and of finance. The former was a cousin of Catacazy's, but that did not render him less hostile to Russian policy, as is proved by his being M. von Maurer's principal assistant in the institution of the national synod, and in his strenuous exertions at the trial of Colocotroni.

Count Armansperg, in his efforts to save Colocotroni and his associates, was supported by Mavrocordato, as well as by the president of the tribunal and another out of the five judges. Count Armansperg's colleagues were now placed under the necessity of taking decided measures. M. Polizoides and M. Terzetti (the judges) were suspended

M. von Maurer's promptitude had anticipated by a sudden and unexpected decision the long discussions which Russia of course expected on so knotty a question.



from their functions by the new minister of justice, and Mavrocordato was sent into exile to the court of Bavaria, whilst the regency transmitted to the different courts of Europe an account of this remarkable process.

It may excite surprise in Europe, that the regency should have invested with diplomatic functions in foreign courts men who were disgraced at home, but this surprise will disappear when we take into account the difficulties which the regency labored under. They could not allow influential men to remain in the country, with the means of intriguing against them and combining their efforts, although the conduct of P. Soutzo at Paris, who had been transferred as minister to St. Petersburg, for the express purpose of preventing his collusion with Pozzo di Borgo, gave them little to expect from their new agents.

The regency now threw themselves entirely into the hands of the constitutional and national party, and determined no longer to delay the promulgation of their municipal bill, which the distractions of Greece had prevented them from enacting before. We conceive their having delayed this bill to have been their grand error. All other means for tranquillizing the country did and must have failed, for, from the time of their arrival, Greece had been without any recognized municipalities whatever: of course, the regency could not recognize the *Démogerontes* as established by Capodistrias, and consequently the villagers were without any local organization, to which they were so much attached.

Had the municipal bill been their first measure, the power of Colocotroni and his faction would have been instantly paralyzed, for we do not know a people more easily directed than the Greeks: indeed, the convulsion of that country can only be attributed to the handle thus given to the intelligence of Russia. If such had been the case, we are equally sure that the centralized police of the gendarmerie would have been uncalled for; since that system of guaranteeship, which is so intimately connected with the principles of municipalities when the elections are uninterfered with by law, would have made every peasant arm himself to protect the interests of his community. Besides, we may hope that then the regency had seen the value of the system of municipalities farther than they appear to have understood it; viz. as it connects itself with the levying of the taxes, that the change effected by them would not have been from farmers of the revenue to ephori or tax-collectors, but that the municipal chiefs would have transmitted the revenue directly to the central govern-

ment. The difficulties, however, that the regency had to struggle against were great. They feared that, if they promulgated that law, the power thus handed over to the villagers would have been taken possession of by the Russian faction. But there were other distracting circumstances, as events have shown. It seems, notwithstanding all the protocols, that the regency were not really independent of the king of Bavaria, and that he would be alarmed by a measure, against which, as *republican* or *revolutionary*, Russia could so easily excite all his antipathies.\* He, therefore, would feel disposed to lend a ready ear to the insinuations thrown out by Russian diplomatists and by his secretary for foreign affairs, Baron Gise, whose leaning to Russia, is well known. And, indeed, all the governments of Germany are so prostrate before the ascendancy of Russia, that the king of Bavaria dare not move in a manner that would excite the jealousy of that power.

This measure, although it satisfied the people, we are inclined to find fault with, as

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\* We cannot help here inserting a note from "Turkey and its Resources," on the bearing of which we need not dilate.

"The following incident might give color to the suspicion that he (Count Capodistrias) went to Greece with a perfect acquaintance with the municipal organization, and a pre-determination to destroy it. Being questioned by Prince C—, ex-minister of Russia, as to the causes to which I attributed the failure of Capodistrias in Greece, I was proceeding to detail some of the reasons given in the text, placing in the first rank of errors the destruction of the existing municipalities, and, as the most fatal of his omissions, the non-creation of municipalities, which would have prevented all his own faults and all the national opposition. 'That was precisely,' observed the Prince, 'the policy he ought to have pursued; and I recollect perfectly a conversation I had with him on this very subject, one or two years before his nomination as president. I remarked to him, that the municipalities of Turkey afforded the ready, the cheap, the easy, and efficient means of organizing Greece. Capodistrias made me one of the long answers in which he was so expert, with the view of effacing this conviction from my mind. I do not recollect now what it was he did say; but the impression made upon me at the time was, *qu'il battoit la campagne*.'

"Does not this throw light on the diplomacy of Russia? My informant could not know any thing of the municipalities of Turkey, or of the means of organizing Greece, except through the information possessed by the foreign bureau at St. Petersburg. Nothing, indeed, save this high intellectuality of her diplomacy could preserve the connection and combine the functions of so inert and heterogeneous a mass. Had her object been to organize Greece, how straightly would she have marched towards it! If the contrary, how efficacious is her opposition; and how easily could she detect Capodistrias, had he aimed at consolidating there his own power!"—p. 241.



it trammelled, by innumerable complications, the habits of the people. It was intended to be as liberal as possible, but still the regency were misguided by European ideas and by not understanding perfectly the spirit of Eastern habits and institutions. This is a mistake that Europeans always fall into whenever they undertake to administer Eastern countries, which even Eastern legislators commit when they get infected with ideas transplanted from Europe; and *we* surely cannot be very severe upon them when we have committed graver errors than these ourselves in India.

It was in consequence of this measure, that M. von Maurer and M. d'Abel received their recall, for they expressly contravened the instructions which they had received from Munich through the Bavarian chargé-d'affaires, M. de Gasser, to follow in the wake of M. Catacazy. General Heydeck was left, although he had tendered his resignation; but in M. Maurer's stead was sent M. Kobell, whose predilections may be understood by the simple circumstance that he was bearer of despatches to the Russian envoy, at whose residence he alighted. Thus General Heydeck was in a minority, and was attempted to be placed in the same position in which Coletti was placed after the assassination of Capodistrias. However, he refused to attach his name to a law abolishing the liberty of the press, and, as soon as king Otho attained his majority, he instantly left the country and returned to Bavaria.

On the recall of M. von Maurer and M. d'Abel, every effort was directed by Count Armandsparg and the court of Bavaria to wean the young king from men to whom he had been not only personally but politically attached. Count Jenison, late envoy in England, was sent to support Count Armandsparg. Aid-de-camps, physicians, artists, came to surround the young king, and so well did they work that, before he arrived at his majority, he was induced to sign a paper promising to constitute Count Armandsparg arch-chancellor of the kingdom the moment he was seated on the throne.

We shall not notice this introduction of feudal titles into a country that has never known the distracting influence of feudalism. The Count has thus extorted an authority, which must overshadow the young monarch, and deprive royalty of its prerogatives. This was attempted by Capodistrias, but for the consequences he stood responsible and suffered. Armandsparg, sheltered under the royal name, has the power of issuing decrees without the king's sanction, though the prince himself can sign no papers without the previous signature of Count Armandsparg; and

the odium of every measure must fall in popular opinion upon the king, or else upon the minister nominated by the arch-chancellor, whilst, if there be any measure that gains the general approbation, we have reason for asserting that he takes the credit of it to himself.

There is one measure of Count Armandsparg's to which we would particularly call the attention of the capitalists of England. The Greek loans, raised at several times, were guaranteed by the national lands, and the ambassadors of the three powers, in their conferences at Poros, expressly declared that no financial measure could be entered into that could at all invade the imprescriptible rights of these capitalists. It was always a desirable object to distribute these national lands amongst the people, in order to convert the lawless palacari into peaceful agriculturists; yet the rights of the capitalists were always respected by the Greeks themselves, as long as these claims could not be compensated out of the public treasury, and consequently the measure was always deferred until these claims could be indemnified by the state.

Count Armandsparg has cut the Gordian knot. The national lands and property have been put up to sale, bonds having been previously issued of 2000 drachmas to each family to enable them to purchase. Thus we do not know what guarantee is left, or what security the capitalists have now for the repayment of the debt. The measure was intended to court popularity in Greece, to destroy every interest for Greece in England, to ruin the character and credit of Greece in Europe, and finally to promote convulsion by the introduction of an impracticable measure, and corruption by the sanctioning of public dishonesty.

The results correspond with the means that have been employed, and recent advices give us reason to believe, that never was Greece, even in her times of greatest apparent danger, in so deplorable, hopeless, and helpless a condition as at the present moment.

In sketching this lamentable picture of the state of a country so interesting by its soil, its associations, its effort, its sufferings, and its abused confidence in this our own country; in tracing this afflictive history of intrigue, of ignorance, and of error, there is one point alone on which we can rest with satisfaction—one consideration alone which permits us to hope for any thing less afflictive for the future than a continuation of such scenes as these; and that is, the fact of the picture which we are now tracing being made



public by the English press. It is our ignorance alone that has caused the fortunes of Russia to brighten; and this exposure of her policy in this detached country, marvelously coinciding with similar exposures elsewhere, will be a powerful contribution towards the revulsion of opinion now taking place throughout Europe, which cannot fail to arrest, at no distant period, her hitherto prosperous course.

A residence of several years in Greece has made us acquainted, and intimately acquainted, with the policy and views of that country, with the character of individuals, and with the motives that could actuate them: but we confess that, since the establishment of the monarchy of Greece, having only the means of judging from a distance, and with little more than the scanty and erroneous information furnished by the public press, Greece appeared like a chaos on which we could have ventured no opinion; and, while our mind was filled with all species of apprehension, we could have suggested no remedy. The work of Professor Thiersch threw, indeed, some light on the subject; but it was uncertain, and the truth of his details was rendered suspicious by the errors of his general inferences. For the picture which we are now enabled to present to our readers, we are indebted principally to another and a most extraordinary source.

We have already stated, that by the constitution of the Regency the governing power was vested in the *majority* of the Regency, and that majority was invested with "sovereign independent power in all its plenitude." That Regency is broken up by the individual act of the King of Bavaria; the *majority* of that regency is treated as Russian, and, on the strength of that word, the whole influence of England and of France is directed successfully to its overthrow. *Against that decision it has appealed through the press to the public of Europe.* Supposing that the chain of evidence here adduced were not wholly conclusive, still it cannot admit of a shadow of doubt that an appeal to the public of Europe cannot proceed from an agent of Russia, and it is therefore evident that that Regency was recalled for opposing the views of Russia.

There are brought forward in M. von Maurer's work accusations of the gravest nature, which excite our astonishment and almost our disbelief; but still we see sufficient evidence in the work to assert that it must produce inquiry, and that the matter must be probed to the bottom. M. von Maurer challenges inquiry: he publishes his work under all the disadvantages of a shackled press, and of a position of hostility with his

own government. We care not whether Count Armandsparg flatters English travellers—whether he professes great zeal for the antiquities of Greece—whether he makes a show of great attachment to English interests; the practical question with us is, whether or not he favors Russian designs.

In the division of labor adopted by the Regency, we find that Count Armandsparg stands responsible for the financial measures, whilst M. von Maurer and M. d'Abel seem to have been the originators of all measures connected with the interior and the church: we have shown that it was not the first that gave the Russians such dissatisfaction.

Again, looking at the arbitrary system that Count Armandsparg has adopted since the removal of his former colleagues, the dismissal of Coletti, who has been exiled as ambassador to Paris, and the subsequent return to Greece of Andrea Metaxa; looking over the names which constitute the present ministry of Count Armandsparg, among which we find that of Michael Soutzo as minister of the interior—a man whose letter to Capodistrias, which fell into the hands of the constitutional party, proved that he was entirely Russian; seeing that he has since let loose Colocotroni and his associates from prison, no doubt can remain on our minds as to the count's views. We are aware that Russian diplomatists in England abuse him; but is the recent exposure of Klaproth not to be a warning to us? We should say, if even we had not this strong evidence, that the mere fact of Count Armandsparg being supported by the Court of Bavaria, and of the others having been recalled, would be sufficient in itself to justify our suspicions of his being Russian.\*

When we look at the state of Greece, which must be again a prey to dissensions; when we consider that Greece is in the hands of the man whom we have just disposed of; when we consider the way that her resources have been mismanaged, and the temper of her people trifled with by foreign intrigue; what shall we say of the future prospects of this unfortunate country? Her population is daily emigrating to Turkey; her commerce is dead; her shipping rotting in the docks. We see no resource for her but in her restoration to Turkey. Greece must soon learn to contrast the rapid progress she made during the last thirty years of her subjection to Turkey, with the decay and the distraction that have accom-

\* "L'Angleterre et la France empressées de terminer les affaires de la Grèce selon la satisfaction de l'Empereur."—Despatch of Count Pozzo de Borgo, quoted in the *British and Foreign Review*, No. 2.



panied those European institutions to which she so warmly aspired. The marine of Greece must contrast its freedom under Turkey with its degradation now. The peasantry must contrast their taxes to the free Greek State with the amount paid by their brethren under the Turkish rule.

Samos had been exposed to all the misrule and intrigue of Capodistrias. It is quiet and contented now, governed by a Christian hospodar nominated by the Porte.\* Servia is the same; and we are sure that the course which affairs are taking will lead the Greeks in the same way to throw themselves into the arms of Turkey, if Turkey herself can be preserved. This will be a difficult struggle for Greek vanity, that aspired to erecting a Byzantine empire; but still we are sure that the Roumeliote captains, the islanders, the peasantry in general, and the patriotic party under Coletti, each on separate grounds, must have approached this conviction, or will instantly adopt it, if any one have the courage to propose it.

Turkey by this will receive new accession of strength; and the only way of staying the inroads of Russian aggression is by strengthening and consolidating that power. If Greece is led of its own accord to this conclusion, it will be a consummation that we had a right to expect.

The reader will be surprised to learn that the passage which he is now going to peruse was printed and published in the early part of 1833:—

"The power of the chiefs can only be broken, the affection of the people only conciliated, the errors of Capodistrias only obliterated, by the restoration of the municipalities. The only system approved by practice and experience, that is sufficiently economical for the finances of Greece, that is sufficiently simple for her inexperienced administration, that is sufficiently acceptable to the nation, for the weakness of that administration to enforce;—the only system that can allow her commercial capabilities to develop themselves, that can reconcile and excite without confounding the local and parcelled affections and interests of the Greeks; and, in fine, the only system which, by simplifying the central government and strengthening the local interests, can arrest the demoralizing progress of NORTHERN INTRIGUE, is that which is summed up in municipalities, direct taxation, and freedom of commerce."—*Turkey and its Resources*, p. 252.

"The monarchy of Greece must rest on these three principles; and yet these are not three, but one principle, under a three-fold character; each as a principle leading to the other two as consequences, and indivisible in their utility and their operation.

"If the revenue of Greece is to be raised indirectly, a custom-house system and a preventive service must be organized. I need hardly enter into detail, to show the utter impracticability of barricading the coasts of such a country—serrated with gulfs, bays, and creeks, intersected with mountain ranges; frequent calms at sea, when the light mysticos, with their sweeps, will defy pursuit—with the neighborhood of Candia, the Ionian Islands, and Turkey, the example of her free trade, and the convenient vicinity of islands, which have been piratical, and now would become smuggling stations. There are other considerations which must be urged against the custom-house plan, namely, the utility to herself of leaving her commerce and navigation entirely unshackled; the necessity of doing so, if she wishes to realize the high commercial destinies that the habits of her population and her admirable position point out as hers. But I must confess that I trust more to the practical impossibility of enforcing the injurious system, than to the arguments that might be adduced in favor of the other. But supposing that, by overwhelming military power, and at an enormous expense, she could establish custom-house cordons, what would be the consequence? 1st, the increase of expenditure; 2d, the decrease of her commerce; 3d, the resistance to government which indirect taxation must produce, but in tenfold force in Greece, where they have been for centuries accustomed to buy the produce of all parts of the world at the lowest price. The indirect system will then not disguise taxation, while it misplaces the burdens and doubles the necessities of the state; and will cause universal irritation, without obtaining the support of interests and prejudices grown up under its influence. 4th. Law will cease to be respected. Opinion has hitherto stood in place of law; and law, to be enforced and respected, must coincide with opinion. Prostitute the law to financial purposes—create new crimes, and visit them with the penalties scarcely awarded to the worst injuries inflicted on society—and law and opinion will be brought into direct collision. This is a momentous consideration for a prince who goes to govern a people, as it is supposed in Europe, of pirates and bandits, with four thousand German bayonets. In practice and in principle, so numerous are the objections to the European commercial system, so great are the temptations to interference, for men carrying thither European notions of administration, who will be at first environed with respect and kneeled to with submission, that I cannot see how they can escape falling into serious errors; and so difficult it is for the self-love of such a government to trace any false step, that, without great faith in prophecy, I will

\* There are accounts of recent disturbances: of course Russia is not tranquil, and she is at no loss for instruments, with Greece in the state it is, with Mehemet Ali, and above all, with the supineness of England.



only give Greece five years to find its way back to the Turkish dominion, if the indirect system of taxation is attempted."—*Ibid.* p. 251.

Now, after re-producing, at a distance of three years, passages which appear to be an examination of events *after* they have occurred, instead of being a prediction of what was likely to occur—what shall we say of the responsibility incurred by the government of this country, or of the capacity of the individuals more immediately superintending our relations in the East? The question was not unintelligible, but it required further study than it has hitherto suited the convenience of our diplomats to give to it. However, with the proximity of danger, the repetition of failure, the promulgation of light, new necessities—necessities that cannot long be endured—are accumulating on the shoulders of the government. Every party in politics, every influential organ of the press, has loudly, unequivocally, declared, one common, one national, conviction of shame and apprehension at the position of haughty contemptuousness and of hostile aggression which Russia has been permitted to assume.\*

Postscript, January 1st, 1836.

Extracts from Correspondence from Greece, from the "Times," Dec. 29.

"The Russians are trying very hard to strengthen their party by bribing priests, dinners to the King's aides-de-camp, and different other ways: they place all their hopes on the arrival of the King of Bavaria, whom they expect daily: they give out that, as Prance has changed her politics and joined the Powers of the North, England can no longer keep her influence in the Levant, therefore Greece must become a Russian province, as intended by Capodistrias. What is most extraordinary is, that *Tricoupi's* and *Mavrocordato's* friends are become great, or rather violent Russians. Are those their instructions from London and Munich, I wonder?"

"Count Armansperg has immortalized himself, as, notwithstanding the immense difficulties he had to overcome, in the short space of time since he got rid of Coletti and the other intriguers, he has brought about the Council of State."

\* Since this article was prepared for the press, we have learned that Mr. Urquhart, the author of "Turkey and its Resources," and, as it is generally supposed, of "England, France, Russia and Turkey," although holding previously no government appointment, has been nominated Secretary of Embassy at Constantinople. This fact speaks volumes. It shows that the government share also in the conviction we have alluded to. With no less anxiety than before, but with hope rather than alarm, shall we now watch the working out of the consequences of that conviction.

The reader unacquainted with the state of Greece might be led by those two facts to infer that Count Armansperg was anti-Russian; and we feel ourselves called upon to make some further observations, for the purpose of preventing these two facts—the strongest confirmation of the views which we have exposed, nay, the realization of the objects of Russia—from being taken by those not informed of the question, or from being used by her, as the means of further doubt, bewilderment, and error.

We have shown in the preceding article that Count Armansperg was the devoted partizan of Russia. We trust that the question is settled, and does not require under any circumstances to be re-argued. If our readers have followed us to our conclusions, they will naturally ask what is the Russian object for the formation of a Council composed of the independent and patriotic party in Greece?

It has been the character of Russian policy all along to obtain confidence in its immediate acts, even while its past policy has ceased to wear the mask of disguise. In the present case it was to be apprehended that, as heretofore, we should endeavor to gain confidence in immediate appearances because we did not appreciate the new objects which she had in view. We trust, however, that we have sufficiently exposed the means by which she acts and the character of her instruments, to lead people to inquire what the object is of this new deception. The fact is that Russia has arrived at all her ends. She has arrived at the exclusion of Foreign Influence in Greece. Her object now is to render the national party her party. The point had been gained when struggle and contention ceased, when the timid became harassed and the bold desponding. It remained for her then in profiting by the results, by the arts which had pushed them to despair, to step in with consolations which were not expected, and to cast on others the obloquy which their supineness admitted, but which their intentions had not merited.

Time will too soon and too truly show that this is the actual character of the repose and contentment produced by this, to us, apparent departure of Count Armansperg from Russian policy to Greece, this Hellenic nationalization of the policy and the influence of Russia. We shall soon see that the honest support of Church, Mavromichaeli, . . . will be a more efficient and stable prop of Russian preponderance in that country than the intrigues of Metaxa and the yataghan of Colocotroni. This formation of the new senate is in anticipation of the new order



of things that is to commence when a second King is to set his foot on this tortured land,—when King Louis, dependent in his Bavarian policy on Russian influence, appears in Greece the representative of the Emperor of Russia,—the representative of the Greek nation, as recognized by the Alliance,—the father of the King of Greece, and the liege lord of the Bavarian troops in the service of the Greek state. This second and greater sovereign, combining in his person the domestic, civil, burgher, and diplomatic characters of father, monarch, delegate, and ambassador, is to embark at Ancona under the flag of England, is to arrive in Greece in the same vehicle and with the same accompaniment as Capodistrias. He will land attended by a high-minded British naval officer, the English representative by his own choice. He will embrace a son, the monarch of Greece, still possessing the rights of succession to the throne of Bavaria, and he will be introduced, by a German arch-chancellor of the Southern Romain provinces of Turkey, to a senate composed of the heroes of the Greek revolution, while prayers will be offered up by an archimandrite from St. Petersburg, and arms presented by German dragons!

The same Russian envoy who watched the battle of Navarin from outside the harbor will look upon this not less strange and interesting scene with a placid and patronizing smile.

ART. VI.—1. *Galfridi de Monumeta Vita Merlini*, conjuncto labore edebant Franciscus Michel et Thomas Wright. 8vo. Paris, Silvestre. 1836.

2. *Delectus Poeseos Mediæ ævi hæcenus aut ineditæ aut male editæ*. Fasciculus I. Satyrica Poemata Johannis Hauvil, Nigelli Wireker, et aliorum Poet. Anglorum, complectens. 8vo. Paris. *In the press*.

In fixing a period for the general revival of learning, we are apt to forget or neglect what preceded it. Many talk, and not a few write, of dark ages,—of ages which, as they think, produced nothing worth calling a literature, while, when we examine their productions, in as yet their only repository—the contemporary manuscripts that are preserved in our public, and in some of our private, libraries—we discover that those very ages were brilliant eras in the history of science and letters. Few who read in our own native history the troublous reigns of the last half of the twelfth century, are aware that in

England it was an age of literature, that it produced innumerable works on theology and on science; history, and poetry, and romance; and many a reader of modern Latin verse will be startled when we tell him that it produced Englishmen who in writing that language approached in some degree the purer models of the classic age.

As the Christian faith was introduced among the western nations of Europe, the Latin tongue became every where the language of theology, and consequently, since the clergy became the great cultivators of science and letters, the language of the learned. It is true that they studied this language generally in barbarous models—in the works of the theologians and philosophers of a late period, which were brought from Italy by the missionaries, or by the richer and more pious of the converts who had been induced by their zeal to visit the seat of the Romish pontiff, a journey very often undertaken by our Saxon forefathers. Yet, along with such books, some of the best of the classic writers were not unfrequently imported, and it is no uncommon thing to find among our collections of manuscripts copies of even such writers as Horace, and Virgil, and Plautus, in early Saxon hand-writing. To the influence of such works, without doubt, we must attribute the comparative degree of excellence possessed by some of the Anglo-Saxon writers of Latin.

It is a curious circumstance, that on every side, as the northern and Teutonic colonies obtained firm and quiet settlements, a high taste for civilisation and literature immediately developed itself amongst them. The extensive cultivation of literature among the Anglo-Saxons is proved by the vast remains in the vernacular tongue which, after the shocks of so many centuries, are still preserved. Of any purely vernacular literature which the Normans may have once possessed, we know nothing, because they had long adopted the corrupt form of the Latin, which was peculiar to them as Anglo-Normans, at the date of the earliest specimens of literature which are known. It is certain that, at the period when William entered England, Normandy reckoned among its clergy a host of elegant and profound scholars. That the works of the ancients were very commonly read during the two following centuries, the multitude of subjects which were transferred from them to the vernacular middle-age romance leaves us no room to doubt.\* That

\* In the very curious Romance of *Flameica*, of the thirteenth century, analysed by the profound Raynourd in the thirteenth volume of the *Notices des Manuscrits*, is a very long and interesting list



those romances were but barbarous travesties of the original stories—that the writers of them had evidently no ideas of other feelings or manners than those of their own age—says nothing, because, when the learned clergy, who were those who studied the Latin authors, treated in Latin verse the same subjects, they show an extensive and just knowledge of the mythologies and manners of ancient Greece and Rome. We must not forget that the Trojan war of our own Joseph of Exeter was first printed as a classic poem.

The school of Anglo-Latin poets who wrote in the twelfth century was certainly founded by the Norman clergy, who had been introduced by the Conqueror to the English sees and abbeys. Leland mentions much elegant poetry which was written during his reign, and some of that of Godfrey, prior of Winchester, who died in 1107, is still preserved in a manuscript at Oxford. Godfrey was peculiarly distinguished for his epigrams; and the following, which is given by Warton from the Oxford manuscript, possesses the terseness and elegance of Martial, whose works its author had evidently studied with success.

"*Pauca Titus pretiosa dabat, sed vilia plura:  
Ut meliora habeam, pauca det, oro, Titus.*"

Which we may venture to imitate thus :

"Simon showers worthless gifts on all his friends,

*Few* precious favors he bestows, 't is true :  
In faith, when'er his gifts to me he sends,  
Believe me, John, I hope he'll send me  
*few.*"

Camden, in his *Remains*, has printed several of Godfrey's epigrams. In the following the idea is gracefully expressed—Drusus, as it appears, had devoured meat which his olfactory nerves should have taught him to reject—

"*Druse, comedisti quem misit Silvius hircum,  
Vel tibi non nasus, vel tibi nasus olet.*"

Which may thus be turned into the vulgar tongue—

of the subjects of the romances of the Trouvères. Of forty-five such romances, four are formed on Scriptural subjects; 21 are pure middle-age productions, that is, they comprise Chansons de Geste, romances of the Round Table, more recent histories, &c.; and no less than 20 are subjects taken from the mythologies of Greece and Rome. Among these latter were the stories of the *Odyssey*, the *Iliad*, and the *Æneid*—

"*L'autre contava d'Ulixes,  
L'autre d'Hector e d'Achilles;  
L'autre contava d'Eneas  
E de Dido, com si remas  
Per lui dolenta e mesquina.*"

"Tom, hast thou eaten Jenkin's meat? methinketh  
Thou'st lost thy nose, or else in sooth it stinketh."

An abbot who, as Camden observes "would defend his monks from others, but worry them himself," had provoked the anger of the epigrammatist—the reproof is neatly conceived—

"*Tollit ovem de fauce lupi persæpe molossus,  
Ereptamque lupo ventre recondit ovem:  
Tu quoque, Scaeva, tuos prædone tueris ab omni,  
Unus prædo tamen perdis ubique tuos.*"

Godfrey was by no means the only epigrammatist of his time, though, as far as we can judge by what remains, he excelled all his contemporaries in grace and elegance, and his style merits the eulogy which Leland has bestowed upon it for its sweetness—"familiari illo et dulci stylo." In a late number of *Frazer's Magazine*, it has been suggested that the subjects of the French fabliaux of the thirteenth century had existed in Latin at an early period, and an epigram containing one of those subjects was given from an early manuscript preserved at Cambridge. To this instance we will now add another. A fabliau in the collection first published by Barbazan tells us how, whilst a merchant was trafficking in a distant land, his spouse at home had increased her family by one more than she ought lawfully to have done. The merchant, on his return, was naturally enough surprised at the phenomenon—she however was quick at finding an excuse—it was the age of miracles, and she declared that one day a flake of snow having fallen into her mouth, like the shower of gold which Jupiter rained upon Danaë, it had fructified into the boy she then bore in her arms. The merchant seemed satisfied, the lad grew bigger, the father took him with him on one of his voyages, sold him into slavery, and when, on his return home, the anxious mother expressed her astonishment at the absence of her child, she was informed that the boy, who had originated from snow, had melted under the rays of a warmer sun into the water. The story is thus told, though without either elegance or skill, by a poet of the reign of John, whose epigram, with two others on the same subject, has been printed by Camden.

"*Rebus in augendis longe remorante marito,  
Uxor mæcha parit puerum; post multa reverso,  
De nive conceptum fingit; fraus mutua, caute  
Sustulit, asportat, vendit, matrique reportans  
Ridiculum simile, liquefactum sole refigit.*"



The twelfth century was an age of licentiousness, of violence, and of oppression, equally among the clergy and among the laity—but, as it afforded objects of satire, it also produced those who were clever enough and honest enough to satirize them. One of the most remarkable satires of the twelfth century was written by Nigellus Wireker, who was precentor of the cathedral church of Canterbury, and flourished during the reigns of the second Henry and his successor Richard. The poem to which we allude is entitled *Speculum Stultorum*, and many copies are preserved—three, which we have examined, are in the British Museum (MSS. Harl. No. 2422, Cotton, Titus A. xx. and Arund. No. 23.) It has been more than once printed, but from very imperfect copies, and the editions are by no means common. The hero of the poem is a jack-ass, who goes by the name of Burnellus, and who is sent out into the world to seek his fortune. One of his earlier adventures is his arrival at Salerno, where he is cheated by a London merchant. He afterwards goes to Paris, and Nigellus takes this opportunity of laughing at the jovial and licentious habits of his countrymen, which were conspicuous even amongst the scholars at the Parisian university.

"Burnellusque sibi minuit crinesque totondit,  
Induit et tunica se meliore sua.  
Pexus et ablutus, tandem progressus in urbem,  
Intrat in ecclesiam, vota precesque facit.  
Inde scolæ adiens, secum deliberat, utrum  
Expediat potius illa vel ista sibi:  
Et quia subtiles sensu considerat Anglos,  
Pluribus ex causis se sociavit eis.  
Moribus egregii, verbo vultuque venusti,  
Ingenio pollent, consilioque vigent:  
Dona pluunt populis, et detestantur avaris;  
Fercula multiplicant, et sine lege bibunt  
Wessail et Dringail, nec non persona secunda,  
Hæc tria sunt vitia quæ comitantur eos;  
His tribus exceptis, nichil est quod in his reprehendas;  
Hæc tria si tollas, cætera cuncta placent."

Which we may thus turn into jingling rhymes,—

And when arrived, and savelly hived in famous town of Paris,  
In barber's shop, his hair to crop, a full half-hour he tarries:  
Thence forth he goes in Sunday clothes, his head with unguent reeking,  
Midst gallants rare, that gather there, a pleasant harbor seeking.  
And first in search of parish church his anxious eyes directed,  
Where prayers being said, and service read, and offerings meet accepted,  
Through street and lane in haste again his weary footsteps turning,

On holier ground the schools he found, the ancient seat of learning;  
There sage Burnell considered well, with due deliberation,  
What faculty his choice should be, what sect, or class, or nation:  
But chiefly then the Englishmen were praised for art and cunning,  
For pregnant parts, and generous hearts, all mean behavior shunning,  
Much he approved the rule they loved, whose prudent care had striven  
To cheer with wine the discipline that drier souls had given.  
Three sins alone these gallants own—though these are black and heinous—  
They seek relief in good roast beef from Scotus and Aquinas;  
With merry souls, they drain their bowls; and then when each is mellow,  
With lighter head he seeks his bed, to play with his bed-fellow.  
And pity 'tis they sin in these, for sages wise declare to us,  
From sins but three had they been free, their lives had been more virtuous.

This sarcasm upon the three trespasses of the English student—three of the most crying sins of the monkish "penitentiaries"—reminds us of the wit which has rendered celebrated the Madam Blaize of Goldsmith, and which has again, as we see in the newspapers, been lately perpetrated, though unwittingly, by one of "Warren's blacking" poets—a batch of poets who, by the same token, have, like all mundane things, degenerated. In the present instance our poet is describing the solitude of the arctic regions, in "warm poetic strain" as was meet in treating of so cold a subject, and he assures us with much naïveté that

"Solemn and still, dull silence reigned around,  
Unless 'twas interrupted by some sound—"

an idea which he might have expressed in the simplicity of prose, by saying that all was very quiet except when there was a noise.

John Hauvill, a satirist of the end of this century and of the earlier part of the next, in a poem whose hero, named Architrenius, bears some analogy to the Burnell of Nigellus Wireker, has given us a description of the jovialities of an English drinking party of the twelfth century. In the third book of the Architrenius, he introduces to us his countrymen emulating each other in their drinking with as much zeal as Ajax and Ulysses contended for the armor of Achilles,

"Consedere duces, et Bacchi stante corona,  
Surgit ad hos pateræ dominus septemplex  
Ajax  
Anglicus, et calice similis contendit Ulixes."

It is quite necessary to point out the parody.



The feats of the two leaders are followed by a shout, and then comes a general drinking-bout.

"Ergo vagante scypho distincto gutturo—  
*Wesheil!*—

Ingeminant—*Wesheil!*—labor est plus perdere vini

Quam sitis, exhaurire merum studiosius ardent

Quam sedare sitim, commendativa Lyæi  
Est sitis, et candens calices venire palatum  
Imperiosa jubet, ad Bacchi munera dextras  
Blandius invitat."

Which in our manner we will translate,

*Wesheil!* they shout—the jovial rout—as  
round the bumper passes;

Nor care they take their thirst to slake, so long  
as there's wine in their glasses.

And well I trow there's nothing below the  
moon, so happy and glorious,

As a *thirsty* soul set beside his bowl, midst a  
troop of lads uproarious.

The Saxon exclamation *wesheil*, i. e. mayst thou be in health, is the origin of the wassail-bowl of the north of England, and is famous in English history as being the expression of the beautiful Rowena, when she administered the cup to king Vortigern, and made way for the downfall of the British dynasty before that of our own ancestors, the Saxons—"Wæs heil, hlaford cyning!"—health to thee, my lord king.\*

Camden and others have been followed by Warton in calling the author of the *Architrenius*, John Hanville—the latinized name, Johannes de Alvilla, as it is given in the early manuscript which we have before us, shows that it should be Hauville, and a later note in the same manuscript tells us that he was also called John of Higham, of which name the other two are, perhaps, but translations. His Latin is infinitely purer than that of Wireker, but the style he aims at is gaudy and meretricious, though he often rises above mediocrity. It would be difficult to find among the writings of any of his contemporaries as many lines so elegant and so unaffected as the following passage from his introductory book, wherein he invokes the aid of his muse to the undertaking—

\* The most curious list of the drinking words of the English of the twelfth century, is given by Wace in the *Roman de Rou*, where he thus describes the drinking-bout in the English camp during the night which preceded the battle of Hastings—

"Tote nuit mangierent e burent,  
Unkes la nuit el lit no jurent.  
Mult les véissiez demener,  
Treper e sailler e chanter;  
Lublie crient, e veissel,  
E laticome, e drincheheil,  
Drinc hindrezwart, e drintome,  
Drinc helf, e drintome."

"Tu Cyrrhæ latices nostræ, Deus, implue menti,

Eloqui rorem siccis infunde labellis,  
Distillaque favos, quos nec dum Tagus arenis  
Palleat, aut sitiit admotis Tantalus undis  
Horreat insipidos ætas, vel livor amarus.

Dirige quod timida præsumpsit dextera, dextram

Audacem pavidamque juva. Tu mentis habenas

Fervoremque rege; quicquid dictaverit ori  
Spiritus aridior, oleum suffunde favoris."

But to return to our worthy ass Burnell. After he had passed his allotted time among the jovialities of the English scholars at Paris, he began seriously to repent of his follies, and resolved to become pious. Here the poet has a noble opportunity of satirizing the various orders of monks. It is a knotty point, by no means easy of solution in the mind of our hero, which of these orders he shall choose, and he descants somewhat fully on the advantages of each. Neither Templars, Hospitallers, nor Black Monks suit his taste—the latter in particular were by far too much given to singing; and a little reflection brings to his mind his own true character, and the melancholy fact that his voice was not over good. To the White Monks he had a still greater objection, for they went without breeches. Similar defects were found in the other orders,—those of Grandmont, the Carthusians, the Black Canons, the Monstratensians, and the Secular Canons. The latter he owns were a jolly set; but they were *too* lax in their discipline, for he assures us they

Observe in full the good old rule, that man must needs live double,

And rather than he *sans* mate should be, they'd let him have a couple.

This world of ours—its fading flowers—like garden-plot they cherish,

With liquors quaff they water it oft, for fear the flowers should perish.

Or, as it stands in the original, where its author has mixed leonines with his elegiacs:

"Lex vetus ut suasit ne quilibet absque sua sit,

Et quod quisque suas possit habere duas.  
Hi sunt qui mundum cum flore cadente tenentes,

Ne cito marcescat sæpe rigare student."

Finally, neither the rules and manners of the regular nuns nor of those of the new order of Sempringham were agreeable to his taste. Of the former, indeed, he gives a very unfavorable account.

"All short their hair the sisters wear, as strictest rule provideth,

Nor ever lack wide veil of black that every feature hideth,



Their dainty skin concealed within dark robe  
 of folds capacious.  
 If true I'm told, the rule they hold hath judged,  
 with care sagacious,  
 That tight'n'd zone nor pantaloon their gen-  
 tle limbs shall fetter—  
 And still, they say, the dames obey its pre-  
 cept to the letter.  
 A tranquil life, devoid of strife, this peaceful  
 order leadeth,  
 Unless, I ween, some cause be seen, or place  
 that striving breedeth :  
 And barrenness is not their vice, so long as  
 youth endureth,  
 Though maidenly their converse be, as down-  
 cast mien assureth.

Or, as it is in the original,—

Omnibus auretenus licet his nutrire capillos,  
 Sed non ulterius, regula namque vetat :  
 Utuntur niveis agni de corpore sumptis  
 Pellibus intonsis, pallia nigra gerunt.  
 Hæ caput abscondunt omnes sub tegmine ni-  
 gro,  
 Sub tunicis nigris candida membra latent.  
 Cingula nulla ferunt, sed nec femoralibus uti  
 Consuetudo fuit, nescio si modo sit.  
 Nunquam rixantur, nisi cum locus exigit aut  
 res,  
 Sed neque percutiunt, sit nisi causa gravis.  
 Harum sunt quædam steriles, quædam partu-  
 rientes ;  
 Virgineoque tamen nomine cuncta tegunt :  
 Quæ pastoralis baculi dotatur honore,  
 Illa quidem melius fertilisque paret.  
 Vix etiam quævis sterilis reperitur in illis,  
 Donec eis ætas talia posse negat.\*

\* The following unpublished epigram of this period seems to cast a general reflection upon the loose manners of the nuns. Perhaps the rigid virtue of the *clerics*, which it seems to presume, existed only in the mind of its writer, who may have been one of that order :—

“ *Versus de Clerico et Monacha.*

[*Monacha.*]

Cum sit par nobis genus, ætas, forma duobus,  
 Uret et igne pari pectora nostra Venus.  
 Me tibi teque mihi genus, ætas, et decor æquat,  
 Cur non ergo sumus sic in amore pares ?

*Clericus.*

¶ Non mihi veste places : aliis nigra vestis ame-  
 tur ;  
 Quæ nigra sunt fugio, candida semper amo.

*Monacha.*

¶ Sum sub veste nigra, niveam tamem aspice car-  
 nem ;  
 Si vestem fugias, candida crura pete.

*Clericus.*

¶ Nupsisti Christo quem non offendere fas est ;  
 Hoc velum sponsam te probat esse Dei.

*Monacha.*

¶ Deponam velum, deponam cætera cuncta,  
 Ibit et in lectum nuda puella tuum.

*Clericus.*

¶ Si velo careas, tamen altera non potes esse,  
 Et mea culpa gravis non foret inde minus.

Burnell, thus dissatisfied with all the differ-  
 ent orders of monks, resolves to form a sect  
 for himself, and the satire is wound up in de-  
 scribing an imaginary order, in which are  
 brought together all the vices of the others,  
 an idea which was often imitated by satirists  
 of later times.

Whatever be the defects of Wireker's  
 style, he was a bold and honest satirist, and  
 feared not to attack openly the proud and  
 overbearing chancellor, William, Bishop of  
 Ely. Among the Cottonian manuscripts,  
 Cleopatra, B. III., we have two pieces by  
 our author, both addressed to the bishop of  
 Ely : one of them in Latin elegiacs, satiriz-  
 ing the manners of the courtiers ; the other  
 in prose, *contra curiales et officiales clericos*.

Contemporary historians are loud in their  
 declamations against the pride and presump-  
 tion of the bishop. Descended from amongst  
 the lowest order of the people, his father hav-  
 ing in his native district of Beauvais in Pi-  
 cardy driven the plough, a serf to the lords  
 of the soil, he had raised himself by his in-  
 trigues to the episcopal dignity, and he was  
 appointed by the first Richard, on his depart-  
 ure for the East, chancellor and regent of  
 England during his absence. In addition to  
 his supreme power in civil affairs, he had  
 craftily obtained from the pope the authority  
 of legate, and he alternately supported his  
 tyranny in his one capacity by his authority  
 in the other. The clergy who dared to ex-  
 press their dissatisfaction at his oppression  
 of their order, were put down by the strong  
 hand of secular power, while those of the  
 laity who murmured against his secular  
 tyranny were placed immediately under the  
 ban of the Church. The king had delivered  
 into his hands what William of Newbury  
 calls the *bones* of his kingdom, the royal  
 fortresses, with which he so held the nobles  
 in awe, that none except John, the king's  
 brother and heir-apparent, dared for a mo-  
 ment to dispute his orders. Their sons are  
 described as serving him in his palace, vieing  
 with each other in submissive humility, and  
 not even daring to look on their lordly mas-  
 ter without his express command, under pain  
 of stripes ; and his cousins and nieces, born  
 in hovels, were sought in marriage by earls  
 and barons. When he appeared in public  
 he was seldom attended by less than a thou-  
 sand retainers ; seizing every occasion of

*Monacha.*

¶ Culpa quidem ; sed culpa levis ; tamen ista fate-  
 mur :

Hoc fore peccatum, sed veniale tamen.

*Clericus.*

¶ Uxorem violare viri grave crimen habetur :  
 Est gravius sponsam me violare Dei.”

MS. Cotton. Cleop. B. ix. fol. 13, ro.



showing his contempt for Englishmen, he was surrounded by bands of greedy foreign mercenaries, Frenchmen and Flemings; and so eager was he of popular fame, that he imported from France poets and jongleurs, whom he employed in writing songs in his praise, and in singing them about the streets and at festivals.\* The writer who gives us this piece of information, when he would picture to us the avarice of the chancellor and his satellites, declares that their extortions had left neither a girdle to a man, nor a necklace to a woman; not a ring to a noble, and nothing of value even to a Jew. (*Nec viro balteum nec feminae monile remanserat, nec annulus nobili, nec quodlibet preciosum alicui etiam Judæo.*)

Well had it been for the chancellor had he listened to the admonitions of such men as Nigellus Wireker. The chronicles of those times exult over the degradations which fell upon him. The only opponent to his secular usurpations whom he feared was John: he anticipated, however, in his clerical capacity, the opposition of the newly-elected archbishop of York, who was also the king's brother, and who had not yet arrived from the continent to take possession of his see, and he resolved to crush him before that opposition should become serious. As soon as he learnt that the new archbishop was on his way to England, he sent a party of his mercenaries to Dover, who laid wait for him, plundered and dispersed his attendants, and tore the prelate from the altar to carry him to prison. So unprecedented an outrage provoked the indignation of the nobles; a consultation was held, at which were present John, the archbishops of York (who had now been liberated in the hope of averting the storm) and Rouen (who had been sent by the king from Sicily to be associated with the bishop of Ely in the regency), and the bishops of London, Bath, Winchester, Norwich, Rochester, Lincoln, Hereford, St. David's, and Coventry, where it was resolved to depose the tyrant. The chancellor, who had at first prepared to try his strength with his opponents, on their approach sought refuge in the Tower. Hampered here by the number of his own retainers, crowded into so small compass, he was soon obliged to capitulate, and, after the delivery of all the royal castles and hostages for himself, he was allowed to retire to Dover, where he sought shelter with his bro-

ther-in-law, the governor of the castle. After having remained here some days he resolved to fly into France; and, fearing to be arrested in his attempt, he disguised himself in the garb of a woman. "*Proh pudor!*" exclaims the writer whom we have already quoted from the Arundel Manuscript, who has written the history of his fall, and who delights in designating him by the grammatical sign of the epicene gender, *ille vel illa*—"proh pudor! vir factus est femina, cancellarius cancellaria, sacerdos meretrix, episcopus scurra." Clothed in a long hyacinth-colored gown, with a cape of the same color, and a veil thrown over his head, carrying in his left hand, in place of a maniple, a piece of linen, as though he would offer it for sale, and in his right a yard measure instead of the pastoral staff; he descended from the castle to the shore, where he seated himself upon a piece of rock on the beach, having placed a few of his most faithful attendants at a short distance to keep watch. He had not been there long before a fisherman, who, half-naked, had just drawn his nets from the sea, and spread them out to dry in the sun, approached, and mistaking the chancellor for a strumpet, placed his left arm around his neck, and with the other was proceeding to touch him much more rudely, when he discovered that beneath his gown he bore the dress of a man. The astonished fisherman was silenced by the interference of some of the bishop's attendants, and the latter continued to expect anxiously the arrival of a vessel which might bear him away, when a woman of the place coming down to the water-side, was led by curiosity to examine the linen which he held in his hand, and demanded the price at which he would sell it. The chancellor, entirely ignorant of the English tongue, was silent. The woman became more urgent for a reply, and, being joined by another woman, their curiosity was raised to such a degree, that they seized his veil, lifted it from his head, and discovered beneath it the dark face of a man. The two women possessed less discretion than the fisherman; a crowd was quickly brought together, who, in spite of the repeated attempts of his attendants to rescue him, dragged the chancellor ignominiously from the beach through the town, and finally threw him into a dark cellar. He was thence carried before the magistrates, was recognised and imprisoned, and, only at the intercession of the English bishops, was at last allowed to seek refuge in exile.

Although at this period it was the fashion to satirize and ridicule the monks, yet there were not wanting those who, either having

\* "*Hic ad augmentum et famam nominis sui, mendicata carmina et rithmos adulatorios comparabat, de regno Francorum cantatores et joculatores allegerat, ut de eo canerent in plateis et jam dicebatur ubique quod non erat talis in orbe.*" *MS. Arund. No. 14.*



formed an imaginary standard of the excellence of their profession, or perhaps forming their idea of the monkish life on the example of the few, were emulous of writing in their praise. The classic and accomplished Neckham, who died abbot of Cirencester in 1217, in his poem in praise of the monkish life, gives us his definition of the character of a monk in these elegant lines :—

“Non tonsura facit monachum, nec horrida  
vestis,  
Sed virtus animi, perpetuusque rigor :  
Mens humilis, mundi contemptus, vita pu-  
dica,  
Sanctaque sobrietas, hæc faciunt mona-  
chum.”

Neckham seems to have ever dwelt with pleasure on the remembrance of the happiness of his earlier days, which he had spent in monastic retirement among the monks of St. Albans. A passage quoted by Leland from his poem on the praise of Divine Wisdom, after speaking of the “tuta quies” which that monastery afforded, adds :—

“Hic locus ætatis nostræ primordia novit,  
Annos felices lætitiæque dies.  
Hic locus ingenuis pueriles imbuat annos  
Artibus, et nostræ laudis origo fuit.  
Hic locus insignes magnosque creavit alum-  
nos,  
Felix eximio martyre, gente, situ.  
Militat hic Christo, noctuque dieque labori  
Indulget sancto religiosa cohors.”

The poems of Alexander Neckham are valuable for their allusions to contemporary usages. In the above-mentioned poem on the Monastic Life, of which a copy is preserved among the Royal MSS. (8 A. XXI.) he indulges in satire against the corrupt manners of the laity. He is particularly zealous in declaiming against the coquetry of his countrywomen, and he gives us some curious information on the toilet of a dame of the twelfth century. He blames them for painting their faces, for thinning their eyebrows, for unnaturally pressing their breasts into a small compass, for dyeing their black hair to render it yellow :—

“Hæc quoque diversis sua sordibus inficit ora,  
Sed quare melior quæritur arte color ?  
Arte supercilium rarescit, rursus et arte  
In minimum mammas colligit ipsa suas ;  
Arte quidem videas nigros flavescere crines ;  
Nititur ipsa suo membra movere loco.  
Sic fragili pingit totas in corpore partes,  
Ut quicquid nota est displicuisse putes.”

Further on he gives us a strong picture of the luxurious life of a baron of the same period—of his state and magnificence.

Though the whole passage is somewhat long, we think that its curiosity will excuse our giving a part of it. Our readers will see allusions to several elegancies of life which they would hardly expect to have found in the twelfth century.

“Ille voluptatum varia dulcedine gaudet,  
Et desideris servit ubique suis ;  
Suntque summa putat meretrix, cocus, histrio ;  
nullum  
His præfert, aut par estimat esse bonum.  
Quicquid et ad victum mare nutrit vel tenet  
aer,  
Quæret habetque viri luxuriosa fames ;  
Et modico ventri vastus vix sufficit orbis.  
Ergo ministrorum vocibus aula fremit,  
Argentaque dapes ponuntur, Bacchus in auro,  
Et gemma infusum plurima nectar habet.  
Vestibus et facie longus nitet ordo clientum,  
Ad domini nutum turba parata levis.  
Sexus uterque canit, resonant citharæque li-  
ræque,  
Et reddunt illic organa dulce melos.  
Tandem epulis largis et pleno ventre beatus,  
Cum scortis porcus gaudia noctis habet ;  
O præclari viri virtus ! O vita beata !  
Deliciis pastus cum meretrice cubat.  
Quid vestes referam, lectos, et divitis aedes ?  
Nescit habere modum prodigia luxuries.  
Hinc per longa meant nitidi canalial fontes,  
Herba columbarum marmore clausa viret ;  
Fructiferumque genus tot arborum educat  
ortus,  
Mixtaque sanguineis alba ligustra rosis ;  
Nec violæ desunt ; sed et illis floris et herbæ  
Et quicquid specie et quicquid odore viget.  
Nunc phaleratorum tergo vectatur equorum,  
Nunc saturum lento remige cymba vehit,  
Nunc illum effeminat sub papilionibus, et  
nunc  
Grata sub arboreis quæritur umbra comis.  
Nunc delectatur turbis et plausibus urbis,  
Et modo priyatus degere rure cupit.”

That the satirists did not overpaint the luxurious and effeminate manners of the higher ranks during the latter part of the twelfth century is sufficiently proved by the evidence of contemporary historians. John of Salisbury laments much over the profligate lives of the barons of his days. While the knights, he says, were passing their times in licentiousness, while they were haunting the houses of the nobles to eat and drink at their tables, their only military exploits were those which they created there in their boasting ; the wild Welshman left his mountains, constantly invaded the Marches, and made tributary the barons who dwelt on the borders. “Oh !” cries he, “that our ladies were like those of the ancient Persians, that they would reproach the cowardice of their husbands and children as they did, and would drive them to the field, that the invaders might be chased from our borders !”



John of Salisbury laments in his *Polycraticon* the evils of Stephen's days, which he had just passed, when, to use the strong language of the Saxon annalist of the time,

"every rich man made his castles, and held them against the king, and the land was filled with castles. Grievously they oppressed the miserable people of the land with their castle-works. When the castles were made they filled them with devils and evil men; and then they seized every one who was supposed to have any property—man and woman—both by night and by day, and put them in prison for their gold and silver, and punished them with such inexpressible torments as none of the martyrs ever suffered. They hung them by the feet, and smoked them with foul smoke; and they hung them by the thumbs, or by the head, and hung fire to their feet. They put knotted cords about their heads, and twisted them till they pierced to the brains. They put some in dungeons, where were adders, and snakes, and toads, and so tormented them. Others they placed in a *crucet-house*, that is, in a chest which was short and narrow and shallow, and they put in sharp stones, and pressed people in them till all their limbs were broken. In many of the castles were things very horrible and hateful—these were '*sachenteges*,' that were as much as two or three men could lift; and they were so contrived that the man was fastened to a beam, with sharp iron about his throat or neck, that he could neither sit, nor lie down, nor sleep, but was compelled always to support that weight. Many they tormented with hunger: I cannot tell all the sufferings and all the torments which the wretched people bore during the nineteen years of Stephen's reign. They laid tributes upon the towns, and when the wretched people had no more to give, they ravaged and burnt all the towns; so that you might go a long day's journey and not find a man dwelling in a town, or the land tilled. Then was corn and flesh and cheese and butter dear."—(*Chron. Sax.* A. D. 1137.)

An isolated anecdote often pictures to us the manners and feelings of the time more vividly than the more general and consequently, in such cases, less definite descriptions of the chronicler. Such an anecdote is given in the curious manuscript *Life and Miracles of St. Oswin*, which we believe the Surtees Club has at present in the press (MS. Cotton. Jul. A. X. fol. 26). Whilst Germanus was prior of Tynemouth, that is, in the reign of Stephen, the fisherman of the monastery was a boy named Leofric. Once, at the time of the herring-fishery, he had gone with the fishing-boat to Scarborough. Suddenly came Ranulf, the famous Earl of Chester, with his men, and, after ravaging the town, carried away captive many of the people he found there, and among the rest

the fisherman Leofric. They were all carried in chains to Malton on the eve of St. Simon and Jude. On their arrival the earl and his men immediately placed themselves at table, and prepared for a plentiful repast. Leofric and his companions, more pious than their persecutors, refused to eat meat on the eve of a fast-day. Their persecutor, enraged at their obstinacy, ordered fish to be placed before them. "Eat, wretches," said he, "and fill yourselves, for I swear by heaven and all the Gods therein, that not one of you shall eat again until the full sum of his ransom has been payed." And they had no sooner finished than he ordered them all to be stripped, gave their clothes to the guard, and caused them to be bound naked to a stake. Thus they were kept fasting for a week, and were made to suffer an infinity of torments. Sometimes they were hung up by the hands to the rafter: then they were let down and cruelly beaten with rods, and at last each again bound to his stake. Amidst his torments, Leofric continued to invoke incessantly the aid of his patron saint, "Saint Oswin, help me!" The tyrant was warming himself at the fire, for it was severe weather: tired of hearing the repetition of the name of St. Oswin, he suddenly turned about, threw a stick which he had in his hand at Leofric, and ordered him to be silent. "Wretch!" said he, "what is it that thou cryest? and why dost thou tease us with the name of this Oswin? who is he whom thou askest to liberate thee from me without the intervention of money? Hold thy tongue, and let us have no more of thy chattering, and, above all, have a care that thou dost not disturb our sleep this night by thy vain clamors." The night following, however, Leofric contrived to loose himself from his bonds, and, seizing the stick which had been thrown at him, and taking the cloak of the stable-boy, who happened to be sleeping at the door, to cover his nakedness,\* he escaped from the hands of his tormentors, and made all haste to reach the

\* The writer of this book, who appears to have been prior or abbot of St. Albans, on which Tynemouth was dependent, thought it necessary to make an apology for this very excusable theft. "*Evigilans itaque Leouricus, et de visione lætior affectus, manus suas solutis vinculis liberæ invenit. \* \* \* Et pedes a cippo facillime extrahens, baculum in se jactum manu sumpsit, et ad quoddam ostium ex cujus transverso puer quidam equorum custos jacebat pervenit, a cujus ostio seram leviter excuscit. Sed quia nudus erat, et frigoris asperitas abire nudum non permisit, non amor rapinæ, sed necessitas instantis fugæ quæ a nudo exequi non potuit, dormienti puero cucullam nauticam eripuit, qua Leouricus indutus iter arripuit ignotum, et redit celerius in natale solum.*"



monastery of Tynemouth, where he declared to the brethren that the saint had appeared to him in his sleep, and had loosened him from his bonds. The monks offered due thanks to their patron, and entered the story in the book of his miracles.

By far the best Latin poet of the twelfth century was Joseph of Exeter (Josephus Isaacus), whom Leland characterizes as "tam splendidum Britanniae sidus," and whose long and elegant epic on the Trojan war was first printed as a work of Cornelius Nepos. His patron was Baldwin, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the zealous advocate of the crusade; to him he dedicated his six books of the Trojan War, and in another poem, now supposed to be lost, entitled *Antiocheis*, he celebrated the war in which the archbishop was an actor.\* The printed editions of the Trojan War are common enough, and it has been well criticised by Warton, who observes:—"The diction of this poem is generally pure, the periods round, and the numbers harmonious; and, on the whole, the structure of the versification approaches nearly to that of polished Latin poetry." It commences thus—

"Iliadum lachrymas, concessaque Pergama  
fatis,  
Prælia bina ducum, bis adactam cladibus  
urbem  
In cineras, quærimur: flemusque quod Hercu-  
lis ira,  
Hesiones raptus, Helenæ fuga, fregerit arcem,  
Impulerit Phrygios, Danaas exciverit urbes."

The three last lines contain a specimen of that fantastic phraseology which was so fashionable in this age, wherein the several agents are first enumerated, their verbs afterwards given in the same order, then the subjects, and so on. The following curious example is found in a MS. of Trinity College, Cambridge (O, 2, 45, fol. 10), where this fancy is carried to an extreme which we have not often seen, and where the first, second, &c. words of each line, taken together, make a new series of hexameters, much more natural in their construction than the others:

"Miles, venator, mercator, navita, princeps,  
Debellat, sequitur, redimit, percurrit, egestat,  
Prædones, lepores, merces, spumantia, men-  
tem,  
Cuspide, fervore, numismate, flamine, rebus,  
Ferri, latrantis, tensus, venti, miserorum."

\* Warton says, "Mr. Wise, the late Radcliffe librarian, told me that a manuscript of the *Antiocheis* was in the library of the Duke of Chandos at Canons." This library has, we believe, been dispersed, but where is the book here alluded to? We think it by no means unlikely that a copy of the *Antiocheis* will one day be found.

The style of Joseph is not, however, frequently disfigured by such fancies—it shows a deep and extensive knowledge of the classical writers. In the following address to Venus, we might almost suppose he had before his eyes Lucretius:

"Diva potens hominum, divam imperiosa  
voluptas,  
Vera deum soboles, nostri Tritonis alumna,  
Alma Venus, seu te convivam Tethyos urna  
Poscit, seu nectar superum, seu forte papaver  
Elysium, flecte hæc teneros ad dona jugales,  
Hos dignare favos."—lib. iii. v. 24.)

In the fifth book (v. 514), adverting to the uncertainty of human happiness, he thus elegantly compares the disappointments which trouble our brightest dreams to the cloud which from time to time shadows the clearest sky—to the poison which is sometimes concealed under the sweetest honey:

—————"Sub sole sereno  
Nubem, sub risu lachrymas, sub melle vene-  
num."

The fragment which Leland has preserved from the *Antiocheis* of Joseph, makes us mourn over the loss of a poem which would have been a noble monument of the classical taste of an Englishman of the twelfth century. After speaking of the glory of Britain, in having given birth to such men as Constantine, Brennus, &c., whose names had then been made famous by Geoffry of Monmouth's History, he launches into the praise of his prime hero, Arthur, in these elegant and vigorous lines:

—————"Pellæum commendat fama tyran-  
num;  
Pagina Cæsareos loquitur Romana triumphos;  
Alciden domitis attollit gloria monstros;  
Sed nec pinetum coryli, nec sydera solem  
Æquant. Annales Graios Latiosque revolve,  
Prisca parem nescit, æqualem postera nullum  
Exhibitura dies. Reges supereminet omnes:  
Solut præteritis melior, majorque futuris."

How different is the easy simplicity of this passage from the labored heaviness with which Hauvill has alluded to the same subject in one of the books of his *Architrenius*! After speaking of the wanderings of ancient Brute, and of his arrival at our shores, he proceeds to describe the people he found there. The true poet sees the forms which his imagination has raised up distinctly and completely—he at once seizes those bolder characteristics which are necessary and sufficient to transfer what he sees in his own mind to the minds of his readers: to the poetaster, on the contrary, every object is dim and indefinite; and, in his attempt to transfer to others what he really does not see



himself, he loads his picture with useless minutiae, neglects the necessary points, and creates but a daub. A few strokes are sufficient to delineate a savage—give him a raw hide for his covering, the wild wood for his domain, a cave for his den, and we know all; whereas it cost John Hauvill, in the passage to which we allude, some six lines of tiresome antitheses, to tell us how the raw hide of a wild beast yielded him a coat, blood his drink, the cavern a home, the heath a bed, and rapine food; violence ministered to his lust, slaughter was his spectacle, strength gave him empire, fury was his only courage, the spur of the moment administered arms, his death was the result of strife, and the bramble gave him a sepulchre; all of which ideas are contained and included in the three to which we have first alluded. We must imagine Brute's first arrival at the long-hoped shore:

"Promissumque soli gremium monstrante  
Diana,  
Incolumi census loculum ferit Albion alno.  
Hæc eadem Bruto regnante Britannia nomen  
Traxit in hoc tempus; solis Titanibus illa,  
Sed paucis famulosa domus, quibus uda ferarum  
Terga dabant vestes, cruor haustus, pocula trunci,  
Antra lares, dumeta thoros, cænacula rupes,  
Præda cibos, raptus venerem, spectacula cædes,  
Imperium vires, animos furor, impetus arma,  
Mortem pugna, sepulchra rubus; monstrique gemitat  
Monticolis tellus; sed eorum plurima tractus  
Pars erat occidui terror, majorque premebat  
Te furor extremum zephyri, Cornubia, limen."

The lines which follow will show to our Cantabrigian friends the quantity of the name of the Cornish giant.

"Hos avidum belli Corinæi robur Averno  
Præcipites misit; cubitis ter quatuor altum  
Gogmagog Herculeæ suspendit in æra lucta,  
Anthæumque suum scopulo demisit in æquor."

The picture of Thetis drunk with the blood of the monster whom her waves had received, is somewhat fantastical.

"Potavitque dato Thetis ebria sanguine fluctus."

He might have intoxicated his goddess with anything rather than with the blood of an overgrown giant. The idea presented to us is too much that of the drunkenness of a pig, after a plentiful repast on the fresh blood of a bullock.

The history which had been published by Geoffrey of Monmouth opened a rich storehouse of fiction for the poets who followed; yet, among the Anglo-Latin poets of the

twelfth century whose works have been handed down to us, Geoffrey himself is the only one who is represented as having employed his muse upon a subject taken from British history. We say *represented*, because we have great scruples against the claim of Geoffrey of Monmouth to the metrical Latin Life of Merlin, which has been published under his name. It contains fuller allusions to the conquest of Ireland, and the comparatively prosperous reign of Henry II., than the prose Latin Life by Geoffrey, and than we could well expect from a person who is said to have died in 1154 (see Tanner), who certainly did not live much later, and who therefore had only seen that reign in its commencement, and only knew the project of the conquest of Ireland in its embryo. The poem is dedicated to Robert Bishop of Lincoln, who, if Geoffrey was its author, could only have been Robert de Cheineto or Querceto, the successor of Alexander, and who died, according to his contemporary, William of Newbury, in 1167. The writer of the poem represents the Robert whom he addresses as the very pink of learning, the glory of bishops, unequalled in the diversity of his attainments:

— "tu corrige carmen,  
Gloria pontificum, calamos moderando, Roberte!  
Scimus enim quia te perfudit nectare sacro  
Philosophia suo, fecitque per omnia doctum,  
Ut documenta dares, dux et præceptor in orbe."

It is his learning, indeed, which distinguishes him above all other prelates; and yet the only thing for which Robert de Cheineto is set down as remarkable, in the tract of Giraldus, *De Vitis Episcoporum*, which is printed in Warton's *Anglia Sacra*, is his giving away some of the church-lands in dower to marry his grand-daughters (neptibus suis), not without considerable scandal (cum scandali nota). It is true that, though he wasted the property of his church, he bought for the place some good markets and fairs.

Alexander, the predecessor of Robert, was a man who lived in a style of princely magnificence, and who built for himself, at a great expense, three strong castles—buildings, saith Giraldus, very necessary in those tumultuous times. He and his uncle, Roger of Salisbury, are described as the two noblest and most powerful of the English bishops; but their riches provoked the cupidity of Stephen—they were treacherously seized, imprisoned, stripped of their castles and treasures, and treated with ignominy. Alexander was the patron, at least the friend, of Geoffrey of Monmouth. In the short prologue to the



fourth book of his History, which consists of the Life and Prophecies of Merlin, Geoffry, stating the reasons which led him to translate those prophecies from the British tongue, and speaking of Alexander as of a person then dead, says, "but above all, it was done at the earnest desire of Alexander, Bishop of Lincoln, a man highly distinguished for his devotion and prudence: there was not another among the clergy, or among the laity, who numbered in his attendance so many nobles, whom his gentle piety and benign generosity had drawn to his service."\* And yet if the poem of Merlin be the work of Geoffry, we find him there speaking slightly of Alexander, and asking of Robert better patronage than he had been able to obtain from his predecessor.

"Ergo meis cæptis faveas, vatemque tueri  
Auspicio meliore velis, quam fecerit alter  
Cui modo succedis, merito promotus honori  
Sic etenim mores, sic vita probata, genus-  
que,  
Utilitasque loci, clerus populusque pete-  
bant;  
Unde modo felix Lincolnia fertur ad  
Astra."

To us it seems nearly impossible that these two passages can have been written by the same person. The writer of the latter speaks of himself as a poet (vates), and a little further on, after having declared that the powers of Orpheus, and Horace, and Virgil, would have been insufficient to celebrate duly the fame of Bishop Robert, he invokes the muses, who had been in the habit of attending to his former calls.

"At vos consuetæ mecum cantare camenæ."

It is probable that the sole authority for attributing the poem to Geoffry of Monmouth is the six paltry lines which some later scribbler has added to the end, and that Leland, who mentions it, had seen this same manuscript (at Glastonbury), and had spoken upon the same authority. William of Newbury, who in the preface to his History complains bitterly that Geoffry of Monmouth had made Arthur's little finger greater than the back of Alexander the Great, and that he had exalted Merlin above Isaiah, seems to have known no other Life of Merlin by Geoffry than that contained in the fourth book of his History, which is in fact a separate tract. The same may be said of Giral-

dus, who never quotes Merlin's prophecies from the metrical Life of the seer.

For our own part, we are inclined to think that the Bishop Robert of the poem of Merlin, is no other than Robert Grotest, to whom all its eulogies will apply, and consequently that the poem itself is a work of the earlier half of the thirteenth century. It is certain, which would have been a singular circumstance had the poem been a genuine work of so famous a man as Geoffrey, that the only perfect manuscript of this poem was written, as appears by internal evidence, after the year 1285, the other exemplars being merely copies of the mutilated one inserted in some copies of the Polychronicon, which was written in the reign of Edward III., and which gives it as an anonymous production.

Of the metrical Life of Merlin attributed to Geoffry, a very indifferent edition was printed by the Roxburgh Club. We welcome the appearance of an edition that will be accessible to every reader, because it is in many respects a curious and interesting poem; and though it is certainly very unequal, yet its style often rises much above mediocrity. It is, as might be expected, full of historical allusions, many of them by no means uninteresting. After describing the prosperous entrance of the Normans, and the great power they attained by their establishment in England—

"Indeque Neustrenses ligno trans æquora  
vecti,  
Vultus ante suos et vultus retro ferentes,  
Ferratis tunicis et acutis ensibus Anglos  
Acriter invadent, periment, campoque fru-  
entur;  
Plurima regna sibi submittent, atque doma-  
bunt  
Externas gentes per tempora donec erinus  
Circumquaque volans virus diffundet in  
ipsos"—

it gives us a short but vigorous picture of the troubles which agitated the reigns of most of the Norman kings of the twelfth century.

"Tum pax atque fides et virtus omnis abibit;  
Undique per patrias committent prælia  
cives;  
Virque virum prodet: non invenietur ami-  
cus;  
Conjuge despecta, meretrices sponsus adi-  
bit;  
Sponsaque cui cupiet, despecto conjuge, nu-  
bet.  
Non honor ecclesiis servabitur: ordo peri-  
bit;  
Pontifices tunc arma ferent, tunc castra  
sequuntur,

\* "Maxime autem Alexander Lincolnien-  
sis episcopus, vir summæ religionis et prudentiæ; non  
erat alter in clero sive in populo cui tot famularen-  
tur nobiles, quos ipsius mansueta pietas et benigna  
largitas in obsequium ejus alliciebat."



In tellure sacra turres et mœnia ponent  
Militibusque dabunt quod deberetur egenis."

These latter lines will call to the memory of the reader of our older chronicles, amongst other stories, that of Wilmund, who from an obscure peasant, became, first, Monk of Furness, and afterwards Bishop of Man, and then, not content with his episcopal dignity and power, made himself the chieftain of a band of robbers and pirates. With these he long overran and devastated with impunity the south-western parts of Scotland, until at last, falling by treachery into the hands of his enemies, he paid for his offences by the loss of his eyes and of his manhood. His spirit still unsubdued by misfortunes, he was heard in after-days to boast, that had he even but the eye of a sparrow, his enemies should have small cause of exultation.

The good epoch of our early Latin writers was almost included in the twelfth century; yet their influence was felt far into the century following, though the leonines and the rhyming verses soon began to take the place of the more classic hexameters and pentameters, and the pure classic idioms and phrases were rejected for the fantastic constructions of monkish invention. During the twelfth century we meet with constant allusions to the very best of the ancient Roman writers, but, after that period, we have every reason to think that their works were, with a few exceptions, entirely, or almost entirely, neglected. One of the most remarkable examples we have seen of the barbarisms of monkish Latin of, perhaps, the thirteenth century, is a poem in elegiacs on the battle of Ronçevaux, contained in a later manuscript (Cotton. Titus, A. XIX.), which M. Francisque Michel is at present printing in his edition of that fine Norman poem, the *Chanson of Roland*.

The Anglo-Latin poets of the twelfth century were long popular in England, and we continually find them in the manuscripts of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Chaucer has left us many proofs in his writings that their works were read very commonly in his time; he quotes, in one instance, *Nigelus Wireker*—

"I have wel red in Dan Burnel the asse,  
Among his vers, how that ther was a cok,  
That, for a preestes sone, gave him a knok  
Upon his leg, while he was yonge and nice,  
He made him for to lese his benefice"—

and a little after, he justly ridicules Geoffrey de Vinesauf, the author of the *Nova Poetria*, for his affected attempt at the pathetic.

ART. VII.—1. *Cours d'histoire Moderne.*  
Par M. Guizot. *Histoire de la Civilisation en Europe.*

2. *Histoire de la Civilization en France.*  
5 vols. Pichon and Didier. 1828—1830.

FEW aphorisms are so frequently quoted as "History is philosophy teaching by example," but nothing is more certain than the lamentable fact that much of the pretended philosophy deduced from history is vague and illusive, the lessons founded upon it sometimes uncertain, often pernicious in their tendency, and the examples distorted and misapplied. In Germany, where antiquity is studied with most zeal and perseverance, the results have only served, as Coleridge finely expresses it, "like the stern-lights of a ship to illuminate the past;" the French, weary of the vague and dreamy speculations which the followers of Voltaire nick-named philosophy, have gone back to the racy and picturesque old chronicles, and while the imagination is delighted by striking incident and vivid description, the interruptions of reflection and comment are regarded as an impertinent intrusion. In England pure historical literature can scarcely be said to exist at the present moment; it has yielded for a season to the superior attractions of the historical novel, and "truth severe" has scarcely a chance of finding an admirer within the seas of Britain, unless "in fairy fiction drest." Exceptions prove a rule; historical novels are produced on the continent; disciples of the German school of criticism may be found in France and England; Sharon Turner and Lingard have added new charms as well as new lights to our national annals from the old chronicles, and Millar has combined the ages from the overthrow of the Roman Empire to the battle of Waterloo in a system that deserves to be called philosophical. Still the characteristics of the German, French, and English schools of history are too strongly marked for their distinctions to escape the notice of the most careless. Many critics lament over this state of things, bewailing especially what they deem the neglect of history in England; we see no great cause for sorrow: on the contrary, we think it almost demonstrable that these three courses of investigation, apparently so remote, are really convergent, and that they will ere long unite in the formation of a school of history, more perfect than any the world has yet witnessed; and we look to the historical novel as the source from which, at no distant period, will be derived the union of accuracy with liveliness, the blending of interesting narrative with practical instruction, the gratification at once of the imagination and the judgment.



Nor is this expectation founded on desires seducing the mind to hope ; it is, we think, fairly deducible from the nature of history, or rather from human nature, whose successive developments it is the province of history to record. The lives of kings and princes,—the blood spilled in battles and the ink spilled in treaties,—the growth, decline, and fall of empires—form the most striking series of facts recorded in history ; but they are not the most important, because they are demonstrably the result of another and a different series. They are the consequences of political and religious institutions, of the state of industry and of the arts, of the social and intellectual condition of the multitude in any given age and nation. But there is a cause of these causes : institutions are not self generated, neither are they immortal ; they are habits of action derived from habits of thought ; they are of very variable duration ; we can trace the progress of many from the cradle to the grave. Institutions are the result of intellectual progress ; when opinion outgrows them, their fate is sealed, and, could we accurately trace the progress of opinion or the succession of ideas in mankind, we should possess the complete explanation of the history of the past.

There are in fact but three historical problems : 1. The outward form or condition of humanity in any given time and place, or through any given period ; 2. The state and progress of human intelligence under the same circumstances ; and 3. The correspondence and connection between these two developments, or the mode in which the popular mind has operated in fixing and determining public action. The classical and romantic historians have almost exclusively confined themselves to the first problem ; the second has been usually regarded as the philosophy of history ; but the principal, perhaps we may say, the only, attempts hitherto made to solve the third and most important problem have been made by the historical novelists.

Sir Walter Scott was the founder of a new school of literature ; before his day the historical novel was not to be distinguished from the ordinary trash of the circulating library ; he was the first to embody the spirit of past times, to bring before us the costume, the habits of life, and in some degree the motives of action, in ages to which, in these essential particulars, we were utter strangers. Before the publication of *Ivanhoe*, it was scarcely suspected by any but professed antiquarians, that, in the reign of the Plantagenets, England contained a race of Helots, strangers in the land of their nativity, enslaved to foreign lords, who scourged them by their cruelty,

plundered them by their rapacity, and slandered them by their malice. *Ivanhoe* threw a new light on the national history ; it showed the causes of Jack Straw's and Wat Tyler's insurrections, and at once dissipated a host of prejudices that had distorted and perverted a most important era of our annals. Far would it be from us to take one leaf from the imperishable wreath that crowns the monument of "the great northern enchanter," but we must not disguise our opinion that Sir Walter stopped short in the great revolution that he had the glory of commencing ; nearly perfect in his descriptions of institutions and manners, he was timid in tracing their effects, and scarcely ever investigated their causes. Deeply imbued with a respect for chivalry, that historic dream which the Dukes of Burgundy attempted to realise, he viewed the feudal ages through this glittering but delusive medium, and pardoned the horrors of vassalage for the fancied graces of knighthood. It is an old complaint that most of his historic characters are gross misrepresentations. "Richard "of the lion heart" and tiger disposition, a rebel to his father, a tyrant to his subjects, perfidious in peace, merciless in war, becomes an amiable monarch, whose worst error is his preference of perilous adventure to the honors of royalty. That pedantic despot, James I., is represented as a good-natured sovereign, with a few harmless eccentricities ; and apologies are found even for that moral monster Louis XI. Some critics have gravely ascribed these erroneous descriptions to political partialities ; we are persuaded that Scott, in writing them, never thought of politics ; in his mind the subordination of feudalism was blended with the beauties of chivalry ; he shrunk from too closely investigating the object of his admiration ; he sought not for the source of the manners he has so vividly depicted in the condition of intelligence at the period, and though so far philosophical as to describe the struggles between institution and institution, he scarcely arrives at the more important contest between opinion and opinion.

Three living writers, James, Grattan, and Bulwer, have entered the field left vacant by the death of Sir Walter Scott, but each, following the bent of his inclinations, has struck out a path for himself. The most recent works of these writers are before us, and in connection with our subject require a few words of notice. Mr. James is scrupulously faithful in depicting costume and manners ; his historic verity is scarcely ever impeachable, but his researches never go beyond secondary causes ; he tries not to investigate the secret springs of action ; the moral anatomy of motive has altogether escaped his



attention. Hence, we think, arises the want of vitality in all his portraitures; the likenesses, the coloring, the drapery, are all excellent, but they are still only pictures; "soul is wanting there," and this very meritorious author must add to the study of forms the study of the mind that originated these forms, before he will arrive at the summit of his fame, and earn a place in distant memory, by advancing the progress of that branch of literature to which he has devoted much industry and much mental power.

Grattan excels in the development of individual rather than national mind; one of his plots would furnish enough of intrigue for three ordinary novels, and he sometimes treads closely on the confines of improbability. But he excels in showing the nature of the inner mind by a few significant traits, that at once lay bare the latent workings both of reason and passion; there is more of the genuine character of Elizabeth in a few pages of Agnes de Mansfelt than in the whole of Kenilworth.

Bulwer's *Rienzi*, we fondly believe, must be regarded, like Scott's *Waverley*, as the first of a new class of publications; it is the first historical novel in which the intellectual problem of history is fairly worked out. It is a genuine development of the great philosophic truth, "Mind generates forms and institutions, and these again produce events;" the formula has only to be generalized, and the means are supplied for correctly tracing the progress of mankind. A prodigious advance has been made by one brave bound; an untrodden field of analysis is opened to the new philosophic historian. With the merits of the work as a novel we shall not meddle; to others belongs the task of pointing out faults of detail, imperfections of style and perhaps a lurking feeling of vanity; we view it as a philosophic whole, and shall glance only at its intellectual mechanism. A man in the midst of a corrupt state, by the mere force of his mind raises himself to rank and station, and attempts a reform, in which he makes the natural but fatal error of mistaking memory for hope; he has to work upon a tyrannical nobility and a degraded populace; the political intellect of the period is blind selfishness, the religious creed servile superstition. Such are the conditions of the problem; let us see how they are worked out. Wrapped in blind security, the ruling party leave the reformer to mature his plans unheeded; they are for the time eliminated; the populace gains the mastery and at once proves its unfitness for freedom by clamoring for an individual instead of an institution. The death-knell of Roman liberty was rung when every man cried "Long live

*Rienzi*!" and no man "Long live the Republic!" The individual mind, however upright and pure, must work upon a corrupt people by corrupt means; it is necessarily sullied by the contact, and is sure to adopt the great popular error of depending on self, rather than on the gradual working of institutions. The best revolution that this world ever saw never effected the title of the benefits that its authors expected; disappointment prepares the way for suspicion; a new change is demanded to supply what the last had failed to effect; some new demagogue outbids the popular favorite; he is hurled to the dust by the hands that raised him, and his fate serves "to point a moral or adorn a tale." This is the history of some hundred revolutions, because the result is necessarily involved in the very conditions of the question; actions are the result of motives; the direction of motive is determined by the extent of intelligence, and when this has been ascertained, there can be no more doubt of the consequences that will ensue from any given movement, than of daylight's following the rising of the sun.

The history of the world, but especially the history of European civilization from the fifth to the nineteenth centuries, presents such a multitude of historical parallels, that it was impossible for any person who took a general view of the subject to avoid coming to the conclusion, that there are some causes operating on the course of human actions, as fixed and invariable as those by which the motions of the planets are regulated. Herder considered that he had found them in the external circumstances of nations, but, as these were infinitely varied, he denied that there was any general result or combination of parts, and maintained that each form of society arose naturally and necessarily from its own circumstances. The optimism of Leibnitz, and the perfectibility of Turgot and Condorcet, were both maintained as explanations of this apparent destiny by eminent writers in Germany and France. Priestley in our own country strenuously maintained the doctrine of the necessity of actions, and Victor Cousin demonstrated that the progress of social improvement is, and has ever been, a consequence of the progress of knowledge. It is unnecessary to enter upon any examination of these several theories, but there are two of more recent date which demand a more lengthened scrutiny,—those of Dr. Millar, and M. Guizot. Both theories were originally propounded in lectures, both are produced by men who have taken an active part in political life, and both advocate principles not very consistent with those maintained by the authors outside the walls of their respective universities.



Dr. Millar, unfortunately for himself, has been mixed up with the calamitous and embarrassing politics of Ireland. His first act in public life, was the scornful rejection of a disgraceful offer made him by Provost Hutchinson. Millar, who was a candidate for fellowship, was offered by the provost the perusal of the questions that would be asked in a very difficult course at the approaching examinations, on the condition of his voting for the provost's son, the late Lord Donoughmore; he spurned the bribe and won the fellowship. After having been for some time regarded as whiggishly inclined, he adopted Mr. Burke's views of the French Revolution, and became what he has since continued, a warm, and at times, perhaps an intemperate supporter of the Ascendancy. We mention these particulars, because they illustrate the nature of the Doctor's theory, which is based on a liberal and generous foundation, but is sometimes pressed to support "foregone conclusions." It is Dr. Millar's object to prove that, in the history of Europe, from the fifth century to the present time, there can be distinctly traced the moral government of Providence ordering and directing the actions of men, and the revolutions of nations, for a high and definite purpose. "These events," he says, "appear to constitute one great drama of the divine government, all the parts of which are, with a strict unity of action, subordinate and conducive to the result." One beneficial consequence has resulted from his adoption of this theory; his work possesses a unity of subject, harmony of proportions, and connection of parts, that render it, not merely the best Modern History in our language, but the only one from which a student can obtain a systematic view of the progress of civilization. Another merit of Dr. Millar's work is, that it necessarily leads to the consideration of the important historical problem to which we have more than once referred,—the operation of opinion upon action. It has, however, the great and obvious defect of presuming that the scheme of Providence, even when confessedly incomplete, is cognizable by human reason; and, when the author draws near the politics of the present day, we find a warping of his judgment by his sympathies, leading him to make the Deity the patron of the opinions of one party, and the enemy of another. It is only justice to add, that Dr. Millar has struggled hard against the tendencies of his own theory, and that he does not "deal damnation round the land" with the same extravagance that too frequently characterizes Providential Historians.

It can scarce be called a theory to assert that action is under the control of mind; it

is a fact consistent with every day's, nay, every moment's, experience; the tracing therefore of the progress of mind, as Cousin and Guizot have well observed, is not merely a philosophy of history, but is the very essence of history itself. Nor is this view of the course of events repugnant in any wise to the principle on which the providential historians have based their theories; they, in fact, place a fourth question beyond those which we stated as the problems that history has to solve. The moot points in our view are, 1st, the events; 2d, the institutions that produced the events; and 3d, the opinion or state of intellectual knowledge that generated the institution. They superadd, why did God allow such an opinion to prevail at such a period? It is an *ultima questio*, and our answer is a confession of utter ignorance,—the Finite cannot comprehend the Infinite. It is remarkable that most of the providential historians jump over the third term of our series,—the progress of intelligence; it is with Millar a mere incidental cause, and Schlegel banishes it altogether. Guizot, on the contrary, makes the succession of popular combined with individual opinions the basis of all true history. Now a very simple, and fortunately a very notorious fact demonstrates the truth of Guizot's\* theory: where there is no intellectual progress of the many there is no history; the literature of India, rich in sublime poetry and abstruse metaphysical speculation, contains no record of events, because there institutions are stereotype and forms invariable; because there, ascending a step higher in the analysis, mind is motionless. When the Saracens entered or a career of mental improvement and moral advancement as rapid almost as their conquests, the first result of their intellectual progress, and the most decisive proof of its extent, was the publication of a countless number of historical treatises. Every province, every city, nay, every village, of the Moorish empire in Spain had its annalist; not only heroes and saints, but remarkable camels and horses had their biographers, and events as unimportant as a lord mayor's visit to Oxford found chroniclers. But when the Turks succeeded to the Moslem empire, mental progress ceased, and history ceased with it. These facts, whose number it would be very easy to increase, teach so strongly the lesson that the succession of events depends upon the succession of ideas, that we need not add any other proofs of a proposi-

\* Guizot did not invent the theory; it was broached long before he was born, but it may be called his, as he is now its most influential advocate.



tion, whose truth indeed has never been questioned.

This view of history is not inconsistent with any providential theory, except perhaps Schlegel's, whose philosophy of history has been recently translated. In his view immobility is perfection, and progress the great evil of mankind. In his anxiety to establish absolutism in religion and politics, "the system of faith and love" as he calls it, the mental thralldom of Hindustan appears the very completion of the social system. To enter into any examination of the metaphysical subtleties with which this theory is supported, would be a mere waste of time; it is the old sophistry of the papacy and the empire long since practically refuted by the Reformation and some dozen of revolutions. On the contrary, Dr. Millar's theory may very well follow the intellectual view of history, because in no way can Providence be conceived more efficiently operating, than in guiding and directing the development of mind. In tracing the progress of civilization, M. Guizot dwells very strongly on a distinction which has been too much neglected by former writers, but whose importance he greatly overrates; he draws a strong line of demarcation between civilization improving the social system and civilization perfecting the individual mind; he gives two examples illustrating the difference, both of which are liable to very serious objections:

"Take Rome in the best times of the republic, after the second Punic war, at the moment of its greatest virtues, when it was marching to universal dominion, and its social system was evidently progressive. Again, take Rome under the reign of Augustus, the epoch of the commencement of its decay, where at least the progressive movement of society was arrested and bad principles were approaching the day of their triumph. There is no one, notwithstanding, who does not think and say that the Rome of Augustus was more civilized than the Rome of Fabricius and Cincinnatus."

To say nothing of the obvious blunder of bringing Fabricius and Cincinnatus down to the close of the second Punic war, it is now notorious to every schoolboy that the Roman republic was a mere mockery of freedom; that the social system under the grinding oligarchy of the Patricians was ten thousand times worse than it was under Nero and Caligula; and that the worst tyrants that ever disgraced the empire, though they sported with the lives of the degenerate nobles, ventured not to revive the aristocratic oppressions of the plebeians. Domitian alone, as a kind of variety in despotism, sported with the lives of the commons:

"Et periit, postquam cerdonibus esse timendus Cœperat. Hoc nocuit Lamiarum cæde madenti."

His first fact fails to support the lecturer's inference; let us see whether he is more fortunate with the second.

"Let us transport ourselves to another age and clime; let us take France during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries: it is evident that in a social point of view, both with regard to the sum and distribution of happiness among the individuals of the community, France was during these centuries inferior to some other countries of Europe,—for instance, to Holland and England. I believe that in Holland and England social activity was greater, increased more rapidly, and distributed its fruits more equally than in France. Nevertheless, interrogate the common sense of mankind; it will tell you that France of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was the most civilized country of Europe."

Common sense will tell him no such thing; it will reply that France halted in its progress to bring into form and shape the more brilliant elements of civilization that had been accumulated; it beat out all its gold into leaf, exchanging solid strength for feeble splendor, and it imposed conventional counterfeits upon itself and others for good coin. But in sound, determinate, and measurable advancement of individual mind, what pretensions has it to compare with the country of Bacon, of Milton, of Locke, and of Newton? All that is conventional must perish; the gilding soon rubs off and shows the dross below; "prettyishness," to use an expressive word coined by a critical contemporary, is the mark of emasculate refinement, despised half an hour after it is admired. That France produced many great men in these centuries no one will deny, but they were great—not in consequence of these conventional trammels, but in spite of them, and they were great—in proportion to their exertions to break their gilded chains.

The earnestness with which M. Guizot labors to sever social and intellectual progress is characteristic of a school of dogmatic politicians that has many followers in every part of Europe. It is their great object to underrate social improvement, and to exaggerate the importance of securing leisure for individual advancement: according to their notions, the movement of the mass retards the movement of the individual; a separate sphere of action is required for each, and the latter, being the more important, should engage the most earnest attention. The principal advantage of this theory is, that it furnishes a metaphysical, or in plain terms, an intelligible excuse, for any checks or restraints that it may please a minister to de-



wise,—for cold indifference or secret hostility to popular struggles abroad, and for any conceivable course of policy at home. There is one test of the soundness of his theory which the lecturer did not venture to use; in no one of his historical courses has he tried the advance of civilization by the progress of individual mind, but invariably uses social advancement as the distinguishing characteristic. The distinction is always kept in the back ground to be used as a body of reserve, for overturning, when necessary, any of the positions he had established by reason, which interest might subsequently render it necessary to controvert.

The most striking characteristic of modern civilization is its variety; in all the ancient systems there was one dominant principle which excluded every other, and this was equally the case whether the system was stationary like that of Egypt and India, or progressive like that of Greece and Rome. M. Guizot justly attributes this variety to the circumstances under which the system first acquired consistency, and the diversion of the elements from which it was formed. In tracing these elements, we shall not, like M. Guizot, confine ourselves to the institutions and forms, but shall, as far as possible, endeavor to exhibit the opinions on which these institutions were founded.

It is a great mistake to suppose that there was no civil liberty under the Roman emperors: there never was a period when municipal liberty was more respected; the empire was in fact an aggregate of free cities or petty republics, subjected to what was called Roman Majesty, which alone gave them unity and centralization. But this notion of unity was infinitely weaker than that of civic jealousy; every man felt that he belonged to his own city, not that he formed part of a vast empire: to be sure the citizens of Marseilles, Carthage, and Byzantium were called by the common name of Romans, but they held this to be a mere title of dignity; their affections were limited by their municipality. It followed from this, that the empire had no national army; the soldiers, whether natives of Italy or the provinces, or hired barbarians, fought for their commanders, not for their country. In the municipalities there was generally a respect for law and the rights of property, and this sentiment survived the overthrow of the institutions. A desire of corporate security and a vague notion of an imperial majesty, an absolute and sacred power vested in an individual, were the bequest of ancient times to the middle ages. Christianity, or rather reverence for the Church, was the most powerfully formative opinion of modern civilization, and here it is

especially necessary to distinguish between the institution and the ideas on which it was founded. The antiquities of clerical organization need not now be investigated; it is sufficient to say, that the Christian Church, before it was established by Constantine, had a fixed system of government with a due subordination of parts, and that, when Christianity became the established religion of the empire, the clergy at the same moment became an organized and recognised political body. In the decay of municipal institutions, the bishops and priests succeeded to the influence of the civic magistrates, not by usurpation, but by the sheer pressure of circumstances, possessing the additional advantages of irresponsibility, for their offices were deemed sacred and inalienable. The opinion on which the Christian Church in the fifth century was based, and the opinion which entered into the formation of the social system, was not simply, indeed was scarcely at all, a mere belief in the truths of Christianity; it was rather a profound reverence for ecclesiastical power, amounting almost to a direct anxiety for a theocratic government. There was a struggle for supremacy between submission to temporal and spiritual power in the human mind long before the controversy was mooted between popes and emperors.

We have mentioned the elements that united the system of the dark ages to the ancient system and those which constituted the individuality of that period; it now remains to find the principles that connect these ages with modern times; and these are to be found in the resistless energies, the personal independence, and the warlike or rather sanguinary spirit of the Germanic tribes. These elements were combined in very various proportions in the different countries of Europe, and hence arose a great diversity of institutions, and this diversity continually increased as each was followed out to practical results, until it almost seemed a perversion of theory to assign to Europe a common system of civilization. The farther we trace back institutions, however, the more manifest do we find the identity of elements, and the more minutely we examine the state of Europe in the dark ages, the more clearly we shall see these three great elements—the reminiscences of ancient civilization, the theocratic tendency generated during the period, and the onward movement of semi-barbarous restlessness—sometimes antagonizing and sometimes combining, but always working out a progress of intelligence.

From the fifth to the ninth century, the barbarian elements of force and violent



movement were predominant, because horde followed horde, as wave follows wave, and one race of conquerors have scarcely established itself in a country when it was forced to make room for another. But amid all these changes and convulsions the Church remained firm and unshaken; like a gallant vessel in a stormy ocean it rode proudly over the billows, and, though it sometimes bowed before a sudden burst of the tempest, it instantly rose again in all its pride and all its security. To this permanence in ecclesiastical organization we attribute the formation of an opinion, which has exercised a very powerful influence in the European social system—the idea of legitimacy. M. Guizot strenuously contends that legitimacy has always been part and parcel of the notion of government, and to a certain extent he is undoubtedly right. But the legitimacy of modern Europe is a far more comprehensive, definite, and moral opinion than that which entered loosely into the elements of Grecian and Roman civilization, and than that which can be traced in the social systems of Asia.

It ascribes a divine sanction not to one institution but to all; it attributes a sacred right to monarchies, aristocracies, and democracies; to episcopacy, presbyterianism, and congregationalism; and it claims respect for every established form, not, merely, as M. Guizot seems to imagine, in right of its antiquity, but because the rectitude, the justice, and the virtue of the form is asserted to be proved by the experience of ages. The Church was the first permanent establishment of modern Europe; for four centuries it alone maintained the struggle against barbarism; it preserved the memory of municipal freedom and Roman majesty in temporal government, and actually established the system in spiritual affairs; and, by working on ignorance, superstition, and barbarity, by means too closely adapted to the materials of the operation, it obtained a mastery over the energies of the northern tribes and not unfrequently the guidance and direction of their movements. Such a power was legitimated not merely by its continuance but by its usefulness, and from the Church, temporal authority was almost at the outset forced to borrow its sanctions and derive its legitimacy.

From this examination it follows that the legitimacy in the European social system is a *reasonable* opinion, and so far is it from being a conclusive argument against discussion, that it seems actually to challenge investigation and court inquiry. M. Guizot stops short at this inference; he agrees with us in resolving legitimacy into its simpler elements, but he claims, in some degree, an

unreasoning confidence for the compound notion, which confessedly belongs not to any of its parts. But this is not the only instance of his shrinking from following out his own principles to their consequences. We must exclude, from the list of formative causes, the influence of great men, on which M. Guizot lays extraordinary stress. A great man is a result, and not a cause; he is created, if we may so speak, by the spirit of the age which he embodies and represents. But on this subject we cannot do better than quote the words of Victor Cousin:

"A great man, whatever may be the kind of his greatness, whatever the epoch of the world in which he makes his appearance, comes to represent an idea, such an idea, and not any other idea, at the precise time when that idea is worth representing, and neither before it nor after it; consequently he appears when he ought to appear, and he disappears when nothing is left for him to do: he is born and he dies in due season. When nothing great is to be done, the existence of a great man is impossible. In fact, what is a great man? He is the representative of a power not his own; for all power merely individual is pitiful, and no man yields to another man: he yields only to the representative of a general power. When, therefore, no such general power exists, or when it exists no longer; when it fails or falls into decay, what strength can its representative possess? Hence also no human power can cause a great man to be born or die before his hour is come; it cannot be displayed, it can neither be advanced nor put back, for he existed only because he had his work to do, and he exists no more, only because nothing is left for him to do, and to wish to continue his existence would be to wish to continue a part which has been acted to the end and exhausted. A soldier who had seated himself upon a throne was once told: 'Sire, the education of your son should be watched over with great attention; he must be educated so that he may replace you.' 'Replace me?' answered he, 'I could not replace myself; I am the child of circumstances.' The same man was deeply sensible that the power which animated him was not his own; that it was lent him for a specific purpose, and until a certain hour, the approach of which he could neither hasten nor retard. It is said that he was somewhat given to fatalism. You will remark that all great men have been more or less fatalists; the error is in the form, not at the foundation of the thought. They feel that, in fact, they do not exist on their own account; they possess the consciousness of an immense power; and, being unable to ascribe the honor of it to themselves, they refer it to a higher power, which used them as instruments in accordance with its own ends. Not only are great men given to fatalism, they are also addicted to superstitions peculiar to themselves. Recollect Wallenstein and his astrologer. Hence also it comes to



pass that great men, who in action show decision and an admirable ardor, often hesitate and slumber before they are roused to action; the sentiment of necessity, the evidence of their mission, must strike them forcibly; they seem to feel that until then they should act only as individuals, and that their power is not present with them."

This important truth is of the utmost value in our present inquiry; it shows us a certain means of solving the intellectual problem of a revolution, by a simple analysis of its principles collected and represented in one individual mind. Bulwer has felt and acted upon this truth in his *Rienzi*; he has given us the mental history of a revolution by faithfully portraying the mind of its author; and, though perhaps the metaphysical formula established by Cousin was never brought under his notice, it is certain that the novelist has mastered the science of the philosopher. When we pass from the period when the elements of European civilization were in ferment and struggle to that in which they began to assume permanence and definite organization, we find ourselves in the presence of two great men,—Charlemagne and Alfred. "The dominant idea of Charlemagne," says Guizot, "was a design to civilize his people." This also is the opinion of Mr. James, who published a biography of Charlemagne about two years ago; but we think that no such abstract idea as civilization entered into the head of the Teutonic sovereign; he designed simply to give the state the advantages of the security arising from legitimacy and subordination which was already possessed by the Church. In his capitularies we find spiritual and temporal regulations strangely blended; his wars in the north were directed as much against the paganism as the power of the Saxons, and in the south he professed to fight equally against the ambition and the creed of the Mussulmans. In his age, law, order, and intelligence had no sure support but religion; the popular opinion identified ecclesiastical influence with all that society enjoyed or hoped for; and Charlemagne, who represented that opinion, strove by every means to increase the moral power of the Church, and to mould the imperial rule after the model of the papal government. But the ecclesiastical organization, though complete in all its parts, was defective in the limitation of the powers possessed by the different orders, and the empire was, in consequence, a complicated piece of machinery, with some of its parts working independently and some directly counteracting others. Even the primary idea of unity was but loosely fixed in the mind of the founder, as appears from

his having divided his dominions between his children. Even in the reign of Charlemagne traces may be found of a new element appearing in the social system of Europe,—the idea of national unity as distinguished from imperial. He had united beneath his sceptre men differing in language, habits and interests, separated by natural frontiers, bound into separate communities by seas, mountains, and rivers. These inconsistent notions of unity could only be reconciled by the establishment of some species of federation; but an old element of society, the love of personal independence, which the Germanic tribes still preserved, hindered this federation from becoming an orderly government; it generated the feudal system, with all its complicated relations of vassalage and sovereignty.

It is needless to describe feudality, or point out its inherent tyranny and injustice; but that it was necessary in its age is indisputably proved by its universal adoption in every European country nearly at the same time. The first consequence of the system was a transfer of the influence of the towns to the country, and the almost total extinction of municipal institutions, the last relic of ancient civilization. It was apparently a retrogradation to anarchy; it was subversive of all social security and happiness; but it fostered the growth of individual prowess. The chivalrous virtues, such as they were, sprung from feudalism; the chivalrous literature, by which these virtues were exaggerated and the accompanying vices concealed, was the child of the same parent, and for many centuries has thrown a bright veil over the horrors of its origin.

Feudalism was the worst foe to social order, because it was equally opposed to the sovereignty of the monarch and the liberty of the people. Could it have held its position, Europe must have sunk into barbarism; but it had to oppose a powerful principle,—the influence of the Church. In the eleventh century the Papacy fought the battle of freedom and civilization.

It was under the pressure of the feudal system that the organization of the papacy was completed and defined; there is no part of the Romish creed, not one of the Romish institutions, that was not of the utmost importance in the great struggle it had to maintain; and of the doctrines and practices on which the nineteenth century passes just sentence of condemnation, there is scarcely one that could have been spared seven hundred years ago without imminent peril to the great cause of human civilization and social happiness. By its numerous gradations of rank, the Church of the middle ages linked itself



to every class of society; its bishops were the companions of princes; its priests claimed reverence in the baronial hall; its preaching friars and monks brought consolation to the cottage of the suffering peasant. When the distinction of caste was rigidly established in every other form of social life, the Church scarcely knew any aristocracy but that of talent; once received into holy orders, the serf lost all traces of his bondage; he was not merely raised to an equality with his former lord, but he might aspire to dignities that cast those of temporal princes into the shade. It is quite absurd to ascribe the influence possessed by the Romish Church in any ignorant age and country to obtuseness of intellect or hardness of heart; wherever political government improved, the power of the clergy diminished, and wherever at the present day a priestly order can be found invested with exorbitant power, we may be assured that there is something rotten in the political constitution. Some thousands of babblers throughout Europe have yet to learn that the relation between landlord and tenant may be made as pernicious as that between suzerain and vassal, and that in such case the clergy of the poor, whether Catholic priests or Protestant paterins, will possess a power over the populace paramount to that of the lords of the soil; a power that opposition will rivet, and any thing like persecution render resistless. The influence of priests and demagogues, who in modern Europe have, for the most part, taken somewhat of a priestly character, rests upon the popular opinion that there is some substantial wrong against which they are the only persons able or willing to find a remedy; should an efficient remedy come from any other source, the influence of the popular favorites would depart, and the ordained or unordained agitator would have to exclaim, "Othello's occupation's gone."

Before we pass sentence on an institution, we should examine the opinion on which it is founded; and before we judge of the opinion we should know the circumstances by which it was engendered. The public opinion of Europe in the eleventh century was represented by a truly great man, Hildebrand, or, as he was called after his accession to the chair of St. Peter, Gregory VII. It has been the fashion to describe this prelate as a species of moral monster, the enemy of all improvement. There is no doubt that a pope possessing any thing like his influence, who would propose, and strive to enforce, the same measures in the nineteenth century that Gregory did in the eleventh, might justly be regarded as one of the worst despots that ever existed, and fur-

thermore as one of the most blundering tyrants that ever disgraced humanity; there is just as little, indeed rather less doubt, that in his own age, every one of these measures counteracted some evil principle, and helped to work out an antagonising principle of civilization.

Gregory VII. was a Reformer as well as Luther; he used despotic means, but there were no others at his disposal; he was nearly in the ecclesiastical world what Charlemagne and Peter the Great have been in the political; he wished to reform the Church and by means of the Church to reform civil society, to introduce into both more morality, justice, and order; he did not live to see the triumph of his principles, but he prepared the way for the rule of his successors.

The theory of Hildebrand's system was beautiful; it apparently based supreme power upon intelligence, and concentrated both in the Church. Its error now appears sufficiently glaring; we know well that there are other modes for the mind developing itself than the study of theology; but in the eleventh century this was scarcely suspected, and never was there greater surprise than was felt by prelates and professors, when they first discovered that there was a rivalry between scholastic divinity and philosophy. The struggle became an open war between St. Bernard, the champion of orthodoxy, and Abelard, the advocate of free investigation. This warfare continued to agitate the *few*, long before it produced any effect on the *many*; the connection between freedom of opinion and freedom of institutions remained undiscovered for centuries, and during a very long period they were actually opposed to each other.

While the feudal system and the Church were maintaining a fierce contest for supremacy, a third element of civilization began to be developed,—the liberty of the commons. When the feudal nobles of the country seized the power which had for a time remained with the cities, the inhabitants of the towns for the most part became subject to potent suzerains, without quite losing the forms of their ancient constitutions. The oppressions, the marauding expeditions, and the profligate robberies of the nobility, led gradually to the formation of associations for mutual defence, in which many men of high rank joined, who had been driven from their estates or who dreaded such a fate from more powerful neighbors. During the eleventh and part of the twelfth century, there was a long and desultory war between the cities of France and Germany and the aristocracy; in England a combination of fortunate circumstances rendered the struggle



between the *communes* and the *seigneurs* less violent and protracted; in both countries the wars were terminated by treaties of peace, for such must the charters of incorporation granted to cities and boroughs be considered.

We must run rapidly over the age of the Crusades, because the examination of their causes, progress, and consequences, would require more space than we can afford to this entire article. It will be sufficient to indicate as their moral cause religious fanaticism, as their social cause the restlessness of the feudal nobility, their love of adventure, glory, and plunder; and as the most important event of their progress, the gradual increase of royal power. Two of their consequences must also be mentioned,—greater liberality of opinion and a tendency to centralization in government.

The historians of the first crusade speak of the Mussulmans as a species of ferocious beasts, that it is the duty of mankind to exterminate; but long before the close of these wars we find a great change in the descriptions given of the Asiatics and their religion. A great step was made, when it was discovered that virtues could exist in the followers of a rival creed, that men who did not adopt the orthodox forms or doctrines might be respected as enemies and even regarded as allies. Simple as this lesson appears, there have been sad proofs that it has not even yet been thoroughly learned in Europe: we occasionally hear bigotry, the same in all ages, churches, and nations, clamorously demanding the persecution of heretics on the one hand and papists on the other.

The spirit of centralization was manifested not merely in the extension of royal power, but also in the aggrandizement of the great fiefs. England was saved from this result by the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, which proved ruinous to most of the ancient families, but in France the great fiefs were the rivals of the monarchy, and the modern system of civilization, the establishment of government and people with definite relations, could not be completed until the element of royalty received its full development.

Royalty has been too important an element in the civilization of the world, to be dismissed with a cursory examination; its universality in every quarter of the globe and in every stage of society seems to connect it with some essential principle of our nature. M. Guizot's description of royalty is too just to be omitted:

"There is no doubt that the force of royalty, the moral power that is its true principle,

resides not in the mere personal will of the individual who for the moment is king; there is no doubt that nations, in accepting the institution and philosophers in defending the system, have never believed and have never wished to accept the empire of individual will, which is essentially narrow, arbitrary, ignorant, and capricious.

"Royalty is indeed a very different thing from individual will, though always presented under that form. It is the personification of the sovereignty of right; of a will essentially reasonable, enlightened, just, impartial, superior to all individual wills, and having therefore a claim to govern them. Such is the sense of royalty in the minds of nations, and such the cause of their adhesion."

Feudalism, ecclesiastical power, communal freedom, and royalty, were elements separately developed; they were opposed or allied to each other in different states and at different times; all four had the attribute of legitimacy, and on the arrangement of their several pretensions the nature of the social system depended. When the great struggle commenced, feudalism however had been shorn of its strength; the theocracy of Rome stood forward as the great opponent of royalty and freedom. True, it sometimes allied itself with one to weaken the other, but in such cases it seemed to dread victory as much as defeat—for it was the natural enemy of both principles. The opinion on which the strength of the theocracy was founded had been produced by circumstances which vanished, one after another, during the age of the crusades, and the opinion itself had consequently lost its vital power, that is, it ceased to be a motive of action.

One of the most difficult things for some politicians to learn is the difference between a dogma that rests on otiose assent, and a dogma that rests on living faith; we constantly see some wise persons evoking "spirits from the vasty deep," striving to raise a popular movement by spell-words, whose potency was resistless in the last century, but which are now "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." Charles X. appealed to the reminiscences of Saint Louis and Henri Quatre, and was astonished to find that he roused not a single soul. About half a century ago the cry of "No popery" almost laid London in ashes; it might now be raised with no other result, than a laugh at the folly of those who strive to conjure with such a charm. Such was the mistake made by the Papacy, when it entered on its great war with people and kings, when Boniface VIII. issued his manifestoes, fulminated bulls and excommunications, and found that he was only laughed at for his pains. The trident with which he hoped to move land and sea,



proved to be only a broken pitchfork, that wounded his own hands. But the Papacy soon recognized its blunder; thenceforth it began to act on the defensive, and in the fifteenth century we find it seeking an alliance with royalty, whose friendship could only be purchased by sacrifices of power, and lending its aid to crush freedom of opinion, and freedom of institution, between which the popes were the first to discover the intimate connection. Supported by the church, royalty rapidly won supremacy over the feudal aristocracy, and, in a great part of Europe, over the municipalities; it was still further aided by the growth of diplomacy, which acquired strength when the permanence of governments and of states gave an individuality to European nations. The necessity of unity of purpose and secrecy of design, in diplomatic transactions, was favorable to the increase of royal power; all the external relations of a people were found to be most efficiently regulated by its monarch, and an age in which these relations were necessarily complicated and uncertain, the age of their infancy and early development, seemed destined to give absolute power to every king in Europe. Even in England, the Tudors were all but despotic; the succeeding dynasty could not see that this despotism was founded only on fleeting opinions; the Stuarts appealed to the old dead dogma and were vanquished by the living faith of a new opinion.

Scarcely recovered from its unfortunate war against royalty, the Papacy engaged in a second and more fatal struggle; misled as before by a belief that a dead opinion was a living doctrine. The implicit veneration for the Church in the sixth century was owing mainly to its exclusive possession of intelligence, but in the sixteenth century it had not only lost this monopoly, but had sunk into comparative mental imbecility. Of all the great inventions in science, there is scarcely one to which the aristocracy of the Church can establish a claim, and those made by the inferior clergy, whether regular or secular, were discouraged and even persecuted by the superior ecclesiastics. The human mind had made vast progress without the aid and almost in despite of the Church, and yet the Papacy claimed the same iron rule over opinion as when learning and science were not to be found beyond the precincts of a cloister. Every body felt the inconvenience, no one distinctly perceived its nature; and a general belief of the necessity of Papal reform was the consequence. The efforts for reform were made within and without the Church, unfortunately in opposition to each other, and thus the

popes triumphed over both; the council of Constance, bent on reform of one kind, burned John Huss for attempting reform of another kind; the bishops had yet to learn the weakness of any aristocracy, spiritual or temporal, whose power is not supported by the people. Destitute of that support, the councils of Constance and Basle were dissolved without exciting any commotions, and the popes rejoiced in a victory a thousand times worse than a defeat. The Reformation has been attributed by its friends and enemies to every cause but the right and obvious one,—the struggle of the human mind towards freedom of thought. True, the Reformers and their immediate successors denied to others the freedom they claimed for themselves, but it is not less true that, in every Protestant country, the current of opinion flowed steadily onward to establishing, not merely the toleration, but the absolute right of private judgment.

Martin Luther was the representative of the democratic spirit of the Reformation; there seems to be among friends and enemies a marked dislike to grappling with the character of this remarkable man, and his true biography remains yet to be written. Judging only from his own works, his character seems to be one that "he who runs may read;" he was a coarse vulgar-minded man, endowed with strong common sense, and a thorough contempt for every thing that is commonly called "humbug," in which he included the rules of conventional morality, rules in every age of mankind devised rather for cloaking vice than encouraging virtue. Many of his actions appear like a bravado to the public opinion of his age; for instance, his marriage with a nun and his sanction of polygamy; but it is doubtful whether a man of inferior energies, less uncompromising boldness, and, it must be added, less impudence, could have fought the battle, which it was the glory of Luther to maintain. It is utterly absurd to canonize him as a saint, and still more so to condemn him as the worst of sinners. Luther was the great man of his age, the faithful representative of all its wisdom and all its folly; to inquire whether in every part of his arduous struggle, and in every action of his harassed life, he preserved the methodical rules devised by society, is scarcely less absurd than to ask, was a general dressed in the fashion when he led his army to battle, or a successful prime minister skilled in the etiquette of a ball-room. Luther's character is stamped on the history and literature of his country, and even Catholic Germany acknowledges its obligations to the great reformer.

The unity of the progress of European



civilization was in some degree broken, when the different states began to assume a permanent organization; it was altogether destroyed by the progress of the Reformation. There was not only a broad line of demarcation between the states that adopted a reformed and an unreformed church, but there was a great difference between the states in which the Reformation was favored by the crown or forced by the people. It is unnecessary to classify these varieties; there was but one of them influential in the progress of civilization, the reformed church of England, and to that we shall for a brief space direct our attention.

M. Guizot seems greatly to underrate the importance of the reformation in England. He goes indeed so far as to say of the British hierarchy,

"It was, every whit, as full of abuses as the church of Rome, and infinitely more servile. . . . The religious revolution was not accomplished in England as on the continent; it was the work of the kings themselves. There is no doubt that the genius of reform might have formerly existed, and even efforts been made to forward it, and that probably these principles would not have been tardy in showing themselves. But Henry VIII. took the leadership; *power became revolutionary*. The result, at least in the beginning, was that, as a redress of abuses and ecclesiastical tyranny, as an emancipation of the human mind, English reform was far less complete than continental. It was suited, naturally enough, to the interest of its immediate authors. Royalty and episcopacy, maintained in its full strength, divided between them, at once, the wealth and the power won as spoil from the vanquished papacy. The consequences soon made themselves perceptible. It was said that the reform was completed, while the greater part of the motives that made it desirable still subsisted in their full strength. It re-appeared in a popular form; it claimed from the bishops what it had claimed from the Romish Church; it accused them of being so many popes. Every time that the general fortunes of the religious revolution were compromised, every time that it was necessary to struggle against the ancient Church, all the portions of the reformed party rallied round the same standard, and made common cause against the common enemy; but, when the danger was past, the internal struggle recommenced; popular reform renewed its attack upon royal and aristocratic reform, denounced its abuses, complained of its tyranny, demanded the fulfilment of its promises, and declared that it had reproduced the arbitray power it had dethroned."

It is unnecessary to show how greatly this portraiture of the English Church is exaggerated, though we grant it may be a

question whether England gained or lost by the government taking the initiative in reform. Whether it had done so or not, however, the secondary struggle could scarcely have been avoided; for the Reformation was a revolution whose scope and purpose were not comprehended by its authors, and even at this day are misapprehended by its most strenuous advocates. The reformers battled for freedom of opinion, and were themselves the greatest enemies of that freedom. The burning of Servetus in Geneva, the persecution of Anabaptists in Germany, of Arminians in Holland, of Puritans in England, of Prelatists in Scotland, and of Papists in every Protestant country, threw a suspicion on the motives of the Reformers, which rendered their cause frequently unpopular. They felt the inconsistency, and they attempted to excuse it by shuffling evasions, by monstrous fictions, or by an impudent assumption of the infallibility which they had condemned in the Church of Rome. Hence there is an appearance of meanness, trickery, and selfishness, in the early history of the Reformation, which it is utterly absurd to deny, because it is utterly impossible to conceal. The cause is sufficiently obvious; the new institutions were far behind the new opinions on which they were founded, and this—through no criminality in the authors, but arising from the fact that religious opinion had made a violent progress, while political opinion remained stationary: freedom of thought was one element of popular belief, absolutism in government was another; the institutions were necessarily compounded of these heterogeneous elements, and they were consequently satisfactory neither to kings, priests, nor people. Kings contended for complete ecclesiastical supremacy, the clergy for the independence of the Church, the people for a want which they felt without comprehending,—liberty of thought.

This age, in which modern bigotry and intolerance of every sect and party have ever sought excuses for persecution, is, when closely examined, the period of history that teaches most forcibly the doctrines of toleration in their widest sense. The great men of the Reformation, whether its advocates or its opponents, were inconsistent, were guilty of compromises at the seeming cost of their integrity,—were haughty, violent, and overbearing, because the opinions that they represented had every one of these defects. Shall we then transfer the blame from individuals to the age? Alas! even this poor consolation is denied to our charitable judgment by the philosophy of history, for thus it pronounces the immutable sentence of truth.



"An age is not responsible for what it is, nor for what it thinks; one age is necessarily produced by another, one opinion by another opinion. And if we accuse that other age or that other opinion, we shall find them too innocent of what they have been, and consequently of what they have produced. So that those who are passionately addicted to accusation must run from age to age in search of the guilty; they will at length luckily pounce upon the first man, who will throw the blame of his opinions upon his own proper nature—poor human nature! the true source of all the evil, because, being feeble, it perceives only a portion of the truth; and because, being proud, it is ever ready to boast that it possesses the truth absolute and complete. Thus the accusation falls to the ground for want of a culprit; there is nobody to burn, nobody even to hate;—a circumstance extremely inconvenient for your good sort of people. It remains either to embrace toleration or continue in absurdity. In this embarrassing dilemma, a multitude will choose the latter, for reason before passion is like self-possession before death, a matter that even the greatest minds find it difficult to preserve."\*

At the close the sixteenth century England was the most important political power in Europe; and during the whole of the seventeenth century the fortunes of civilization were bound up with its revolutions. No portion of our history is more unfortunately circumstanced than that of the Stuart dynasty; our language does not possess a single line upon the subject in which the perversion of party spirit is not manifest; and this is much aggravated by a disturbing cause, connected with the most angry politics of the last half century, the participation of Ireland in the civil war. The causes of the Irish civil war were various and complicated, as may easily be believed, when we reflect that four armies were contending at the same time, and that even in these four parties there were subdivisions of passion and interest. The events were, of course, peculiarly liable to misrepresentation, and that they were misrepresented is evident from the fact that the circumstances of this strange contest furnished at the same moment an excuse for persecuting Popery in Britain and Protestantism on the Continent. In order to remove this disturbing cause, we shall briefly glance at the motives of the four great parties in Ireland, and then resume our investigation.

The spirit of colonization introduced by the discovery of America perverted the moral judgment of every colonizing country. No man thought that the natives had a right

to their land; individuals and companies obtained large grants of ground to which neither they nor the bestower had the shadow of a claim. The notion of supremacy over discoveries led to the notion of supremacy over dependencies. Ireland was supposed to owe allegiance to the people rather than to the king of England, and in the general hatred of Popery it was no difficult matter to class Irish papists and American savages in the same category. The feudal law of forfeiture stripped an English nobleman of his estate, but an Irish chieftain had no estate, the land was the property of the clan, consequently the application of the law of forfeiture in Ireland was an iniquitous punishment of the innocent. When James I. seized on the greater part of Ulster and granted it to Englishmen and Scotchmen, the British nation, influenced by the colonial spirit and the law of forfeiture, saw not and could not see the monstrous injustice of the act. This, we think, is a sufficient vindication of the character of Protestantism, which the writers of France, Italy, and Austria in the eighteenth century branded with the stigma of naturally leading men and nations to robbery.

The Irish, driven from their fields to hills and mountains, panted eagerly for revenge; but their leaders were too cautious to move; a new combination for robbery was formed; the king threatened to attack the patents by which the old settlers held their estates; the English House of Commons voted that it would not tolerate popery, and had some priests hanged as a proof that this was no empty menace. In the midst of the confusion, Scotland broke out into rebellion, and won an independent national church from the king: the Irish made the same effort; in the north the settlers were butchered by those into whose lands they were intruded: the Puritans retaliated whenever they could find an opportunity. Both parties extravagantly, we may say absurdly, exaggerate the extent of the massacres perpetrated by their opponents; but it is certain that the Catholic Lords of the Pale every where protected the lives of the Protestant settlers; and thus, we think, on the other hand, a vindication of popery, from having prompted the massacre. The native Irish sought the supremacy of the Romish Church, and the expulsion of the English; the Lords of the Pale demanded only toleration and security of property: hence, by the continental writers, they were identified with the enemies of the Papal power and Irish independence; while in England they were classed with the Irish natives in the general category of Papists.

\* Joffroy; *Mélanges Philosophiques*, p. 30.



The supporters of English rule were strenuous advocates for the extension of the colonial system, not as many writers of the present day insist from mere avaricious motives, but because the colonial system was sanctioned by the opinion of their age, and was believed essential to the support of British supremacy. But the English party was divided into the partisans of the king and parliament; the former, comprehending the Protestant nobility of Ireland, wished to save the Lords of the Pale, not from any love of abstract justice, not from any principle of toleration, but simply from a dread of Puritanic violence, and a preference of ancient families to the low-born speculators who would succeed them, were their estates converted into plantations. The Puritans alone had a straightforward course of policy; their object was to overthrow the Romish Church, and extend the colonial system: they marched steadily onward while the rest were wrangling and disputing: they accomplished their object, and would be wholly free from blame, if they had not unluckily sought a better tenure for the fruits of their success than the right of conquest. When peace gave the victors leisure to reflect, they strove to prove that their possessions were sanctioned by justice. The dispossessed Irish, who had fled to the continent, on the other hand, filled Europe with complaints of the barbarous iniquity with which they had been treated; and both have bequeathed to us such a mass of calumnies, fabrications, and misrepresentations, that the histories of the Irish war, written by rival partisans, have no more resemblance than the annals of England and Japan. A dispassionate examination of the period would, we are assured, exonerate all the parties from the charges of prepossession; but this cannot be attempted while the consequences of the convulsion are working in the politics of the present day: when men's minds are heated by controversy, they may bear to be told that they are not absolutely in the right, but they will not endure to hear that their adversaries are not absolutely in the wrong.

Having removed the disturbing force, we can find little difficulty in recognising the elements of the revolutionary movements in England during the seventeenth century. When the court patronized the doctrines of passive obedience and non-resistance, there can be little doubt that the absolutism of monarchy was a favorite doctrine in the regal circle: the alliances between the English Church and the prince, and between the Scottish Church and the people, only partially obscure the design of the clergy in both to assert their independence of temporal power;

and the tendency of the people towards freedom was more definite in England than in any other European country.

We use the word *definite* to mark a distinction between the people of this island and the continent—between Englishmen and all other Europeans—that is very strongly marked, and yet is very seldom noticed. In every other country where an institution has outgrown the opinion on which it is founded, the efforts are uniformly directed to the subversion of the institution, and the establishment of something wholly new in its place. In England, on the contrary, the effort always has been to modify the old institution so as to accommodate it to the change of opinion. Great advantages have resulted from national characteristic; the most decisive of all advantages, indeed, belongs to it—that is, success: a popular movement to a definite and attainable object can scarcely fail of success, especially when it appears obvious to common sense that in such a struggle the reformers are the conservatives, and their opponents the destructives. On the contrary, every reform contemplated in France, Germany, Spain and Italy, proposed the utter destruction of existing institutions, and the adoption of some new and untried theory. These reforms have wholly failed, or have only succeeded at the expense of a vast amount of misery, which the ancient government with all its faults and crimes, could scarcely have exceeded. To us it appears evident, from the very first elements of the philosophy of history, that is, the philosophy of human nature, that the successful career of English improvement is owing to the very circumstance which foreigners have urged against us a national reproach—the limited nature of our political views, and the distrust with which speculative schemes of improvement are regarded. This follows from the very nature of civil society. Every institution is founded in opinion, and the simple fact of its existence proves that a portion of the opinion on which it was based still endures. The old opinion then is conciliated by preserving the form of the institution, and the new-growing opinion not wounded, for it is the child of the old, and therefore habituated to the form, though it sees the necessity of and enforces a change in the substance. This characteristic of Englishmen is strikingly manifested in the contrast between the histories of the English and French republics: in England the whole current of popular favor was in favor of the conservation of old institutions; in France the newest theory was always the most highly valued. That the English in consequence lost many good measures is very certain—we may instance



Cromwell's plan of parliamentary representation, which anticipated the unions of Scotland and Ireland—but we are persuaded that the country has gained immense advantages by the conciliation of opinions, and the avoidance of the clash between rival theories. When M. Guizot declares the British constitution to be an incomprehensible chaos, meaning that the relative powers of it are not fixed and definite, he objects to what is really its best claim to respect—its inherent elasticity, and power of adapting itself without violent change to the onward flow of public opinion. His reproach falls harmless on the constitution, but it is a just satire on British politicians, who pretend that the constitution is something fixed and immutable. The greatest and the worst change that could be made in that constitution would be to declare it incapable of change; a nation must be mad when it requires a strait-waistcoat. In the fifth number of this journal we fully reviewed M. Guizot's account of the struggle between the British nation and the Stuart dynasty from 1641 to 1688. His views of this period in his Lectures do not differ from those which he has already published in his *History*, and it is therefore unnecessary to go again over the same ground. We shall only notice that he does not sufficiently show how the British love of existing institutions operated as a powerful check on the three contending elements—monarchy, prelacy, and a popular tendency to freedom; that he does not at all notice Ireland as a disturbing cause; and that he omits to examine the causes why the English aristocracy was utterly inoperative in the war of 1641, and almost solely operative in the revolution of 1688. We think also that he deals too harshly with the character of James II., who was a weak rather than a bad man. He believed the opinions of passive obedience and non-resistance when they were believed by nobody else; even the very court chaplains, who preached these doctrines so glibly, were active in their disobedience, and strenuous in their resistance, when James, relying on their professions, ventured to attack the Church.

A disturbing force in the whole course of European civilization, whose influence has never yet been properly estimated, was the order of the Jesuits. Unity of purpose and completeness of organization gave that celebrated body possession of power, but it was a power they could not use without ruin. Their design was to restore the theocracy as planned by Hildebrand. Such a project ran counter to every opinion in Europe, and the Jesuits held power as a soldier does an over-loaded musket—he cannot use it without

danger to himself and his companions. The Jesuits tried the experiment: in England they ruined the king, in Spain they destroyed the people; and, having thus overthrown their allies, they ended by destroying themselves.

The seventeenth century, towards its close, beheld France, under Louis XIV., at the head of Europe, absolute monarchy through his exertions absorbing the other elements of civilization, and the despotism of a king crushing at the same instant Protestant liberty and Papal power. The war maintained by William and Anne against France, nominally for the independence of states, was really for the liberty of the European people; and its consequences were greater in the interior development of mind than in the external regulation of frontiers and barriers. The revocation of the edict of Nantes was excused by Louis and his authorised defenders by the parallel treatment of the Catholics in Ireland. Without comparing the severity or injustice of these cases, it must be observed that the Irish confiscations had been the result of a long and complicated system of policy, and that the Act of Settlement, with all its iniquity, was about the best, perhaps the only, arrangement that circumstances rendered possible. On the other hand, there was the appearance of wantonness in the persecution of the French Protestants; there was no apparent cause for the sudden attack on peaceful subjects. Yet that attack was as necessarily the result of opinion as the Irish confiscations: absolute monarchy could not become a predominant element while independence of will was in anywise permitted; political slavery and religious liberty cannot co-exist.

Never did absolute power triumph more completely than in the zenith of this reign; it had successful generals, skilful diplomats, able financiers, and a devoted people. The opinion in its favor was the strongest possible, but the opinion was never embodied in an institution; it struck no root in the soil, and it died for want of nutriment. M. Guizot very justly says,

"Under the reign of Louis XIV. institutions were wanting to power as well as to liberty. Nothing in France at this epoch guaranteed the country against the illegitimate action of the government, nor the government against the inevitable action of time. Thus the government was accelerating its own decay. It was not Louis alone that grew old and feeble towards the close of his reign, but absolute power altogether. Pure monarchy was as much worn out in 1712 as the monarch himself."

Freedom of thought became the predominant element in the eighteenth century, but



at first with a tendency to purely abstract speculation; the antagonizing elements of temporal government and spiritual authority, seeing this speculation so remote from action, scarcely tried to restrain it. Thus, become "a chartered libertine," the spirit of examination dashed over all barriers, cast away every restraint, respected nothing, spared nothing. M. Guizot declares—

"I should be embarrassed to tell what were the external facts that the human mind respected, or to whose influence it submitted; it hated or despised the whole social state; it began to consider itself as a species of creator; institutions, opinions, manners, society, and man himself, all were to be re-modelled, and human reason undertook the enterprize."

This wildness of thought finally embodied itself in wildness of action; we need not write the history of the French revolution, we need not portray opinion succeeding to opinion, nor institution to institution, nor the bloodshed produced by these struggles and vicissitudes; we shall only say, that civilization gained more advantages in this contest than in any other that had taken place between its elementary principles, and that the eighteenth century is that to which future ages will be most largely indebted for the furtherance of social happiness. It completed the great moral lesson of modern history, that the predominance of any single element of European civilization leads to certain abuse and certain ruin. Feudalism, ecclesiastical power, royalty, and finally, human reason have successively enjoyed absolute supremacy, have become tyrannical, and have been torn down from their "pride of place." The moral is ably stated by our author.

"It is the duty, and it will be, I trust, the peculiar merit of our time to recognize that every power, whether intellectual or temporal, whether it belongs to governments or to the people, to philosophers or to ministers, whether exercised in one cause or in another, that ever human power, I say, carries within itself an inherent evil, a principle of weakness and abuse which must assign it a limit. It is only the general liberty of all rights, all interests, and all opinions, the free manifestation of all their forces their legal co-existence; it is this system only that can restrain each force and each power within its legitimate limits, and hinder it from usurping the rights of others; in one word, free examination should really subsist, and for the profit of all."

The recent restrictions on the French press are a strange comment on this eloquent conclusion! Alas, that the statesman should so soon forget his own lessons.

We have gone rapidly over this specimen of what may be called intellectual history, because we think that it opens to us a refuge from the passion and prejudice which party zeal has introduced into most of our histories, and we think that the tendency of the recent historical novels is to fix our attention more on the mental development than the physical struggles of revolution. We are glad to hail the approaching change; an investigation of mind enforces a calm dispassionate tone of inquiry; it banishes prejudices in favor of institutions, misrepresentations of events and partialities for heroes; it concentrates the lessons of experience, and throws their collected light equally on the science of action and the science of thought.

Not its least recommendation is that such a mode of examining history irresistibly compels us to the study of original authorities; while the French are tracing the philosophy of history in treatises that may almost be termed scientific, this apparent love of speculative views has proved that it is also pre-eminently practical by exciting an ardent love for the old chronicles and ancient records of France. In the close of a long article, it would be out of place to dwell on the philosophic value, as well as the antiquarian interest, of national collections. But there is one topic of too immediate importance to be omitted, the fate of a great historical collection, which may be irretrievably lost unless some vigorous effort is made for its preservation;—we mean the Mackenzie collection of documents connected with India. To the kindness of one intimately acquainted with its nature and value, we are indebted for the following statement of its extent and importance—

"When we reflect that we have for a long course of years held a sovereign sway over the southern peninsula of India, and that we are still unacquainted with the religious, moral and political history of this vast extent of territory up to the period of its coming into our possession; we must conclude, that a want of such a knowledge has been too often experienced, and we should fear, if not to the loss and dishonor of the governing, to the injury and perhaps ruin of the governed. The Mackenzie collection appears to have been the result of an able and indefatigable research, carried on through a period of no less than five-and-twenty years—that the colonel's views were directed almost exclusively to it during this long period, and, as he has himself expressed in a letter to his friend in England, it was his intention to come hither and arrange the whole of his vast accumulations for the purpose of compiling a history of the South of India, or, at least, of reducing them to such a form as would readily admit of this work being performed by another hand.



Colonel Mackenzie's death took place soon after, in 1821, and the Indian government, sensible of the value of the materials he had collected, bought them of his widow for the sum of 10,000*l*. From the time of the colonel's death up to the present, a period of no less than fourteen years, no use has been made of this collection, and but for the catalogue of it published by Professor Wilson, its existence might still remain as little known to the European world as it has hitherto been. Why it should have been so long shut up we are at a loss to imagine. The price paid for it—the many flattering encouragements bestowed on Colonel Mackenzie during his life time by the highest authorities, for his able and successful endeavors in this research—the urgent necessity of a knowledge such as the development of this collection promised to afford; seemed forcibly to call for a procedure the very opposite of that which was adopted. We can easily imagine the difficulty of finding a person competent to the task of unfolding and applying to any good purpose the materials of which this collection is composed, from its being in a variety of languages peculiar to the south of India, and from the particular turn of thought and expression, which a devotion to this research for so long a period may have given to the colonel's productions, but a letter addressed to the secretary at the India House, which has lately been published, deprives us even of these means to unravel the mystery—From this letter it would seem that every facility is now offered for making this collection available, but that the desire to have it so made is still wanting. If there ever was a period when the knowledge of the people of India was necessary to us, it must be so at the present, from the greater intercourse we are now likely to have with them, consequent on the late acts of the legislature, permitting Europeans permanently to reside in that country, and if this collection can afford any such knowledge, may we not ask, and with justice, why it is kept back? We are well assured, that it contains information of much interest to the lovers of literature and to the lovers of science, and we trust that such a valuable possession may not be lost to the world by negligence or false economy."

Here we must conclude; the matter and the mind of history have not as yet received all the attention they merit in England; the History of the Middle Ages, at once the most instructive and delightful to youth, is still banished from our schools, though we gladly see that an effort is about to be made for its introduction; but we think that an era of improvement has commenced, and that history will be cultivated by our countrymen as zealously as it is now by the French and Germans, and that, while it increases in quantity, it will also be improved in quality, by substituting the calm spirit of philosophy for

turbulent party zeal and the distorting spirit of faction.

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ART. VIII.—*Norden's Mythologi, eller Sindbilled-Sprog, historisk-poetisk udviklet og oplyst*, af Nik. Fred. Sev. Grundtvig, Praest. (Mythology of the North, or Symbol-language, historico-poetically developed and illustrated, by N. F. S. Grundtvig, Priest.) 8vo. Kiöbenhavn, 1832.

PARSON GRUNDTVIG is one of the most independent, one of the boldest, and often one of the most original thinkers that we have lately met with; and we must preface our brief account of his last work with a few words concerning himself. This Danish ecclesiastic began his career, we are told, as a rationalist-theologian (in plain English, we conceive, simply a dissenter); but whilst still very young, he not only conformed to the established church, but became an ardent champion of the most rigid Lutheran orthodoxy. Nor does the slightest suspicion of impure motives appear to have been produced by a change of opinions necessarily fraught with worldly advantage to the convert, since he is said to be so peculiarly distinguished for Christian rectitude in every relation of life, that even those who most censure his violence in controversy, both literary and religious, are satisfied that his zeal is sincere, and his conduct regulated by conscientious conviction. After various battles with the grey goose-quill, with which we have no concern, he, some eight or nine years since, attacked the orthodoxy of the Professor of Theology at the University of Copenhagen, with a virulence that produced a lawsuit and a judicial condemnation of Grundtvig, who, in consequence, requested permission to resign his benefice, and announced an intention of abandoning even his literary labors. In this last intention, however, he has not persevered.

Grundtvig's chief studies, in addition to those appropriate to his sacred calling, which he never neglected, have been the Antiquities and History of the North. These he has discussed in prose and sung in verse; he has given his countryman excellent, though perhaps somewhat too popular, Danish versions of Saxo Grammaticus's Danish, and Snorro Sturleson's Norwegian Histories; he has translated the Anglo-Saxon poem of Beowulf, (recently edited with so much phi-



logical talent and industry by Mr. J. Kemble,) and he engaged in the editing of Anglo-Saxon MSS. in London: an enterprise which however has, we believe, since passed into other hands.

We now proceed to the Mythology of the North, which first introduced this writer to our acquaintance, and which abundantly exemplifies the qualities we have ascribed to him. This book, for the most part written in a tone of bitter and sarcastic satire, under the guise of pleasantry, that we by no means anticipated in an inquiry into Scandinavian Mythology, appears to have two or three principal objects besides the aforesaid inquiry: one, the vituperation and degradation of all books whatsoever, of pen and ink, and other implements of authorship, as well as of the silly and conceited authors who employ such things, and the establishment of the decided supremacy of speech, or "the winged word;" a second, the utter reprobation of the Latin language, and of every thing, whether literature, politics, or ethics, belonging to the Romans, whom he seldom mentions unless as the robber-nation. Some of the like reprobation, but in a far milder tone and degree, he extends to the Germans, whose chief offence, as far as we can gather, is their great propensity to book-making. Another object is the establishment of the vast superiority over all others of the only two ancient nations who were really and poetically creative, to wit, the Greeks and Scandinavians, whose remains in literature and the arts, whose history, institutions, religion, and philosophy, are therefore alone worth studying, and possess moreover this great, and, we suspect, main recommendation, that the languages through and in which they are to be studied, Greek and Norse, may, rejecting our vile practice of consulting grammars, lexicons, &c., be in a great measure acquired, as we learn our mother-tongue, through the living Romaine and Icelandic. But these are mere accessory or adjective objects. Proceed we to the grand substantive purpose of the book, namely, the overthrow of the most received opinions concerning the rise and nature of false religions, or rather perhaps of idolatry.

It is hardly necessary to state that the favorite theory upon this subject is, that all idolatry is merely allegorized astronomy; the mythological fables, or Myths, as the Germans call them, being allegorical accounts or celebrations of the changes of the seasons, of the varying length of the days and nights, of the appearances of the heavens, &c. &c. Now this notion Grundtvig rejects with a vehemence of indignant ridicule, which, to minds unacquainted with his profound and

zealous piety, really might recal the regrets expressed by some impassioned German antiquaries for the supplanting of national creeds by cosmopolite Christianity. But fear not, gentle reader; the Lutheran ex-pastor of Copenhagen is no disguised worshipper of Odin and Thor, still less of Zeus and Ares. He is a sincere and earnest Christian, although anxious, in his love for fair Hellas and the lofty North, to raise the estimate of the human kind in those regions, by showing an imaginative and intellectual elevation in their respective religions. He considers those religions as allegories, differing from his predecessors only as to the subject allegorized; and we must confess that to northern and poetical minds there is something captivating in his theory, even if it be not sound. He conceives Mythology to be an historico-poetical allegory of man himself in the individual and the aggregate; a fanciful representation of the struggle between his animal appetites and human affections, between the selfish and social principle, briefly between mind and matter, and of the contrast between the death of the individual and the continuance of the species—all this being done in Greece more in a philosophical and municipal or political, in Scandinavia more in a warlike, spirit.

But we must let our author explain his own notions. Here are some general views applied to Greece.

"To ascertain in history the course of human developement, we must reckon in masses, colossally, so that a little more or less may make no difference. For who can doubt that, *proportionably*,\* the whole of *Antiquity* was the age of *Imagination*, the *Middle Ages* of *Feeling*, and these *Modern Times* of *Understanding* or *Reflection*. And accordingly, is not the literature of antiquity the most poetical, that of the middle ages the most historical, [the especial connection between feeling and history we confess our inability to discern,] and that of modern times the most philosophical? Let us compare with this the experience of everyday life: we shall there, in like manner, find that, *proportionably*, *imagination* ever prevails in *youth*, *feeling* in *manhood*, and *understanding* in *old age*. And since every given nation can be only a union of individuals, and a portion of the human race, we know beforehand that each must in fact have run the same course; although want of information, or peculiarly intricate circumstances, may make the traces fainter in some cases than in others.

"Meanwhile, had those who in *modern times* undertook to explain antiquity, possessed a scientific spirit, they would have kept for the last the two artificial nations, (the Israelites and Romans,) and have devoted their

\* The Italics are Grundtvig's not ours.



whole attention to the Greeks, as the only one of the *natural nations* of antiquity which is known through the whole period of its development, or the five hundred years from Solon to Christ and Augustus; and it would then have been quickly perceived that, *relatively*, all the time *before* Solon belongs to the domain of imagination, that feeling governed the interval between him and Alexander, and understanding prevailed subsequently, such as it was with its Alexandrian library and corresponding academy. It could then never have occurred to any expounder of the Greek Myths, which, far older than the hoary Homer, arose out of the darkest depths of imagination's reign, to fancy an Alexandrian philosopher, tearing a leaf out of his picture-book, wherein to wrap up a match or a sausage-skewer, presenting it, carefully sealed up, to the old Greeks, as a heaven-descended booth with a god inside, by whose presence they might be at once frightened and somewhat elevated above reality; since even such an allegory was, as far as I know, too great a stretch for the imagination of any Alexandrian philosopher."

We will now turn from Grundtvig's strange and not peculiarly agreeable style of satire to what is more fancifully pleasing, his exposition of a Greek Myth, which may probably be to most readers more interesting than his views of Scandinavian allegory.

"Chronos\* was a son of Uranos and Ge, and, when he was deposed, his three well-known sons shared amongst themselves the whole world, the earth, which they seem to have forgotten, excepted: Zeus taking heaven, Poseidon the sea, and Pluto or Aides the realm of shades, or what we Northerners call Hell, meaning thereby not heat but cold. Nay, herein Pluto seems to have been in some sort of our mind, for he resolved to share his cold empty exaltation with a warm beauty, and his choice fell upon the lovely Persephone, daughter of Zeus and Demeter. Opinions differ as to the mode in which he gained possession of this majestic Queen of the Shades, but so far all the ancients agree, that Pluto surprised her, in her innocence, while gathering lilies, and that she wept bitterly when carried off, although borne away in a golden car. At her mother's request she was permitted to visit earth, perhaps even Olympus, every spring and summer, and became, by Zeus in the form of a serpent, mother to Zagreus, otherwise called Bacchus. \* \*\*

"I will now impart to the reader in confidence my notion of what may have so inspired the old poets in favor of the Chronides, that, with extravagant liberality, they bestowed upon them more than they themselves had to dispose of, the whole world and divine honors.

"Methinks I can see the Myth-Smith, an old blind Thamyris, \* \* \* as he started up in the circle of listeners, and painted with clear calm inspiration how wonderfully, how mournfully and affectingly, yet how beautifully, the Divine is mirrored in the Mortal; sang that the golden days of Chronos could be but few, that neither the eagle's flight in the clouds, nor the sudden vicissitudes upon life's billowy sea endure long, that uneasy is the entrance into Reflection's mighty, still gloomy, cold Realm of Shades, where nevertheless is the residence of Divinity, where the noble are crowned by that beauty to whom Zephyr and Spring secretly gave existence that she might be the Muse of Autumn. \* \* \* The Chronides are the geni of human life. \* \* \* Herewith agree all the names, from Chronos (temporalness), to Zagreus (refreshment or recreation). No wonder that it is Zeus who deposes Chronos, seizes upon heaven, becomes the father of gods and heroes, with the thunderbolt for his weapon, and the eagle for his bird; for so it is with imagination, the Genius of Youth! That the ocean was to the Greeks the symbol of feeling we see, among other evidences, from its being the parent of both Achilles and Aphrodite; and so in truth it is to us in tempest and in calm; but, as the manifold shadowings in feeling could not escape the observation of the Greeks, the stormy passion that reduces all other feelings to silence was deified in Poseidon, as his name and his history indicate.\* Finally, Pluto is the same with Plutus (Wealth,) and takes his other name, Aides, either from that uncomfortable satiety of life, which properly is lassitude, or from that *unriddling*, which is the chief element in the activity of the understanding, and the phantom-form which belongs to all conceptions that lack correspondent reality. \* \* \* That he has no child by Persephone is natural, because the mere understanding can be only a phantom-father; it is only an especial union of the Imagination and Understanding that can father the historico-poetical contemplation of life, which is the solace of old age. The identity of Zagreus with Bacchus is both profound and beautiful; for Imagination twines its serpent-folds around the Understanding,† like the vine around the pole, when refreshment, the spiritual grape, is to be generated." \* \* \*

"Now would any one know how a beautiful Myth may lose its meaning? Let him only think away the spirit, and at once Zeus becomes the Air, Demeter the Earth, Persephone the greensward, the Serpent a vine-tendrill, Zagreus a grape, and he will be at a loss only with Pluto, who becomes nothing at all."

This, if very wildly, is also, to us at least, very pleasingly fanciful. But, without dwell.

\* As Hellenists we confess ourselves posed, knowing no Greek word analogous to Poseidon, except the Athenian name of a month, which is more likely to have been derived from, than the source of, the name of the god of the Sea.

† Does our author forget that Proserpine is not Pluto?

\* Our Dane of course rejects the Latin forms of the names of the gods, though these are the most familiar.



ing upon it, we proceed to select a specimen of our author's Scandinavian mythical allegory. And, as all our readers may not participate in our own private affection for Scandinavian poetry and mythology, we shall, upon the present occasion, endeavor to bribe their sympathy by informing them that Gruntvig considers our old language, Anglo-Saxon, as the first Teutonic language that could boast a literature, and many of the old Norse legends as of Anglo-Saxon or English origin. Nay more, he bestows praises, to which we have lately been unaccustomed from Continental writers, upon our language, naturally excluding therefrom, as far as may be, its Latin portion, and attributing its pre-eminent excellence to the constant practice of public speaking in England, which, he avers, has saved it from sinking, like German, into a mere written language. Further, our author deems more of the genuine old Northman warlike or fighting spirit to have survived in England than in any cognate country, and, upon the whole, entertains a kindly esteem for the English nation, with a single exception, which we grieve to state, but alas! he has found our women utterly unpoetical, and therein far inferior to their Danish kinswomen, who, in their inly poetical nature, have preserved all the old lays and ditties of Denmark by incessantly singing them. This unlucky deficiency in our fair countrywomen he concludes to be one cause of the contempt, in which, intellectually considered, we of the stronger sex, it seems, hold them. All our compatriot tenth muses, or, to speak more respectfully, our admired compatriot lady-poets, will, we hope and trust, feel assured that we have here expressed not our own, but solely our Dane's sentiments, which however we have not now space or time—and indeed deem the task altogether superfluous—to refute.

The human spirit to be allegorized in the North was rather martial than philosophical, and accordingly we find Odin very differently interpreted from the Greek Zeus, Imagination.

"Odin is then the image of the living and amongst the heathen unrivalled Hope of Victory, that originally inspired the Northman heroes, and from which all their great achievements sprang, as did the Asar\* from Odin. And we know that this Hope of Victory failed not the warrior in death upon the battlefield, but accompanied him to Walhalla,† there remaining securely established until Ragna Roke,‡ and even from that catastrophe

rising again, upon the wings of the spirits of light, above its own grave, Odin's death-mound or barrow, to Gimlebergen\* on the eternal heights."

But the fate of Baldur, the most amiable and beloved of Asa god, is, we think, by far the most pleasing of the Scandinavian Myths although less characteristic of the warlike temper just mentioned than some of the others. This Grundtvig calls

"a deep expression, a grand image of the splendor surrounding life, when viewed with an innocent eye in the light of eternity; but which, as the noblest human lives testify, may, upon occasion of some great misfortune, vanish from the earth, for the sons of men, irrecoverably. \* \* \* Baldur's death, in Northern mythology, answers to the disposal and ill-treatment of Chronos in the Grecian, and the difference between them proceeds from the tender heart, the deeper earnestness, the more intimate sense of the life of mankind, characterizing the Northman, in whose eyes that originated in inadvertence, with the Greeks made the intentional fruits of ambition; whence too the Northman had a presentiment of that which the Greek renounced, a compensation for the evil; Baldur is to return from Hel,† to irradiate the regenerated earth, and gild the eternal Gimle. \* \*

"The narrative begins with telling that Baldur the Good was troubled with uneasy, ill-boding dreams. The Asar, upon learning the cause of his melancholy, laid their heads together, and determined to beg Baldur off from all kinds of danger. Frigg‡ undertook the effecting of this, and implored fire and water, iron, and all other metals, tree and flower, beast and bird, poison and corruption, to plight an oath to spare Baldur. When this was accomplished, Baldur and the other Asar amused themselves with setting him up as a mark, to hack and hew, shoot, or fling stones at. They deemed that they highly honored Baldur by thus proving that nothing could harm him. But when Loke§ saw this, his envious temper was aroused; he took the form of an old woman, and visited Frigg. She asked the seeming crony if she knew what the Asar were doing in their assembly. Loke answered, 'they are all shooting at Baldur, but it harms him not.' 'No,' said Frigg, 'neither steel or flame shall harm Baldur, they have sworn it.' 'Have all things fore-sworn harming Baldur?' asked the hag. 'All,' said Frigg, 'if it be not a withy' called the misletoe, west of Walhalla, which seemed to me too young to take an oath.' The old woman disappeared, but Loke went to the misletoe, gathered it, and repaired to the Asa as-

will perish by fire, and the Asa gods be destroyed by the Powers of Evil.

\* The future abode of the Asa gods after their and the earth's resurrection.

† The Goddess of Death and Hell.

‡ The wife of Odin and Mother of Baldur.

§ The Evil principle.

\* The plural of Asa, the generic appellation of the Scandinavian gods.

† The Elysian fields of warriors slain in battle.

‡ The appointed catastrophe when this world



sembly, where Baldur's brother stood outside the circle, because he was blind. Him Loke accosted, saying, 'Why shoot not you at Baldur?' Höder replied, 'Partly because I cannot see him, partly because I am weaponless.' 'Nay,' said Loke, 'but you should honor him like the rest—I will direct you to where he stands, and you shall fling this twig at him.' Höder took the mistletoe and darted it as Loke directed. The twig went right through Baldur, and he sank dead upon the ground. This was the greatest misfortune that ever befel gods and men."

The grief, the despair of the Asar, especially of Frigga, was unspeakable, and it was at length resolved to send a messenger to Hel to endeavor, by a representation of the universal affliction, to move her compassion, and obtain, or by bribes to purchase, Baldur's release from her clutches. Hermod undertook the embassy, and we pass over his journey and negotiation up to the goddess's decisive reply.

'Hel answered, 'Let it come to the proof that Baldur was so universally beloved. If every think in the world, both living and dead, will weep for him, he shall return to the Asar, but if any thing refuse to weep, he must remain here.' . . . The Asar now sent messages over the world with entreaties to weep Baldur back from Hel, and it was done not only by man and beast, but likewise by earth and stone, by wood and metal, so that nothing was to be seen but tears. The messengers were returning home rejoicing in their well-executed errand, when, in a giant's residence, they met with a witch, who called herself Tökke, and who, when requested to weep Baldur back from Hel, positively refused. This witch was believed to be Loke in disguise."

The allegorical meaning of this Myth Grundtvig does not explain as much in detail as that of Proserpine,—thinking, perhaps, that he has now put the reader in the way of understanding it by himself; but, after ridiculing the idea that the whole refers to the shortening of the days after the summer solstice, he merely says,—

"Baldur's uneasy dreams, the oaths of all beings, the Asar's security and presumption, Loke's envy and treachery, Höder's blindness, Baldur's death by the withy, the despair of the Asar, and Frigga's lamentations—these are the great manifest elements of the Myth of death; so that the only question is, whether the funeral ceremonies, (which we have omitted) and the attempted recovery, originally formed part of it."

Both points of this question our author answers in the affirmative after a long inquiry, intermixed with sarcasms upon modern

Danish literature, not very intelligible to any but Danish scholars, for which reason, amongst others, we think it sufficient to give the result. And with this specimen of Grundtvig's Scandinavian Mythology we shall conclude, after first, however, informing our readers, that, in his zeal for allegorizing, this whimsical author deprives us of our Saxon conquerors. Not that he denies the invasion and conquest of Britain by his old countrymen, the Danish Anglo-Saxons, but he avers that Hengist and Horsa, or more properly, Hengst and Hors, being words for a horse, were merely the sea-horses, in plain prose ships, that brought over the daring *Vikings* adventurers. But, as he supplies us with no names for the leaders instead, we apprehend that we shall still be obliged to ascribe our conquest to, or glory in our descent from, Hengist and Horsa, whether ships or men.

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ART. IX.—*Poliarnya Zvæsdà*; *Severnïe Tzvæti*; *Nevsky Almanakh*, &c. &c. The Polar Star; Northern Flowers; Neva Almanack, &c. &c.—Russian Annuals and Literary Pocket Books.

SCARCELY have fifteen years elapsed since the English public first learned that Russia possessed what had any pretensions to be styled a literature of its own; at least the remarks elicited by the appearance of Bowring's Russian Anthology, were equivalent to an acknowledgment, not only that we were unacquainted with the literary productions of that country, but that even their existence was not suspected by us. Yet at the very time that it was matter of surprise among ourselves to discover that the Russians had begun to cultivate literature at all, either as originators or imitators, they had just borrowed from the Germans a species of publication which we then for the first time adopted in this country. Whether the Russian "*Poliarnya Zvæsdà*" (Polar Star), or the English "Forget Me Not," can claim priority of date, we cannot positively affirm; but believe that they both made their debut in the very same year, at all events the difference of seniority on either side does not exceed that of a twelvemonth; and in one respect a striking similarity of fortune has attended them, since each has been the progenitor of a widely extended race.

The Russian Annuals are not less numerous than those of Germany, or of England, and still more varied in character than our own, for among them there have been two or



three dramatic or theatrical, besides some exclusively poetical in their contents, and others chiefly of an historical nature; to say nothing of those professedly "Musical," "Juvenile," and so forth; while in the miscellaneous ones a greater diversity of articles may be met with than in those of the same class belonging to the two other countries. Instead of confining the contents of their little volumes to fictitious prose narratives and to poetry, the editors of many of the Russian Annuals have introduced pieces of biography, short memoirs, letters, descriptive tours, light satirical papers, criticism, and numerous other subjects that may be thought better adapted to a general literary periodical than to a class of publications in which we are accustomed to look for nothing beyond entertainment. There is one feature in particular which has recommended more than one of these very homely, not to say mean-looking little tomes to ourselves, namely, the literary retrospect they take of what has issued from the press, during the preceding twelve-month. Although such critical sketches must necessarily be very condensed,—mere *aperçus*,—and although they may not invariably be impartial, still they must be allowed to be convenient summaries for reference; and as they contain, probably, for the most part not so much the opinions of the individual writer, as what he has collected from the criticisms of different journalists and others, they may be received as a tolerably fair estimate of the chief literary works belonging to the respective years. In our opinion too, while they undeniably stamp the date of each annual volume, they confer on it an after-interest when that of mere novelty has passed away.

Whatever merit there may have been in introducing those compendious "literary registers" into annuals, belongs to the very earliest of the Russian publications; nor are we aware that Germany furnished the editors of the "Polar Star" with either precedent or hint for that part of their plan. These papers were from the pen of Bestuzhev, who prefixed to the first of them a succinct account of the progress of Russian literature up to that period in the reign of the Emperor Alexander; which convenient *coup d'œil* of a subject so little known in this country was dexterously turned to his own account by the author of an article in the first number of the Westminster Review; all that was therein said of the poets and other writers of Russia, being no more than a translation of Bestuzhev's remarks;—not, in fact, a very close version, because there was a freedom of interpretation in many passages, that amounted to positive blunders, and those, too, of a most ridiculous kind—quite sufficient to justify the

suspicion that it was first of all done out of Russian into some other language before it was done into English. The first volume of the "Polar Star" was content to rest upon its literary merits, but the reception which it met with induced its conductors to give "embellishments" in the following ones, the subjects of which were taken from Bogdanovitch's "Dushenka," Derzhavin's "Waterfall," and other well known and esteemed productions; which, however, were not particularly complimented by the *illustration* thus bestowed upon them. The contributors to the "Polar Star" were not numerous, yet among them were one or two names of previous celebrity, and some that have since acquired a celebrity they did not then possess. To Zhukovsky it was indebted for a very pleasingly written "Tour through Saxon Switzerland;" and to Bulgarin for a piece entitled the "Milliner's Shop," one of those numerous little sketches from his pen, which, after being first given to the public in various annuals and periodicals, have since been reprinted in an edition of his minor works. Great as was the success—and its sale was almost unprecedented in the annals of Russian bibliopoly, the career of the "Polar Star" was exceedingly brief, as it did not extend beyond its third volume. Its sudden decrease, however, was unaccompanied by the stigma of literary failure, in any shape; its existence being terminated by circumstances of a very different nature. Both its editors, Bestuzhev and Rilœev,\* were implicated in a conspiracy against the government, together with many other individuals; therefore, notwithstanding the marks of imperial favor which they had previously received, in the shape of diamond rings and other valuable presents, the former was ordered to visit Siberia, and the other doomed to the ignominy of suffering by the hands of the hangman—sad blot in the editorial escutcheon! In a country like Russia this was of course sufficient to render the very name of the work in which they had been concerned impolitic, if not unpopular. It was thenceforth regarded as a contraband publication, in consequence of which copies have since fetched not less than a hundred rubles per volume, and are now very rarely to be procured even at that price.

Many were the candidates who pressed forward to supply the place of the "Polar

\* Some mention of Rilœev and his poem of Voinarovsky, will be found in our ninth volume. In addition to what is there said, it may now be observed that his "Dumî," as a series of historic poetical sketches, possess much interest both as detached pictures of characters and events, and for their spirited language.



Star:" the same year which had beheld its last volume, had also seen the first of several new annals. Among them, were the *Ruskaya Starina* (Russian Antiquity), and the "Russian Thalia." The former of these was principally occupied by articles relating to national history and antiquities, yet not to the exclusion of other subjects, or even of miscellaneous pieces of poetry. The "Thalia,"—which was edited by the ever-active Bulgarin, and which had the merit of possessing a creditable portrait of Prince Shakovsky, the dramatist, for we say nothing of one or two others of the actors and actresses, that might have been spared,—contained a number of detached scenes from theatrical pieces of almost every class, tragedies, comedies, melodramas, &c., some original productions, others merely translations. Of Shakovsky there are numerous specimens, besides some from Griboiedov and Khmel'nitsky; and, as far as it is possible to judge without having read the entire pieces, we are disposed to allow that they display much dramatic talent and skill. Griboiedov\* has certainly more of the tone of regular comedy,—is a more polished and finished writer, but in vivacity, sprightliness, and versatility, Shakovsky does not appear to yield to him. The scenes given in the Thalia, from the dramatic poem or poetical drama of the latter, entitled the Finn, and founded upon a very original episode in Pushkin's Rustan and Lindmila, are marked by great spirit of dialogue and versification. Independently of its other contents, the Thalia has a rather long article of

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\* Griboiedov experienced a very tragic fate, being put to death by the populace at Teheran, (Feb. 12th, 1829) where he was then residing in quality of ambassador from the Court of St. Petersburg to the Shah of Persia. The demands of the Russian government for the sums agreed to be paid by Persia, at the conclusion of the treaty of peace in the preceding year, had rendered all the persons of the embassy particularly obnoxious to the inhabitants; and the ambassador's refusal to give up an Armenian and two Georgian women who had taken asylum in his hotel, caused a sudden insurrection. The mob forced their way into the building, and put to death all who were unable to effect their escape.

The production on which Griboiedov's reputation as a dramatist chiefly rests, is his *Gore ot Uma*,—a title somewhat refractory against translation, but which may be paraphrased by "The Misfortune of being too accomplished." By some this has been called the "School for Scandal" of the Russian stage, a compliment implying far higher merit than any English critic might be willing to concede to it; yet in such cases foreigners can hardly be adequate judges, as many of the *nuances* and traits in it, which are admired by the Russians themselves, cannot possibly be fully relished, even if perceptible to those who are not equally familiar with every thing alluded to in the dialogue.

literary history by Gretsch, entitled "A Glance at the Russian Theatre previous to the Nineteenth Century;" appended to which are biographical notices of Volkov, Dmitrievsky, Yakovlev, and other celebrated performers. By way of exhibiting something more than their bare names, we will allow ourselves to record here a few particulars of those individuals. To his talents as an actor, Volkov (born Feb. 1729, died April 1763), added no mean proficiency in the fine arts, and there is still to be seen in a church at Yaroslav, a bas-relief of the Last Supper, executed by him. The munificent Catherine II. on her accession to the throne, conferred upon him the rank of nobility; nor was it an empty boon, for she accompanied it with an estate of six hundred peasants. His death, also, was marked by no ordinary testimony of respect, since he received the honors of a splendid public funeral. His successor upon the stage, Dmitrievsky, visited both France and England, in the former of which countries he enjoyed the friendship and hospitality of the celebrated Lekain; while in the latter he was received with equal warmth by our British Roscius. Whether the following anecdote has been recorded by any of Garrick's biographers, we do not know; if not, it will be the more acceptable, therefore, leaving Gretsch to answer for the veracity of it, we shall lay it before our readers. One evening, when this distinguished triumvirate of the dramatic art, for Lekain was of the party, were exhibiting specimens of their abilities to their friends, Garrick astonished every one present, by the extraordinary command he displayed over the muscles of his face, giving to one side of his countenance the expression of mirthful risibility, and to the other that of the deepest affliction. On a sudden the Russian turned pale, trembled, and fell back in his chair to all appearance a corpse. Every one started up in unfeigned alarm, and almost instantly afterwards so did the apparently defunct man, who, making a transition from a state of inanimation to its opposite extreme, burst out into peals of uncontrollable laughter.

There are likewise two half-critical half-satirical papers by the editor himself; one entitled "A Tour from the Gallery to the Dress Boxes," the other, "Between the Acts, or a Dialogue on Theatrical Performances." Still, notwithstanding the intrinsic interest of the "Thalia," no second volume of it appeared: although the editor had pledged himself to continue it, should it be favorably received. We must therefore presume that it did not answer his expectations: at the same time it is possible that he afterwards found he had been too precipitate in his promise, and that



he could not obtain materials for another volume that should not fall off in character from the first. Whichever of these reasons be the true one, it is certain that the failure did not deter others from bringing out other annuals upon the same plan; such are the "Bouquet," and the "Dramatic Almanack," which, although they contain more in the way of translation than can recommend them to those who like ourselves look merely for original productions in the Russian language, contain a sprinkling of clever scenes by Shakovsky, Khmelnitzsky, and one or two other writers. The last mentioned annual contains some excellent scenes from Shakovsky's comedy of "Aristophanes," a piece that, for the genuine humor it displays in many parts, and the beauty of its poetry in others, does honor to the Russian stage. It would, in fact, deserve notice were it merely as an attempt to draw from antiquity subjects for the comic as well as the tragic drama.

The "*Severnii Tsvet*," or "Northern Flowers," and they have proved the hardiest and most blooming of any among the annuals, commenced in 1825, and has since continued to flourish and put forth some very agreeable blossoms, year after year—did not the title seem to forbid such a metaphor, we should say fruits,—since its volumes contain much information as well as amusement. The very first article prepossessed us not a little in its favor; this was an exceedingly pleasing piece of criticism on the characteristics and beauties of some of the principal Russian poets wherein the writer (Pletnev) endeavors to do justice to their merits, and to combat that antinational taste, which has been injurious, both as causing neglect of native talent, on the one hand, and a too servile imitation of foreign models on the other. In the same volume are to be found, "The History of Coquetry," by Baratinsky; a long extract from a MS. "Tour in Greece," by Prince Dashkov; and some account of the "Library of the Seraglio at Constantinople." The volume for 1826 opens with a series of Letters on the progress and actual state of the "Fine Arts in Russia," somewhat too eulogistic perhaps in its tone, but, making due allowance for that, certainly of considerable historic value. This article is illustrated by three engravings, by far the best of which is that of a winged genius, holding a lamp suspended from his uplifted right hand, which was executed by Martos\*

for some monument. There is much elegance and novelty in the attitude of this figure. The same series of letters is continued in the succeeding volume. But we have no room to particularize further; nor if we had, would it be altogether advisable to do so, unless we could so extend our article as to give extracts of some length from such of the pieces as we point out. Let it suffice, then, to observe, that the contents of this annual are, for the most part, of a superior order, both in prose and poetry; and of that kind of merit which invites repeated perusal. Among the contributors appear the names of many of the most eminent living authors, and one or two who choose to conceal themselves by initials, although their productions are not the least interesting pieces in this agreeable *melange*. The modesty of one of these latter has, in our opinion, robbed him of the credit due to him for his exact and spirited translation of the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet*, which preserves as much of the tone and coloring of the original as it is possible to retain in an idiom so different from our own as the Russian.

For the reason above assigned, we must pass over a formidable host of other annuals—the "Sirius;" "Alcoyne;" "Zimzerla;" "Nazabudotchka," or Forget Me Not; "Urania," so very unlike in every respect to its German namesake; the "Calendar of the Muses," in which prose predominates; the "Record of the National Muses;" the "Literary Museum;" the "Northern Lyre;" the "Musical Album;" the "Album of the Northern Muses;" the "Moscow Almanac;" besides the "Odessa Almanac," the "Nevsky Almanac," and many others that would be required to complete the list.

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ART. X.—*Skizzen aus Spanien*, von V. G. Huber, zweiter Theil. *Sketches of Spain*, by V. G. Huber, Part 2, Jaime Alfonso, surnamed el Barbudo (the bearded), *Sketches of Valencia and Murcia*.—pp. 640.

THE lovers of Spanish literature, though they may not have seen the first volume of M. Huber's *Sketches of Spain*, are probably ac-

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\* We have recently learned that, by the death of Professor Ivan Petrovitch Martos (on the 17<sup>th</sup> of last April, at the age of eighty), Russia has lost one of her most distinguished artists. Besides other works, he has embellished Moscow, Taganrog,

Odessa, Archangel, and Cherson, by public monuments erected in those places in honor of Minin and Pozharsky, the Emperor Alexander, the Duke of Richelieu, Lomonosov the poet, and Prince Potemkin. Nobleness of idea, dignified simplicity of form, and a masterly disposition of the drapery, mark the productions of this eminent sculptor.



quainted with his History of the Cid Ruiz Diaz Campeador of which an analysis was given in the twelfth No. of the Foreign Quarterly Review. In this volume of the sketches, M. Huber has pursued his plan of illustrating the character of the Spanish people by a story, all the elements of which, the persons, events, and localities, even in their details, are essentially true and real, that is, derived either from his own personal knowledge, or the accounts of others; though in the arrangement and compounding of these elements he has allowed himself such liberties as the painter claims, when he is not expressly bound as a painter of views, architecture, portraits, or costumes. The space allotted to this department of our publication will not admit of extensive extracts of the many highly characteristic delineations of the country and the people. The first sixty pages are devoted to a very minute, and we doubt not faithful, view of the character of the landscape scenery, and of the geological formation of the Iberian Peninsula. The author first explains, in a few pages, his notions of a beautiful country. Many travellers will probably think that he restricts too much the application of this epithet; for he says that except Switzerland, the Tyrol, and the Alpine regions properly so called, he is not acquainted with any country in Europe that can be called "absolutely beautiful." He would call Italy a beautiful country without reserve, were it not for the plain of Lombardy, the sand of the Romagna, and particularly the naked ridge of the Apennines. But the beautiful is so predominant, and the beauties of Naples alone so far surpass every thing that deserves to be called beautiful elsewhere, that it may indeed seem to be excessively rigorous not to place Italy in the number of beautiful countries, and we may therefore look upon it as out of all common rules. He will not allow to the British islands, on the whole, the title of a beautiful country: but as there is scarcely any country which has so many pretty and interesting portions of every kind and character, they, like France, Germany, and the Pyrenean Peninsula, may be classed among the countries which cannot be called beautiful or the contrary. He proceeds to describe, evidently from attentive observation on the spot, the peculiarities of the scenery in the several parts of the kingdom of Spain, from the monotonous, uniform, bald appearance of the elevated plateau of the interior, to the more pleasing tracts, and the influence of what is called the vegetation of the South. He concludes thus:—

"From what we have said, any one may

form an idea of the kind of landscapes which he may expect on a journey in whatever direction in Spain. The most advisable in this respect would doubtless be a tour round the coasts of the peninsula, to which we must add the northern declivity of the Pyrennees, with excursions into the isolated Alpine regions of the Pyrennees and the Sierra Nevada, and more especially to the elevated plateau of Granada. In this manner Spain would certainly appear to the traveller, as a country in which landscape beauty decidedly predominates, to be a beautiful country. Independently of this he would become acquainted with Spain, in many respects, in its most remarkable and interesting side, as Andalusia alone, with Seville and Cordova, and then Granada and Valencia, contain all that is most striking in the modes of life among the people, the greatest abundance and variety of monuments of art in all its branches; and yet, only he can boast of having become acquainted with the peculiar characteristics of Spain, who has ascended through one of the *Puertos*, if possible from the pleasant valleys and fruitful coasts, alternating with bold mountain forms of the South, into the extensive naked monotonous table land of the interior. For though these tracts may be far enough from beautiful, they are essentially Spanish. Besides the manners of the people in this part of Spain have their own peculiar character; and he who has not seen Burgos, Toledo, the ancient convents of Miraflores, Sahagan, and the Escorial, and Roman ruins of Merida must not flatter himself with having an idea of Spanish Art."

The principal character in the book is not a fiction of the author's. Jaime Alfonso was, about the time of the return of King Ferdinand VII. from France, a very celebrated and active chief of Banditti in the neighborhood of Valencia, and though his extraordinary bodily strength, undaunted courage, and romantic daring rendered him the terror of the whole province, he had some good qualities which even acquired for him a certain degree of respect among the country people. He never plundered the poor; he was said not to be naturally cruel, and to avoid shedding blood except in self-defence. He became so formidable that merchants, whose goods had to pass through his territory, as he called it, at length found it most advantageous to purchase a safe-conduct from him; he appears likewise to have assisted smugglers in their illegal pursuits; and he most scrupulously fulfilled all the conditions of these compacts. He frequently expressed a wish to forsake his unlawful course of life, if he could obtain a free pardon for himself and his followers. In this he at length succeeded, and lived respectably and unmolested in the neighborhood of Valencia. Some years afterwards, that is,



when the French under the Duke of Angoulême entered Spain, Jaime became implicated in the political affairs of that time, was taken up and executed. He behaved with great firmness and every appearance of pious resignation; he died and was regretted by many who thought that however he might have deserved punishment for his early crimes, he had now fallen a victim to party spirit rather than to impartial justice. Our author, building on the real and authentic history of Jaime, a probable and interesting story, in which the members of his family are the prominent characters; has given a most striking and faithful picture of Spanish manners, customs, and feelings, bearing every mark of local and individual truth.

ART. XI.—*El Conde Candespina, Novela historica original*, por D. Patricio de la Escosura, Alférez del Escuadron de Artilleria de la Guardia Real. (The Count of Candespina, an original historic Novel, by D. Patricio de la Escosura, Ensign of the Squadron of Artillery in the Royal Guard.) 2 Vols. 8vo. Madrid. 1832.

WE have often professed the satisfaction with which we see every fruit of literature naturalized in every country; and have never excepted even works of prose fiction. We need not, therefore, hesitate to avow, that we rejoice to see this last-named offspring of the fancy, so splendidly redeemed of late from the contempt in which it had long and deservedly languished, introduced amongst a people whose fairer half still idly fritter away their existence, amidst the inanities of utter ignorance. We might grieve to see a well educated English-woman, confine her reading to those light productions, the proper destination of which is to cheer hours of sickness or of suffering, and to recreate the mind wearied with severe study, or important occupation; but it could only afford us gratification to behold Spanish ladies, who have little idea of conversation beyond either serious, not to say guilty flirtations, or the receiving and replying to unmeaning compliments, so engrossed by the sorrows of an imaginary heroism, as to feel themselves no longer altogether dependent for amusement upon the conventional gallantry of such a social system, as that of which we have spoken. It is, therefore, with real pleasure, that we have run through a regular historic novel by a Spanish officer of noble birth. That in literary merit such a first attempt

should bear comparison with the innumerable novels and romances of France, Germany, or even of Italy, was not to be expected; and upon this subject it may be enough to say, that D. Patricio's language is good, and that his faults are rather of omission than of commission; his book being somewhat little deficient in individuality of character, in dramatic dialogue, and in graphic description: but his characters are well drawn as far as they go, many of his scenes are lively, and the whole has an agreeable trait of nationality. We therefore feel little doubt that Escosura, whom we deem highly meritorious, were it only for opening a new career to Spanish writers, is capable of very great improvement, and of rising to considerable celebrity as a novelist by study and practice.

The story of his present work is of the very beginning of the 12th century, and founded upon the fierce dissensions between Urraca Queen of Castile and Leon, and her second husband Alfonso the Bateler, King of Arragon. Of the use our author has made of this subject, we need only say that the hero, Don Gomez, Conde de Candespina, had loved Donna Urraca prior to her unfortunate second marriage, and been recommended, although unsuccessfully, by the assembled nobility of the kingdom, to Alfonso VI.—called, we know not why, Alfonso VII.—of Castile and Leon, as a husband for his heiress, Urraca, more agreeable than a foreigner to her future subjects. During her marriage with the King of Arragon, Don Gomez serves her faithfully and zealously, repeatedly delivering her from Don Alfonso's tyranny, but conceals his undying passion until after her divorce, on the plea of consanguinity, when he contends for her love with Don Pedro, Conde de Lara, who had not waited for the sentence that made his suit lawful, to seek the Queen's hand by flattering her vanity.

An extract or two, may enable the reader to appreciate the merit of our noble Spanish novelist's execution, and we think the following scene, one of his best, as happily illustrating the levity and vanity of the queen. The Conde de Candespina has, with a very few assistants, surprised the Aragonese castle in which Donna Urraca was, with a favorite maid of honor, Leonor Guzman, kept prisoner by her husband,—who sought to arrogate to himself all authority in her hereditary dominions;—the Conde had released the queen, and with equal skill and secrecy escorted her safely to the very frontiers of Castile. The party halts for the last time in an Aragonese village.

“The house that appeared the least mise-



rable was selected, and, without further ceremony, Don Gomez sent its master orders to receive the Queen, not even announcing her exalted dignity. The plebeians were then accustomed to submit voluntarily or perforce to the will of the nobles, who issued their orders at the point of the spear, and did not wonder at their exactions. Accordingly, the Aragonese peasant expressed no repugnance to affording the hospitality thus courteously solicited. He showed his guests into what was called a saloon, in which no furniture was seen beyond a coarse deal table, a few benches of the same material, and a large leather chair, that was evidently the oldest and most respectable occupant of the place. In this saloon was an alcove, containing a bed, perfectly in keeping with the rest of the furniture, and destined for Donna Urraca.

"The Queen, upon entering this miserable hut, cast a glance around her, and a deep sigh told how much she missed the splendor of a court. The Conde understood her, but, unable to remedy a single discomfort, he deemed it wise to say nothing upon such subjects. Engrossed by his plan respecting Don Hernando's mission, he scarcely waited till she had seated herself, when he bent his knee before her, and besought her permission to prefer a petition. Having obtained it, he set forth, clearly but concisely, the necessity that existed for soliciting the aid of the Señor de Nájara, to escort her to Burgos, where Don Alfonso's partisans bore sway. The Queen listened to his discourse with evident signs of impatience, and then said, 'Never should I have believed, that the Queen of Castile would be reduced to beg the aid of her vassals.' 'Your highness,' returned Don Gomez, 'has not understood, assuredly by my fault, what I meant to say. There is no question of your highness's begging any one's aid, but of your condescending to announce your arrival in your own dominions to the Señor de Nájara; an honor which will pledge that cavalier to your defence.'—'And how, Conde, do I chance to need his help? Have I not plenty of vassals in Castile as noble, as powerful, and as bold as he?'—'Nobles there are in Castile, Señora, many, and very powerful; but, I grieve to say, not all perhaps' . . . —'I understand you. You fear that they may adhere to the King of Aragon in preference to their natural Queen. Whilst they believed me his lawful wife, whilst I was absent, they may perhaps have submitted to Don Alfonso. But when I present myself, trust me, Conde, there will not be a single one who will not follow my standard.'—'So it should be; so I would have it, but dare not rely upon its being so.—At least let your highness be assured that it were imprudent to present yourself before Burgos, without a stronger escort than that which now attends you.'—'How odd you are, Conde! Do you think the force with which you undertook to snatch me from the power of my enemies inadequate to escort me in my own dominions?'

"Donna Leonor, who was present at this conversation, perceived the justness of the

Conde's views; but saw, at the same time, that it was useless to contend against the Queen's vanity; and that, unless the affair could be presented to her under a totally different light, she would never consent to that which was indispensable to her own interest. A happy expedient suddenly occurred to her, and, at the risk of incurring a sharp reproof, she ventured to mix in the conversation, saying to the Queen;—'If your highness would permit me . . . —'How, Leonor, do you too mistrust the loyalty of my vassals?'—'No, Señora,' returned the dextrous court favorite; 'so far from it, I hold the Conde's fears to be wholly unfounded.'—'Donna Leonor!' exclaimed the Conde, provoked to see the lady in waiting thus spontaneously oppose his judicious plan; 'Donna Leonor, have you maturely considered . . . —'Let her speak,' said the Queen interrupting him. 'Go on, Leonor; let us see if you can convince this good *caballero*.'—'I cannot think it necessary,' said Leonor, 'even to refute the fears which the Conde Candespina's unbounded zeal has led him to conceive. His lordship will pardon me if I think him wholly in error. I am much mistaken if there be a single noble in Castile who is not ready to sacrifice himself for the charms of Donna Urraca.'—'Not for my charms, since I boast none, but for my rights, assuredly.'—'Your highness speaks thus from modesty,' pursued the lady; 'but at any rate, your highness cannot need the Señor de Nájara's troops for your protection; nevertheless I should not hesitate to send for them.'

"The astonishment of the Queen and the Count, at this strange conclusion of Donna Leonor's speech, cannot well be described. The first looked at her angrily, the second with admiration; but she, who had foreseen this, without giving them time to recollect themselves, went on as follows:

"If your highness will deign to listen to me another minute, my meaning will appear. I repeat that the Señor de Nájara's troops are unnecessary for your security; but does your highness think it becometh your high dignity to enter Burgos in the same litter with your only female attendant, without domestics, without more guards than eight or nine, assuredly valiant soldiers, but whose arms are still blood-stained, whose garments are covered with dust?"

"In very truth, Leonor, you are in the right, and I will send to the Señor de Nájara to come and escort us to our Castilian capital. Write the letter, Conde, and I will sign it; but take care to express, that the motive of our summons, is that suggested by Leonor, and not the slightest distrust of the loyalty of our vassals."

We have not room for much more, but will add a short specimen of one of our author's more bustling scenes. The Queen has, by her own imprudence, again fallen into her husband's power, and two of her most zealous adherents, Don Hernando de Olea



and Don Diego de Nájara, who had been seized with her, are confined together in prison. We extract the manner of their escape.

"The gaolers have been charged to visit the prison frequently, in order to prevent the captives from forcing the iron bars of their window, or organizing any other mode of escape. The last of these disagreeable visits, periodically paid to our prisoners, took place after midnight. The gaolers then entered, each armed with a sword and dagger; they first examined the chamber, then each cautiously approached the bed of one of the captives, to ascertain that he really occupied it. This was the hour which the two *caballeros* selected for the execution of their hazardous enterprise.

\* \* \* \* \*

"It was about one o'clock in the morning, when a hoarse sound of keys and bolts announced the approach of the gaolers: the heavy door creaked upon its hinges, and the pale, scanty light of the lanterns illumined the chamber. The breathing of the two prisoners was equal and heavy, and the most acute observer could not have guessed that they were awake, and struggling between hope and fear.

"They sleep," said the Castilian to the Aragonese gaoler.—"Would it were for ever!" returned he.—"Silence, lest they wake and hear."—"What should they hear? Don't you hear how Don Diego snores?"—"Perhaps," rejoined the first, without interrupting his examination of the apartment; "perhaps your wishes may be quickly fulfilled."—"Oh! Oh! so that."—"Tis said they will be treated as they deserve"—meaning beheaded.—"Precisely."—"Dogs!" Hernando was about to exclaim, but fortunately restrained himself.—"The sooner the better," subjoined the gaoler. And now, having completed their examination of the dungeon, they, according to custom, placed their lanterns on the ground, and each approached the bed of a prisoner. \* \* \*

The two gaolers, satisfied that their prisoners were asleep, turned their backs to the beds, to resume their lanterns and depart. But at this instant both gentlemen sprang upon them, with unparalleled celerity, and strongly grasping their throats, brought them to the ground before they could speak a word, or recover from the alarm of so sudden and unexpected an assault. "Utter an Oh! and thou art dead, wretch," said Hernando to the Aragonese gaoler, placing his knee upon his breast, and threatening him with his own dagger, which as well as his cutlass he had just snatched from him; whilst Don Diego held his opponent under equal subjection, telling him in a calm voice, that he must not stir if he wished to live. "All resistance is useless, slaves," said Don Diego. "Ye are already disarmed, and under any circumstances we are more than a match for you." \* \* \* \* \*

"Keep you that one under control," he added; "and as for you, friend, get up and undress

yourself with all despatch, if you would not try the temper of your own dagger."

"The confounded and trembling gaoler obeyed, and when he had finished, Diego again threw him upon the ground, where he tied his hands and feet with the sheets of his bed, and stopped his mouth with a cloth, so that he could neither move nor call for help.

\* \* \* \* \*

"When both gaolers were thus stripped and secured, Don Hernando and Don Diego disguised themselves in their apparel, not forgetting their arms, and still less the bunch of keys borne by one of them. Then, each taking up a ready prepared and concealed bundle, they issued from their dungeon, fervently recommending themselves to the protection of God, and closing the doors with all the precautions usually employed to insure their own safe custody by the gaolers, whose parts they were now to play.

"Neither Hernando nor Diego had seen more of the prison they inhabited, than their own apartment, except upon the day they were brought thither. But the impression then made upon them was sufficient to enable them, aided by the lights they bore, and walking very cautiously, to reach the guard room in which lay the soldiers wrapt in untroubled sleep. They crossed it, unchallenged by the sentry, who from their dress believed them to be the gaolers, and issued forth into the street."

It were too long to relate the lucky accident which, enabling them to quit the town and reach the Conde de Candespina's camp, finally crowns their bold attempt with success.

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ART. XII.—*Leben und Denkwürdigkeiten Johann Matthias Reichsgrafen von der Schulenburg, Feldmarshalls in Diensten der Republik Venedig.* Aus Original Quellen. 2 vol. 8vo.

THE author of this work, who is supposed to be a staff-officer of rank, has been enabled to communicate a great variety of new and interesting information on the subject of his memoir, having been enabled to consult the archives of the family of Schulenburg and the Austrian *Archivio diplomatico* of Milan, from which he has collected an extensive correspondence with princes, statesmen, generals, and literati, as well as many original reports of his campaigns and battles, together with letters from eminent contemporaries. Count Schulenburg first served in the Brunswick army, on the Rhine, and in Flanders (1688—1693); then as French major-general, in Italy (1698—1702); next as general of the king of Poland and the elector



of Saxony, in the upper Palatinate of Swabia, against the French; in Poland, against Charles XII. of Sweden (1677—1706); in the Netherlands, against the field-marschals of Louis XIV. from 1709 to 1711. We need only mention the battles of Franstadt and Clissom; the action and celebrated retreat of Punitz; the essay on the treachery of Patkul; the battles of Oudenarde and Malplaquet; and, lastly, the sieges of Lille, Douay, Tournay, and Mons, to show at once the information which historians must derive from these communications of a well-informed eye-witness. There are many interesting particulars respecting Charles XII. of Sweden, Augustus the Strong of Poland, Prince Eugene of Savoy, and the Duke of

Marlborough. During and after these campaigns, Count Schulenburg was employed in various diplomatic negotiations, respecting which his own letters, chiefly in the French language, furnish valuable information.

The second part of the General's life begins with the year 1715, when he entered the Venetian army as field-marshal. Having rendered highly important services to the republic, both in war and peace, the senate of Venice resolved to confer on him the dignity of field-marshal for his life, with many honors and distinctions such as they never gave to any other foreigner and Protestant. He died at Verona on the 14th of March, 1747, at the age of 85.



## MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

NO. XXXII.

### BELGIUM.

The Belgian press, though very active, is chiefly employed in reprinting French works, and that almost as soon as they are published at Paris. There have even been instances of the publication of a work or part of it at Brussels, before it had appeared at Paris. This was the case with Lamartine's *Travels in the East*; a Brussels bookseller having published the first volume separately before the whole was ready at Paris. Again, the sixth edition of the Dictionary of the French Academy was published at Brussels on the 3d of December, the same day as at Paris. The Brussels edition is in two volumes, in small 4to. and costs 26 francs, being 40 per cent. cheaper than the Paris edition. The Belgian journals speak in the highest terms of the beauty and correctness of this edition, and extol the bookseller for the speed with which he has executed this literary piracy. We have not yet seen either the Paris or Brussels edition, but we have met with some remarks in a German paper, in which this dictionary is called a new specimen of French superficialness; as an instance of which it quotes the explanation of the word *Cat*, which is defined to be "an animal that catches mice."

Another French Dictionary is commenced under the title of "*Dictionnaire des Dictionnaires*," in two large volumes, 8vo., which is to contain a great many terms not admitted into the Dictionary of the Academy.

A Universal Geographical Dictionary is also announced, in two vols., 8vo. These last two dictionaries are to be published in numbers.

M. A. Baron has published "*The Military Poems of Antiquity, or Callinus and Tyr-*

*tæus*;" the Greek text with a polyglot translation, prolegomena, commentaries, &c. dedicated to the king.

M. Fétis has published the second volume of his "*Biographie universelle des Musiciens*." Nearly 400 pages are taken up by the letter B, which is known to be the most voluminous in biographical dictionaries. Among the lives are those of Baen, (query, Bach?) Baillot, Beethoven, Berriot, Boieldier, &c.

M. Ph. Vandermaelen is about to publish a Map of the Environs of Brussels, in nine sheets, on a scale of one metre to ten thousand inches.

A Society of Bibliophiles has been formed at Mons, who purpose publishing inedited literary and historical documents, and to reprint treatises which have become extremely rare; always preferring in both cases what is especially interesting to Mons or Hainault. The number of members is limited to twenty-five. The first number of its publication, which has just appeared, consists entirely of a MS. of 1681, hitherto inedited, treating of the government of Hainault subsequently to the death of the Archduke Albert, on the 23d of July, 1621.

M. Dewasmes Pletinckx has just commenced the publication of a series of original designs intended to represent "*The Physiognomy of Society in Europe from the 14th century to our times*," by M. Madore.

It is now decided that Belgium is to have (or rather it already has) four Universities, two of which only are supported by the government, namely, those of Ghent and Liege. The ancient University of Louvain is suppressed; but the magistrates of that city have



made an arrangement with the archbishop of Malines and the other prelates of Belgium, for establishing at Louvain the new Catholic University, lately founded with the sanction of the Pope. The fourth is the free University of Brussels founded by private individuals. We should suppose that four Universities for so small a country were three too many.

#### FRANCE.

A new volume of Poems by M. Victor Hugo has appeared under the title of "*Chants du Crépuscule*." The volume contains some pieces which have already been published in the journals, such as the ode à *la Colonne*, another to Napoleon II. The style of the new pieces seems to be very different from that of the author's preceding works. A French critic says on the subject, "There is something strange in so rapid a revolution in the manner of a poet, especially in a manner so strongly characterized as that of Victor Hugo."

In the sitting of the Academy of Sciences, on the 30th of November, M. Brochant exhibited a general geological map of France, and read a memoir pointing out the operations which he used as a basis for the construction of the map. The map is on a scale of  $\frac{1}{50000}$ . Messrs. Elie de Beaumont and Dufresnoy were associated with M. Brochant in the surveys, &c. for the composition of this map. The engraving is not yet completed, the copy shown to the Academy being an unfinished proof.

The historical Congress, which we mentioned in our last Number, met at Paris on the 15th of November; and in all its sittings, the last of which was on the 15th of December, many interesting questions were discussed. The Journal of the Proceedings will probably be published before we go to press. We do not find in the notices published in the French papers, the names of any foreign literati. We begin to be apprehensive that these periodical meetings of literati of different nations will fall into discredit by their too great frequency.

Some years ago a bookseller at Orleans bought, at the sale of a private library, a valuable copy of the edition of Cicero, published in 1555, by Ch. Stephens. The margins are enriched with above 4000 corrections, written by H. Stephens and another learned man, who is distinguished merely by the name of John, perhaps J. Scapula. This book seems to be intended as the basis of a new edition, probably that which H. Stephens mentions in his "*Castigationes in quemplurimos locos Ciceronis*," which never appeared. We hear that the bookseller, who gave twenty francs for it, will not sell it under 1800 francs.

A letter from Morlaix to the editor of a Journal of Nantes, says, "M. Delaville-Marqué, of the school of Chartres, son of the deputy, has just discovered in a church on the mountains, amidst old account books, the poems of our ancient bard, Quin Clan, which have been long sought for in vain, and of which we had only some fragments. They were written in Bas-Breton (the Celtic language), and are of the fifth or sixth century. He is the Merlin of the country, if not Merlin himself."

About a year ago, a warm discussion was raised among the French antiquaries on certain Latin inscriptions found at Nerac, in which mention was made of a liberal constitution under the Romans in Gaul, a subject on which history is absolutely silent. Many unsuspecting persons were heartily glad to learn that their ancestors, the Gauls, had in their time enjoyed the blessings of a constitution, and were not the servile vassals of the Romans: but the learned critics laughed at their credulity. The town would fain have retained the honor of the discovery of such important documents, and the mayor zealously advocated the genuineness of those inscriptions. The ancient stones were conveyed to the Museum of Toulouse, but the Antiquarian Society of that city resolved in a paroxysm of critical enthusiasm to throw them away. It is a singular circumstance that the fabricator, who must have taken a great deal of pains to consummate the joke, has not been detected: neither does it appear what motive he could have had for the forgery, unless to amuse himself at the expense of his fellow-townsmen.

The French Academy of Sciences has adjudged one of the Monthyon prizes for the present year to the Vicomte de Villeneuve Bargemont, for his work on the Nature and Causes of Pauperism in France and Europe, which was reviewed in our 29th Number.

M. Silvestre, of Paris, is preparing for publication the following curious productions of ancient French literature:—"La Chanson de Roland," now first published from a MS. in the Bodleian Library, at Oxford, by M. Francisque Michel, 8vo.; *Galfridi de Monumeta Vita Merlini*, edited conjointly by M. Michel and Mr. Thomas Wright, of London, 8vo.; "Cy commence un miracle de nostre dame de Berthe, femme du roy Pepin, qui ly fu changee et puis la retrouva," (black letter), now first published from the MS. in the Royal Library of France by M. Michel, 8vo.; "Le Mystere de S. Crespin et S. Crespinien," from the inedited MS. in the Royal Library, by M. Michel, 8vo.; "Roman de Robert le Diable," now first published from MSS. in the Royal Library, by M. Trebutien, 4to., with wood-cuts, after the miniatures; *Bibliotheca Anglo-Saxonica et Gothica*, 8vo.; "Le Tracas de la Foire de Pré," reprinted from the Rouen edition of 1620, 12mo.; "Le Voy-



age du pays Saint Patrix, auquel lieu on voit les peines de purgatoire, et aussi les ioyes de Paradis," a fac-simile reprint from the Lyons black-letter edition of 1506, 4to. with woodcuts.

The antiquarian and historical publications of France are proceeding with great spirit. The first volume is just published of M. Michel's collection of chronicles and other original and unpublished documents, relating to the reigns of William the Conqueror and his sons, a book extremely valuable and interesting to Englishmen. It forms an octavo volume, and contains large portions of the Norman Metrical Chronicles of Geoffrey Gaimar, of an anonymous continuator of the Brut, of Peter de Langtoft, of Benoit de Sainte-More, and an Extract from a metrical Life of King Edward the Confessor. The second volume will contain the Latin lives of Hereward, of Earl Waltheof and his wife Judith, and of Harold, with an early Latin poem on the battle of Hastings, and the *Dict de Guillaume d'Angleterre*, by Chrétien de Troyes. At the end of this curious collection will be added complete Indexes and Glossaries.

The Commission Historique is also proceeding vigorously in its labors. Copies of its publications are shortly expected, and shall be duly noticed by us. M. Guizot, who is preparing a report to the king on the subject, has appointed Thomas Wright, B. A. of Trinity College, Cambridge, English correspondent of the Commission.

M. Raynouard, one of the first scholars of Europe, and well known for his work on the Poems and Language of the Troubadours, published in the years 1816—1821, with the title of "Choix des Poesies originales de Troubadours," has been ever since engaged on a work which he calls "Nouveau Choix des Poesies originales des Troubadours." Like the preceding, it will consist of six volumes, 8vo., of which the 3d to the 5th inclusive will be occupied by a Dictionary of the Romane Language, or Language of the Troubadours, compared with the other languages of Latin Europe. The second volume, being the commencement of the Dictionary, is just published, and furnishes striking evidence of the extent and depth of the author's learning.

Frère, of Rouen, has just published a very curious old French mystery of Robert the Devil, and he has in the press a translation of Sir Francis Palgrave's History of the Anglo-Saxons. The same publisher has announced an edition of Wace's "Brut," to match that author's "Roman de Rou," the first volume of which is to appear about the middle of January.

## GERMANY.

The Book Catalogue of the Leipzig Michaelmas fair announces 3164 works, partly new, partly new editions, maps, &c. In the Easter Catalogue there were 3767, making together 6931. Among them are books and pamphlets on scientific and miscellaneous subjects: in the German language, 2800; in ancient languages, 208; in foreign living languages, 176; novels, 164; plays, 32; maps and charts, terrestrial and astronomical, 84; 178 translations from foreign languages, (of which 58 are novels); and 199 periodicals.

Neff, of Stuttgart, has announced a German translation of the eight Treatises written for the premiums bequeathed for the purpose by the late Earl of Bridgewater. Dr. Hauff, editor of the *Morgenblatt*, is named as one of the translators.

The house of Hallberger, of Stuttgart, has produced two volumes of a work which is professed, we know not with what truth, to be written by Prince Pückler Muskau, under the title of "Vorletzter Weltgang von Semilasso. Traum und Wachen. Aus den Papieren des Verstorbenen." These two volumes, which were published in September and to be followed in a few weeks by a third, comprehend the Author's Travels in Europe, and the succeeding ones will contain his observations on Africa.

Creuzbauer, of Karlsruhe and Leipzig has commenced a picturesque work, entitled, "Die Klassischen Stellen der Schwiez und deren Haupt-Orte in Originalansichten dargestellt." It will be completed in 24 monthly parts, royal 8vo., each containing 3 engravings on steel, by H. Winkles, from drawings by G. A. Müller, and a descriptive text by the veteran Heinrich Zschokke.

In 1824, Heinrich Meyer published the first portion of his History of the Fine Arts among the Ancients, which related only to Greece. The continuation of that excellent work, which was ready for the press at the time of his death, in October, 1832, is announced for publication, under the superintendence of M. Riemer, librarian to the Grand Duke of Weimar, by the title of "Heinrich Meyer's Geschichte der bildenden Kunst bei den Griechen und Römern." It is the result of many years' researches and observations, which suggested themselves whilst he was engaged in editing Winkelmann's works jointly with Fernow and Schulze. Meyer was not eminent merely as an artist and a scholar; he was a genuine philanthropist. In his last will, after deducting a few legacies, he left the whole remainder of his property, amounting to about 33,000 dollars, to the poor of Weimar. The interest of that sum is now applied to the relief of the poor of Weimar at their own homes, by supplying them in illness with medicines, and



with medical and every other kind of attendance which they stand in need of. The Grand-Duchess takes upon herself the chief direction of this useful charity.

Scheible, of Stuttgart, is publishing in numbers a History of the American War, by the title of "Befreiungs Kampf der Nord-amerikanischen Staaten," with Lives of Washington, Franklin, Lafayette, and Kosciuszko, by Dr. Elsner. It will be completed in six numbers, containing nine engravings on steel, chiefly portraits.

Scheible, of Leipzig, has commenced in the same form, "Martin Luther sein Leben und Wirken," by Dr. C. F. G. Stang, to consist of from six to eight parts, forming a volume of about 60 sheets, with seven steel engravings; and also "Der Dreissigjährige Krieg, und die Helden desselben, Gustav Adolph und Wallenstein," by Dr. C. A. Mebold, in eight monthly parts, to form two volumes, with six steel engravings.

Leisching, of Stuttgart, has also announced a Life of Martin Luther, by Gustav Pfizer, in four parts, to form an 8vo. volume of about fifty sheets, with four engravings on steel.

F. C. J. Schütz has just published the second volume of the Select Correspondence of his father, C. G. Schütz, who was for nearly half a century the editor of the Halle Allgemeine Litteratur Zeitung, which contains letters from about two hundred of the most eminent literati and poets of Germany. A third volume, containing his life, will complete the work, the general title of which is, "Christian Gottfried Schütz; Darstellung seines Lebens, Charakters, und Verdienste, nebst einer Auswahl aus seinen litterarischen Briefwechsel."

The first part of Dr. Jäger's work, "Ueber die fossilen Säugethiere, welche in Württemberg aufgefunden worden sind," has appeared, in folio, with nine plates. It is to be completed in two parts.

Thorwaldsen's model for the monument intended to be erected at Mentz, in honor of Guttenberg, the inventor of printing, has been sent to Paris, where it is to be cast in bronze by Croguier. It is expected to be placed in its final destination in September or October, 1836.

The King of Bavaria has forbidden the soliciting of subscriptions to the works of foreign booksellers by persons not belonging to the trade in his dominions. The following publications have been prohibited in that country: "Au-delà du Rhin," by Lerminier; "Coup d'œil sur la politique suivie depuis 1815, par les Gouvernemens Allemands et la

Diète Germanique. Par un Allemand." Die neuesten Bundestags-beschlüsse, herausgegeben von der Gesellschaft Germania, No. 1.

The third volume of the Lexicon Arabico-Latinum, by G. Will. Freytag, has been published at Halle, by Schwentschke, who announces that "the fourth and last volume of this important work will certainly be published within a year, which he is able to promise, because the whole of the manuscript is in his hands."

Messrs. Reichenbach, at Leipzig, are publishing in three volumes, the literary remains and the Correspondence of K. L. von Knebel, edited by K. A. Varnhagen von Ense, and Th. Mundt. This work will doubtless contain a great deal of interesting matter, in the letters of almost all the eminent German writers of the last fifty years or more; the first volume is published, and contains Knebel's Life by Mundt, Knebel's Poems, and the Letters of their Highnesses Charles Augustus Grand Duke, and Amelia and Louise, Duchess and Grand Duchess of Saxe Weimar; F. H. Einsiedel's and Charles Dalberg's Letters to Knebel. The remainder of the Correspondence will fill the second and great part of the third volume, and the whole will be published before the end of the year.

The works of J. E. Ridinger, whose unrivalled etchings of animals have always enjoyed the highest reputation, not only in Germany, but in foreign countries, have become so extremely scarce and dear, that we are glad to see an advertisement of the Bibliographische Institut, in Hildburghausen, announcing that it is in possession of the original plates, which are in excellent condition, and will publish them in monthly parts, each containing from four to eight plates, in imperial folio, at the very moderate price of about 3s. 6d. per number.

M. Hahn, at Hanover, has published the first part of a highly important geological work, "Die Versteinerungen des Norddeutschen Oolithen Gebirges," i. e. The Petrifications of the Oolite Mountains of the North of Germany, by Fred. Ad. Roemer. The first number contains 12 lithographic plates in 4to. The work will be completed in three numbers, representing nearly 500 species of petrifications, with a geological introduction.

The same house has published Monumenta Germaniæ Historica, from the year 500 to 1500, under the auspices of the Society for publishing the Sources of the Affairs of Germany in the Middle Ages, edited by Dr. Geo. H. Pertz, tom. iii. being the first volume of the laws of Germany in the Middle Ages.

Schwentschke & Son, in Halle, have just published Corpus Reformatum, vol. i. edit.



C. G. Bretschneider, containing the 1st vol. of the works of Philip Melancthon, in 4to. pages clx. and 1120, one vol. to be published annually, and to subscribers price only four rix dollars.

The great Encyclopedia of Ersch and Gruber, since it has been divided into three sections, proceeds with rather a better prospect of being brought to a conclusion before all the original subscribers shall be dead. Of the first section, containing the letters A to G, the 26th part is published; of the second section, H to N, the 12th part, and of the third section, O to Z, the 6th part, in all 44 parts; but we fear, from the progress that each section has made, that the whole when completed will be of enormous bulk, and expensive far beyond the means of the generality of readers; for we find in an advertisement of Brockhaus, the publisher, in which articles of each section contained in their last published volumes are particularly recommended to notice, that all those in the first section are under the letter D, those of the second all in G, and those of the third all in O, so that the first section in 26 parts has got about half way, the second, in 12 parts, only through two letters, and the third, in 6 parts, not through one letter of the alphabet.

A history of the House of Habsburg to the death of the Emperor Maximilian I., by Prince Edward Maria Lichnowsky, in 10 vols. 8vo. is announced by Schaumburg in Vienna.

A Translation of Dr. Ure's Philosophy of Manufactures, by Dr. A. Diezmann, has been published at Vienna.

A Translation of M. Montgomery Martin's excellent work on the British Colonies, by Dr. Paul Fritsch, is announced.

Two or three German journals have accounts from Oporto of the end of September, announcing a very important and interesting discovery, which we shall be very glad to see confirmed.

"Oporto, 20 Sept.

"A young German army physician has discovered in a convent here a complete copy of the nine books of the Phœnician History of Philo-Byblius, which he translated into Greek from the Phœnician of Sanconiatho. It is properly a chronicle of the town of Byblos; but as that town was in alliance with Sidon, and in the sequel became dependent on Tyre, the history of these cities is very circumstantially related. Neither are the neighboring cities, people, or dynasties neglected, or the coasts of the islands occupied by Phœnician colonies. The eighth book is particularly important; a catalogue of all the troops, war chariots, and ships of each town, and of each of the many dependent colonies. Only the colonies in Spain were independent, and allowed no persons from the mother country to visit their ports, except the

merchants from Tyre." (Another letter adds that it will be published in Germany.)

The University of Göttingen has received a valuable present of Chinese books from Dr. Velthausen in London, which he purchased at Canton. There is with them a very large and accurate map of the Chinese Empire.

Dr. Menzel, whose Essay on German Literature was reviewed in our 31st Number, has recently been engaged in a violent controversy with Dr. Gutzkow, a young man of considerable talents, who formerly assisted Menzel in the Literary Review attached to the *Morgenblatt*, but whose violent and extravagant opinions caused a separation between them. Dr. Gutzkow and some other young men, aping the ultra-radical associations of *Le jeune France* and *La giovine Italia*, resolved to set up a *Junges Deutschland*, and to publish a German Review, the focus from which their doctrines should spread. But the enterprise has been stifled in the birth. Dr. Löwenthal, a bookseller at Manheim, has been deprived of his license, and prosecuted for publishing a novel by Gutzkow, entitled, "Wally, die Zweiflerin," which has been condemned as scandalously immoral and dangerous. The government of Prussia, Bavaria, Brunswick, and others, have prohibited all works, great or small, written wholly or in part by Gutzkow, H. Laube, Dr. Wienberg, Th. Mundt, "they having avowedly associated for the purpose of attacking the Christian religion, morality, and all existing institutions."

F. Fleischer in Leipzig has just published *Testamentum Novum Grace*. Recensuit Dr. L. M. A. Scholz, vol. ii. 4to., which completes this important work.

On the 17th November, died, at Dresden, Karl August Böttiger, Aulic Councillor to the King of Saxony, Director of Studies at the Ritter Akademie at Dresden, and Keeper of the Royal Museums of antique marbles and of Mengs's casts. M. Böttiger was celebrated not only in Germany but throughout Europe as one of the most eminent archæologists of the age. Born in 1760 at Reichenbach, in Saxon Voigtland, he studied at Leipzig, and was appointed in 1784 master of the public school at Guben. He was afterward, for a short time, director of the gymnasium at Bautzen, whence he removed to Weimar, where, through Herder's recommendation, he became in 1791 director of the gymnasium of that town, and consistorial councillor. In 1804 he preferred the offer of a situation, made to him by his own sovereign to an appointment at Berlin, and from this period till his death he constantly resided at Dresden, actively engaged in literary pursuits, and in the performance of his official duties. For the following sketch of the character of this distinguished scholar and writer we are indebted to a highly valued friend, who knew



him well, and maintained a regular correspondence with him :

"Böttiger had a prodigious memory ; whatever he read he retained, and could readily turn to whenever he wished. Not only were the more familiar classics impressed on his memory, but also those which are less read. He recited whole odes of Pindar (for instance) and would tell whether a particular quotation was taken from that or any other author, or not. This tenaciousness of memory made him keep no notes. He says so himself in his preface to his *Ideen zur Kunstmythologie*. He knew where he first found a particular fact, and had only to turn to the book he wanted, and this was generally at hand in his large and well selected library. He was a powerful speaker, and able at a moment's warning to hold forth most learnedly and pleasantly on any subject ; and when he spoke on archæology, classical literature, or the arts, an auditor, unacquainted with him, supposed it to be a set speech prepared beforehand. Ideas crowded on him ; he was never at a loss for words, nor did he ever repeat himself. In this he was much assisted by a fine, strong voice, and a manly, portly figure, though, to be sure, he would often, when speaking, close his eyes, they being very weak from unremitted study. The flow of his ideas and the command of language made him also one of the best letter-writers of the age. So full of interesting matter, so nervous the style, so entertaining were his letters always, that we will hazard an opinion, which will be confirmed by his intimate friends, that the publication of his letters (and they would amount to a good many volumes) would alone secure his fame. The curious on this subject may be referred to a few of Böttiger's letters lately published, (some against his consent), in the *Biography of Schütz*. The great interest taken in his correspondence by all whom he favored with it, made them willingly overlook his indifferent hand-writing, which was always well worth deciphering. Though he published some regular works, to be more particularly alluded to hereafter, yet he was more in the habit of writing detached critiques and observations, the collection of which, it may be safely affirmed, will be hailed not only in Germany, but by classical scholars, antiquarians, artists, and the curious in general, all over the civilized world. His learned son, of whom more presently, or Prof. Sillig, of Dresden, or some other scholar, may be expected soon to announce their intention to this effect. His *Artistisches Notizenblatt*, which forms a companion to the *Abendzeitung*, contains a treasure of antiquarian and artistical lore. That famous periodical, the *Morgenblatt*, which has from the beginning maintained the first rank among its contemporaries, was undertaken by Cotta, at Böttiger's suggestion, and it turned out a most capital speculation. The happy idea of tacking a *Kunstblatt* to it originated with Böttiger, and much to his honor, for previous to that paper the artists of Germany had no focus, no theatre whence to

address the public. Böttiger, from his prodigious and multifarious erudition, was the oracle of the German booksellers, who might be styled his protégés, his children ; they constantly had recourse to his advice, for he was never at a loss as to the economy of a new periodical or book ; his judgment as to its probable success was most unerring. It ought not to be passed over in this place, that he had a peculiar knack of suggesting a proper title to any new publication. In this he was most happy, and you might call on him at any hour without giving offence. He was never denied, as is the case with so many other scholars, who, when once the thread of their ideas is broken, cannot re-assemble their thoughts. Böttiger readily broke off and resumed his subject without grumbling at interruption, because his happy vein flowed on, and was not to be checked.

Should he have left behind any memoranda respecting his life, they will be considered by the German scholars as most desirable relics, but more especially his remarks on the years he passed at Weimar, a town considered justly for many years as the Athens of Germany. During his residence here Böttiger was most intimate with, and most valued by, Wieland, who, in various passages of his works, speaks with affection of him, and associated Böttiger as his colleague in editing the "*Teutsche Merkur*." But he also was much at court, and lived more or less with Herder, Gothe, Bertuch, Schiller, Einsiedel, Knebel, Fichte, Schütz, Meyer, &c. Some of his letters are understood to be about to appear in Knebel's *Nachlass*, of which one volume has been published. His eminence in Latin and Greek he has well authenticated. His knowledge of modern languages was far more extensive than is usual even in Germany, where good linguists are frequent. Böttiger spoke and wrote French uncommonly well, and was so sensible of the necessity of this accomplishment that, in order to keep it up, he constantly spoke French to his wife. He was one of the best English scholars on the Continent, spoke it fluently, wrote it with a great degree of correctness, and was well acquainted with every English work of any note. He spoke also Italian fluently. Of Dutch, Danish, &c., he possessed a very competent knowledge. At Dresden, where he passed the latter years of his life, many English gentlemen and ladies made his acquaintance in his official capacity of keeper of the Museum. At that famous and beautiful city, which is distinguished by the residence of a good many German authors of eminence ; Böttiger was one of those scholars whom foreigners of distinction visited in preference to others, for he was an ornament which will be greatly missed there. The eminent divines of that city, Reinhard (who was the occasion of his being transferred to Dresden), and Ammon, had a great value for him. The numerous artists of the same city, at the head of whom is the famous Vogel von Vogelstein, (who drew the portrait of Böttiger, which formed the frontispiece of a celebrated annual, the



"Uranus," some ten years ago), all looked up to him as the friend of their profession; for, as the author of the popular "Nordischer Notizenblatt," above referred to, he had it in his power to do them a great service by only a word or two in their favor. Versatility of talent was another trait in the character of this extraordinary man. Thus either from choice, or with the view of substantial benefit, he some years ago turned his attention to the statistics of commerce, and to that portion of public economy relating to it. He soon mastered this branch of science, seemingly so foreign to the pursuits and taste of an archaeologist, as appeared from his celebrated "Messberichte" in the "Allgemeine Zeitung." These papers, which were uncommonly clever, appeared to those unacquainted with their author to be written by a man thoroughly versed and perhaps engaged in the affairs of trade and commerce. All the principal commodities that were brought to the great German fairs of Leipzig and Frankfort passed in review, and were accompanied with remarks on their manufacture, which Böttiger must have collected from conversations and correspondence with mercantile men and manufacturers, that must have taken up much of his time. He gave the whole history of the fairs in a most instructive and amusing manner, and appeared to be thoroughly acquainted with the mystery of exchanges, and the jargon of the commercial classes. These accounts of the fairs concluded always with most valuable, curious, and anxiously looked for general views of the new publications recorded in the famous Messcatalog, appearing twice a year at Leipzig. We venture to say, that it will be difficult to meet with a scholar in Germany equal to the task of composing any thing like these celebrated papers, and it will be impossible to surpass them in information and interest. Equally celebrated are his explanations of Gillray's caricatures in a periodical publication edited by Böttiger, then at Wiemar, under the title of "London und Paris." These explanations (for which the equally celebrated commentary of the very ingenious and learned Lichtenberg on Hogarth's prints served him as a pattern) are replete with ingenuity, learning and point, and display a knowledge of England, which must appear surprising, when it is recollected that he drew it all from his reading. Indeed, they were extremely popular in those days, and will form a very agreeable portion of his miscellaneous works. That such a man should be the butt of envy and spite is very natural; but his enemies never were able to hurt his fame, which was constantly on the increase up to the day of his death. Indeed all those who intimately knew him, will confess that his few failings were infinitely outweighed by his superior merit in every respect. We have reason to know that he was a most friendly and benevolent man; numbers of young men, especially those who commenced authors, were greatly indebted to his recommendations, verbal, epistolary, and printed, for his word had every where

uncommon weight. In this way, Böttiger has made the fortune of not a few, and assisted a great many.

Among his publications may be pointed out particularly—1. *Sabina, or the Toilette of a Roman Lady of Fashion*, of which two editions were published; 2. *Ideen zur Kunstmithologie*; 3. *Notes on select Odes of Horace*, (which are most erudite and fully deserve to be translated); 4. *Ideen zur Geschichte der Mahlerey*. But excellent as all these are, they are equalled in interest and value by the great number of his smaller papers and his letters, all which no doubt either his learned son at Erlangen, or some one of his friends, will collect and publish; for it requires no great perspicacity to predict that as long as German literature shall exist, Böttiger's writings will be among those of which his countrymen will be proud.

Böttiger was married to an amiable and accomplished wife, who died some years ago, and who bore two sons; one of whom is professor of History at Erlangen, (author of the *History of Heinrich der Löwe*, *History of Saxony*, *History of Germany*, just commenced, &c., all much esteemed publications,) and the other has a comfortable place under the Saxon government. Besides the portrait above mentioned by Professor Vogel, another was lithographed about a year ago from a bust of his, which is reckoned much like him. Böttiger of late years instructed the learned Prince John of Saxony in Greek. His company was much courted by persons of distinction, on account of his brilliant conversational talents. It was most delightful to listen to him; there was no end to his poignant and sprightly remarks and anecdotes, particularly as he was fond of good cheer, which a sound constitution permitted him to enjoy without fear. Not the least remarkable circumstance in the character of this great scholar was his indefatigable application. At five in the morning he was at his desk, and while at college he usually rose at three or four, so that his eye-sight became much impaired. Some ten or fifteen years since, he was successfully couched for the cataract, and had in consequence of this operation, the use of his eyes, assisted by good glasses, up to his death. Many of his pupils are now men of eminence, and some in high stations. His Excellency, the present Saxon Minister at the British Court, Baron Gersdorf, was, we believe, his pupil. Among those of Böttiger's disciples who have acquired great fame by their writings and are in respectable stations, we only particularize Professor De Wette, a great Divine at the University of Berne in Switzerland; and Professor Gruber, a distinguished Professor and litterateur of the University of Halle, the principal editor of the Great German Encyclopedia, commenced by the late Ersch and by him conjointly. Böttiger derived so much pleasure from beholding some of his disciples rise to fame, that he frequently observed that he laid greater stress on this happy circumstance than on any success that might attend



his own writings. Böttiger's literary greatness was not sufficiently appreciated during his life-time, but the sterling merit of his writings is such, that posterity will do him ample justice.

#### HOLLAND.

M. Noorda van Eytinga, who is well known to the learned world by his valuable labors in the Malay languages, has just presented to the king his Dictionaries and Grammar of the Languages of Kromo, Ngoko, Modjo and Karri (*query* Kawi?) in the island of Java. These works will be of infinite use to the Dutch civil and military officers, as well as to strangers visiting that island.

The Chevalier Rifaud, celebrated for his Travels in Egypt, Nubia, and the neighboring countries, in which he spent twenty-two years, has brought back with him to Amsterdam a collection of more than six thousand drawings made on the spot, and embracing every thing connected with art that presented itself to his view. He has already commenced the publication of his Travels, and says, in the announcement, that he discovered, among other things, sixty statues, the smallest of which is of the natural size: and that he copied numerous inscriptions and tables of hieroglyphics.

#### HUNGARY.

Mr. J. A. Schaiba, bookseller in Presburg, has announced the following work: "*Matris Slavica filia erudita, vulgo Lingua Græca, seu Grammatica cunctarum Slavicarum et Græcarum dialectorum in suis primitivis elementis, et inde conflatis organicis formis exhibita, Gallicæ, Italianæ, et Latinæ Linguae habita ratione; Auctore Gregorio Danskowsky, literarum Græcarum in R. Academia Posoniensi professore.*" 8vo. It will be in six books, the first of which is to be published in March, 1836.

Some sensation has been excited at Pesth, in Hungary, by the following circumstances:—About ten years ago a number of Servian merchants resident in that city formed a society, the purposes of which were to collect a fund for printing good Servian works, and in this manner doing real service to Servian literature. Unfortunately the members did not take the right course to realize their object; they purchased MSS. and had them printed and published, but they were not fortunate in their choice. They seem to have assumed rather too lofty a tone, though the greater part of them, at least of those who had the management, had very imperfect notions of the Servian language and literature. Some of the members, dissatisfied at seeing many useless books, miserable novels, and the like, published by the society, have prevailed with the magistrates to interfere,

and it is hoped that the funds will henceforth be better employed.

#### ITALY.

Giovanne Rosini, the celebrated author of the *Monaca di Monza* and *Luisa Strozzi*, two historical novels, which are esteemed in foreign countries as well as in Italy, has lately published his dramatic pieces, (some of which have been well received on the stage,) in two volumes, (*Saggi di Commedie*), and his lyrical poems (*Nuove Rime d'un vecchio Poeta*), in one volume. The first volume of the plays contains those in verse, the second those in prose. In this last is the most important of all, Torquato Tasso, an historical drama, all the characters in which are painted with the same historical truth as those in *Luisa Strozzi*. Of the two other pieces in prose, the first is imitated from the work of Picard; it is called "*The Nephew and the Aunt*." The second, "*The unforeseen Consequences of a Duel*," has more originality. The three pieces in verse are, "*The Adventures of Gil Blas*," "*The Imprudent Parasite*," and "*The Miser*," (a beautiful translation of *L'Avare* of Molière).

Of other works lately published, we may mention *Ragionamenti sulle Verità della Religione*. By the priest Carlo Bulletta. 2 vols. Rome.—*Saggio di Esegisi Biblici*, (chiefly on the inseparable connection between the Old Testament and the New). By Pietro Bandini. Florence.—*Storia generale della Casa d'Austria*. By G. Antonelli. 24th and last volume. Venice.—*Supplementi al Compendio, &c. Supplement to Tenemann's Manual of the History of Philosophy*. By Professor Gaetano Modena. Pavia.—*Trattato di Amicizia*, a manuscript of the 16th century. By Don Agostino Strozza. Venice.—*Viaggio d'un Giorno per l'Inferno*. A poem by Andrea Mattis. Naples.

Giovanna Prima & Joanna I., Queen of Naples, a novel of the 14th century, by Giacinto Battaglia. Milan, 1835.—The terrible catastrophe of this queen was well worthy of being taken as the subject of a spirited historical novel. Marfuzzi has made the murder of Andrea, Johanna's first husband, the subject of a tragedy. Now Battaglia relates the story of Johanna in a novel, the beauties of which are highly extolled in several journals. The author had previously rendered great services to Italian literature, and we may certainly expect something distinguished from him. He has been for several years editor of the *Indicator*, a periodical in deserved repute; he also contributes valuable articles to the *Figaro* published at Milan, in which those that relate to the theory of music are especially remarkable for profoundness and fine taste. Nobody would be more capable than he of giving in a book which is yet a desideratum in Italy, a History of Music, with regard to the progress of civilization.



A volume of about 200 pages, written by Cardinal Pacca, has just appeared, with the title of "Notizie sul Portogallo; con una breve relazione della Nunziatura di Lisbona, dall' anno 1795 all' anno 1802."

#### PRUSSIA.

The public library of the city of Treves has again received a valuable present from England, consisting of 18 more handsomely bound folio volumes of the great work—the Records of Great Britain, being the continuation of 74 volumes previously received.

Menschen und Gegenden, by Caroline von Woltmann, in two volumes, of which the first contains "Germany and Switzerland;" the 2d, "Italy and the Italians." After all that has been written of the south-west of Germany, the Tyrol, and Italy, these volumes contain many new details besides the interest which the subject itself must have in such hands as those of Mrs. Woltmann. Her opinions of Italy are wholly different from those of Gustav Nicolai.

Two works, which might as properly be called one work, from their connection with each other, by Dr. Gottfried Schadow, Director of the Royal Academy of Arts at Berlin, have just been published, with the titles of Polyclet & Polycletes, or measures of the Human Body, according to the Sex and Age, &c. German and French, 4to., with 29 lithographic plates, folio; and "National Physiognomies, or Observations on the Differences of the Features, and of the External Conformation of the Human Head," a continuation of Polycletes, 4to., with 28 lithographic plates, fol. They must be highly interesting to anatomists and artists.

"Der Preussische Staat, in allen seinen Beziehungen," compiled by a society of men of learning and friends of national topography, statistics, &c. under the direction of Baron L. von Zedlitz Neukirch, is destined to fill a desideratum that has long been felt. It appears periodically, and has now reached its 7th number.

Messrs. Bornhager in Berlin have published the second volume of D. Doumann's "History of Rome in its transition from a Republican to a Monarchical Government, or Pompey, Cæsar, Cicero, and their Contemporaries, according to Families, and with Genealogical Tables." This work is spoken of by Schlosser and other critics in terms of unqualified praise.

#### RUSSIA.

The number of sheets printed at the printing office of the University of Moscow, was, in 1834, 7,746,378.

The 6th volume of the History of Russia, by N. A. Polewoi, has lately been published at Moscow.

A second edition of M. Oldecop's Pocket Dictionary of the French and Russian Languages is announced for publication next year. The sale of an edition of 7000 copies in five years is a proof at least of its superiority to all preceding ones. This second edition, of which we have a prospectus and specimen before us, is beautifully printed and considerably enlarged. The first part will be very complete, the editors of the new edition of the Dictionary of the French Academy having obligingly sent the proof sheets.

A very important work has just been published by M. Schnitzler, author of the much esteemed "Statistique Générale de l'Empire de Russie." This new work is "La Russie, la Pologne, et la Finlande; Tableau statistique, géographique, et historique, de toutes les parties de la Monarchie Russe, prises inséparablement. 1 vol. 8vo., 720 pages, with three plans.

On the proposal of the Minister of Public Instruction, the Emperor has been pleased to extend to the end of the year 1836 the scientific expedition of M. Feodorof, in Siberia, at the public expense, the chief object of which is to ascertain the exact position of several places between the 30th and 60th degrees of latitude.

Mr. A. J. Sjoegren, who has been travelling for some years in the northern parts of Russia, with a view to historical and philological researches, and who has collected a vast number of valuable MSS. and most curious information, is now gone to pursue his researches in the Caucasian provinces.

The Imperial Academy of Sciences has just lost its first vice-president, Mr. Henry Fr. Storch, privy councillor, and grand cross of several orders, who died in the night of the 13th of November, at the age of 69 years. He acquired deserved reputation by the publication of several useful works, among which are the Statistical and Historical View of the Russian Empire, and his Course of Political Economy.

The Chief Board of Censorship has ordered that a work in no more than two volumes, to be published by subscription, payable in advance, shall not be advertised till permission to print it has been granted. If the work exceed two volumes, the subscription cannot be opened till one-half of it has been examined and approved: subscriptions, without payment in advance, and also to journals, are allowed as heretofore.



Mr. Alexander Chemiotte, formerly Professor at the University of Cracow, Member of the Royal Asiatic Societies of London and Paris, and one of the most learned Orientalists in Europe, died on the 21st of November at Helsingfors, in Finland, in the 34th year of his age. He gained much reputation by publishing the most complete history yet known of all the Arabian Emperors under the Abbassides (*Historia Abbassarum*—Paris, 1825, in 4to), and by many other able writings in the Polish, French, and Latin languages. Incessant labor ruined his health, and brought him to an early grave. He died of consumption, and has left many interesting works.

An edition of the Arabic original of the *Travels of Abulfeta*, with a Russian translation, has been advertised, and will be published next year, by Professor Heilling, of the University of St. Petersburg.

#### SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Mr. Tinker, an American missionary, has commenced a periodical work at Honoruru, in Woahoo, one of the Sandwich Islands. This capital now contains 7,000 inhabitants, and the missionaries keep three presses going there.

#### SWEDEN.

There have been published (in Swedish) Andreas Linberg's Works.—*Memoirs of the Royal Theatre*, by Gust. Lud. Torssloro. Vol. 1st.—*Poems by Geijer*. 1 vol.—*Travels in North America*, by K. A. Gosselman. 2 vols.—*Observations on a Journey to England in the Summer of 1834*, by Carl von Forsell.—*Contributions towards the Histories of the Swedish Church, and of the Diets, from the Archives of the Chambers of the Clergy*; by S. P. Bexell, A. Ahlquist, and A. Lignell.

*Ancient Northern Reminiscences* (*Fornnordiska Minnen*). Part II. Also under the title of "*The Inhabitants of the Northern Austrwegr*," a historical inquiry by Cronholm Lund, 1835. We have on a former occasion directed the attention of our readers to this work, and must not omit to mention the second part, lately published, as it interests not merely Sweden, but furnishes new and important data concerning the history of the ancient inhabitants of the North, and the state of morals and religion among them; and the essays contained in this volume, which are distinguished by industrious research, sound criticism and penetration, relate to the Waragians, the Danes in Winden (Mecklenburg), and the Swedes in Finland.

#### SWITZERLAND.

It appears that the old history of Switzerland, as it has been delivered to us by the chroniclers, for instance, Tschudi and Joh. Müller, and which met with universal credit, is about to sustain a very serious attack, or rather to be entirely transformed. Genuine historical criticism is a science of pretty late date, but it has led, in a short time, to important results. In Switzerland, as in other countries, it has met with zealous patrons. Professor J. Kopp, in Lucerne, has commenced researches into the ancient history of Switzerland, which may be expected to throw much light on the subject; he has published a small volume of documents, the safest and most unexceptionable testimonies of historic research, which give far greater weight and importance to doubts that had been already suggested. The history itself composed by Kopp is still wanting; at least it is not yet known to the public in general. But the documents furnished matter enough for reflection, and excite extreme curiosity for the results which Kopp has deduced from them and from other sources. In particular, the asserted independence of Schwytz and Unterwalden of the empire, seems to vanish before the light of the documents, and those cantons appear to have really belonged to an Austrian landgraviate. If this is so, the history of the insurrection of those cantons against the Austrian governors, which has become celebrated from the much extolled action of Tell, assumes a very different appearance. It is, indeed, not yet time to form a decisive opinion on the subject. It will probably fare with Kopp as with all those who attempt to eradicate great and deeply rooted historical errors, which are besides, blended with the affections and the aversions of the people. They are generally driven by the dispute into exaggeration on the opposite side. So it happened to the profound investigator Niebuhr. We observe, in conclusion, that Kopp has since made further researches at Munich and Vienna, and, as we hear, has found his discoveries confirmed.

#### ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

There is in Thibet an immense collection of all the sacred books of the followers of Budha, under the title of Kuhgyour. This collection contains in the language of Thibet the works of Budha and of his disciples, the acts of the councils of their church, the biographies of Budha, of his disciples and the patriarchs; in short, the whole body of the classical literature of that religion. It is engraved on wood in the manner of the Chinese, and the Lama of Boutan, who is the depositary of the blocks, has, from time to time, some copies printed for the use of the temples or of the schools of theology established



in the monasteries. It is only within these few years that this collection has been made known in Europe, from the letters of the celebrated Hungarian traveller Csoma de Koros, who went and buried himself for eight years in the monasteries of Thibet, to study the literature of the country. He procured a copy of this collection, which he brought to Calcutta, where he printed the catalogue of it, with some extracts. The Asiatic Society of Calcutta printed at its own expense the Thibetian Dictionary and Grammar composed by Csoma, to give to the learned the key to this important literature. But this aid could not be of great use in Europe, on account of the almost total want of Thibetian books; the royal library at Paris had nothing in that language but a few leaves, which the Cosacks had brought in one of their expeditions from the monastery of Ablaket, in Mongolia, and which the Empress Catherine gave to the library. The Asiatic Society of Calcutta wished to remedy this state of things, and circumstances have remarkably favored its generous intentions. The East India Company have in Nepaul an ambassador named Hodgson, a man of talent and learning, who has himself rendered great services to Oriental Literature by his *Memoirs on the Religion of Budha*, and by his discovery of the Sanscrit originals of the books which are the basis of that religion. His influence with the priests of Nepaul, furnishing him with the means of corresponding with the priests of Thibet, enabled him to procure from Thibet for the Asiatic Society a copy of the great collection of the Kuhgyour. For this collection, composed of a hundred enormous volumes in folio, printed on paper manufactured in the country, the Society of Calcutta paid 13,000 francs. In possession of this treasure, and desiring to dispose of it in such a manner that it might be, when sent to Europe, of the greatest possible advantage to learning, it has resolved to make a present of it to the Asiatic Society of Paris, in preference even to the

learned institutions of England itself. The Kuhgyour has therefore been sent to Paris, where it arrived some weeks ago, and the Asiatic Society had to determine in its turn how it should dispose of this precious deposit so as to render it accessible to the learned public: it has judged that the best way to insure the preservation of this literary monument, and at the same time to give Oriental scholars an opportunity to study it, was to place it in the Cabinet of Manuscripts of the Royal Library. The Asiatic Society has, at the same time, felt itself called upon to do its utmost to prove to the Society of Calcutta the sense that it has of its generosity. It has therefore applied to the Ministers of Public Instruction and the Interior, requesting them to send to the Society of Calcutta some of the great works which the French Government has caused to be published. Messrs. Thiers and Guizot have readily acceded to this desire, and the great work on Egypt, the *Thesaurus* of Henry Stephens, the work on the Morea, the great collection of Historical Documents which M. Guizot is publishing, the posthumous work of Champollion, and several others of the same kind, are about to be sent to the Society of Calcutta, to prove that such a sacrifice as that which it has made is duly appreciated at Paris.

Oriental literature has sustained a severe loss by the recent decease of Julius von Klaproth at Paris, and Professor Rosenmüller of Leipzig.

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#### ERRATUM.

Mr. Woronzow Greig has disclaimed the authorship of the "Report on the Social Statistics of the Netherlands," referred to in Art. IX. in our last Number, the credit of which he believes to be due to Mr. Greg of Manchester.







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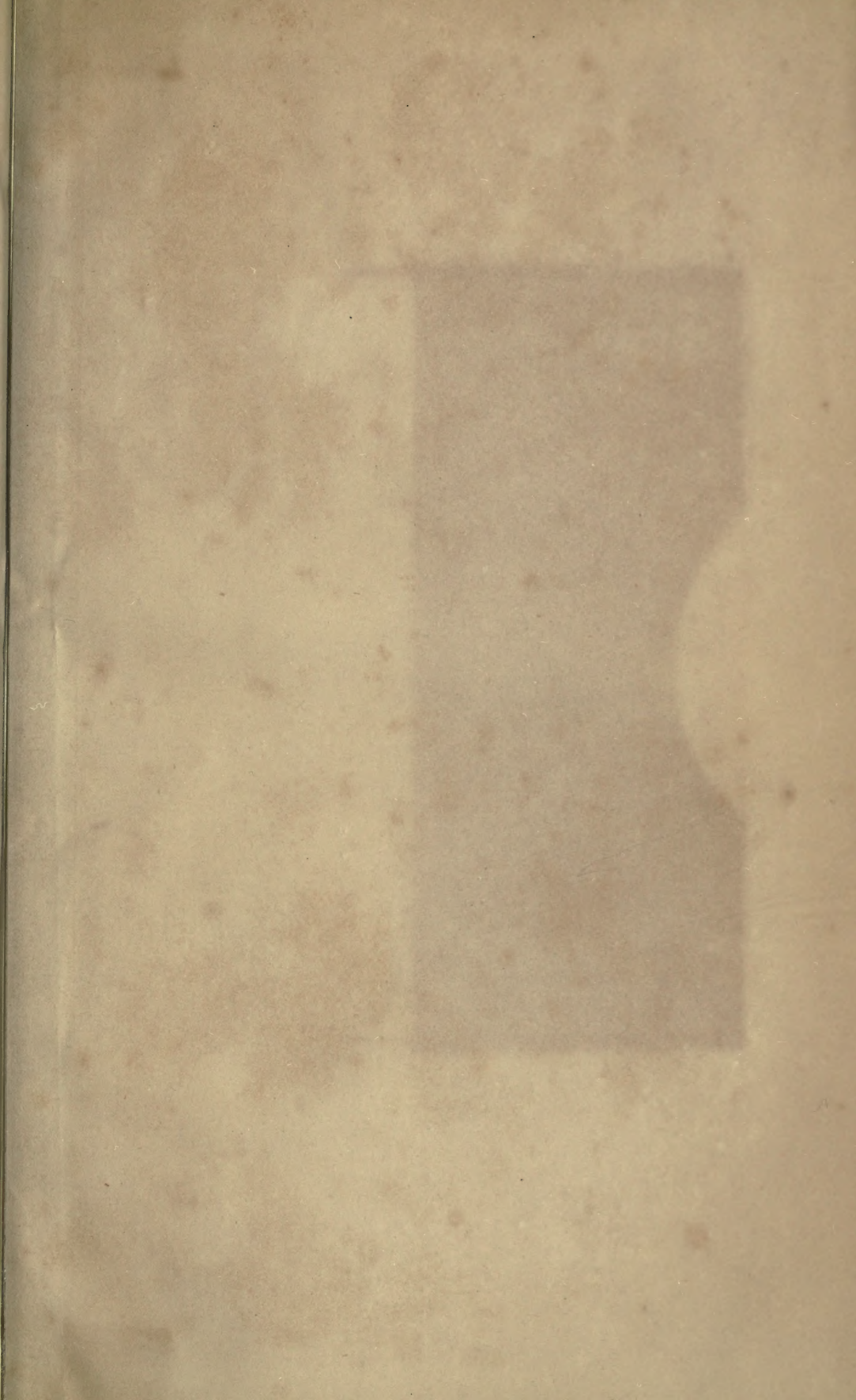


















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